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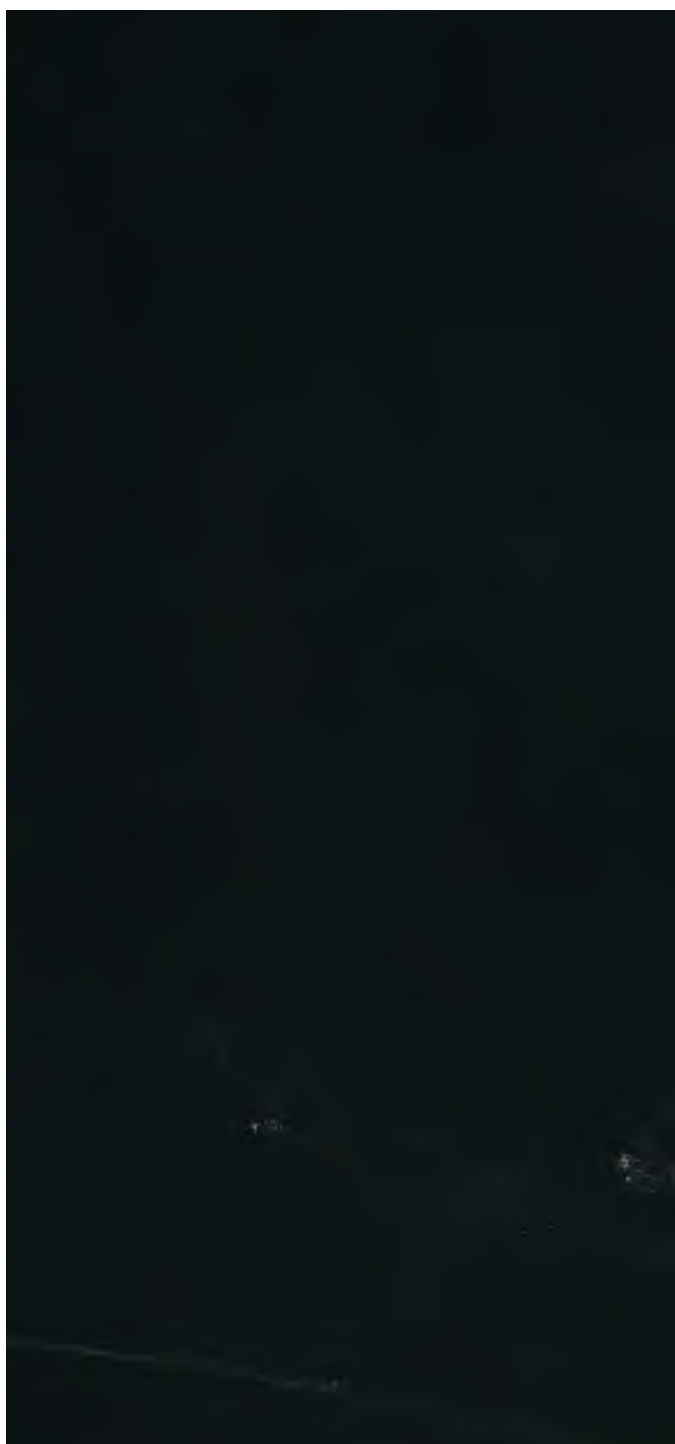
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INDEX TO VOLUME XXXV.

FRONTISPIECE: "THE FIRST CALL."

	PAGE
ADMIRATION.....	<i>The Spectator</i>
ADVENTURES OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i>
ADVENTURES ON THE ROYAL. LETTERS IN COURSE OF AN EXPLORATION. By Joseph Thomson, F.R.G.S.....	<i>Good Words</i>
ALIVE AND YET DEAD: SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A FRENCH CONVICT.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i>
ASTRONOMERS ROYAL. By Richard A. Proctor.....	<i>Belgravia Magazine</i>
AUSTEN, JANE.....	<i>Temple Bar</i>
BISHOP BERKELEY.....	<i>Temple Bar</i>
BORDERS, THE, AND THEIR BALLADS.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i>
BRITISH MUSEUM READING-ROOM, A DAY AT THE. By Percy Fitzgerald.....	<i>Belgravia Magazine</i>
BUSINESS, ROMANCE IN.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i>
CHRONICLES FROM CHILDHOOD TO AGE, PHOTOGRAPHIC. By Francis Galton.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i>
CITY LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES. By a Non-Resident American.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i>
COUNTRY LIFE IN ITALY. Part II.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i>
"CORDEEN, MORLEY'S LIFE OF." By A. J. Balfour, M.P.....	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i>
COLMAN, GEORGE, ELDER AND YOUNGER. By H. Bantor Baker.....	<i>Belgravia Magazine</i>
COMETS, DANGERS FROM. By Richard A. Proctor.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i>
COMETS, ON THE FORMATION OF THE TAILS OF. By M. Faye.....	<i>Popular Science Review</i>
CRAB GOSSIP.....	<i>Chambers's Journal</i>
CRITICISM, THE DECAY OF. By Prof. Grant Allen.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i>
DEGENERATION.....	<i>Chambers's Journal</i>
DUTCH ETIQUETTE.....	<i>Leisure Hour</i>
"ECCENTRICITIES" OF THE RICH, THE.....	<i>The Spectator</i>
ENGLISH HUMOR, THE FUTURE OF.....	<i>The Spectator</i>
ELECTRIC PROGRESS.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i>
EVIDENCE OF ORGANIC EVOLUTION, THE SCIENTIFIC. By George J. Romanes.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i>
FASHION AND ART; OR, SPOTS ON THE SUNFLOWER.....	<i>The Spectator</i>
FASHIONS AND PHYSIOLOGY. By J. Milner Fothergill, M.D.....	<i>Good Words</i>
FINANCE WEST OF THE ATLANTIC.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i>
FLOWERS, THE RELATION OF INSECTS TO. By Professor Asch Gray.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i>
FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.....	140, 281, 426, 571, 715, 860
FRENCH CONSTITUTION, THE REVISION OF THE. By Joseph Reinach.....	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i>
GEOLOGICAL INFLUENCES WHICH HAVE AFFECTED BRITISH HISTORY. By Dr. Archibald Geikie.....	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i>
GERMAN STUDENT LIFE. By A. H. Baynes.....	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i>
GERMS, LIVING DEATH.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i>
GEYSERS OF THE YELLOWSTONE. By Professor Archibald Geikie.....	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i>
GEYSERS, THE YELLOWSTONE. By Francis Francis.....	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i>
GLACIERS, THE RETREAT OF THE EUROPEAN. By Professor C. Dufour.....	<i>Popular Science Review</i>
GONDOLIER'S WEDDING.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i>
GOSSIP OF AN OLD BOOKWORM. By W. J. Thoms.....	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i>
HEALTH, THE SEED-TIME OF. By Benjamin Ward Richard- son, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.....	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i>
HOW I MARRIED HIM: THE CONFESSION OF A YOUNG LADY. Edited by Wilkie Collins.....	<i>Belgravia Magazine</i>
IRELAND, EMIGRATION FROM. By J. H. Tuke.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i>
JUDAPHOBIA, RECENT PHASES OF. By Dr. Hermann Adler.....	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i>
KAEKAW, INSIDE: THE HOLY CITY.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i>
KITH AND KIN. A Novel. By Jessie Fothergill.....	<i>Temple Bar</i>
LASEDOYEK'S DOOM. By Rev. Malcolm MacColl.....	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i>
"LET NOBODY PASS." A Guardsman's Story.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i>
LITERARY NOTICES: Vegetable Mould and Earth-worms, 137—In the Brush; or, Old-time Social, Political and Religious Life in the South-west, 139—Kith and Kin. A Novel, 140—The Letters of Charles Dickens, 280—Extracts from the Writings of W. M. Thackeray, 280—The Portrait of a Lady, 281—Moore's Treatise and Hand-book of Orange Culture in Florida, 424—Words, Facts, and Phrases, 425—English Sonnet Writers of the Past, 425— Freaks and Marvels of Plant Life, 569—Genoa; or How the Republic Rose and Fell, 570—The Memoirs of an American Publisher, 712—American Men of Letters: Noah Webster, 713—The Rhymester; or, The Rules of Rhyme, 713—John Quincy Adams, 714—Hopes and Fears for Art, 857—Science and Culture and other Essays, 857—Classical Writers, 858—The Freres, 859.	
LOOT, A BIT OF.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i>
LOVE LETTERS, A STATESMAN'S.....	<i>Temple Bar</i>
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, NOTE ON THE CHARACTER OF. By Algernon Charles Swinburne.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i>
MAUD, THE LADY. By the author of "The Wreck of the Convensor".....	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i>

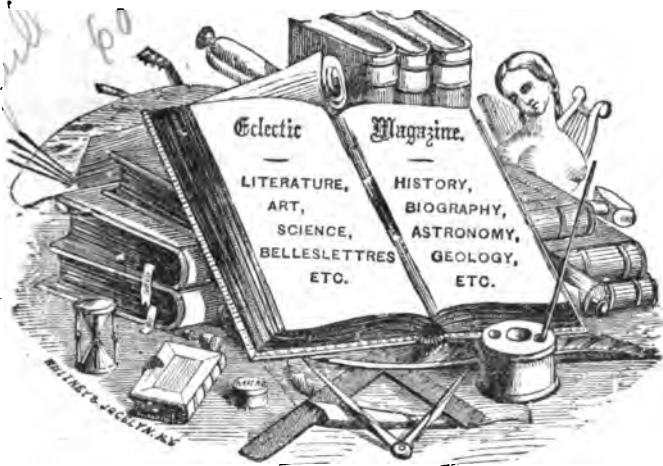
MISCELLANY:

Too Much Music in Poetry, 143—The Bookworm, 143—Natural Enemies of the Telegraph, 144—Skull Measurements, 144—Chinese Junkmen, 144—To Jenny, 144—Louis Napoleon's Courage, 286—The Rhine, 286—The Tenor, 287—A Celestial Barber, 287—Cats at Sea, 288—Social Position of Nihilists, 288—The Dead, 288—Adulteration of Tea, 430—The Jordan Valley, 430—Moved by the Ice, 431—Lectures in German Universities, 431—The Buffalo in America, 432—The Perfumes used by the Egyptians, 432—Children and Lovers, 432—German Universities, 574—How to Sell One's House, 574—Lady Macbeth, 575—Indian Juggling, 575—Bonaparte and What he Ate, 575—Anatomy of Panic, 576—Willoughby, 576—English and Roman Highways, 710—Is the Full Moon Red Hot? 710—An Eastern Legend, 720—Supplication, 720—A White Elephant, 863—The Magnificence of a Nero, 863—Food in its Season, 864—Heine, 864.	
MISTAKES: A CONSOLATORY ESSAY. By A. K. H. B.	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> 168
MODERN SOLITARY, A.	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> 490
MONKEYS. By Alfred Russell Wallace.	<i>Contemporary Review</i> 664
MORALITY, HAS SCIENCE YET FOUND A NEW BASIS FOR?	
By Goldwin Smith.	<i>Contemporary Review</i> 433
NASEBY AND YORKTOWN. By Prof. Goldwin Smith.	<i>Contemporary Review</i> 1
NATIONAL WEALTH AND EXPENDITURE. By M. G. Mulhall.	<i>Contemporary Review</i> 529
NINETEENTH CENTURY, A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE. By Fred-eric HATTON.	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> 721
NOMENCLATURE, ODDITIES OF PERSONAL.	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> 527
OUT OF THE BEATEN TRACK IN MADAGASCAR; A VISIT TO THE ANTANKARAMA SAKALAVA.	<i>Temple Bar</i> 849
PHYSICAL REVOLUTION OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By F. R. Conder.	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> 103
POCCURANTISM.	<i>Saturday Review</i> 354
POETRY:	
AMER'S SOLILOQUY, THE.	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i> 539
AT ANCHOR. By the author of "Consolations"	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> 313
COUNTRY LIFE IN ITALY. Part I.	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> 111
CHRISTMAS SONG.	<i>Leisure Hour</i> 279
CHURCH BY THE SEA, THE. By Edmund W. Gosse.	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> 824
DESPAIR. A Dramatic Monologue. By Alfred Tennyson.	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i> 30
EIDOLA. From the Japanese. By F. B. Harris.	<i>Belgravia Magazine</i> 856
HETTY. By Joseph Mackay.	<i>Grosvenor Magazine</i> 659
IO VICTIS. By W. W. Story.	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> 70
JOCOSA LYRA. By Austin Dobson.	<i>Belgravia Magazine</i> 136
LA CHUTE DES FEUILLES. From the French of Millevoye.	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> 226
LINES TO A LADY WHO WAS ROBBED OF HER JEWELS. By Francis Hastings Doyle.	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> 488
SLEEPER, THE. By James Thomson.	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> 589
SUNSET WITH CLOUDS.	<i>Temple Bar</i> 624
THREE BURDENS. By H. Somerset.	<i>Good Words</i> 262
VILLAGE BELLS. By Mrs. Octavian Blewett.	<i>Leisure Hour</i> 121
WESTMINSTER ABBEY. By Matthew Arnold.	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i> 319
WHISPERS.	<i>Temple Bar</i> 779
WINTER: AN ELEGY. By J. Logie Robertson.	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> 382
PRINCE POTEMKIN.	<i>Temple Bar</i> 558
REVISED VERSION, THE, AND ITS ASSAILANTS. By F. W. FAIRFAX, D.D.	<i>Contemporary Review</i> 625
SCIENCE AND ART:	
Ostrich Farming, 141—External Use of Castor Oil, 141—The Truth about Lightning Conductors, 142—Protecting Iron from Rust, 142—Sulphuric Acid and Seed, 142—Koumies, 142—How Coal was Formed, 142—A Novel Fishing Vessel, 142—A New Species of Horse, 143—The Ethnology of New Guinea, 283—The Ancient Relations of the Moon and Earth, 283—Skull-Measurements, 283—An Automatic Train Fog Signal, 283—Delicate Weighing Machine, 284—An Electric Ship's Log, 284—A Cure for Sea-sickness, 284—Longevity in Europe, 284—Passenger Birds, 284—A Tribe of Tree Dwellers, 285—The Roundness of the Earth, 285—The Figure of our Stellar System, 285—New Method of Blasting Rocks, 285—A New Explosive, 285—New Compound for Artificial Building-stone, 285—Sleep of Fishes, 286—Vegetation Force, 287—Bursting of Bubbles, 428—Extraordinary Case of Hiccough, 428—Mean Density of the Earth, 428—The Phylloxera, 429—A Substitute for Jute, 429—The Disadvantages of Cod-Liver Oil for Young Children, 429—Growth and Weight of Children, 429—The Action of Poisons on the Mollusca, 430—Ozone Formed by Light, 572—The Asteroids, 572—Nature of the Zodiacal Light, 572—The Eye, 573—Condensed Grape Juice, 573—Physiological Immunities of the Jews, 573—The Oldest Flowering Plant, 574—A Standard Light, 716—The Ancient World, 716—Progress in Africa, 716—Assyrian Discoveries, 716—Foreign Bodies in the Eye, 716—Electrical Resistance of a Vacuum, 716—A New Friend of Humanity, 718—Ventriquoism by Birds, 718—High Tides and the Moon, 718—Concussion of the Brain, 718—Boric Acid as an Antiseptic in Skin Affections, 861—The Dangers of the Cold Bath, 861—Penetration of Air in Porous Bodies, 861—Double Refraction in Diamonds, 862—Blasting Rocks Under Water, 862—A New Domestic Animal, 862—Chinese Astronomy, 862—Mica Masks, 862.	
SCULPTURE, PERRY'S GREEK AND ROMAN. By Sir G. W. COX.	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> 817
SELF-HELP SOCIETY, A.	<i>Chambers's Journal</i> 254
SERVIA, THE CRISIS IN. By O. K.	<i>Contemporary Review</i> 541
SHEEP-HUNTING IN THE MOUNTAINS. By the Earl of Dunraven.	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i> 42
SOCIAL PLAGUES—JABBER. By Professor Nichols.	<i>Good Words</i> 259
SOUTHEY, ROBERT, AND CAROLINE BOWLES.	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> 553
STARS GOT THEIR NAMES, HOW THE.	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> 307
SUN, A NEW THEORY OF THE.—THE CONSERVATION OF SOLAR ENERGY. By C. William Siemens.	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i> 800
SWINBURNE'S TRILOGY. By G. A. Simcox.	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> 498
TALK AND TALKERS. By R. L. Stevenson.	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> 772
THEBES, THE GREAT DISCOVERY AT. By W. J. Loftie, M.A.	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> 660
VISTAS OF THE PAST, THE: THE MOON AND THE EARTH. By Richard A. Proctor.	<i>Contemporary Review</i> 704
VIVISECTION, THE BIOLOGISTS ON. By R. H. Hutton.	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i> 289
WEATHER AND MORALS.	<i>Good Words</i> 54
WESTERN WANDERINGS: THE NEWEST AMERICAN RAIL-ROAD.	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> 674
WORDS OF WISDOM FROM GOETHE.	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> 207
WORLD'S END, THE.	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> 835
ZOLA, ÉMILE. By Andrew Lang.	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> 825



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NASEBY AND YORKTOWN.

BY PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH.

AFTER the union of America and England at the grave of Garfield, when the two nations, to use the fine words of Mr. Dudley Field,* had been together walking with the choicest of American chiefs through the valley of the shadow of death, the centenary of Yorktown came in with a bad grace. It was a spectre of the ancient night of enmity overtaken by the sunlight of a complete reconciliation. The Centenaries of Lexington, Bunker's Hill, Saratoga, and all the rest of the military series, in addition to the political Centenary of the Declaration of Independence, had been celebrated before Garfield's death; and even on those occasions the feeling, so far as it was warlike, had an air of laborious resuscitation. The Centenary of Independence was divested of any

possible significance, as a display of obsolete hostility, by the formal participation of Great Britain. It became a birthday festival of the American Republic, to which her English kinsmen had been bidden. Then we saw more plainly than ever that the war of the American Revolution had not been really a conflict between the two nations, but between two parties, each of which had its adherents in the mother country as well as in the colonies, and that the net result had been, not a victory of the United States over England, but of constitutional principle and progress over personal government and reaction.

On comparing the three great revolutions which preceded that of France—the Dutch, the English, and the American—we find that they are closely connected with each other as scenes of one great drama. But in the successive stages of the battle, the conflicting forces

* In a speech at the Social Science Congress at Dublin.

present themselves under different aspects, and in different combinations. Those forces are religious, intellectual, and political : as embodied in history—the Reformation, the Renaissance, and the Revolution. In the case of the Dutch, the Reformation predominated : with it went victory : Protestant Holland achieved her freedom, while Flanders, which had remained Catholic, though it took part with Holland in the political insurrection, fell back under the yoke of Spain. The political struggle was against foreign domination, which, however, would not have been resisted, had it not been for the religious tyranny. The domestic institutions of Holland remained, after the Revolution, in all essential respects, what they had been made before it by the free spirit of a strong Teutonic race, and the democratic energy of great commercial cities. In the English movement, again, though the Reformation and the Revolution went hand in hand, and the Renaissance was identified with both of them in the persons of Milton and other intellectual leaders, the religious element was the strongest. It was so, at least, in the earlier stage of the movement, which was incomparably the most important, though the title, Revolution, has been appropriated to the compromise, more glorious in name than in reality, of 1688. It won Marston and Naseby ; it produced Cromwell, who unquestionably took arms, not in the cause of republicanism, for in fact he was hardly a republican, but in that of evangelical religion. After Cromwell's death, the religious cause having been wrecked for the time by its errors, the political element got the upper hand, Puritanism being thenceforth represented only by political Nonconformity ; and the final outcome of the struggle was the establishment of parliamentary government. In this case the political tyranny, against which the nation rose, was domestic, and the result was a great and critical change of domestic institutions, supreme power being definitely transferred from the Crown to Parliament.

In Old England the religious cause was wrecked, and the heads of its illustrious chiefs were set to rot on Temple Bar. In New England it found, not only an asylum, but a sphere for the

foundation of its polity, both civil and religious, far better than the country encumbered with the ruins of feudalism, and filled in its less civilized parts with ignorant peasants, the hereditary liegemen of monarchy, aristocracy, and clerisy, which the Puritan refugees had left behind. A courteous offer, made by aristocracy, in the person of some Puritan noblemen, to transfer itself to the New World, on condition of being duly acknowledged and installed in its proper privileges, was not less courteously declined by the Puritans of Massachusetts ; and the Anglican Church, the chief support of the monarchy, with which its own life was bound up, was excluded with a strict vigilance which has been styled by Anglicans persecution ; as though the exiles, who had sacrificed everything, and braved the horrors of the wilderness for the sake of their faith and their liberty, were bound to admit to the home, which their own hands had made, ecclesiastical emissaries who would at once have become active conspirators, at once religious and political, in favor of the tyranny of the Stuarts. A man might as well be called upon in the name of religious liberty to open his house to a cobra. What no genius, not even that of an assembly of Cromwells, could have done in the England, much less in the Great Britain and Ireland, of those days, was done on the virgin soil of the New World. The critical transition from feudalism to modern society was thus triumphantly effected, the principal relic retained of the grave-clothes of the past being a religious intolerance, very far less intense than the intolerance of Torquemada or even of Laud, surely destined, in the end, to melt away before the public education instituted by Puritanism itself, and in the beginning perhaps hardly separable from the heroic enthusiasm which had drawn the sword against the Stuarts and, preferring the direst exile to apostacy, had firmly planted the Puritan Commonwealth in the niggard soil and wintry climate of New England. Historical precisians are always reminding us that the original founders of the Colony were not Puritans proper, but Congregationalists. The statement is true, but the fact is unimportant, since the organizing forces which impressed their character on the

general result were clearly identical with those which gave birth to the Commonwealth of England. To the British Revolution of 1688, though canonized by Constitutionalism and idolized by Burke, no importance attaches comparable to that which attaches to the success of the Puritan colony. The American Republic does great injustice to her own antiquity, she docks her annals of a century and a half full of most fruitful and memorable effort, she gratuitously stamps herself an upstart, when she dates her life from the Declaration of Independence instead of dating it from the arrival of the Mayflower. The Revolution was the vindication, not the commencement of national existence. Washington was the preserver of the Commonwealth, but Cromwell, as the chief of Puritan statesmen, might with more reason be regarded as its founder. The statue of the Protector, which cannot be received at Westminster, where it would break the constitutional harmony, and dwarf the kings, might find an appropriate site at Washington. Placed there, with Milton's lines for an inscription, it would symbolize in a noble form the birth of the social principles which are now those of the New World.

In being a struggle against an external yoke, and in leaving the groundwork of domestic institutions unchanged, the American Revolution resembled the Dutch. It differed from the Dutch and resembled that of 1688 in England in being almost exclusively political, though the State Church of England was no doubt preparing to extend itself, in connection with the encroachments of the Crown, at the expense of Colonial freedom, while, on the other hand, there was in the colonial ranks a powerful body of Presbyterians from Ireland, which had been driven into exile by Episcopal tyranny, and fought against the bishops as well as against the king. In the case of America the yoke to be broken was that of the Mother Country, or rather of its king, whereas in the case of the Dutch it was that of an alien despot, a consequence of which was that the cause of George had a larger party of adherents in America than that of Philip had in the Low Countries.

It now and then transpires that one of our Colonial Governors has a faith so

firm in the perfect excellence of the system which he administers, as to believe that, but for untoward accidents he or one of his official brethren might now be ruling with beneficent sway the fifty millions of the United States, receiving the incense of their loyal addresses, and preserving them from the evils of unbridled democracy. But, beyond the circle of that very special class, hardly a man would now be found to doubt that the separation was inevitable. Few, perhaps, are aware that it had been practically ratified by Cromwell, who left the Colonies entirely to themselves, treating them simply as kindred communities most dear to the heart of England, while he firmly welded together, by a legislative union, the three commonwealths of the British Islands. His policy was reversed in both its aspects by the Restoration, which desired at once to put its prior despotisms in Scotland and Ireland out of the controlling jurisdiction even of a Cavalier Parliament and to stretch the arm of reaction to the Puritan and Republican settlement in New England. Curiously enough, the Restoration policy, though not historically identified either with the strength or glory of England, is virtually embraced by the high-flying Imperialists of the present day, who, in their scheme of Imperial Federation, propose, while they withdraw self-government from the colonies, to dissolve the union with Scotland and Ireland in order to reduce the Empire to its Federal elements. With the Restoration, and its attempts to extend Stuart Monarchy and Anglican Episcopacy to the other side of the Atlantic, commenced a series of intermittent and fitful conflicts between centralizing Imperialism and Colonial self-government, of which the American Revolution was merely the culmination and the close. In the name of liberty, the House of Hanover had taken the throne of the House of Stuart; but once firmly seated, and rid of the last pretender, it bethought itself that its trade was kingship, and furtively renewed, by the hand of George III., the Stuart attempt to establish personal government. The first Stuart had apparently quelled resistance in England, and was on the high road to the fulfilment of his designs, when he encountered a fatal resistance,

stirred up by Laud's precipitate violence in Scotland. A service like that rendered to English liberty by Scotch independence, in the time of Charles I., was rendered to it by the American colonies, in the time of George III. Evidently, the Whigs felt that the colonists had come to their rescue, and they received the tidings of Saratoga and Yorktown with feelings akin to those with which Pym and Hampden had received the tidings of Charles's discomfitures in his campaigns against the Scotch. With a Parliament so corrupt, so separated from the nation, resting on so narrow and weak a basis as that of England in those days, who can say how far George III. might have gone had he not been confronted by the framers of the Declaration of Independence.

It has been said that if Chatham had lived and ruled he might have made peace and preserved the connection. Undoubtedly his name was great, and his hold upon the hearts of the Colonists most powerful. But what was Chatham's remedy? Renunciation of the taxing power on a ground of distinction really fantastic, while the commercial tyranny was to be retained in its full force. To the retention of the commercial tyranny he committed himself in the most decided terms. Though the Colonies were to be allowed to tax themselves, they were not to be allowed to manufacture a nail for a horseshoe without the permission of the Imperial country. But the commercial tyranny was the cause; the taxation was only the occasion of the quarrel. A trifling stamp-duty or duty on tea would not have called to arms a community of traders living in comfort and disposed to peace. Of the leaders of the movement in Boston, many were connected with the contraband trade. A repeal of the Stamp Act and that imposing the tax on tea, however unconditional, however graced with the manner of Chatham, would only have left the way open to a deeper and more hopeless disagreement. To the restrictions on colonial trade and manufactures England clung with deplorable tenacity, and when we arraign monarchical reaction for having brought about the rupture, we must remember that the blame ought to be shared by mercantile greed and its colonial

system. Burke tells us that the Tory squires and rectors ardently supported the war. It was their nature to do so; but so also did some who, though neither squires nor rectors, and perhaps Liberals in certain respects, wished to keep the colonies in commercial subordination. By the same policy of narrow commercial selfishness, maintained with the same blind injustice, the connection with Ireland as well as that with the American Colonies was placed in jeopardy, indeed was virtually lost for a season. Behind the fiscal and the commercial question, however, lay the still deeper question of self-government, which was perpetually being raised by the attempts of royal governors to make themselves and their administration independent of the Colonial Assemblies, and dependent only on the Crown. One of these disputes could hardly have failed in time, and within no long time, to come to a fatal head. It is true that loyalty to the connection was almost universally professed, and that it continued to be professed by Washington himself among others, even after the commencement of the quarrel. But any one who has lived in a colony knows the influence of conventional opinion. It was hardly possible that the thoughts of those who were writhing under the oppression of the commercial system should not sometimes have been led onward to the political system by which it was sustained. Paine's pamphlet calling on the American people to declare for independence was ably written as well as happily timed; yet it would scarcely have produced such a harvest of sudden converts if the soil had not been prepared for the seed. Pamphlets not less able have often fallen dead for want of a similar predisposition. Among the forces which impelled toward a rupture is to be numbered a certain amount of revolutionary sentiment imbibed from French writers by speculative minds—certainly by that of Jefferson, perhaps by that of Franklin. This element gained force in the struggle from the general excitement of revolutionary feeling as well as from the French alliance and the presence of Lafayette. Growing into a practical love of France, even of the France of Robespierre, even of the France of the Directory, even of the

France of Bonaparte, it impelled the United States into the war of 1812. When the struggle had begun there was added to the elements of rebellion the fierce and intractable pride of the Southern slave-owner, whose impatience of control, as Burke acutely discerned, was closely related to his love of mastery over his slave, and who was destined one day to show his temperament in a different cause.

The American Revolution was the sequel of the English, as the Georgian tyranny was a faint renewal of that of the Stuarts. But the grandeur of the second act of the drama could not be equal to that of the first. In the first, the issue was much broader; the struggle was between the Reformation combined with the Revolution on one side, and all the powers of Reaction on the other. In the second, the cause was almost exclusively political: the ostensible cause was less than political, it was fiscal; and not only material, but somewhat technical in its character; in itself it would have been rather a poor issue on which to wreck an empire. An issue of first-rate magnitude lay beneath, but it was not plainly seen. Of the first act the scene was Europe—that is, the civilized world—whose destinies hung on the event, for, had English Protestantism fallen, Dutch and German Protestantism would scarcely have survived. Puritan enthusiasm, Renaissance culture and speculation, a political grandeur derived partly from Greece and Rome, practical energy and enterprise freshly inherited from the heroes of the Elizabethan era, combined in the case of the leaders of the seventeenth century to produce a group of figures altogether unrivalled in history. In the case of the American revolutionists these conditions were wanting; they were wanting both among the traders of the North and the planters of the South, though the husbandmen of New England were the material out of which the Ironsides had been made. In the work of Mr. H. Cabot Lodge, on the "English Colonies in America," we have a very vivid and interesting picture of Colonial Society before the Revolution. There was evidently much solid worth, much intelligence, much civic virtue, much commercial enterprise and energy, but the ele-

ment on the whole was not one out of which heroic forms could be expected to arise. Puritanism had subsided into something rather tame and mercantile. Eating, drinking, and dress occupied fully their due space in life. Dependency had not failed to produce its usual effect on public and private character. There was a tendency in some quarters to mean social pride and to social distinctions of an artificial kind. Already we discern the prototypes of those most respectable citizens of Boston, who wanted to hang Lloyd Garrison for preaching against slavery. All this told, when the stress of real war came, in decline of enthusiasm, want of loyalty to the common cause, unwillingness to bear the common burdens, backslidings which at last brought the cause to the brink of ruin. The greatest man was a Southerner, not one whose principles had in any degree been formed by slave-owning, but an English gentleman from a Southern State, and a military man with a character not cast in the Bostonian mould. To Washington nobody who does not regard violence and unscrupulousness as essential to heroism will ever deny the name of a hero. It is true he was a hero rather of duty than of splendid achievement, but on that very account his example is more valuable than that of any meteor of history. His military exploits are his least title to respect, in fact exaggeration of them by patriotic historians has done some injury to his deserved fame. In action he was great, but in bearing and forbearing greater. His history and correspondence must be read with care if we would know through what trials, what perplexities, what disappointments, what provocations, what caballings, what misconstructions, what ill-treatment of himself and his army, what fractious opposition, what mutinies, what hours of utter gloom, he went, with unquailing courage, with unwavering loyalty, with calmness outwardly undisturbed. As an ever-burning light of hope amidst the darkness of adversity, he resembles Cromwell, unlike as the two men are in other respects. The general resemblance is greater to William of Orange and to the Duke of Wellington; to William, who, through his whole career, was the patient and indomitable leader

of an ill-cemented and fractious coalition, while he was unsustained by the splendor of victory in the field ; to the Duke, who, as the commander of the army in the Peninsula, crossed by the perverse folly of the Spaniards, and not well supported at home, was called upon, like the great American, to display in the highest degree the powers of endurance and self-control. In style, Washington's despatches somewhat resemble those of the Duke ; and they are pervaded by the same unbroken calmness, though we know what feelings that calmness must often have veiled. Not for a moment does he lose his dignity, however strong the provocation may be. He not only saved his country in the war ; he saved her from becoming, as Jefferson and the fanatical French party would have made her, a vassal of the French Republic, and being dragged after it in its career of robbery and crime. Nothing but his towering popularity could have quelled the storm of passions and kept the Republic in the path of reason. In the building of the constitution, if his skill as a political architect was not greatly felt, the impressive moderation of his character was, and the weight of his influence was cast on the right side. His disinterestedness was absolute ; it extended not only to place or pelf, but to selfish objects of every kind. To no citizen did his country owe a debt of more unmixed gratitude. Nor is the figure of Alexander Hamilton unworthy to be placed by the side of those of the great members of the Long Parliament. There is great elevation and dignity in the character as well as breadth of statesmanship and richness of political culture in the mind. It was hardly possible that Hamilton should be free from illusions about the British Constitution by which Blackstone and Burke, as well as Montesquieu, were led astray. Great was the loss to the infant Republic when he fell by the hand of a rogue whose infamy has not failed, like that of the vilest Jacobins, to afford an exercise for the love of paradoxical rehabilitation. About Jefferson, opinion may well be divided. No doubt he grasped more firmly and presented more fully than his rivals the democratic idea. Few will contend that he was absolutely disinter-

ested, truthful, or straightforward ; between him and Washington there was evidently a want of accordance in character as well as in opinion. His passionate love of liberty, in contrast with his practices as a slave-owner, reminds us of the sentimental professions of Rousseau ; and in one passage at least of his writings we trace an unpleasant affinity to the bloodthirsty philanthropy of Robespierre. His spirit made the war of 1812, and it is nearly identical, if we mistake not, with that which wrecked for half a century the cause of liberty in Europe. We meet his anti-national tendencies and his violence again in the Secession of the South. Benjamin Franklin all allow to have been gifted, wise, benevolent, a memorable and even a wonderful man ; but his " Poor Richard " philosophy does not appeal to the imagination, and in his political character there is a touch of demure wiliness inherited from the worst part of the Puritan, who, though grand, had the defects of his opinions and his time. Beneath the veil, which, from want of reports, covers the proceedings of Congress at Philadelphia, rests much that needs concealment ; of that the administration of the war, the conduct of finance, and the complaints of Washington afford too abundant proof. All revolutions stir the meanest as well as the grandest and most terrible passions of humanity ; it is a reason for avoiding them, if by patience and compromise they can be avoided. When they take the form of a civil war, the best men are drawn away to the camp. Westminster was inferior to the New Model Army, though probably not so inferior as was Philadelphia to Valley Forge. One dire legacy of some revolutions the Republic escaped. The struggle in her case having been for emancipation from external dominion, not for the attainment of a social ideal, she escaped the consequences of disillusionment. She was not afflicted with the political infidelity and cynicism which are bred by the explosion of chimeras, the wreck of extravagant hopes, the collapse of overstrained aspirations, the demoralizing transfer of allegiance from one to another of a succession of ephemeral governments. She had no Barras, Talleyrand, or Fouché, nor even such men as some

of those English ex-republicans who took the pay of the Restoration.

If the American revolutionists were not the equals of the Roundheads, still less were the American loyalists the equals of the Cavaliers. Lord Cornwallis, whose judgment as a royal commander, and at the same time a man of the utmost good sense, is decisive, compares the conduct of the loyalists to that of the yeomanry in Ireland, whom he describes as taking the lead in rapine and murder. At the outset the king had many respectable friends; perhaps it would be more correct to say that the revolution had many respectable opponents; but the folly of the Ministry and of the royal commanders soon drove almost all of them to the other side. The party ultimately consisted of the officials and those who were socially under official influence, a few Tory gentlemen, traders specially interested in the commercial system, and a number of the lowest and wildest people, who indulged their love of plunder and outrage in the name of loyalty. The Quakers of Pennsylvania passively adhered as a body to the king, less from political principle than from love of peace and regard for the interest of trade. Almost unmixed mischief was done by the loyalists to the royal cause, which could have been saved only by a combination of military superiority with a strict maintenance of the proper attitude of the government as the guardian of order and the protector of all who had remained in its allegiance, or whose submission had been received. Outrages no doubt were committed on both sides. Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys were hardly behind any Tories; but the outrages committed on the royal side were by far the most numerous and the worst.

Independence was an event worthy to be celebrated to any extent short of confounding it with the birthday of the nation. But it has always appeared to us that there was something rather hollow, not to say bombastic, in the celebrations of the revolutionary battles. The same conviction seems to have dawned on the minds of the Americans themselves. The *New York Sun*, a journal of the highest literary eminence, has some

frank and manly words about the surrender of Cornwallis:

"The approaching centenary of Lord Cornwallis's surrender has naturally called forth a good deal of occasional literature; purporting to describe the incidents of the important campaign which ended at Yorktown. The reader of these books and pamphlets is particularly struck by the absence of that tone of exultant and extravagant panegyric which before the war of the rebellion used to mark the allusions in school histories and Fourth of July orations to the part taken by the colonists in the revolutionary struggle. The colossal proportions and sanguinary character of our contest with the seceding States has given us new standards of comparison, and taught us what really constitutes strategical capacity and military renown. It is probably no longer possible even for a boys' debating club in what Dr. Holmes would call 'a fresh-water college' to gravely discuss the question whether Washington or Napoleon was the greater general. We have learned that good generals are able, when armies are nearly matched, to win battles instead of losing them, and that only they can be classed in the small group of great commanders who beat their opponents, not with a superior, but with an inferior force. We have learned that vamping and posturing and shutting our eyes to facts cannot hinder the application of these fundamental tests, and that, tried by them, very few of the military reputations made in our War of Independence proved to be of sterling value. It is doubtful, indeed, whether any of the colonial generals, with the possible exception of Greene and Arnold, gave evidence of conspicuous ability, either in far-sighted strategy or in a broad and instant grasp of tactics on the field. It is true that there was an equal lack of first-rate capacity on the other side, and that, with the one exception of Cornwallis, the British had not a single commander competent to plan an extensive campaign or direct the movements of a considerable army. As for Burgoyne, Howe, and Clinton, they were, as Lord North declared, a terror to the Ministry at home rather than to the enemy. We can now see that the Revolutionary contest was essentially a struggle, not of skill, but of endurance, and it may also be conceded that without the intervention of France the English would have tired us out. As to the Yorktown affair, there is no doubt that the loss of Cornwallis's services was a graver injury to the British Government than the surrender of a force which, when the siege began, did not exceed 8400 men; and this disaster need not and would not have ended the war had the Ministry of that day exhibited a tithe of the energy and resolution evinced by the younger Pitt in the far longer and far more exhausting contest with Napoleon."

In anything like an equality of valor, discipline wins; such is the universal verdict of military history. Between Cavalier and Roundhead there was an

equality of valor and no great disparity of discipline, neither army consisting of regular soldiers; though at first the Cavaliers had the advantage because they were gentlemen accustomed to command, and their soldiers were tenants and servants accustomed to obey. But between the armies in the revolutionary war the disparity of discipline was very great, even after the reorganization of the Continentals by Steuben at Valley Forge. It was not possible, therefore, that there should be a Marston Moor or a Naseby. The capture of Boston—we speak with all the diffidence which becomes civilians talking of war—has always appeared to us a grand achievement. Certainly it was in the highest degree creditable to the moral qualities of the American commander, who had to hold his lines and hem in a most formidable enemy with hardly a barrel of powder left, and with an army which was always dissolving. We doubt whether this feat was or could have been afterwards equalled. It was inevitable that regular troops, should assert their usual ascendancy whenever they could get fair battle of their foe. Cornwallis was pent up, “like a cat in a hole,” by immensely superior numbers, while the French fleet cut him off from the sea. What the event of a pitched battle on anything like equal terms would probably have been he had shown at Camden. Burgoyne, when he had blundered into the close country round Saratoga, was like a man who has fallen into a pit, and whom a woman can knock upon the head. Princeton, which has been inflated into a battle, was a partial and indecisive collision, hardly rising above the dignity of a skirmish. Trenton, which has also been styled a battle, was of the utmost importance as a cordial to the drooping spirits of the nation, and proved that daring was combined with prudence in the commander; but it can hardly be called an engagement at all; it was a night surprise, by a dashing movement, of two battalions of Hessians heavy with their Christmas potatoes. Bunker’s Hill was a Royalist victory, though the stolid Howe wasted much blood in attempting to execute a parade march up the face of a strong position. The Continental army and its unconquerable chief, by continuing to make

head in the field, prevented the submission of the country. This was their real achievement; and their qualities were shown not so much in fighting as in endurance, in wintry marches with scanty clothing and with shoeless feet which left the road stained with blood, in bleak and hungry campings with the evidences all around of the neglect with which the politicians of Philadelphia treated the soldiers of Valley Forge. That mutiny did not come earlier is more wonderful than that it came at last. The militia were easily beaten, as militia always are, when they faced the regulars on the field; but by their tenacious, though desultory hostility, they made it impossible for the victorious armies of the king to occupy securely the conquered districts. Together with these forces on the side of liberty fought the vastness and wildness of the country, the incapacity of the king’s generals, among whom Cornwallis seems to have been the only good soldier, the immense distance of the royal army from its base, and the active sympathy of the party favorable to the Americans in England, which weakened the arm of government, and forced it, on the first serious reverses, to make peace. Even so, the king would have conquered for the time had not France come to the aid of the Colonists. He would perhaps have conquered, notwithstanding the intervention of France, had Rodney appeared at once upon the scene.

A comparison of the merits of generals who have commanded upon different scenes and under different circumstances must always be precarious, even when drawn by a military man. Not only the battles won are to be considered, but the quality of the enemy, the generalship on the other side, the freedom of action allowed to the commander, and the extent of the resources in his hands. Frederick and Napoleon enjoyed perfect freedom of action and absolutely controlled the powers, one of an empire, the other of a warlike kingdom. They were opposed—Frederick throughout, and Napoleon while he was making his reputation—to pedantic generals, with spiritless though highly drilled soldiers, who laid down their arms by thousands as soon as their line was broken. We feel that we are almost

talking at random when we say that Washington seems to us about the peer of Wellington, whom he resembled in tenacity, in coolness, in sterling sense, in the union of enterprise with caution. Each, no doubt, was far inferior in genius to Napoleon; yet had Napoleon met either of them in place of Wurmser or Alvinzi, it is possible that there might have been an end of his career.

Civil war is perhaps the severest trial of national character. If, amid the tempest of passion which it lets loose, the laws of humanity are in any tolerable measure observed, the character of the nation must be high. In this civil war, atrocities, as has already been said, were committed on both sides, though chiefly on the side of the Tories; but the Revolutionists on the whole displayed the mercy, clemency, and regard for the laws of civilized warfare which the Unionists displayed the other day in the War of Secession. They proved that they were of kin to the English who fought against Charles—not to the French, whose civil wars, from the days of the Armagnacs and Burgundians down to those of the Commune, have always been hideous orgies of cruel hate. The proscription of the Loyalists when the struggle was over was vindictive and most unwise—most unwise, because it perpetuated the quarrel in the form of a territorial secession, and founded a hostile community on a continent which ought to have remained united; but it must be owned that the provocation had been great, for it was natural, if not just, that the Tories should bear the blame of the deeds done by the king's troops as well as of their own.

The saddest incident in the war, perhaps, is the execution of André, the controversy about which has been recently revived. That André would have suffered had he been an American, and had he fallen into the hands of the king's generals under similar circumstances, we take it to be beyond doubt. Yet it is impossible not to wish that the fame of Washington were free from this stain of blood. Why spies deserve to be hanged is not very clear to a civilian's mind. Alfred was a spy in the camp of the Danes, and the moral difference is not obvious between surveying an ene-

my's position in person and surveying it through a telescope or from a balloon. But André was only in a technical sense a spy. If he went within the American lines it was through stress of circumstances and by desire of the general. He had come at the instance of the American commander to negotiate for a return of that officer to the royal allegiance, which would in effect have put an end to the civil war. Arnold's honor was not in André's keeping. Tampering with the enemy's officers or soldiers is surely not forbidden by any rule of morality. Franklin was ready to be a party to an attempt to corrupt the Hessians. Arnold's case, however, belongs to the equivocal state of relations which civil war engenders, one side regarding the position as that of regular belligerency, while the other side has not yet dismissed the ideas connected with rebellion. His monument at Westminster is the natural tribute of the power for which he risked and lost his life. If any monument is to be erected on the scene of his execution it ought to be like the *triste bidental* placed by the Romans on the accursed spot touched by the fiery wrath of heaven. Its inscription ought to warn the beholder against the passions which lead to civil war.

If any one is disposed to glorify revolution, and to prefer it to peaceful reform, he may learn wisdom by reviewing the consequences of this, which, of all revolutions, saving the Dutch, was the most inevitable and the most clearly salutary. England, perhaps, suffered least, though the blame chiefly rested on her government. She lost money, but she was rich. Rodney's victory and the defence of Gibraltar redeemed her military fame. She forfeited her union with Ireland for a moment, but recovered it in a better form, though at the horrible price of a '98. Politically, the success of the Revolution was a victory in every sense for her own liberties. Commercially the overthrow of her iniquitous monopoly was indeed to her a blessing in disguise; her trade with the colonies increased rapidly from that auspicious hour.

National character is deepened and strengthened by a successful struggle for independence; in this respect the Americans gained by having to fight for

their liberties, instead of being allowed to enjoy them without fighting. Perhaps confederation was facilitated and rendered firmer by the same means, though it had already begun to form, and must have come in time, probably in no long time; for its advantages, both in the way of security and free trade, are overwhelming, and the Continent, though vast, is physically one. On the other hand, a revolutionary bias and an exaggeration of the mistrust of government were precisely what the political characters of the people, in the critical hour of its formation, did not need. That the ruler was the natural enemy of the citizen, that every rebellion deserved sympathy, that every man had a right to overturn any government which did not please his fancy, were sentiments to which the insurrection against George III. gave birth, and which were destined at a later day to bring the Union into mortal peril. Nothing can be clearer than the connection of Secession with the Revolution, nor had anybody given utterance to the principle of Secession more unguardedly than Abraham Lincoln. People little acquainted with the politics of the United States are still puzzled by the name of the Democratic party. It comes from Jefferson and his adherents, who upheld the democratic doctrine of State right against the Conservative doctrine of a strong central government maintained by Hamilton and the statesmen of the English school. Behind State right, slavery intrenched itself against abolitionism, which it with reason feared would some day be master of the central government; and thus the narrowest and most reactionary of oligarchies became invested with the strange title, Democratic. But with the interests and the passions of the slave-owner conspired the old spirit of revolutionary violence and the notion that it was the right of every freeman to change his government at his will. In the character of Calhoun, the demagogue of slavery, we have the connecting link between Thomas Jefferson and Jefferson Davis. The immediate sequel of the Revolution was the war of 1812, which ruined the English party, raised Jackson with his train and his spoils system to power, and, sweeping away the last remains of Conservative

tradition and influence, brought the nation face to face with the problem of reconciling authority to democracy, which its patriot statesmen are still struggling to solve.

But of all the consequences of the American Revolution the worst was the loosening of the avalanche from the mountain side in France. French finance, which before had been retrievable, was made desperate by the war, and at the same time a fatal excitement was kindled by the exploits of Lafayette. It has always appeared to us that, of all the calamities in history, the French Revolution was far the greatest; we mean, of course, the sudden crash, and not the general movement. If any one deems this a paradox, and believes that the occurrence of the Revolution was either inevitable or desirable, let him consider to what an extent liberal ideas had taken peaceful possession, before 1789, of all the governments of Europe, and how fair was the prospect of a calm transition from mediæval to modern life. Nor can any reason be assigned why Turgot, or a group of Turgots, should not have effected reforms which would have arrested the catastrophe. No one surely can imagine that the European movement gained by being thrown at the critical juncture into the hands of the ignorant, brutalized, and villanous mob of Paris. A crew of galley-slaves and savages, maddened by ill-usage and misery, becoming masters for a year of all the powers of a great centralized monarchy, did what it was certain that they would do, and produced a reaction not less certain. The natural sequel was the military despotism of a brigand of the highest genius in his line, a man, as himself frankly avowed, out of the pale of moral civilization, who in the way of material havoc, was enabled, owing to the highly organized and sensitive condition of society in his day, to do more mischief than a dozen Attilas; while the effects of his moral ravages seem likely to be felt to the end of time. Terrorism and Imperialism—when will the world be rid of both these fiends?

One evil consequence of the American Revolution, at all events, seems numbered with the past. The cannon in saluting the British flag at Yorktown

fired the last volley over the grave of the old feud. Entire goodwill now reigns between that part of the English race which fought under Washington and that which fought under Cornwallis. The British monarchy is fully included in the reconciliation, and if the Tory aristocracy can hardly help being hostile at heart to the Republic, it suppresses its feelings in deference to the general sentiment of the people. Such hostility as there now is to England in the United States is the offspring, not of the American Revolution, but of Irish emigration.

This, too, will gradually abate when, by the operation of a better Land Law, and by the concession of a liberal measure of local self-government, the last of Irish grievances shall have been removed. The political and commercial federation of the empire, excluding the people of the United States, is a dream which nobody has yet practically tried or seems likely to try to realize. The moral federation of the English-speaking race, including the people of the United States, is a possibility which verges on realization.—*Contemporary Review*.

ALIVE, AND YET DEAD :

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A FRENCH CONVICT.

CHAPTER I.

THE gloom of a December afternoon was deepening into night, and the gray shadows of twilight rendered still more dim and dreary the dismal court-house of the Palais de Justice at S—. Snow had not yet fallen, but a raw damp fog wrapped the city in its chilly winding-sheet. Notwithstanding the bitter cold, however, the atmosphere of the court was hot to suffocation, and almost stifling with bad air; for since early morning every bench had been filled, every corner thronged, by an eager and expectant crowd. A trial of exceptional interest was taking place—a trial for life or death; and though at this late hour the many pallid faces around showed how severely the spectators had suffered from heat and fatigue, not one among them would leave his or her place, for the supreme moment was near—the moment when would be decided whether a fellow-creature would be restored to freedom and to life, or doomed to die a violent and a shameful death.

That most miserable fellow-creature was a woman, and a woman young and good looking. Many of those who had been watching her throughout this long and terrible day had known her by sight; some had even pitied her, and still perhaps felt compassion for the wretched creature, who hour after hour had listened with dull apathy to the recital of her cruel and dreadful crime; for this girl, so young and so fair to

look upon, was being tried for her life for murder—for murder, under circumstances, as the public prosecutor declared, of peculiar atrocity. The victim had been stabbed when sleeping, and after having shown especial kindness to his murderer. The girl did not deny her crime, but vehemently asserted that it had been unpremeditated. The man, she said, had insulted her by some rude expressions, and she became angry. He then laughed at her rage, until her anger was roused to fury. She entreated him to forbear, and warned him that she "saw red."* He mocked at her threats, until at length, irritated beyond endurance, she turned suddenly and struck at him with a knife, with which she had been cutting flowers and boughs. No sooner had the first blow been dealt, than, maddened by the sight of the blood her own hand had spilt, terrified and yet furious, she struck again and again. Like some wild animal, rendered ferocious by rage and fear, this wretched creature destroyed that which she most loved—yes, most loved—for (and here she broke down into bitter weeping) this poor boy had been the only human being who had ever been really kind to her.

Alas! this story, whether true or false, was not believed, for in no respect was it borne out by the evidence. On the contrary, everything tended to

* A common expression among the lower classes in France.

show that the crime had been the result of cruel and determined premeditation. The girl was in debt. She had quarrelled with the woman of the house where she lodged, and wished to go from it, but could not, on account of this debt; and she had said to one of her companions that money she must and would have at any cost, for she was determined to leave S—.

The knife, a very large and dangerous weapon, had been bought by the prisoner only the day before the murder was committed; and so sharp and formidable was it, that the shopman had asked for what purpose it was required; and the girl had answered, somewhat crossly, that she was going to be a cook, and should need it for cutting meat. This statement was proved to be false. Then, not only money, but several articles belonging to the murdered man were found in the prisoner's possession, and the deepest stab, supposed to have been the first, was in the poor fellow's back. The body had not been discovered until the morning after the deed had been committed, and in the mean time the girl had returned home and shut herself up in her room, refusing supper, or to allow any one to enter. When arrested, she at first denied having been with her victim, but subsequently admitted the fact—many persons having testified to having seen the couple walking in the fields together. None, however, corroborated her statement that a quarrel had taken place; neither sounds of quarrelling nor angry words had been heard.

The public prosecutor pressed the case against the accused with more than ordinary severity; for during the last few months many instances of robbery, disappearance, and even of suspicious death had occurred among the soldiers belonging to the regiments quartered at S—, and it was believed that there existed an organized gang of women in that town who aided and abetted, even if they did not actually commit, the crimes imputed to them. The girl now on her trial was well known to the police-agents. Daring, headstrong, violent in temper, unusually handsome and attractive, she had much influence among her companions; and although up to the present time she had succeed-

ed in eluding justice, there was but little doubt that during her short life she had repeatedly rendered herself liable to the stern chastisement of the law. Should the jury, therefore, return a verdict of guilty in this case, in all probability the plea of extenuating circumstances would not be admitted. The extreme penalty would be demanded and enforced—that of death by the guillotine.

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The trial had dragged on its weary length the whole day. The host of witnesses had been examined. The public prosecutor and the counsel for the prisoner had both made long and exhaustive speeches. The president had summed up, and had left the court; the jury had retired to deliberate; the prisoner had been removed to an adjoining cell; and then, in the semi-darkness of the crowded hall, was heard that strange subdued noise, that murmur which yet is silence, those sounds without words, that betoken the presence of an absorbed and anxious multitude.

From time to time a spectator more curious than his neighbors would rise from his seat and look down hastily, and not unfrequently with a shudder, upon some dreadful articles lying on a table in the middle of the court. Here were arranged in ghastly array what the French call "*Les pièces à conviction.*" A long gray coat, a shirt, a little purse, a knife—poor, common articles; but, deeply dyed as they were with the same dark and terrible stains, they had become, though silent, the stern and awe-inspiring witnesses of crime. At first, also, some one might occasionally mutter a few words, but rarely was a sentence completed; for who could forget, for one moment, the inmomentous question—Will this woman be condemned to die?

But at length even these faint murmurs ceased. The crowd was voiceless, motionless, until the sudden closing of a distant door caused a perceptible thrill throughout the vast assembly. Was there one human being amid that concourse of spectators whose heart did not throb more rapidly as the moment drew near when the doom of a fellow-creature was to be decided? As the echo of the closing door reverberated through the building, some of the women trembled

and grew pale from emotion and expectation, some also cast nervous glances at the partition that separated them from the prisoner, but not one among them left her seat.

Did any at that dread moment venture to dwell on the agony of terror and hope now endured by the miserable culprit, who was waiting, as it were, on the brink of the grave? And who dared picture to themselves the last ghastly scene—the scaffold, the executioner the glittering knife, the headless body of her who is now a living woman?

In the fever of waiting and expectation, each minute, as it passed, seemed an hour. Still the little door through which the jury had withdrawn to their deliberation remained closed. The heat became almost unendurable, for night had come, and the court was ablaze with gaslight. Suddenly the tinkle of a little bell was heard. The door so anxiously watched was thrown open, and the jury were seen slowly descending the staircase that led to their box. In another moment the judges had again taken their seats, and the prisoner was replaced upon the bench, guarded by two *gens d'armes*.

An awful hush succeeded the slight noise produced by the entrance of the judges. Another brief pause, and then, amid breathless silence, the officer of the court, addressing the jury, demands whether they find the prisoner guilty or not guilty. The wretched woman, with clasped hands and quivering limbs, looks wildly at the stern and downcast faces of the men who are about to decide her fate. Not one of them will meet her eye. The most curious and hardened of the spectators—even those who, in order to have a better view of the sufferings of a fellow-creature, have mounted on their benches—shrink back appalled, unable to look twice on that agonized face.

The foreman of the jury, an aged and venerable man, rises slowly from his seat on the first row in the jury-box, unfolds a paper, and in a low and trembling voice—low and hoarse from emotion—reads:

"On my honor, and on my conscience, before God and before man, the answer of the jury is, *Guilty on every count.*"

Death! Death!!

* * * * *

Before sentence is pronounced, the miserable creature is asked whether she has anything to say. With one sharp cry she has fallen back upon her seat; and now, with tongue so dried up that it seems to rattle within her parched mouth, unable to utter an articulate sound, she still looks about her as if distraught, as if unable to understand that which she sees and hears. Again and again does she struggle to speak, but in vain. She stares with wild unconsciousness at the president as he pronounces in low but steady accents the dread sentence of the law. Then, as if seized with uncontrollable fury, she bounds madly to her feet, clasps her neck tightly with both hands, and with one gasping sob falls back insensible into the arms of her jailers.

* * * * *

Claire Dumont belonged to and was brought up (if such a term can be used in reference to one who was utterly neglected) amid the most miserable and vicious class of the many poor and miserable classes that inhabit the magnificent city of Paris. Like her sister city, London, this superb capital offers frightful contrasts of luxury and poverty, of happiness and misery. Sometimes, indeed, the same roof may cover the millionaire and the wretch dying of hunger. Usually, however, in both cities, squalor, ignorance, and crime prefer herding together in some poverty-stricken quarter of the town; and in such districts, in the narrow pestilential streets and crowded courts, children swarm like bees in a hive.

Many of these neglected little creatures have no homes. They feed upon the refuse they may find in the streets; they sleep in cellars or under bridges, or in any hole they may discover when night approaches. Uncared for and untended, they prowl about the city, in worse plight than the vagrant dogs who are often their companions by night as well as by day, for no friendly hand will knock them on the head before their youthful sins can ripen into crimes. From these hotbeds of misery spring the plants that fill our jails, and that not unfrequently become the untimely fruit to be gathered by the executioner's hand.

In London, compassionate hearts have established some refuges for these unhappy little beings, these childish wanderers, these waifs and strays of life, whom we call street arabs. In Paris, also, there are numerous orphanages and charitable institutions, both religious and secular, for boys, girls, and infants. These establishments are well managed and liberally supported; but, notwithstanding these good works, there are nevertheless in both cities many thousand children who not only suffer all the physical ailments, all the physical deterioration, that ensue from exceeding poverty and neglect, but who have to endure the far worse injury and suffering that arise not only from a total absence of all moral culture, but from an early initiation into every description of vice.

Such had been the fate of Claire Dumont. Far less happy than those deserted infants who, nameless and parentless, are laid in the *tour* of the Hospice of "Les Enfants trouvés," this poor child had the misfortune of being retained by her mother. It seems like a desecration of so sacred a name to apply it to such a woman. Once very handsome, drink, riotous living, and frequent imprisonment had rendered Madame Dumont not only a prematurely old woman, but had made her a fury in temper and a savage in cruelty. Rarely did she notice her child excepting to beat and ill-use it. Blows, starvation, and hard work were the earliest recollections of Claire. Her happiest moments were those when her mother was away in prison; for at such times Claire passed her days in the streets, and enjoyed the food she begged or stole.

This latter method of obtaining supplies was, however, but seldom needed, for the child was bright and good-tempered, obliging, ready to help any one—merry too, with a fresh young voice that only wanted to laugh and sing—honest withal in her way, for she never stole from those who had once been kind to her. Yet was she wilful in the extreme, and passionate—quite as ready to fight as she was to help. Her chief delight, nay, even her pride, was to cheat her mother. Innumerable were her attempts, but rarely were they successful, for the wary old woman was not

to be deceived by such a tyro. Little daunted by failure, Claire persevered, though she well knew that detection would be punished by starvation, imprisonment, and terrific blows.

It was when thus punished that the obstinacy or firmness of the girl's nature declared itself. With unflinching but sullen fortitude she would endure the torture of fearful lashes, and of her hair being torn in handfuls from her head. Imprisonment in darkness, want of food, cruel blows (on one occasion her arm had been broken), could not extort from her one cry. Whatever the amount of suffering inflicted, she bore it without a moan, without a tear; but at such times there arose in that youthful breast feelings of savage fury, scarcely human in their intensity. Terrible indeed were the seeds of evil that cruel woman sowed in the heart of her child. Seeds that were to bear most bitter fruit; and, alas! fruit more destructive to the unhappy girl than to the wicked mother.

When about twelve years old Claire became dangerously ill from scarlet fever. It is well known that this disease, when severe, rarely fails to leave its fell mark upon its victims, either by physical or mental injury. In some cases, indeed, both mind and body are impaired. Claire rose from her sick-bed physically improved. From having been a thick-set, rather plain child, she developed into a tall and handsome girl; but the obstinacy that was originally implanted in her nature deepened into a stern fierceness that would last for weeks. At such times she would frequently give way to fits of passion so terrific in their violence that even the reckless mother would become alarmed, and at length shrank from exciting a rage that was so nearly akin to madness.

As Claire grew older, her labors as servant to her mother became more and more distasteful to her. She longed for freedom, movement, and excitement. Rarely did a day pass without angry disputes or annoyance of some sort. At length, after a quarrel of more than usual bitterness, she ran away from home (if home it could be called), and joined a wandering troop of acrobats and players.

If the girl had pictured to herself a

life of gaiety and amusement, she was speedily undeceived. She soon found she could neither act nor dance sufficiently well to take a place among the performers; but as she was strong, duties were put upon her of the hardest description. Her want of temper prevented her making friends among her companions; for when irritated she could not refrain from the angry word, nor indeed from the angry blow. Her food, also, was both scanty and bad. Still, notwithstanding these drawbacks, she was comparatively happy. She had fresh air and constant movement; and with all the force of her strong nature she attached herself to some horses and dogs, to whom it was her duty to attend.

This life, however, lasted but a short time. Exposure to weather, thin clothing, and insufficient food, resulted in rheumatic fever. Believing there was but little or no chance of the girl's recovery, Claire's hard-hearted masters gave her a few francs and then left her to shift for herself; and well would it have been for the unfortunate young creature had her wretched life now ended. But this was not to be, neither was there a helping hand held out to save. Youth, and the strength of a good constitution, prevailed over the malady; and once more was Claire restored to health, and to even increased beauty.

Unhappily, with this returning health came the knowledge that she was not only destitute but that she was in debt to the people who had given her a lodging. In truth she had fallen literally into a den of thieves. From that fatal time her slavery began, and with frightful rapidity she sank lower and lower. Her beauty, her cleverness, her reckless fearlessness, even the very violence of her temper, made her of importance among her companions, and ere long she began to take pride in the daring adventures in which she was engaged. It has been already stated that no overt act had ever been proved against her, but the police were convinced that many serious crimes had been organized by her. The house also where she lived was known as being the resort of several desperate characters. Still, many of those who knew this girl acknowledged that with innumerable faults there was much to interest and even to be liked in her

Courageous, faithful, loving—what might she not have been had her surroundings been different, had her lot been cast among good and truly religious people?

The sore problems of so many wasted and distorted lives must weigh heavily on all thoughtful minds.

At length came the time when Claire made the acquaintance of the soldier of whose murder she was accused. He was a young Breton, who, though he had been some years in the army, was still in thoughts and feelings but a simple peasant, and kind-hearted and imaginative, as are most of his countrymen. The wild beauty and high spirits of Claire captivated him at once. Some letters from this poor boy are touching in the extreme. Badly written, and ridiculously ill-spelt as they are, they evidence a certain poetry of thought, and show also with what ideal perfection he had invested the girl he loved. She, in return, probably grateful for his devotion, seemed really attached to him. Her temper became subdued, and her very nature was softened under the influence of this new affection, and before the prospect of a life so infinitely better and happier than any she had yet known.

She assured the chaplain of the jail that they were only waiting for the term of his service to be over to marry and retire to his native village. She asserted also that, during the early part of the day when the dreadful quarrel took place, they had been delighting themselves by picturing the happiness of their secluded life in Brittany. The poor fellow had little more than a year to serve, and during this time one of her friends had promised to help her in obtaining a place as assistant-cook in an eating-house. Hence the purchase of the knife.

What happened subsequently to lead to the awful termination of a day that had begun so brightly, will never accurately be known. Be that as it may, at the close of the dreary December afternoon on which this narrative commences, the young Breton had been for months consigned to his untimely grave, and his far more unhappy companion was lying in the gloomiest cell in the prison of S—, a convicted murderess, condemned to death.

CHAPTER II.

WEEKS of deadly agony passed. An appeal had been made to the Court of Cassation, but no answer had as yet been received to the prayer for mercy, and the wretched girl alternated between fits of the wildest despair and a sullen gloom, that rendered her deaf to the solemn and earnest exhortations of the good old man who was chaplain of the jail. So dreadful was the sight that even the Abbé Pichou, inured as he was to the mental tortures of the unhappy beings to whom he so nobly devoted his life, shrank almost appalled from the raging paroxysms of a young creature, whose life ought to be beginning, rather than about to end thus fearfully. Still, though his task seemed well-nigh hopeless, he labored on, trusting that, ere it should be too late, his tender accents, his sympathizing words, might reach the heart that appeared so hardened in sin and misery. Probably it was in some degree owing to this good man's representations that a merciful view was taken of the case.

To the surprise of most people, and, it must also be said, to the indignation of some of the police officials, the Court of Appeal admitted "extenuating circumstances."

Claire's life was spared, and her sentence commuted to that of perpetual imprisonment.

That which punishment could not do mercy effected at once. When the announcement was made to her, the poor unhappy girl fell sobbing at the feet of the kind old man who had not only been instrumental in saving her life, but who had been the only one to speak to her those divine words of pardon and love, both for this world and the next—without which, how rapidly may the black spot that is in every human being's heart grow, and grow, until perverted nature becomes capable of the blackest crimes !

* * * * *

A few days after the commutation of the sentence, Claire was removed from S—, and conveyed to the great central prison at A—, where are confined those criminals condemned to long periods of imprisonment. She left S— at night ; and her first sensation on finding herself alone, although locked

up in the prisoners' van, was one of intense joy.

"No—she was not to die !" With wild delight she repeated these words again and again. Then she burst into loud peals of laughter, but, startled by the noise she herself had made, she endeavored to collect her thoughts, and to think with tolerable calmness. In spite of every effort, however, the shrill, nervous laugh would from time to time escape from her lips. She was unable to control herself. No thought would come distinctly to the wearied mind, to the overstrained brain, but the one supreme conviction that she was not to die. It was quite certain—she need no longer tremble throughout the day—she might even sleep in peace throughout the night—she was not to die.

The roar of the train as it rushed onward through the darkness soothed her. It told her how rapidly she was hurrying from the cruel town where she had been doomed to death—from the town where a savage mob would have hastened eagerly to witness the last dread scene ; and a convulsive tremor shook her frame, as the shrill scream of the engine, on nearing a station, recalled to her memory the howls and yells with which the mob had greeted her as she was being conveyed to prison.

At length she slept, and did not wake until bright rays of sunshine darting through the iron bars of a tiny aperture above her head, announced that morning had come.

Oh the enchantment of such delicious light, after the gloom and semi-darkness with which for weeks day had come to her within the dismal walls of a prison ! With what ecstasy did she gaze at those bright rays, revelling in their warmth and brightness, and placing herself that they might fall upon her face, her head, her hands ! Suddenly the slackening speed of the train, the sharp cry of the whistle, then the name of a station loudly shouted by the porters as they ran along the platform, aroused in her a keen desire to look once more upon a world that would soon be lost to her for ever.

There were no windows in that railway cell—light and air came through the little barred aperture in the roof—but the door had somewhat warped, so that

there was a narrow opening between it and the flooring of the carriage. Lying on her face she could see not only the station, but for some distance around it.

How happy, and busy, and free every one seemed! Every man and woman there could come and go as they pleased; true, one girl sighed deeply as she raised a heavy bundle and left the station, grumbling at its weight. She little knew how happy she was in being able to go away unguarded and alone. How willingly would not Claire have carried twice the weight, could she have then departed free!

Along a little country path beyond the station, she could see a man and woman arm in arm, with children dancing and shouting around them, walking slowly toward a little house, where the open door, the smoking chimney, the fresh white curtains, denoted that a welcome was prepared for an expected traveller. It was easy to understand that the father had come back, that wife and children had hastened to meet him, and that the happy little party were returning home with all the joyousness of such a reunion.

Who can describe the bitter anguish that the sight of such peaceful domestic happiness brought to the soul of the miserable outcast, who gazed on the merry group with bursting heart and longing eyes until blinding tears had dimmed her sight? Ere she could look again she was being carried swiftly on toward the place of her life-long punishment.

Again and again the train stopped, but each time now the prisoner shrank to the farthest corner of her cell, thinking she heard the name of her destination. Though wearied and hungry she dreaded to arrive. The moment, however, came at last, and of course when least expected. A considerable delay at one station, and then two or three sudden jerks of the carriage, had made her think the train was going on, when the key grated in the lock, the door was opened, and she was ordered to descend.

She rose to obey, but her eyes, unaccustomed to a full glare of light, and weakened by many weeks of confinement in the darkness of the condemned cell, were dazzled by the brilliancy of the

bright winter sun. She stumbled and would have fallen, but she was somewhat roughly pulled out; and no sooner was she upon the platform than she found her arms tightly clasped by a couple of jailers.

Claire's terror of the mob at S—, who had howled around her, screaming "murderess, murderess," in every accent of hate and fury, had made her fear inexpressibly the crowd who might await her arrival at A—

All, however, was quiet. Excepting the railway and prison officials, not a soul was to be seen, neither was there a van in attendance: the distance between the station and the prison was short—the prisoner could traverse it on foot.

For how many, many years did this walk linger in Claire's memory! With what passionate eagerness did she breathe the fresh, sweet air!—fresh and sweet with the fragrance of late roses, and damp, newly turned earth. With what intensity of pleasure did she raise her eyes to the glorious sun, that his rays might fall full upon her pallid face! But yet each breath of air, each ray of sunshine, was as a stab of pain, for she knew well that never again would she be permitted to enjoy these blessings in their full plenitude. Never again would they come to her in the exquisite enjoyment of freedom. Henceforth sunshine and air would come but scantily through prison bars.

The prison was situated on the outskirts of the town, and the way to it led through quiet lanes—narrow, quiet lanes, between high walls, that were overhung by the trees of neighboring gardens. Though still midwinter, the day had all the charm of early spring. The sun shone clear and bright in the blue cloudless sky. His brilliant rays flashing here and there upon the old gray stones made them glitter, as if set with diamonds; and then perchance falling upon patches of brown and yellow moss, the dark lichens would no longer seem gloomy and neglected, but would be turned to masses of glorious color. The rugged bark of the old firs glowed warm and ruddy in the morning light, and even the short-lived warmth of a winter's day filled the air with the grateful resinous scent of their early swelling buds. The old trees overhead swayed

to and fro with every rustle of the freshening breeze, and from the branches, that were not yet quite bare, little showers of leaves fell fluttering to the ground, bringing with them an inexpressibly sweet and balmy perfume.

What treasures would some of these tiny, brown, withered things have been to Claire ! She longed to catch them as they dropped softly around her, but her arms were too tightly held. Great flocks of pigeons were wheeling above the roofs of the neighboring houses ; innumerable sparrows were twittering about the eaves. Sharply defined against the pure blue sky rose the golden cross of a distant village church ; every now and then the wind brought the faint clang of its old bells. Never before had church bells been so dear to Claire's heart. A bird, perched high among the boughs, was blithely singing his early song. Soft and tender were the notes ; but as she listened, tears rolled down the cheeks of the unhappy girl. The bird's song was of peace and hope ; but peace and hope were not for such as her. Sounds and sights alike spoke of freedom and of happiness. How beautiful was the earth ! how sweet life's daily work and daily pleasures ! but such work and such pleasures would never again be known by the prisoner sentenced to a life-long imprisonment.

Fain would Claire have lingered on the way, but her conductors hurried her on. What was her emotion to them ? Even the few persons they met on the road rarely raised their eyes as they passed. Prisoners were common enough in A—, and excited annoyance indeed, but very little attention.

Soon, much too soon, did they arrive at their destination.

Claire, who felt as if in a dream, had a dim consciousness that as they approached an extensive building, surrounded by lofty walls, some huge gates slowly swung open, closing upon them the instant they had passed with the sombre clash of heavy iron. The deep sullen noise made her shudder as if stricken with ague : it said so plainly, farewell to birds and sunshine, to flowers and trees, to freedom and to love. The shadow of the prison had verily fallen upon her. The sun could not warm so dismal a dwelling ; the winter wind now

blew with chilling keenness ; around her were high cruel walls, before her gloomy courtyards, punishment, and pain.

Passing beneath a dark archway, they traversed a drawbridge that appeared to be the entrance to a fortress ; then they went under another archway, and through a door, smaller, and if possible stronger, than the last. Each door, each gateway, was guarded by jailers, and every entrance was relocked and barred the instant they had passed. At length they arrived at a courtyard, at each corner of which rose a tall gray building—very tall, very smooth, very new. But few windows broke their ugly uniformity, and these were not only narrow and closely barred, but the lower half was covered by projecting screens of wood, which, while admitting light and air, effectually prevented the inmates from looking downwards. About half a dozen women were sweeping in this court. All were clothed alike in coarse blue gowns and aprons, had striped brown and white handkerchiefs on their heads, wooden shoes on their feet, and each had a badge and number on her breast and arm. Though tidy and clean, this costume was singularly unpleasing. They all looked up from their work as the new-comer entered, and Claire, preoccupied as she was by her own sad thoughts, could not forbear being struck by the peculiar expression of their eyes. There was a forlorn hopelessness, a caged look in their faces, such as Claire had never before beheld in the countenance of any human being.

There was not much time, however, for observations, for her two conductors rapidly led her across this yard, and entering one of the tall gray buildings in the corner, passed through another iron door, went down a narrow stone passage, and ushered her into a small room, or rather office.

Ranged on shelves around the walls were many hundred volumes, registers of the prisoners. There was also a stove and a large writing-table, by which stood one of the chief officers of the prison. The room, although so small, was divided into two portions by a stout wooden barricade, of which the ponderous planks were still further strengthened by bars of iron placed crosswise. It was intended as a barrier against unruly

women, but it looked like the framework of a rhinoceros' den.

This formidable barricade was the division between the outer and the inner prison, and before she was passed through it, Claire was desired to give up any money or valuables she might have about her. She thereupon untied a locket that she wore around her neck, and drew from her finger a poor silver ring. These articles were inscribed in one of the registers, together with her name, date of arrival, etc. She was then again committed to the custody of her two warders, who, after passing the barricade, led her through more narrow passages, and up several stone staircases—every stair, every passage, and every wall being faultlessly clean and white—and finally left her in a large room on the second story. She was admitted into this room by a stern-visaged lay sister, who, after relocking the door, carefully examined a paper that had been handed in by the jailers, and compared the description it contained with the new prisoner's appearance.

This room was large and lofty, and its narrow windows being unscreened, permitted a view into the court beneath, where, hanging out to dry, were many hundred articles of female clothing. The volumes of steam that poured from a partly open door, and a strong smell of coarse soap and washing, indicated the near neighborhood of the prison laundry. From this door presently issued an elderly sister of charity, who, in a quiet but authoritative manner, ordered Claire to undress.

Slowly did the new prisoner comply with this order. She could not forbear lingering over each garment, unwilling to give up forever the clothing that was her last tie to a life of freedom. Finding that she thus delayed, the sister made a sign. Two female convicts immediately appeared, who, rapidly undressing Claire, almost as speedily reclothed her in the prison garb. Then forcibly seating her in a chair, they cut off her hair to within an inch of her head. As she felt the cold scissors touch her, and saw the beautiful chestnut tresses, of which she had been so proud, fall in masses to the ground, the unhappy creature burst into an agony of tears and bitter sobs.

Up to this moment she had borne the ordeal in silence, if not with calmness. Her cheek had paled, and her lip had trembled, still she had neither resisted nor wept; but none but a woman can understand how the loss of her hair pierces a woman's heart. A few minutes after her entrance into this room, who would have recognized the brilliant and handsome girl, who lorded it so gayly over her fellows, in the degraded-looking, numbered prisoner, who now stood miserable and trembling in her unaccustomed and uncomfortable attire?

They had placed upon her a chemise of the coarsest linen, more like sackcloth than linen, so coarse was it in texture—a blue woollen petticoat, gown, and apron, rough worsted stockings, and wooden shoes. Round her despoiled head they bound a striped brown cotton handkerchief. On her breast and on her arm she bore the number by which alone in future would she ever be known.

Those who enter here must part with everything, even with their name. Henceforth they are dead to the world, and to all former association and knowledge. The work of expiation demands a moral grave.

When she had been thus dressed, her former clothes were fastened up in a cloth, to the knot of which the superintending sister affixed a parchment ticket, on which was written a number corresponding to that worn by Claire. The bundle was then carried into an adjoining apartment. This was a long narrow room or gallery, with walls from floor to ceiling lined with shelves. On these were packed as closely as it was possible to place them innumerable parcels like that which contained Claire's clothes. So many thousand packets were there, that the two windows were almost blocked up, and it required some force to push another parcel into a corner. In doing so, an old dusty bundle became displaced and loosened. It fell down, and the contents were scattered on the floor. Ere they could be again collected, Claire could recognize how old, of what a time-worn fashion, were these poor clothes. They belonged to a period of nearly half a century ago.

Oh just, oh kind Heaven! of how many years of prison, and of suffering, did that faded gown, that ragged apron

tell ! To come here young—to go out, if to go out at all, decrepit, old, broken ! As the bundle was replaced, Claire saw its number and inscription, and the date. No. 1106. Entered Dec. 20, 18—. To leave Dec. 20, 18—.

How many, many years ! If No. 1106 had come in young, she must now have lost her youth, and all her beauty. Had she come in middle-aged, she must now be very old. But here came the maddening thought that flashed upon Claire's remembrance with a pang of the sharpest anguish, that for her, time had no import.

No. 1106, whoever she was, would be free next year ; but to her, to Claire, what mattered years ? She was in this dreadful place for life. Only give her some hope ; only let there be a term to which she might look forward. Twenty years, thirty years, nay, even forty years, would then be endurable ; she would bear them cheerfully. How readily would she obey, how willingly would she work ! only let her have some hope.

CHAPTER III.

THE prison gates had finally closed upon Claire. She was within those walls, from which she would never again issue forth either alive or dead, for after death her body would be thrown into a dreary grave in the uncared-for prison cemetery.

Scarcely had she realized the fact of her arrival at this great prison, ere she had been clothed in convict garb. Before many hours had elapsed she had eaten prison fare, had slept in the hard prison bed, and had been made acquainted with the stern rules that were for the future to govern her existence.

The prisoners rose at five, and after rolling up their mattresses and blankets, and hearing the prayers recited by the sister superintending the ward, they descended to the refectory to eat a piece of bread and to drink from a jug of water. At six they went into the labor-rooms, to the laundries, kitchens, bakeries, or wherever their work had been assigned to them.

The labor-rooms were large and airy, but cold, and dismally dreary. The women were seated on benches or stools in divisions according to the descrip-

tion of work on which they were engaged.

Each division was superintended by a sister, or by a prisoner whose good conduct had gained the confidence of the superiors. This post was eagerly coveted by the better class of women, for not only did those holding it obtain some small privileges in the way of food, exemption from much forced exercise, etc., but from time to time they were permitted to speak a few words. But for this exception, silence was rigidly enforced. So strict was this rule, that should it be proved that a prisoner had whispered to her neighbor and the fault had not been immediately reported, the superintendent would be degraded from her place ; the delinquent herself would be punished by the loss of a meal, and were the offence repeated, by confinement in the dark cell. At either end of the work-rooms were raised seats, from which the superior sisters in charge could overlook every division.

At nine the prisoners again entered the refectory for breakfast, which consisted of a mess of boiled vegetables and of a mug of water. After breakfast some divisions returned to their work, others were taken out to exercise in one of the yards. Here they marched round and round in single file, and in melancholy procession, for half an hour, each convict walking at a regulated pace, about three feet apart from her companions, and with her hands clasped behind her back. The measured tramp of the wooden shoes, echoing as it did all day long through the prison (for the several wards had different hours), produced the effect of some distant engine beating ever with mournful monotony. So oppressive was the noise, that it had driven people away from the few houses that were in the neighborhood, few persons caring to be reminded that the wearying dull sound came from the feet of unhappy women.

After exercise work was recommenced, and continued without intermission until four. At four they dined, the dinner for five days during the week consisting, like the breakfast, of boiled or stewed vegetables and water. On Wednesdays they had soup, and on Sundays a small quantity of meat was given to them. After dinner they marched in

the yard for another half-hour, or once a week attended an instruction class ; then worked again until nightfall, when they went to bed. On Sundays the prisoners twice attended chapel, and a certain number were seen by the chaplain. No recreation, however, was permitted, nor was the rule of silence relaxed excepting during the time passed with the chaplain.

A prisoner by good conduct and diligence could earn weekly a small sum—a few sous—that she was permitted to spend in obtaining articles of food or comfort, such as a little wine or beer, or even a small quantity of meat. Some of the better class would occasionally get a towel, none being supplied by the prison, a large cloth only being hung up over a sort of trough in an outhouse, where the prisoners could wash. Extra-good conduct would also release a prisoner from the wearisome drudgery of the labor-rooms, and make her eligible for employment in household work, such as helping in the kitchen, laundries, bake-houses, cleaning the prison, sweeping the yards, etc. In the labor-rooms, also, good conduct regulated the description of work given to each woman. To the troublesome, and to the newly arrived, were assigned the hardest and most irksome duties ; but by industry and obedience, a prisoner could in time obtain easier and more interesting employment, such as making linen, not only for the prison, but for shops. Some few were even permitted to embroider.

Hard as was the life, and stern as was the rule, still it could have been borne by a patient and a courageous mind, but for the terrible suffering of constant silence. At first the privation was not so much felt. In general, on arriving, the prisoners were much broken down by the anxiety and mental suffering they had probably undergone, for only those convicts were sent to A—who had been sentenced to long terms of imprisonment ; and a great many, perhaps even the majority, had, like Claire, narrowly escaped death.

The severity and the regularity of the labor, the scanty and unpalatable food, the watchful, never-ceasing supervision, at first rendered the wretched prisoner either stubborn or abjectly miserable. But after a time, when the springs of life

would again start into fresh vigor, when that marvellous elasticity which will return even within the walls of a prison is once more felt, then the suffering arising from privation of speech becomes perfect torture.

Every human being, but women especially, have so keen a desire to repose confidence, to obtain sympathy, that with the latter the longing becomes at last a necessity, and in time this necessity leads first to revolt, then to storms of passion and furious outbreak. Not unfrequently does it eventually produce either insanity or idiocy. So well is this period of suffering recognized, that it is called "The Crisis," and very few women escape the frightful ordeal. Some there are who, possessing powerful minds, or moral principle, perhaps a certain amount of education, or those who by nature are unusually gentle and patient, pass through this trial, and come forth from it, broken indeed as those who have made acquaintance with mortal sickness, but calm, resigned, and prepared to accept their lot with fortitude.

These exceptional cases, however, are but few ; and even among them, the gentlest and the tenderest, for the most part, droop and die after very few years of incarceration. If the trial is so severe to the resigned, to the disciplined, and to the educated, it may well be imagined what the suffering was to one so passionate, so undisciplined, and so uneducated as Claire. Like a caged wild bird, she beat herself against the bars that imprisoned her. Furious and miserable, she would strike and rend herself ; she would tear her clothes ; she would throw herself on the ground, and scream aloud in her pain. But in vain were her struggles ; in vain resistance ; each fault, each outbreak, brought its punishment ; the inexorable rule was ever over and around her. Held tightly in its iron grasp, she was forced to yield, she was forced to obey.

* * * * *

Dead to the outer world, dead to old associations, dead even to her own name, No. 2024 for many long months lived as if in a trance ; she scarcely believed in her own identity. This life, so wonderful, so hard, so rigid in its terrible monotony, must end some day.

Surely some day she would wake and find herself Claire Dumont again—gay, careless, merry, and free! And so strong was this conviction upon her, that one night, almost unconsciously, she burst into a bright, happy laugh. Alas! the happiness was but a dream—and a dream that brought upon her the punishment due to an infringement of the rule. Poor Claire Dumont no longer existed. Claire Dumont also was but a dream of the past. No. 2024 was lying in the little narrow bed, one among the fifty convicts who inhabited the same ward.

Haggard and wretched were the faces on which she looked. Probably by this time her face also had become haggard and wretched. Beauty, freshness, and youth speedily sink into the grave dug for them by prison food, prison labor, and gloomy surroundings. The attitude of each figure, the expression of each countenance, told of coarse indifference or of hopeless pain. Shivering with cold, Claire drew around her the scanty covering, and with dull despair stared at the whitewashed walls that seemed actually cruel in their unsullied whiteness. Then she gazed with longing eyes into the dim morning light as it entered, as if unwillingly, into such an abode of woe. The row of windows, placed high up near the ceiling, admitted the necessary amount of light and air that was essential for health; but closely barred as they were, the sight of the blessed sky was denied to the wretched inmates of the dormitory.

At the end of every room hung a large crucifix. The sister in charge would often, when reading aloud some holy book, point to the pain-stricken but compassionate face of the Divine Sufferer, and exhort her hearers to the repentance that leads to pardon. To such exhortations Claire would listen with ill-concealed anger and impatience. Of what use was it to talk to her of mercy in another world, while she was being so severely chastised in this?

Man could discourse most eloquently of God's mercy. Would he have none himself?

If earnest repentance, and a hearty desire to amend, would avail in reaching the ear of the Almighty, would not

the same repentance, the same amendment, soften men's hearts, and induce them, not to forgive indeed, but to mitigate in some measure the appalling doom of life-long punishment?

It is possible that *real* repentance might avail; but with other vices hypocrisy is rife among prisoners, and nowhere is it more skilfully practised than within the walls of a prison. Is it therefore to be wondered at that the authorities are suspicious, that their hearts grow hard, that they become sceptical as to the possibility of radical improvement among the degraded beings whom they have under their charge?

The superior of the Maison Centrale of A—, a woman of generous heart, great experience, and of keen perception into human nature, doubted much whether there had been three instances of real repentance, of an honest desire to amend, among the multitude of women who had come under her superintendence during the many years she had directed the establishment at A—.

The want of separate cells is a serious hindrance to moral improvement. Not only does every one require some period of solitude, when they may collect their thoughts and think a little perhaps on their past, their present, and their future; but notwithstanding the strictness of the discipline, and the severity with which the infringement of the rule of silence is punished, the prisoners constantly find means of communicating with each other; and as the evil-minded are generally the most skilful in conveying their thoughts, the injury of such communication is incalculable.

The convicts are taught trades and various descriptions of household and other work. There are also classes during the week for religious and secular instruction; but in the opinion of the superior very few profit by the care bestowed upon them. Some are too old, some too careless, some too desponding. Obedience and docility may in some degree ameliorate their condition, otherwise there is little incentive either to learning or to moral improvement. It is probable, also, that the mode of teaching adds to the difficulty of instruction, for women do not learn so readily in classes as men. Their attention is more easily distracted, they more quick-

ly become restless and excitable, and their tempers and intellects have more shades of variety. Good teachers generally say that ten minutes' individual teaching will convey more instruction than an hour's class work. Very few prisoners (their term of imprisonment over) return to the world better women, either morally or physically. Thus, while the deprivation of speech is a cruel aggravation of suffering, especially to those who have to endure a life-long punishment, it is comparatively useless as a means of improvement. To those unaccustomed to such painful spectacles, there are few sights more humiliating and depressing than that which is presented by the labor-room of a large prison. Those who enter for the first time—those to whose happy lot it has perchance fallen to live among the innocent and the good—can hardly fail to experience a shock of mingled surprise and horror when they have thus displayed before them every variety of vice and depravity that the human countenance is capable of expressing. The eye travels along the rows of faces vainly seeking one that expresses aught of real contrition, humility, or hope. Cruelty, malice, hatred, and especially cunning, are here depicted with startling force and with terrible repetition; or should by chance one really sorrowful countenance be found to break the sad monotony of so much vice, it almost invariably belongs to some new-comer. Very few years of prison-life suffice to swell into gigantic proportion the seeds of every evil passion the human mind can know.

CHAPTER IV.

EVERY two months the prisoners were permitted to write to their friends, the letters of course being submitted to the approval of the superior. Claire had written many times, not only to her mother, but to every friend she could think of. She craved the sympathy that seems the last solace of a miserable life. All in vain, however; not one of her letters had been answered. The selfish mother gave no thought to her unhappy daughter; and as years rolled on, the wretched creature felt that she was indeed dead to all—that no one on earth cared to recall to

their memory the lost and degraded convict.

She could not make friends in the prison. The sisters and the officials were too overpowered by their never-ceasing and onerous duties to have time to devote to any one woman; and Claire, great as was her own crime, despised her companions in the ward, deeming them, for the most part, cheats and hypocrites.

One day, however, she was summoned. She had been asked for.

In strictness she was not entitled to the indulgence of seeing a visitor. She was under punishment for some act of insubordination, but the superior, hoping that the rebellious girl might become softened and more amenable to discipline, sent for Claire, and after rebuking her for her fault, gave her permission to see her friends. How Claire longed to throw herself at the feet of this kind woman, and with a torrent of words long restrained, and with the passionate tears that were burning her brain, pour forth the sore trouble and misery of her heart! But this could not, might not be. Such violence of expression was forbidden, nor had the superior any time to spare. Her duties were especially numerous and heavy, and every minute with her was precious. Alas! had she been able, had any of the authorities been able to bestow a little thought and sympathy upon one who, though a great sinner, had yet many noble qualities, a miserable soul might have been lightened of much of its load of woe, and a blighted life might have revived to the knowledge at least of good. Who can long live without sympathy, without speech, without being permitted even to utter the cries of a breaking heart? Fettered within the bonds of eternal silence and estrangement, death to the body or to the mind must inevitably ensue.

Awaiting Claire in the receiving-room were two young women—two of the humble performers who had formerly been her companions. The *troupe* to which they belonged had arrived in the town, and these rough but kind-hearted girls had bethought themselves of their former associate, and so, partly from kindness and partly from curiosity, they had come to see her.

The surroundings of the prison, however, had evidently awed them. The ponderous doors, the gloomy passages, the strong locks, the iron grating that separated them from the culprit, impressed and alarmed them; and though they spoke affectionately to Claire, and gave her all the information they could think of respecting old acquaintance and past events, still they were uneasy and nervous, and evidently longed to be gone. With the generosity of their class—for no people in the world are more open-handed than these poor, wandering, ill-paid artists—they had brought with them part of their scanty earnings; and with tears of gratitude Claire accepted the small sum, that the superintendent said she might expend in obtaining a few comforts and indulgences.

This visit, short as it was, revived the poor girl, and for a time the occasional letters she received from these friends cheered her. But they never came again; and after a few years their letters ceased also.

With them ended Claire's communication with the outer world.

* * * *

Year after year rolled on. More prisoners came, some went away, some died, but the stern rule remained unaltered, the wearisome daily life was ever the same. Slowly the untractable girl changed into a quiet but stubborn woman. No more did she give way to those paroxysms of revolt and passion with which outraged nature revenged itself for the restraints that were imposed upon it; but now, for hours together, she would mutter to herself in sounds so low and inarticulate that they could not be termed words. Often indeed her lips would move though no voice came from them. She would then violently grasp her throat, and looking sometimes wildly, sometimes vaguely round, would seem to ask if there was not something there that prevented speech from coming.

There was something. It was the disease in the larynx that arises from continued silence.

She had not long been an inmate of the prison before the superintendents had perceived that Claire was a girl of no ordinary talent, and that in many

respects she was superior to the common herd of prisoners. When she had become more docile therefore, and less subject to the mad fits of passion to which she had at first given way, efforts were made to instruct her in the better descriptions of work, and so raise her from the more trying drudgery of the labor-rooms. But these improvements were attempted by a system of hard routine that failed to touch the girl's heart. At first she had seemed pleased, and had been industrious and fairly well-behaved; but this human being needed human sympathy, and it was precisely this help that was denied her.

By degrees, therefore, her work ceased to interest. Ofttimes it would drop from her hands, her eyes would fix on vacancy, and a species of obstinacy, or rather catalepsy, would come on, from which neither medical treatment nor punishment could rouse her. Still she was not ill, her bodily health was good. It was her mind, her soul, that was being broken and crushed, slowly but surely, under the discipline that was gradually destroying not only her will, but every feeling of humanity within her. She lost by degrees all wish to resist; all sense of pain, whether mental or bodily, was becoming deadened to her. Still the craving for sympathy was strong, and she tried by greater attention to her religious duties to find favor in the sight of the sisters and of the chaplain. Who can doubt that He who sees into all hearts, looked with compassion on this poor creature? for the few succeeding years of this period were the most peaceful of her prison life; and the darkening mind, long after other interests seemed dead to her, dwelt on the comforting words of our divine Saviour.

But the mischief was done. The unnatural restraint, the absence of hope, the death in life of such an existence, first attacked the brain and then the body of the unfortunate girl. Not only did she gradually cease to think, but she gradually ceased to feel. No longer did the bitter cold, the coarse clothing, the hard bed, the sharp and stern rebuke, give her pain. She became as if numb, and would constantly rub her hands together, and then look at them doubtfully, as if they were not her own.

All the beauty and freshness of her youth had long departed. The once brilliant complexion had become faded and yellow ; the eyes were still lovely in shape and color, but their brilliancy had gone forever. At times they would have a sorrowful, wistful look in them, as if they were searching for somebody or something far away in a distant land ; but then, as the mind became weaker and weaker, this earnest look would change into vacancy, and the poor eyes would become fixed in a lack-lustre stare. The lips that were once so beautiful in their rosy curves, and that had so often parted in joyous laughter, now pallid and unshapely, hung loosely apart, and were seldom closed ; and the voice that in her childish years had been so ringing and merry in its tones was now tremulous and husky, and the few sounds it gave forth were almost always inarticulate, and at length became nearly inaudible.

When she had been first brought to the prison, she had suffered severely from the cold, and had often wept, and implored for softer and warmer clothing and covering ; but by degrees she became insensible either to cold or heat, or indeed to any bodily or mental pain.

Hunger was the only sensation that seemed really to excite her. As her body became hardened her appetite grew fiercer, and she would eat with frightful eagerness anything she could obtain. She became cunning in stealing the food of her companions, but appeared insensible to the punishment that followed, provided it were not the loss of food. If deprived of her dinner she would cry and moan like a beaten dog.

When spoken to by the chaplain she required time to think, in order to understand the question addressed to her, and then often appeared to forget to reply. Any noise or unaccustomed sound frightened her. The woman in her was dying, and a second childhood was coming on.

For a considerable time Claire's condition was but little noticed by the superintendents. She was no doubt a troublesome and ill-behaved prisoner, but she was no longer violent or unruly ; and, among the crowd of wretched

women the prison contained, her peculiar suffering passed comparatively unobserved.

As soon, however, as the superior became acquainted with Claire's state, this good woman did all in her power to ameliorate it ; but the deterioration had been so slow, the wretched girl had changed so gradually, that the evil had been gaining ground for years. Long before the injury came to the superior's knowledge it had become irreparable, but it might perhaps not have been discovered until much later, but for an accidental circumstance.

Severe punishment could never be inflicted without the sanction of the director and the superior ; and the latter, distressed at finding how repeatedly Claire's number appeared on the blacklist, and that it would therefore be necessary to exercise some severity toward her, before doing so sent for the girl to remonstrate with her.

"No. 2024," she said, "it grieves me that you, who have of late years been so submissive, so attentive to your religious duties, and of whom I hoped better things, should give way to this degrading inclination to steal. Scarcely a Saturday passes that complaints are not made against you. I am unwilling again to deprive you of your Sunday dinners, but you must be aware you cannot be permitted thus to take your companions' portions. Tell me, my child, that you will be more reasonable."

No answer was made, and Claire stood silent, and apparently stubborn, but with a slight trembling agitating her limbs.

"Speak," continued the superior ; "will you not give me the promise that I ask ? Without it I must again punish you, much as it pains me to do so ; and your offence is so frequent, that the punishment this time must be severe."

Still no answer, and, with a sigh, the superior was preparing to sign the order that condemned Claire to the dark cell, instead of having her Sunday dinner, when the wretched woman, in a perfect convulsion of emotion, and tearing wildly at her throat, burst forth in accents barely human, "O, my God ! I cannot, I cannot !"

This was the last time Claire ever spoke to be distinctly understood. This

passionate cry was the last of expiring sense. From that moment her intelligence dwindled rapidly. Even the easy work that was assigned to her ere long proved beyond her feeble powers, and at length it was necessary to remove her to the ward inhabited by the aged and infirm prisoners. Several of these poor creatures were also sinking into imbecility; and some of them from this cause, and from bodily suffering, were truly dreadful objects to look upon.

The rule of silence was not enforced in this ward, but few of its inmates could or would speak. What had they to say? Some would sit for hours doing nothing, or moving their shrivelled, claw-like hands restlessly and uselessly among the rags that had been given them to sort, or to tear into lint. Claire's case was comparatively rare, and medical science was brought to bear upon it,

but all in vain, and when, too late, mercy was extended to the unhappy sufferer Through the combined exertions of the director and the superior she was at length removed from the prison, and placed under the tender care of "Les petites Sœurs des Pauvres."

In this asylum these excellent women are doing their best for the poor creature. They tend her with soothing kindness, and smooth for her as much as possible the passage to the grave; but her mental pains are now over, and ere long her body also will be at rest.

We who look on, however, see that human justice has killed not only the criminal's body but her mind, and it is impossible to forbear asking—If expiation requires such a death, is it not more merciful to inflict it at once, rather than insure it by years of unutterable anguish?—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

OUR ASTRONOMERS ROYAL.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

In the sixteenth century men began to travel boldly across the ocean, whole fleets taking such journeys as until then had been only undertaken now and then by some daring sea captain. It was early in August 1492 that Columbus had set sail, in a ship of not quite a hundred tons burden, across the wide Atlantic; and seventy days later, on Friday, October 12th, 1492, he sighted an island of the Bahama group (most probably Cat Island, though some maintain the claims of Turks' Island), and, supposing he had reached the Indies by a westerly route, gave to the insular region the name it still bears—the West Indies. Inexact measurements of the earth's globe, and imperfect means of determining his westerly range of travel, led to this utter misconception of the true position on the earth of the region to which his daring expedition had led him. So far as such occasional journeys were concerned, men might have continued to remain content with their imperfect astronomical knowledge. But when in the course of a few decades navigation extended, it became essential that seamen should have some means of

determining their position on the ocean. Yet years passed, and though every sea captain could on any clear day or night determine with sufficient accuracy his latitude, or distance from the equator, no means had been devised for determining even roughly the longitude, or the distance east or west from any given point on the earth from which (as from Greenwich, Paris, or Washington in our own time) longitude may be measured.

The nature of the difficulty which in the sixteenth century, and still more in the seventeenth, exercised astronomers and seamen may be readily indicated. Imagine a captain in the open ocean without any knowledge of his position, but with instruments for determining the apparent positions of the heavenly bodies in the sky. Then on the first clear night he can observe the elevation of the pole star, and though the pole star is not actually at the pole of the heavens, the observation will give him a rough indication of his latitude. For the pole of the heavens is the point toward which the axis of the earth points, and it is easily seen that the nearer a place is on the equator (the great circle

lying exactly midway between the ends of that axis), the nearer the visible pole of the heavens will be to the horizon. An observer who should pass uniformly from the equator to either pole of the earth, would find the pole of the heavens passing as uniformly from the horizon* to the point overhead. Its arc distance from the horizon would all the time exactly correspond to his arc distance from the equator. So that if the pole star were exactly at the pole of the heavens, an observer, by determining its apparent height, would at once determine his latitude, or distance from the equator. And though the pole star does not occupy that precise position, yet it moves only in a small circle around the true pole, and by noting it either when just above or just below the pole, or when exactly to the right or exactly to the left of the pole, the true position of the pole itself becomes known, simply because the distance of the pole star from the pole is known. In the southern seas, where there is no star very near the pole, the case is not so simple, but even there any star circling at a known distance around the pole would give the southerly latitude. But as a matter of fact the sun is usually observed for the latitude. For his distance north or south of the equator on any given day of the year is known, so that by observing him at noon when he is at his highest and due south, either just above or just below the highest point of the equator on the sky, we learn the apparent height of this highest point of the equator. A line to this point makes of course exactly a right angle with a line to the pole of the heavens; and thus we learn the latitude as certainly in this way as we could by observing a star actually at the pole, if such a star there were; and as it is always more convenient to observe in the daytime than at night, it is in this way usually that latitude is determined. Moreover, although instruments were less exact and ingenious in the sixteenth century than now, and the position of

the sun day after day with respect to the equator was less exactly determined, this method was as available (so far as general principles were concerned) at that time as at present.

But how should an observer, placed as we have supposed in the open sea, determine how far east or west he was of any given place on the earth? The aspect of the starlit heavens, and the daily motions of the sun and planets are almost exactly the same at stations in the same latitude, however far apart they may be. The motions of the moon, on account of her relative proximity to the earth, are very slightly different at different stations in the same latitude, but the difference is so slight that, without excellent instruments and the most perfect knowledge of the moon's motions, no observer could pretend to determine his longitude from observations of the moon even on land, far less from the unstable deck of a ship at sea. The real difference between two stations far apart in longitude, that is, in an east and west direction, is as great as the difference between two stations as far apart in latitude; but whereas the latter difference is one which may be studied and determined at any time, the other is a difference depending entirely on the time. Thus, if A and B are two observers far apart in a north and south direction, either can at any time determine the apparent elevation of the pole of the heavens as seen from his station, and so learn his latitude. The difference between these two elevations is the same all the time. If A could telegraph to B, and *vice versa*, either would give the other at any time the same news about the position of their respective poles. But if two observers, C and D, were in the same latitude and at stations far apart in longitude, say C far to the east of D, though C and D at any given moment would have the stellar groups very differently arranged with respect to the horizon, yet the aspect seen by C at any given moment would be shown to D after a certain definite time-interval had elapsed. It would be impossible for either C or D to tell how far east or west their respective positions were from Greenwich or other fixed point on the earth, or how far east C was from D, by mere obser-

* I take no account here of the effects of the refractive or bending action of our own air on the rays of light from a star, but suppose the observation corrected for refraction, as it is technically expressed.

uations of the heavenly bodies, however carefully such observations might be made (apart always from those exact observations of the lunar movements to which I have referred above). But if C could telegraph to D describing the exact aspect of his skyscape at any moment, then D, by waiting till his skyscape presented the same aspect, could tell exactly how far west* he was from C. If, for instance, a quarter of a day elapsed, D would know he was a quarter of the way round toward the west (measuring along their common circle of latitude, or along the equator from the point due south of C to the point due south of D), or perhaps I shall be better understood by saying that in this case a quarter rotation of the earth around her axis has carried D's place to the position before occupied by C. Or, if D had a clock showing true time at C's station, and so knew the precise epoch when the heavens seen by C would have such and such an aspect, he would, by noting how much later his own skies assumed that aspect, become aware how far west his position was from C's. But if his timepiece had gone wrong, he would be *pro tanto* mistaken. Such a mistake to a captain at sea might mean that a coast which he supposed to be far to the west or east of him would be close at hand, and in a short time he might run his ship upon it and be destroyed.

For safe navigation in open ocean, then, special knowledge of the movements of the heavenly bodies is required. Even to determine latitude well a seaman requires excellent instruments, and carefully constructed tables of the motions of the sun, moon, planets, and stars. For longitude he requires still more thorough investigation of the moon's movements (at least, for long-lasting ocean journeys), and in addition he should have most accurate time-measurers. How accurately time should be measured for this purpose will be inferred from the following considerations. At the equator an hour corresponds to fifteen degrees of longitude, or four minutes to one degree, or about $69\frac{1}{2}$

nautical miles; thus four seconds correspond to one nautical mile and one second to rather more than 500 yards. In latitude 60 degrees north these distances are diminished one-half; but still, so small an error as a second in time corresponds to about 260 yards, and an error of seven seconds, such an error as the best stationary clock might easily acquire in a week, would correspond to an error as to position of more than a geographical mile!

It will be readily understood that even in the sixteenth century, when hundreds of ships crossed the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Oceans, there was occasion for very careful study of the celestial movements, very excellent instruments, and very accurate time-measuring apparatus. How much greater was the need in the seventeenth century, when for every ship that had crossed the ocean in the days of Henry VIII., there were hundreds on its broad bosom.

It was thus that the necessity arose for national observatories, not intended, as many imagine, for the study of astronomy as a science (though the science of astronomy is undoubtedly advanced in a most important manner by such observatories), but for the survey of the heavens and the exact measurement of time. Precisely as navigation would be unsafe unless the terrestrial globe were carefully surveyed, and the true position of every coast line, nay, even of every rock and reef, accurately determined, as well as all changes which such coast lines, islands, rocks, reefs, etc., may undergo, so would navigation be unsafe unless the celestial globe, within which as it were the earth is suspended, had been carefully surveyed, and the true position of every star, the exact paths along which sun, moon, and planets travel, all accurately determined. And in passing it may be noticed that the work of a national observatory (where alone such survey of the heavens can be conducted) bears somewhat the same relation to the higher astronomical research that the trigonometrical and topographical survey of the earth's surface bears to the profounder studies of the geologist, the biologist, and the paleontologist.

Yet it was not till the year 1674 that any definite scheme for systematic sur-

* The earth rotates of course from west to east, and so causes all the heavenly bodies to apparently rotate from east to west.

vey of the heavens, in the interests of navigation and commerce, was planned in this country. It had been pointed out by a Frenchman, Le Sieur de St. Pierre, that if the motion of the moon as supposed to be seen from the earth's centre could be accurately predicted, then a seaman who should at any moment observe the exact position of the moon in the heavens, would know the precise instant of terrestrial time (say the true London time) at that moment. Thence, as the difference of longitude between two stations is measurable by the difference of time* between those stations, the latitude of the ship could be exactly determined. Charles II., to whom the plan was proposed by Le Sieur de St. Pierre, referred it to a commission of officers and scientific men. One of these, Sir Jonas Moore, sought the opinion of Flamsteed on the subject, Flamsteed being well known at that time as a skilful astronomer. Flamsteed stated that in his opinion the knowledge of the moon's motions at that epoch was far too inexact for the purpose intended. He said that "even the places of the stars in existing catalogues were grievously faulty." It was as though a geographer should have said that none of the charts used by navigators showed the positions of coast lines with any approach to accuracy.

Charles II., who really showed a most commendable zeal for science in this matter, was much struck by Flamsteed's remark, and very sensibly pointed out that if astronomical knowledge were thus defective, the best thing to be done was to set to work at once, and zealously to correct the defect.

Under the auspices, then, of the king of whom Rochester wrongly said that "he never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one," Greenwich Observatory

was built, and in 1676 Flamsteed, who had been appointed Astronomical Observer,* at a salary of 100*l.* a year, entered into residence at the Observatory. The instruments which he principally used in his work as Astronomical Observer were not in use until 1689.

And here it may be asked how it was that a much greater man than Flamsteed, a man who reached the zenith of his fame during Flamsteed's tenure of the office of Astronomer Royal, but had already attained a widespread reputation when Greenwich Observatory was founded, was not appointed to be Astronomical Observer. Whether the office was ever offered to Sir Isaac Newton or not, I do not know; but most assuredly, if it were so offered, it is most fortunate for science that the offer was not accepted. Probably Newton would not half so efficiently as Flamsteed have executed the observations which this observer made, though men inferior to either might have executed those observations as well as Flamsteed, or better. But certainly no one could have done Newton's work had he neglected it for the routine work at Greenwich. Yet we must not forget that without the systematic observations of Flamsteed, Newton would never have been able to place the theory of the universe on that firm basis whereon he established it in his "Principia." The architect, however great his genius, cannot complete his conceptions without the aid of the builder, any more than the builder can erect an edifice without the materials necessary for his work.

Flamsteed labored at Greenwich under difficulties such as none of his successors have had to encounter. His salary, as already mentioned, was but one hundred pounds per annum, and even this pittance was often ill-paid. He had to buy or make his own instruments. To defray the expenses he thus incurred, he was obliged to take pupils. At first he observed with a sextant belonging to Sir Jonas Moore, who also lent him two clocks; some other instruments were lent him by the Royal Society. The sextant was of iron, and

* That is, the difference between the time of noon, or of the coming to the south of any known fixed star, at those two stations. It should not be necessary to explain this, because the words "difference of time" can bear no other interpretation, seeing that it is the same moment of absolute time at any instant all over the world and throughout the universe. Yet repeatedly I have been asked what astronomers can mean by the time being different at different stations. A rough way of expressing their meaning is by saying that the time of day is different at different stations.

* This title is still retained in official documents, and is undoubtedly a more suitable title than that of Astronomer Royal, seeing that astronomical surveying, not astronomical research, is the chief duty of the office.

seven feet in radius. The clocks were constructed by Tompion, the most celebrated clockmaker of his day. The pendulums were thirteen feet long, and swung a complete or double vibration in four seconds (that is, beat two seconds, so that their length was four times the length of a pendulum beating seconds, or about thirteen feet). They were so constructed that they required winding only once a year. Flamsteed also brought with him from Derby to Greenwich a quadrant three feet in diameter. With these instruments, strangely in contrast with those now in use, Flamsteed began his labors at Greenwich on October 29, 1676.

I need hardly say that I do not here propose to give any detailed account either of the methods followed by Flamsteed and his successors, or of the instruments they employed in their work. But it may be interesting to notice how utterly unlike was the plan first followed from that now universally employed. Flamsteed's first observations of the stars, or his survey of the heavens, was conducted much as a trigonometrical survey of a terrestrial tract is carried out. He measured with the sextant the apparent arc-distance separating a star from each of two stars (or from more than two) whose positions were already known, and thence calculated the position of the star. The method is very rough, and could lead but to imperfect results. At the present day, astronomers follow an entirely different and far more satisfactory plan. A telescope is caused to swing so as to sweep the meridian, that is, the circle on the heavens passing from the south point of the horizon to the point overhead, and thence to the north point of the horizon. Every heavenly body visible in our northern heavens must in its daily rotation around the polar axis of the skies cross the meridian once at least. (If it is one of the stars within "the circle of perpetual apparition," or stars near enough to the pole not to set when due north, the heavenly body crosses the meridian twice, once above the pole and once below it, in each diurnal circuit.) The telescope, then, which sweeps the meridian serves to show at what elevation and at what time any heavenly body crosses that circle of the heavens, and

thus shows the body's distance from the pole, and its rotational distance from any fixed circle through the poles from which the astronomer may find it convenient to measure such rotations. Whereas, in the first method, the astronomer had to measure arcs in all imaginable directions, he has by the modern method to measure only vertical arcs, and these always along one and the same semicircle from south to north. The superiority of the modern method,* as respects uniformity of procedure and of result, will be manifest to all. There are other not less important advantages which only the mathematician can fully appreciate.

Flamsteed retained the office of Astronomical Observer to the end of his life, which occurred on the last day of the year 1719. His first observation was made on October 29th, 1676; but it was not until September 11th, 1689, that he began regular observations of stars on the meridian with the mural arc, an instrument so constructed as to swing on the face of a vertical north and south wall (whence its name), and with a sweep of one hundred and forty degrees on the meridian.

The forty-three years of Flamsteed's tenure of the office did not pass without some unseemly quarrels, chiefly caused by the impatience with which contemporary astronomers awaited the publication of his results. We find him, in October, 1700, writing thus to Dr. Smith, of Oxford: "Briefly, sir, I am ready to put the observations into the press as soon as they that are concerned shall afford me assistants to copy them and finish the calculations. But if none be afforded, both they and I must sit down contented till I can finish them with

* I speak of this method as modern, but there are reasons for regarding it as, in principle, exceedingly ancient. For in the great pyramid, which was manifestly intended for astronomical observation (though afterward cased over so that none who came after its owner's death should use it for that purpose), we find the great ascending gallery, 150 feet in length and 28 feet in height, constructed so as to bear precisely on the meridian, a long arc of which it commanded; while many of the details of this gallery are such as an astronomer intending it for the purpose indicated would have been certain to give to it, and such as on any other hypothesis appear to be without reasonable interpretation.

such hands as I have ; when I doubt not but to publish them, as they ought to be, handsomely and in good order, and to satisfy the world, while I have been barbarously traduced by base and silly people, that I have spent my time much better than I should have done if, to satisfy them, I had published anything sooner and imperfect."

The impatience of his contemporaries, however, caused him to depart from the course on which he had thus determined. He drew an estimate of the extent of the work which had to be prepared for the press. This estimate was read at a meeting of the Royal Society on November 15th, 1704, and was unanimously approved. Prince George of Denmark, Queen Anne's husband, undertook to pay all the expenses of publication, and a committee, consisting of Newton, Wren, and three others, was appointed to examine Flamsteed's manuscripts. The committee recommended that the observations should all be published. Flamsteed placed in their hands a copy of the observations so far made, but stipulated that no steps should be taken toward their publication. So, at least, he asserted afterward ; but it is clear the stipulation was not such as to prevent the work being sent to the printers as it was. When, however, he should have supplied the rest, Flamsteed broke his agreement with the committee, delaying the printing for no other purpose, so far as appears, but to obtain better terms.

In 1708 Prince George died, and a further delay ensued. But as Flamsteed himself showed no disposition to supply the required copy, complaints were made which led to the appointment of a Board of Visitors, consisting of the President of the Royal Society and such other members of the Council of that Society as he should deem fit to take part with him in the work of supervision. They were authorized to demand of the Astronomical Observator, six months after the close of each successive year, a true and fair copy of his annual observations, and also to direct him to make such observations as they should consider desirable. They were also to inspect the instruments, and to see that these were maintained in proper and serviceable condition.

Professor Grant, in his excellent "History of Physical Astronomy," remarks on this important event in the annals of the Royal Observatory : "The origin of the Board of Visitors is clearly traceable to the unfortunate misunderstanding that prevailed between Flamsteed on the one hand and his scientific countrymen generally on the other. It has continued to exercise its functions to the present day. The salutary influence of such a board of inspection is indisputable, for while on the one hand it serves to prevent the application of the resources of the observatory to any unwarrantable purposes, on the other it has the effect of periodically relieving the conscientious astronomer from the responsibility attaching to the discharge of his onerous duties, and thereby operates as an encouragement to future exertion. It is gratifying to reflect that during the last hundred years, at least, it is only in the latter respect that the advantages resulting from the establishment of the Board of Visitors have been apparent."*

In the spring of 1711 Flamsteed's observations were published in a folio volume. The incomplete catalogue of stars which Flamsteed had placed in the hands of the committee in 1704 appeared in this volume, notwithstanding his alleged stipulation that it should be regarded only as a pledge for his subsequent delivery of a complete catalogue into their hands. But there is no room for doubt that, even if the stipulation were made as alleged, it was not binding under the circumstances. Had the complete catalogue been placed in the printer's hands in reasonable time, there

* At the ascension of William IV. a new warrant was issued, by which the constitution of the Board of Visitors was to some degree modified. The Royal Astronomical Society had then recently been formed, and received its charter at that time. As the new society was formed specially for the advancement of astronomy, whereas the Royal Society took all science (and more) as its province, and so might have for its president a man very slightly acquainted with astronomy, it was fitting that a share, at least, in the supervision of the national Astronomical Observatory should be assigned to the society specially devoted to astronomy. Accordingly the two societies—the Royal and the Astronomical—are, according to the new warrant, represented equally in the Board of Visitors.

would undoubtedly have been no excuse for the issue of the incomplete one ; but year after year had passed without any fulfilment of Flamsteed's agreement to complete the catalogue, and the course pursued by the committee was the only one left open to them. If Flamsteed's stipulation could be regarded as under any and all conditions closing this course against them, the incomplete catalogue had no value as a pledge.

The quarrels which arose between Flamsteed on the one part and Newton and Halley on the other, were first made matter of public discussion in 1835, by Mr. Francis Baily. Finding in Flamsteed's own manuscripts and autobiography a number of statements injurious to the characters of Newton and Halley, Mr. Baily unwisely published what he called an "Account of the Life of Flamsteed," which involved in effect an *ex parte* and unjust attack upon those eminent men. In 1837 Mr. Baily published a supplement, in which he stated that he had "sought in vain for documents which might tend either to extenuate or explain the conduct of Newton and Halley." He cannot have searched very carefully, for such documents existed precisely where one would have expected to find them, namely, among Sir Isaac Newton's papers. Among these papers Sir David Brewster discovered a series of letters and other documents, completely exculpating Newton and Halley from the charges rashly brought against them by Mr. Baily, and placing the character of Flamsteed, their calumniator, in a very unfavorable light. Apparently the sole cause of Flamsteed's delay in the first instance, and anger with Newton and Halley in the second, was greed of money.

Albeit, Flamsteed did good work as Astronomical Observer. Professor Grant thus sums up his work : "Flamsteed is universally admitted to have been one of the most eminent practical astronomers of the age in which he lived. His merits do not, indeed, appear at first sight so conspicuous as those of some of his illustrious contemporaries with whom he may be compared, although at the same time they are no less substantial. In carrying out views of practical utility, with a scrupulous

attention to accuracy in the most minute details, in fortitude of resolution under adverse circumstances, and persevering adherence to continuity and regularity of observation throughout a long career, he has few rivals in any age or country. He was thus enabled to establish the fundamental points of practical astronomy upon a new basis, and to rear a superstructure which, for many years afterward, served as a landmark of vast importance to astronomers. . . . As first astronomer of the Royal Observatory of Greenwich, he set an example to his successors the beneficial influence of which cannot for a moment be doubted; nor while that noble establishment continues to maintain its proud pre-eminence [high position ?] among the institutions devoted to practical astronomy, will the labors of its original director, prosecuted with such unwearied perseverance throughout a long career, despite the depressing influence of constitutional ill-health [and the unrelenting hostility of a powerful faction*], cease to be held in respectful remembrance by his countrymen."

Flamsteed was succeeded by Halley. But as all Flamsteed's instruments were removed from Greenwich, no observations could be made till 1721. On October 1st in that year Halley made his first observation with a transit instrument said to have been made by Dr. Hooke.

A greater astronomer than Flamsteed, perhaps inferior only to Sir Isaac Newton (certainly inferior only to him among the English astronomers of his day), Halley was by no means so skilful in the practical work of a sky-surveying observatory. In the first place, Halley was in his sixty-fourth year when he accepted the appointment. As Professor

* This was written at a time when it was supposed that the attack made by Mr. Baily on Newton and Halley represented the true state of the case, instead of being a mere *ex parte* statement. I believe the view I have expressed in my sketch of Flamsteed's life, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," is sound—viz., that the necessity for publishing Sir David Brewster's refutation was scarcely a less misfortune for science than was Baily's original mistake in publishing his ill-considered attack. Scientific squabbles are degrading enough when they occur without being raked up a century afterward.

Grant remarks, it is surprising, when we consider his age, "that he should have undertaken the discharge of duties of so onerous a nature as those attached to the situation of Astronomer Royal." The habits of minute attention to details, required for successful work in practical astronomy, are not readily acquired in advanced life. But Halley seems to have had little original aptitude for such work, and indeed to have undervalued (a common fault) the qualities he did not possess. We may pay but little attention to Baily's severe criticism of Halley's observations as not worth printing, because Baily may have been to some degree prejudiced against Halley after reading Flamsteed's animadversions. But Maskelyne had earlier told Delambre that Halley's observations (extending from October 1721 to December 31st, 1739) were hardly better than Flamsteed's—a severe criticism, when the rapid progress of improvement in the instruments of observation in those days is taken into account.

Halley died on January 14th, 1742, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. During more than twenty-four months before his death he had made no observations,* a circumstance not to be wondered at when we consider how old he was. What one does wonder at is that, being too old to discharge the duties of his situation, he did not resign.

Bradley, who succeeded Halley as Astronomer Royal in 1742 (his nomination is dated February 2d, 1742), was one of the ablest, perhaps the very ablest, of all who have held the office. While astronomy owes to him (as it does not to any other Astronomer Royal) some of the greatest discoveries which have adorned the science, these

were such as belonged to the field of his labors as a practical observer. His discovery of the aberration of light was indeed made before he accepted the situation of Astronomical Observer at Greenwich; but in the prosecution of the observations which led to that discovery he was fitting himself for the position he afterward held. His more difficult and less striking, but in reality more important,* discovery of the nutation of the earth's axis was made while he was at Greenwich.

It will serve to indicate the general character of the work at Greenwich, as well as to show what progress practical astronomy was making, to consider—but we must do so very briefly—the nature of these discoveries.

For guidance in navigation and travelling generally, as well as in the measurement of time for civil and other purposes, the stars and other heavenly bodies are regarded by the astronomer as skymarks whose observed direction gives certain information as to position or as to time. But that the information should be trustworthy, the causes which may lead to erroneous ideas as to a heavenly body's direction must be understood and their effects corrected. Speaking generally, it may be stated that, in the first place, *not a single star visible in the sky at any moment is really where it seems to be; and in the second, every star's position on the star vault is constantly, though slowly, changing.* As it is the specific office of an Astronomical Observer to learn precisely where the heavenly bodies are, he must manifestly find out all the circumstances which might cause him to be deceived. Some of the sources of error are sufficiently obvious. A rough instrument, such as an ingenious schoolboy could construct in an hour or two, would suffice to indicate the deceptive effect of our own air, whose refractive action on rays of light causes every star to appear somewhat higher in the heavens than it really is. Other sources of error are less easily ascertained. Again, though the reeling of the earth like a gigantic top, under the attractions of the sun and moon, does not cause any star to appear

* At a meeting of the Royal Society on March 2d, 1727, Sir Isaac Newton, then President, called attention to the circumstance that Halley had not supplied the Board of Visitors, in accordance with the authority given them, with a true and fair copy, within six months after the lapse of each successive year, of the observations made during such year. He pointed out that the continued neglect of this regulation might be detrimental to the public interest. Halley, who was present, made the rather lame excuse that he thought it better to keep the observations in his own custody, so that he might finish the theory he designed to build on them before others could reap the benefit of his labors.

* More important in its bearing on physical astronomy, though less important as regards practical observation.

in a direction in which it does not actually lie, yet by constantly changing the position of every star with respect to the poles of the heavens (more correctly, by constantly changing the position of these poles on the star sphere), this motion causes a steady though slow change in the calculated position of every star. So also does the slow motion of each star (or sun) along its own special path in space.

The aberration of light is a displacement of the former kind, nutation a displacement of the latter kind. Light streams forth in all directions with enormous velocity from each star, while the earth rushes with enormous velocity round the sun. The latter velocity, though enormous, is but small compared with the former. Yet it has to be taken into account in determining the direction whence the light of a star comes, just as the velocity of a ship propelled otherwise than by a stern wind has to be taken into account in determining the direction in which the wind is blowing.* With a wind blowing from the side (the nautical reader will excuse my avoidance of technical terms) the forward motion of the ship causes the apparent

wind to come from a point nearer that toward which the ship is travelling than is the point from which the real wind is blowing. In other words, the wind is made to appear less favorable than it really is. We may, in fact, regard the motion of the ship as producing a wind of equal velocity blowing dead against the ship's course, and this wind has to be combined with the real wind to give the direction of the apparent wind. The light coming from a star with a velocity of more than 180,000 miles per second has similarly to be combined with the effects of the earth's forward motion at the rate of about 18 miles per second; and the apparent direction from which the star's rays seem to come (in other words, the apparent position of the star) is nearer to that point on the star-sphere toward which the earth is travelling than is the actual position of the star. So that, just as an exactly head wind and an exactly stern wind are the only winds not affected in apparent direction by a ship's motion, so a star lying exactly in the direction toward which, and a star lying exactly in the direction from which, the earth is moving, would be the only stars in the heavens seen precisely in their true position (so far, at least, as aberration is concerned). The greatest possible displacement due to this cause occurs in the case of stars situated anywhere on the great circle lying between the two points just named where there is no displacement. It is not great, simply because the earth's velocity in her orbit is but about the ten thousandth part of the velocity of light.* Still, it is not one of those exceedingly minute quantities which tax the astronomer's means of instrumental observation. It amounts, in fact, to about the ninetyeth part of the apparent diameter of the moon.

Even if we only consider the effect of such a displacement as this, if undetected, to the seaman, it appears by no means of small importance. Supposing a star on the equator, and displaced on

* It is worthy of mention that Bradley was led to the interpretation of the aberration of the fixed stars by the recognition of precisely this analogous phenomenon. Dr. Robison, of Edinburgh, relates the story in his article on "Seamanship." The following account is from Dr. Thomson's "History of the Royal Society": "When Bradley despaired of being able to account for the phenomena which he had observed, a satisfactory explanation of it occurred all at once to him when he was not in search of it. He accompanied a pleasure party in a sail upon the River Thames. The boat in which they were was provided with a mast, which had a vane upon the top of it. It blew a moderate wind, and the party sailed up and down the river for a considerable time. Dr. Bradley remarked that every time the boat put about, the vane at the top of the boat's mast shifted a little, as if there had been a slight change in the direction of the wind. He observed this three or four times without speaking; at last he mentioned it to the sailors, and expressed his surprise that the wind should shift so regularly every time they put about. The sailors told him the wind had not shifted, but that the apparent change was owing to the change in the direction of the boat, and assured him that the same thing invariably happened in all cases." Bradley was quickly able to interpret the phenomena, and found in its interpretation that of the aberration of the fixed stars.

* If we take along the circumference of a circle an arc equal in length to about the ten thousandth part of the radius, and draw radii to the two ends of this minute arc, the angle between these radii will correspond to the maximum apparent displacement of a star due to aberration.

account of aberration either eastward or westward by the greatest amount which this cause of displacement can produce, or about $20\frac{1}{2}$ seconds of arc. Then, since 15 degrees of arc on the heavens correspond to one hour of diurnal rotation, it follows that 15 minutes of arc correspond to one minute of time, and 15 seconds of arc to one second of time. Thus 20 seconds of arc correspond to $1\frac{1}{4}$ seconds of time, and an error of this amount would be equivalent in the determination of a ship's longitude to an error of more than 620 yards. But in reality the effect of neglecting such a correction as that due to aberration is not to be measured in this way by its direct action. Indirectly, regarding the stars as skymarks by which the movements of sun, moon, and planets are measured, the correction due to aberration becomes of yet greater importance.

It should be noticed that Bradley's great discovery might have been based on Flamsteed's observations alone. For though Flamsteed himself failed to detect the aberration of the fixed stars, he made his observations so carefully and well, that from the simple study of his various observations of the several stars at different seasons, the amount of displacement caused by aberration can be determined almost as exactly as from the best observations of recent times.

The nutation of the fixed stars is a displacement smaller in amount, and not affecting the direction in which the stars appear to lie, but the position of the earth from which we see them. The reeling motion of the earth detected by Hipparchus (though Ptolemy usually gets the credit of the discovery) is caused by the perturbing action of the sun and moon on the earth's spheroidal globe. Were the earth a perfect sphere, there would be no such motion. Nutation may be described as a quivering of the earth as she thus reels. Were the disturbing action of the sun and moon constant, this reeling would be uniform; but as the moon's path round the earth varies in position (in inclination, shape, etc.), the disturbing action varies, and thus the reeling varies in rate, and the slope of the reeling earth's axis varies also, or the axis of the reeling earth may be said to

quiver. In reality, there is a small and relatively rapid reeling superadded to the great slow reeling. The axial slope of the small reel—so to describe what corresponds to the inclination of a reeling top's axis to the vertical—amounts only to about $9\frac{1}{4}$ seconds, and each reel is accomplished in about $18\frac{1}{2}$ years, whereas the slope of the great precessional reel amounts to about $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, and each reel requires about 25,900 years. Thus the pole of the heavens revolves in 25,900 years in a great circle 47 degrees in diameter, while it also revolves around the mean position due to this precessional reeling in a circle—really an oval— $18\frac{1}{2}$ seconds in diameter, in a period of about $18\frac{1}{2}$ years. All the stars are affected, so far as their position with respect to the poles is concerned, by these motions. The nutation thus introduces a correction of all stellar positions, which must be taken into account in all observations of the stars.

I have considered these discoveries by Bradley because, as I have said, they are the most important of all the discoveries (almost the only important discoveries) made by astronomers carrying out the systematic work of practical observation—in other words, attending to the business which they are paid to do.

Bradley's last observation at Greenwich was made on July 16th, 1762. He was succeeded by Dr. Bliss, Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford, who had few of the qualifications necessary for the office of Astronomical Observer. He died early in 1765, his last observation having been made on March 15th in that year.

Bliss was succeeded by Maskelyne, whose first observation was made on May 7th, 1765. He used the same instruments as Bradley, but he adopted a system better calculated to lead to trustworthy and valuable results. He limited his observations to a select number of stars (besides, of course, the sun, moon, and planets). He observed these stars on every available occasion, and based on these observations a catalogue which, though containing but thirty-six stars, was far more accurate than any previously formed. This plan of observation he continued throughout the whole period of his tenure of office, his

first observation being made, as already mentioned, on May 7th, 1765, his last on December 31st, 1810. His actual period of office was slightly greater than $45\frac{1}{2}$ years, and has been surpassed only by the period during which Sir G. Airy held the office.

We owe to Maskelyne the establishment of the "Nautical Almanac," which first appeared in 1767. It cannot be said that the Royal Observatory had fairly begun (even) to fulfil the purpose for which it was established until the "Nautical Almanac" appeared. During his entire period of office Maskelyne superintended the publication of the almanac.

When Maskelyne was made Astronomer Royal, there was no very eminent English astronomer to whom persons ignorant of the special duties of the office might have thought that the position should have been offered. Sir W. Herschel was teaching music until 1766, when he was appointed organist at Halifax, and his earliest regular observations were made in 1776. It need hardly be said that later, during at least the last twenty years of Maskelyne's life, there could be no comparison between him and Sir W. Herschel as astronomers. Maskelyne was the more precise surveyor, but his name is associated with none of the great discoveries which constitute the glory of astronomy. Of William Herschel it has been justly said, *calorum perrupit claustra*, he burst the bonds of the heavens; he penetrated beyond the limits that had before restrained men's views, and searched boldly into the depths of the universe. Of Maskelyne we can only say that he helped to assign the true position of certain celestial skymarks. But then this was the duty which Maskelyne was engaged to do; he did it honestly and well.

Eleven days after Maskelyne's last observation had been made, his successor, John Pond, made his first observation, January 11th, 1811. Although his name is little known—indeed, scarcely known at all outside the ranks of professional astronomers—he was one of the ablest of his class. He extended Maskelyne's method of sidereal astronomy to more than 1000 stars, his catalogue being "generally admitted," says

Prof. Grant, "to be one of the most accurate productions of the kind that has ever been given to the world." Fine instruments by Troughton were employed by him, and in the course of a controversy with Brinkley as to the distances of the fixed stars he invented a method of observing stars by reflection at the surface of mercury which notably increased the accuracy of certain orders of observations.

During Pond's tenure of the office the career of Sir W. Herschel came to its end, and that of his almost equally distinguished son began. When Pond retired from office in the autumn of 1835, Sir John Herschel was already recognized as England's greatest astronomer. Fortunately for science, no one was so ill-advised as to propose that this eminent man, already deeply engaged in the researches which have rendered his name illustrious, should be appointed to the office rendered vacant by Pond's retirement. (Fortunately for science, at least, on the assumption—doubtless incorrect—that, if he had been offered the appointment, he would have left his congenial field of labors to accept others of far less scientific importance, for which he was far less fitted.) A successor to Pond was sought for among men already working in the same field, that is, already engaged in the work of exact surveying of the heavens. A most fortunate choice was made in the selection of George Biddell Airy, who, during his tenure of office (the longest hitherto—by a few weeks, as compared with the next, Maskelyne's), has done more than any of his predecessors, save perhaps Bradley, to give to Greenwich its present high position among national observatories. He was already eminent in his special department of astronomical work, having ably directed the Cambridge Observatory during seven years. He had there introduced two features, unknown till then in the work of public observatories, viz., the reduction of all observations by the observer himself instead of subordinates, and the systematic observation of the planets—a department of astronomy long neglected at Greenwich.

Space does not remain for the description of the special work of Sir G. Airy. What remains must be devoted to some remarks on the mistaken ideas which

many seem to have formed respecting the duties of the office, and on the unsuitable and in many cases preposterous selections made by newspaper writers for a successor to Airy.

The late Professor De Morgan, in his "Budget of Paradoxes," relates an amusing story about Flamsteed, the first of our Astronomers Royal. An old woman who had lost a bundle of linen came to Flamsteed to learn its whereabouts, being under the impression that it was one of the duties, if not the chief duty, of an Astronomer Royal to answer such questions as are customarily addressed by ignorant persons to astrological charlatans. Flamsteed, proposing to amuse himself at the old woman's expense, "drew a circle, put a square into it, and gravely pointed out a ditch near her cottage, in which he said it would be found." He meant, says De Morgan, to have given the woman a little good advice when she came back, but unfortunately for his purpose, the bundle was found in the very place which he had indicated. It is added, though De Morgan does not mention the fact, that Flamsteed determined thenceforth to have nothing to do with astrology even in fun.

It would seem, from much that has been written about the office of Astronomer Royal, that the general public are scarcely better informed on the subject than the old lady who mistook the Astronomer Royal of her time for a conjuror. Persons were named as likely to succeed Airy who would have been as ill-fitted for the office as a sea captain for a generalship, a general for the command of a fleet, or an historian for the office of prime minister. Even those who have rightly apprehended that the office is one requiring special training, as well as original aptitude and capacity, have in many cases failed to note that such special training as observers in any great observatory may obtain, though fitting them for the charge of ordinary observatories, may not by any means fit them to take charge of a great national observatory.

It must not be supposed that I make these remarks in depreciation of any of those who were named as likely to succeed the Astronomer Royal in the office to which Mr. W. M. Christie, formerly

first assistant at Greenwich, has been appointed. Most of those who were thus named were persons who, by their method of life and study, removed themselves from even the possibility of being thought of in connection with the office, and, as it were, declined to have it offered to them. There is one road, and only one, in which a man, fit as respects capacity, can put himself in the way of the office, and even that road eventually branches out into several, one only of which leads to the goal in question. A skilful mathematician, with first-rate working powers, who shall begin, from the time of taking a high degree at the university, to work in one of the subordinate offices at Greenwich, taking shortly (in virtue of his position as a mathematician) one of the chief of these subordinate offices, may later become one of those from whom a new Astronomer Royal can be selected. But such a one may become, after a few years at Greenwich, the head of some important government observatory, a position of greater emolument and perhaps of greater dignity, but one which, should he occupy it many years, unfits him for the office which is justly regarded as the highest which a professional astronomer can occupy. The reason of this is not far to seek. The routine at Greenwich is necessarily unlike that at other observatories. Much of the work which must be done at Greenwich is by no means essential elsewhere; and in turn, much of the work which can be done with great advantage at other observatories (we are speaking all the time, be it understood, of government observatories) would be entirely out of place at Greenwich. Now, even though the system at Greenwich were thoroughly stereotyped, which is far from being the case, a few years' absence from Greenwich work would render even the ablest astronomer less fit to take charge of our great national observatory than one who had been engaged in superintending such work during those years. Seeing, however, that the system at Greenwich, though to all intents and purposes fixed, does yet in details undergo modifications—that, in fact, being a living organization, it *grows*—we can readily see that even the most skilful astronomer can only retain the

fullest fitness for the office of Astronomer Royal by remaining at Greenwich, and by working continuously under the direct supervision of the actual holder of that office. When such a man, otherwise possessing the requisite capacity, succeeds to the position of Astronomer Royal, there is the greatest chance that the change will cause no hitch, even for the shortest period, in the work of the great national observatory: and this, after all, is the point in which the public is most interested.

The fitness (in these respects) of the appointment recently made will therefore be readily understood, and it will be seen, also, why several of those named by persons unacquainted with the requirements of the office were, for various reasons, more or less unsuited for the post. The greatest master living of the mathematics of astronomy, although at the head of an important observatory, would not only have been in all probability a less efficient Astronomer Royal than one who had been working for years at Greenwich, but his transference to the office (had he been willing to accept it) would have been a serious loss to science, because in the office of Astronomer Royal he would have been unable to continue those researches in which he has few or no equals. One of the greatest professors (if not actually the greatest) of pure mathematics could as ill be spared from his special labors, even if he possessed the knowledge of routine work essential in the chief of our national observatory. It should hardly be necessary to say that the indefatigable director of the "Nautical Almanac," although for a long time the head (and a most skilful and successful head) of a fine private observatory, would be ill-placed as chief at Greenwich, if for no other reason, for this—that he is the fittest man living for the post he actually holds.

Again, there are men who, by their telescopic researches in what may be called the physics of astronomy, by spectroscopic observations and discoveries, by their analysis of the great mass of observations gathered by others, and in other ways, are deservedly regarded as having notably advanced our astronomical knowledge, who would yet be altogether unfit to take charge of even

the commonest routine work at Greenwich; and even though they could, would only do so at the expense of more important work for which they are pre-eminently fitted. Most of these, indeed, are independent workers in astronomy, who are not willing (and have through the whole course of their lives shown that they are unwilling) to accept what would be to them the comparative slavery of a salaried office.

One astronomer, indeed, and only one of those who were mentioned as likely to succeed the Astronomer Royal, could have taken his place without loss to the public, either, on the one hand, because of unfitness for the post, or, on the other, because no one else could so well do work given up that the office might be taken. I refer to an astronomer who has quite recently left the charge of one of our most important colonial observatories to take a leading astronomical office at Oxford. That astronomer had for several years held the position of chief assistant at Greenwich, and, had the Astronomer Royal resigned four or five years ago, would almost certainly have succeeded him. But, as I have already pointed out, an absence of several years from Greenwich diminishes an astronomer's fitness for the special duties (in particular, the superintendence of routine work) belonging to the office of Astronomer Royal. Without touching in any way upon the question of relative capacity, zeal, or energy, I may say that in all probability the public interests were better served by the appointment to this office of the younger man who has during the last few years held the position of chief assistant at Greenwich.

I have touched on the erroneous ideas which many persons entertain respecting the duties of an Astronomer Royal. I may conveniently conclude by noting the admirable way in which the actual duties of the office have been discharged by the venerable astronomer who has so long held that important position. If we do not find his name associated with striking discoveries respecting the sun and moon, planets, stars, and comets, it has been because the duties of his office have been inconsistent with the researches by which alone such discoveries can be effected. An Airy has no right

to undertake such work as has ennobled the names of a Newton or a Herschel. His duty to the nation, in whose service he has taken office, requires that he should devote his energies first and chiefly to the control and superintendence of that systematic observatory work which is so important to the nation as forming the very basis of our commercial system. Not only the property, but the lives of millions depend more or less directly on the accuracy and completeness with which that system is carried out. I may add what may seem to some a commonplace consideration, which presents, however, the common-sense view of the matter, that the nation pays a certain sum yearly to the Astronomer Royal for the performance of certain work, and therefore has a right (*each one of us has a right*) to claim that that work and no other shall be done—no other work, at least, which would prevent that work from being

well and thoroughly done. An Astronomer Royal who should devote any large portion of his time to independent researches, such as the Herschels, Huggins, Lassell, Draper, and other private astronomers have undertaken, might become very eminent for his discoveries in physical astronomy, but it would be at the expense of the country in whose service he had accepted office, and in the opinion of all right-minded men his distinction would be to his discredit. The Astronomer Royal who has just completed his long term of office has achieved—though his official career has not been absolutely without mistakes—a worthier reputation, in this, that he has worked with such zeal and energy in the duties properly belonging to his office that even the hardest-working professional astronomer might well hesitate to succeed him in a position always important, but which he has made most arduous.—*Belgravia Magazine*.

DESPAIR.

A DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

A man and his wife having lost faith in a God, and hope of a life to come, and being utterly miserable in this, resolve to end themselves by drowning. The woman is drowned, but the man is rescued by a minister of the sect he had abandoned.

I.

Is it you, that preach'd in the chapel there looking over the sand?
Follow'd us too that night, and dogg'd us, and drew me to land?

II.

What did I feel that night? You are curious. How should I tell?
Does it matter so much what I felt? You rescued me—yet—was it well
That you came unwish'd for, uncall'd, between me and the deep and my doom
Three days since, three more dark days of the Godless gloom
Of a life without sun, without health, without hope, without any delight
In anything here upon earth? but ah God, that night, that night
When the rolling eyes of the light-house there on the fatal neck
Of land running out into rock—they had saved many hundreds from wreck—
Glared on our way toward death, I remember I thought as we past
Does it matter how many they saved? we are all of us wreck'd at last—
"Do you fear," and there came thro' the roar of the breaker a whisper, a
breath
"Fear? am I not with you? I am frightened at life not death."

III.

And the suns of the limitless Universe sparkled and shone in the sky,
 Flashing with fires as of God, but we knew that their light was a lie—
 Bright as with deathless hope—but, however they sparkled and shone,
 The dark little worlds running round them were worlds of woe like our own—
 No soul in the heaven above, no soul on the earth below,
 A fiery scroll written over with lamentation and woe.

IV.

See, we were nursed in the dark night-fold of your fatalist creed,
 And we turn'd to the growing dawn, we had hoped for a dawn indeed,
 When the light of a Sun that was coming would scatter the ghosts of the Past,
 And the cramping creeds that had madden'd the peoples would vanish at last,
 And we broke away from the Christ, our human brother and friend,
 For He spoke, or it seem'd that He spoke, of a Hell without help, without end.

V.

Hoped for a dawn and it came, but the promise had faded away ;
 We had past from a cheerless night to the glare of a drearier day ;
 He is only a cloud and a smoke who was once a pillar of fire,
 The guess of a worm in the dust and the shadow of its desire—
 Of a worm as it writhes in a world of the weak trodden down by the strong,
 Of a dying worm in a world, all massacre, murder, and wrong.

VI.

O we poor orphans of nothing—alone on that lonely shore—
 Born of the brainless Nature who knew not that which she bore !
 Trusting no longer that earthly flower would be heavenly fruit—
 Come from the brute, poor souls—no souls—and to die with the brute—

VII.

Nay, but I am not claiming your pity : I know you of old—
 Small pity for those that have ranged from the narrow warmth of your fold .
 Where you bawl'd the dark side of your faith and a God of eternal rage,
 Till you flung us back on ourselves, and the human heart, and the Age.

VIII.

But pity—the Pagan held it a vice—was in her and in me,
 Helpless, taking the place of the pitying God that should be !
 Pity for all that aches in the grasp of an idiot power,
 And pity for our own selves on an earth that bore not a flower ;
 Pity for all that suffers on land or in air or the deep,
 And pity for our own selves till we long'd for eternal sleep.

IX.

“ Lightly step over the sands ! the waters—you hear them call ”
 Life with its anguish, and horrors, and errors—away with it all ! ”
 And she laid her hand in my own—she was always loyal and sweet—
 Till the points of the foam in the dusk came playing about our feet.
There was a strong sea-current would sweep us out to the main.
 “ Ah God ” tho' I felt as I spoke I was taking the name in vain—

“ Ah God ” and we turn'd to each other, we kiss'd, we embraced, she and I,
 Knowing the love we were used to believe everlasting would die :
 We had read their know-nothing books and we lean'd to the darker side—
 Ah God, should we find Him, perhaps, perhaps, if we died, if we died ;
 We never had found Him on earth, this earth is a fatherless Hell—
 “ Dear Love, for ever and ever, for ever and ever farewell,”
 Never a cry so desolate, not since the world began !
 Never a kiss so sad, no, not since the coming of man.

X.

But the blind wave cast me ashore, and you saved me, a valueless life.
 Not a grain of gratitude mine ! You have parted the man from the wife.
 I am left alone on the land, she is all alone in the sea,
 If a curse meant aught, I would curse you for not having let me be.

XI.

Visions of youth—for my brain was drunk with the water, it seems ;
 I had past into perfect quiet at length out of pleasant dreams,
 And the transient trouble of drowning—what was it when match'd with the
 pains
 Of the hellish heat of a wretched life rushing back thro' the veins ?

XII.

Why should I live ? one son had forged on his father and fled,
 And if I believed in a God, I would thank him, the other is dead,
 And there was a baby-girl, that had never look'd on the light :
 Happiest she of us all, for she past from the night to the night.

XIII.

But the crime, if a crime, of her eldest-born, her glory, her boast,
 Struck hard at the tender heart of the mother, and broke it almost ;
 Tho', name and fame dying out for ever in endless time,
 Does it matter so much whether crown'd for a virtue, or hang'd for a crime ?

XIV.

And ruin'd by *him*, by *him*, I stood there, naked, amazed
 In a world of arrogant opulence, fear'd myself turning crazed,
 And I would not be mock'd in a madhouse ! and she, the delicate wife,
 With a grief that could only be cured, if cured, by the surgeon's knife—

XV.

Why should we bear with an hour of torture, a moment of pain
 If every man die for ever, if all his griefs are in vain,
 And the homeless planet at length will be wheel'd thro' the silence of space,
 Motherless evermore of an ever-vanishing race,
 When the worm shall have writhed its last, and its last brother-worm will have
 fled
 From the dead fossil skull that is left in the rocks of an earth that is dead ?

XVI.

Have I crazed myself over their horrible infidel writings ? O yes,
 For these are the new dark ages, you see, of the popular press,
 When the bat comes out of his cave, and the owls are whooping at noon,
 And Doubt is the lord of this dunghill and crows to the sun and the moon,

'Till the Sun and the Moon of our science are both of them turn'd into blood,
And Hope will have broken her heart, running after a shadow of good ;
For their knowing and know-nothing books are scatter'd from hand to hand—
We have knelt in your know-all chapel too looking over the sand.

XVII.

What ! I should call on that Infinite Love that has served us so well ?
Infinite wickedness rather that made everlasting Hell,
Made us, foreknew us, foredoom'd us, and does what he will with his own ;
Better our dead brute mother who never has heard us groan !

XVIII.

Hell ? if the souls of men were immortal, as men have been told,
'The lecher would cleave to his lusts, and the miser would yearn for his gold,
And so there were Hell for ever ! but were there a God as you say,
His Love would have power over Hell till it utterly vanish'd away.

XIX.

Ah yet—I have had some glimmer, at times, in my gloomiest woe,
Of a God behind all—after all—the great God, for aught that I know ;
But the God of Love and of Hell together—they cannot be thought,
If there be such a God, may the Great God curse him and bring him to
naught !

XX.

Blasphemy ! whose is the fault ? is it mine ? for why would you save
A madman to vex you with wretched words, who is best in his grave ?
Blasphemy ! ay, why not, being damn'd beyond hope of grace ?
O would I were yonder with her, and away from your faith and your face !
Blasphemy ! true ! I have scared you pale with my scandalous talk,
But the blasphemy to *my* mind lies all in the way that you walk.

XXI.

Hence ! she is gone ! can I stay ? can I breathe divorced from the Past ?
You needs must have good lynx-eyes if I do not escape you at last.
Our orthodox coroner doubtless will find it a *felo-de-se*,
And the stake and the cross-road, fool, if you will, does it matter to me ?

Nineteenth Century.



SHEEP-HUNTING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

BY THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN.

OVIS MONTANA, locally and variously called the mountain sheep, Bighorn, or Taye, is very closely allied to, if he is not identical with, Ovis Argali, the wild sheep of Asia, and he is akin to the European Mouflon. He stands about as high as a black-tail deer, but is much thicker and more massively made in the body and limbs than the latter animal. His head resembles that of a domestic sheep, but it is larger and more power-
ful-looking, and, in the case of the male, it is surmounted by a huge pair of curving horns far longer than those that adorn the head of any civilized ram. Among these animals this ornament is not confined to the male sex, for the females also carry small horns. The hair is coarse, very thick and close, resembling that of the deer in texture, but bluer in color over the greater portion of his body, with a peculiar exception

which makes him look as if he was in the habit of sitting down in the snow, and some stuck to him. He is a grand and noble-looking animal, viewed standing motionless on some jutting crag, or bounding with gigantic springs down a precipice that apparently could not afford a foothold to any living thing.

Some years ago I doubted the existence of the mountain sheep. I classed him with the Gorgons, dragons, and unicorns. I had read about him in books, but in all my wanderings I had never seen one, not even a stuffed specimen except in the British Museum, and I had some doubts as to whether they were genuine, or had been got up after the manner of Barnum's mermaid; neither had I come across any reliable man who had killed one. My doubts were, however, at length dispelled. One day, while hunting on the plains, the government scout, of a neighboring post told me he was certain that there were big-horns on a certain range of bluffs in Wyoming. I did not believe him in the least, but as a large party of us, including some soldiers, were going through from a post on the railway to one of the forts situated in that Territory, and as we should have to pass through the bluffs, we determined to spend a few days there and to prospect for sheep. This same government scout was a considerable villain, and got us into a nice mess. I don't know why it was, but the inhabitants of the "city" in the neighborhood of the fort from which we had been hunting took it into their wise heads that neither my friend P. nor myself were likely ever to revisit that region, and that therefore it was expedient to pillage, squeeze, and skin us completely before we got away. They laid their plans pretty well. The scout arranged with a worthy citizen from whom we had hired some horses that at the last moment he should put in a most exorbitant claim for damage done to his horses. Accordingly, after the ambulance that had conveyed us to the station had returned to the fort, and while we were waiting quietly at the hotel for the train, it being then about eleven o'clock at night, we were politely but firmly requested to pay a sum for damage done to the team, greatly exceeding the whole value of both horses and wagon

put together, and, at the same moment, an attachment was placed upon our luggage. We were in a nice fix. We had to leave by that night's train, for there was but one train a day, and the party we were to join were impatiently waiting for us at S——, a station some distance down the line, and expected to leave the next day, the moment the train got in. Fortunately the cars were three or four hours late, which gave us time to do something. We got a buggy, drove off to the residence of an attorney, who was recommended to us by the hotel proprietor for his strict honesty, woke him up, turned him out of bed, narrated the circumstances, lugged him down to the station, paid the money into court, got the attachment off our luggage, and started triumphantly by the train. I never found out what became of our case, but I need scarcely say we never saw any of our money again. Where it went to I do not know; probably it went, in the words of the late Mr. James Fisk, "where the woodbine twineth;" at any rate I am pretty sure that a very small proportion of it, if any, found its way into the pockets of the two conspirators—the scout and the owner of the horses.

On arriving at the little town of S—— we found the party were not ready, and we were compelled to wait there some days, a period of inactivity which proved fatal to our scout. S—— was at that time inhabited by a great many card sharps and gentlemen of that and kindred persuasions, and a few railway employés. The small military post is situated some little distance outside the town. The day after our arrival a carpenter who had just completed a building contract somewhere, and who was overflowing with money and good-nature, came back to the town and proceeded to "treat," with the result that in a few hours the city was mad drunk, and remained so for a considerable time. P—— and I dined that night at the barracks, and by the time we returned to the town the orgie was at its height. The men were simply wild, raving drunk, drunk with the vilest of whiskey, and nobody knows how vile and how horrible in its consequences whiskey can be until he has tasted a sample of the kind of stuff that is, or used to be, concocted at many of those little out-of-

the-way frontier towns. They were yelling, laughing, roaring, fighting, exploding rifles and firing off revolvers promiscuously all over the place. They intended it as a *feu de joie* no doubt, but as they loaded with ball cartridge, and were too magnanimous to take the petty precaution of firing in the air, it did not strike P—— and me exactly in that light. In fact it appeared anything but a joyful proceeding to us, and considering that discretion, in such a case, was undoubtedly the better part of valor, we made a wide circle out of the line of fire until we gained the shelter of a long line of trucks, and under their friendly cover crept up to the hotel at the railway station, like a couple of malefactors escaping from a hot pursuit. Malefactors in fact we soon found ourselves to be, for when we reached the hotel we discovered all our baggage piled up in a heap in the centre of the room, with the sheriff drunk, and in his shirt-sleeves, seated on it, attended by a judge and the sub-sheriff, both also the better—or worse—for whiskey. It was fortunate that we arrived when we did. The sheriff or sub-sheriff, I forget which, had assaulted my servant in the most cowardly, brutal manner. The man had refused, and very properly refused, to separate my property from a lot of baggage belonging to other people, and the drunken representative of the law drew two pistols upon him, knocked him down, kicked him, threatened to blow his bad-worded brains out, and likely enough would have done so but for the man's wonderful command of himself and quiet courage.

After some little difficulty we found out what was the matter. It appeared that our government scout, under the influence of bad whiskey, had taken it into his head to try the attachment dodge over again. Accordingly, during our absence at the barracks, he trumped up a most ridiculous charge claiming five dollars a day wages from us during the whole time he was out on an expedition from Fort ——, which we had accompanied. He was receiving government pay, was detailed for duty with the expedition in his capacity of government scout, and was allowed by the officer in command to go out hunting with us as a matter of courtesy and kindness to us,

and because he knew the country better than any one else. The man was anxious to go, and was very pleased and perfectly satisfied with the liberal present we made him at the termination of the hunt. The charge was too preposterous to be sustained, but there was no use in representing the injustice and absurd nature of it, as the civil authorities and legal functionaries in the town were in the swim, and, if they had not been, were too drunk to listen to reason. At first the captors of our baggage were very offensive, and things looked somewhat ugly; but a remark of P—— quite altered the aspect of affairs. He asked the sheriff, with a plaintive air of humble submission, whether he would not allow us the use of one small article of baggage, namely a five-gallon keg of whiskey. This request seemed somehow to tickle the fancies of the officials, for they allowed us to take possession of the keg, and becoming more civil and communicative, told us that either we must pay the money claimed, or lose our baggage, or get two well-to-do respectable citizens to go security for the amount. The hotel proprietor and other gentlemen were kind enough to do this for us, and the sheriffs then condescended to give over our baggage and vacate our rooms. The shouting and the riot went on all night, and I am bound to say that I was not very sorry to leave S——. The impression it made upon me was that it was not a nice place for a quiet inoffensive man to live in, especially if he had any property of any kind. Of course we then and there discharged our scout. He applied to the officer commanding at S—— to pay his expenses back to Fort ——, which that officer politely declined to do, and our friend had to make his way back as best he could. He lost his place, and that was the last I heard of him. We subsequently heard that the sheriff also came to an untimely end. It seems he had a little unpleasantness with some gentleman of the town, and, happening one night to see his friend through a window seated with his back toward him, and thinking that the opportunity of settling the difference between them was too good to be lost, he fired at the man, shot him through the back, and killed him. In consequence of this the sheriff lost his appointment,

and, if report be true, what he probably thought of still greater importance, his life. The whole town also was thoroughly purged. Detectives were sent down, the cardsharps were hunted out of the place, the ring of villains who administered so-called law and justice was broken up, and I believe S—— has ever since been as peaceable a place as a man need wish to see anywhere. So possibly our experience, which was decidedly disagreeable to us personally, resulted to the general welfare of the community at S——. After this episode we met with no further delays, and the next morning we started on our way to Fort —.

A very pleasant time we had, skirting the base of the hills, following the old emigrant track to Utah. The month was December, the weather fine and open, and game—that is deer and antelope—abundant, with an occasional buffalo for a change. One day I went out alone on foot to look for a deer. I had not gone very far walking along a ridge, keeping a sharp look-out on either side, before I espied a long way off a party of five or six deer. Taking care to keep myself concealed, I got up within good view and took a spy at them with my field-glasses, to see if there was a good head among the gang. There they were—one, two, three, four, five deer, feeding quietly, but I could not make out any antlers among them. Curious-looking deer, too, I thought to myself, and screwed the glasses in a little, and steadied myself for a better look. Well, I thought, there is certainly an unusual appearance about them, something odd in the color, something strange in the shape. Of a sudden a thought that felt red hot rushed through me—what if they should be sheep! "By Jove! they are sheep," I exclaimed, as one moved a little into a better light—"two big rams, just look at their horns," and three small ones. I declare I felt as excited as if I had discovered a new animal or attained the North Pole. I was so nervous I could not do anything for a few minutes, but after a while set to work in fear and trembling to execute a scientific stalk. If those sheep had been the last specimens of their race remaining on earth, I could not have been more anxious to get a fair shot at them. It was a difficult

country, and I had a hard climb, and an anxious time of it, but at last I got into a position that I felt sure would enable me to creep up within range. Alas! I was doomed to awful disappointment that day. Two others of the party were out shooting at coyotes, birds, anything they came across; and when after infinite trouble I had crawled up within shooting distance of the sheep, and was pulling myself together and settling myself for the fatal moment, they fired a shot, started the game, and snatched the victory from out of my very grasp, and I had all my labor to begin over again. To make a long story short, I made three stalks on those sheep, for they were unaccustomed to the sound of fire-arms, and did not run far, and three times the same thing happened, and I was balked by the same unlucky cause. On the third occasion, however, the sheep were seriously scared, and ran so far that, as it was getting late, I was obliged to leave them, and with a very heavy heart set a gloomy face toward home. On my way over a high ridge I noticed something curious away out on the plains near a bend of the Platte, and with the glasses made out a lot of tents or Indian tepees, I could not determine which. We had a consultation about it in camp that evening, and decided that, as there were no Indians in the neighborhood, what I saw must have been the tents of a company of soldiers we expected to meet us from the fort.

The next morning my hunting companion, my Scotch gillie Sandie, and I started off to take up the trail of the sheep. We galloped along till opposite the place where I had last seen them, picketed our horses, and commenced climbing the hills. We had not gone twenty yards when we saw something moving in the far distance. Out with the glasses! Perhaps it is one of the sheep, I thought. "Hallo!" I cried, amid general consternation, "it is a man." Another good look. "No, it is a woman." "No, a man in a blanket. An Indian!" Without another word, down we went flat as serpents in the long grass, crawled back to our horses, and then helter-skelter back to camp as hard as we could go. We found camp in a bustle, men with their carbines in

their hands saddling up, tents being taken down, and a lot of ugly-looking savages sitting about three or four hundred yards off on a rock, with their blankets drawn up to their noses, looking on, while several more noble red-skins were hovering about in the distance. It did not look pleasant. More and more Indians kept arriving, some with the carcasses of deer on their saddles—the villains! what right had they to come marauding on our hunting grounds?—and after a while a lot of them, getting bold, came into camp, making friendly signs, shook hands, and sat down and smoked with us. There was one old fellow who spoke a few words of English and acted as interpreter; he was evidently the comic man of the party, and quite a character in his way. He was a queer, wizened, dried-up-looking specimen of humanity, clothed in multitudinous rags of ancient flannel shirt, tattered blanket, and dilapidated deerskin leggings. He rode a pony as ancient, as lean, and as ragged as himself, and he had a lot of old rusty beaver-traps, and pots, and pans, and kettles, and in fact apparently all his household goods, distributed over the persons of himself and his steed, and rattling, clanging, and jingling whenever he moved. He made frequent remarks in Indian—jokes, I presume, or remarks on our personal appearance, for they were received with shouts of laughter—and he was equally voluble in English, though his knowledge of that language was apparently limited, for he kept on informing us that “heap of Sioux coming, heap wagon, white men with them.” They all professed great friendship, but they were so very saucy and bumptious, and tried so pertinaciously to steal everything that they could lay their hands on, that we concluded to clear out as speedily as possible, and accordingly we struck tents, bundled everything into the wagons, and left with, as far as I am concerned, no amiable feelings toward the “cut off” band of Sioux. I am generally rather partial to Indians, but I confess on this occasion I felt fully prepared to indorse the opinion of the gentleman who said that “all Indians were pison.” In the first place this same “cut off” band of Sioux had only a short time before massacred between

eighty and ninety Pawnee women and children. They came upon the camp while all the men were out running buffalo, surrounded it, and killed every human being in the place. It may be said that it was “their nature so to do,” the Pawnees and the Sioux being hereditary foes, but at any rate I defy any one to show that they had the slightest right to come rampaging about the bluffs, turning us out of camp, spoiling our hunting, and destroying our chance of getting a sheep.

Late in the evening after dark we arrived at a little solitary cattle-ranche tended by one man. He was standing at the door when we rode up, looking very uneasy and peering through the darkness, but he brightened up considerably when he saw we were white men. He was very hospitable. “Walk in, boys,” he said, “walk right in and sit down. We ain’t much ‘heeled’* for chairs, I guess, but you must make yourselves as comfortable as you can.” And so we sat down and had a long talk with him about cattle and hunting and Indians, and the lonely dangerous life he led, and various other congenial topics of a similar nature. We camped that night close to the ranche, and on the following morning made another excursion into the hills in the hope of crossing the tracks of the sheep; but finding that we were in the position of little Bo-peep, and that like her we had lost our sheep and could not tell where to find them, and not having sufficient leisure to adopt the policy of masterly inactivity recommended to that young lady—a policy which, moreover, we were forced to recognize would have proved unavailing in our case, since we were anxious only about the heads and horns of the animals, and the position of their tails was a matter of indifference to us in the event of their coming home—and perceiving that the Indians had run through the whole district and had scared the game out of it, we very reluctantly abandoned the sheep, and struck out in a straight line for our destination.

We had to travel through an ugly

* To be “heeled” signifies in Western phraseology to be prepared for, or provided with, anything. The term is borrowed from the cock-pit: a bird is said to be heeled when his spurs are put on and he is ready for the fight.

monotonous country consisting of flat dried-up plains broken by occasional lines of clay bluffs. Herbage was scarce, fuel still scarcer, and as we had no time for hunting even if the country had been favorable for the chase, we thought it best to shorten the journey as much as possible. Accordingly when we got within two or three days' march of the fort, four of us determined to make a push for it and try to accomplish the distance, some seventy miles or so, in one day. We travelled fast, "loping" along most of the way, without seeing sign of man or beast until late in the afternoon, when we espied two men galloping toward us. As soon as they caught sight of us they pulled up, then came on a little further, stopped again, turned round, and galloped off a short distance, then stopped again, and finally turned out of the track, pushed their horses a little way up the hillside, and awaited us. Their manners puzzled us somewhat, but as they were only two, while we were four, we felt exceedingly courageous and cantered merrily on. As soon as we got near they moved down the hill towards us, and we pulled up to see what they wanted. "Good evening, boys," said J—; "can you tell us how far it is into the fort, and what on earth were you doing up the hill there?" "Well, I never did," answered one of the men; "darned if we did not take you fellers for Indians. What were we doing up the hill? What in the — were you doing scooting over the prairie on a dead jump like that for? We made sure you were Indians, did not we, Jim? and we kinder thought we would have a better show up on the high grounds. How far is it to the fort? Well, if you keep up that kind of — to split gait it won't take you long to git there, I guess: anyhow, you'll be in soon after dark. Been hunting, I expect, haven't you? You did not happen to seen any steers down this way as you came along, did you? We lost some of ours a couple of days ago, and can't get track of them anywhere. Did you see no Indians either? No! Well, that's kinder strange too. You had better keep your eyes skinned, there's plenty of 'em around, and they are getting mighty sarcy too. Why Dr. — drove out in his buggy a few miles from the

fort the other day to meet some gentlemen he was expecting—likely you're the party, I expect—and darned if a bunch of Indians did not come across him and chased him right back into the fort, and a mighty near thing it was too, I tell you. Well, good evening. I guess we won't go any further this way, Jim, since, they haven't seen any sign of those steers." And so with mutual good-nights we parted, they to pick a nice place to camp for the night, and we to pursue our way to the fort.

It was long after dark when we got in, and after saying good-night to Lieut. —, who went off to look up his friends, at length hitched up our tired horses at Dr. —'s door, and after knocking for admittance in vain walked in and sat down in the parlor to await the arrival of our host. After a few anxious minutes—for we were getting very hungry, not to say thirsty and tired, and had been consoling ourselves during the last few wearisome hours of darkness with anticipations of an hospitable welcome—a step resounded in the wooden passage, the door opened, and a gentleman entered the room, and, after scrutinizing us with a somewhat astonished gaze, said, "Well, men, what do you want?" "We were looking for Dr. —," I timidly answered. "Perhaps you could tell us—" "That's all right," he interrupted; "I am Dr. —. What's the matter? what do you want with me?" "Oh!" I said, feeling rather aggrieved at this reception, "I beg your pardon for intruding. We don't want anything. We thought probably you were expecting us. General — said he would write, and so we thought we would call, and—" "Why, my dear sir, I am most delighted to see you, most happy to make your acquaintance," cried the Doctor, shaking hands violently. "Why did you not say who you were? won't you introduce me to your friends? Expecting you, why of course I have been expecting you this ever so long, began to think you must have been jumped by Indians. By Jove, I came pretty near losing my scalp a couple of days ago. I went out for a drive in the afternoon, thinking I might meet you, and six of those infernal Sioux ran right on top of me and chased me clean up to the fort. If I had not

had a pretty good horse, I should have been in a tight place, I can tell you, but there are not many Indian ponies that can get near the mare I was driving. She is a beauty. I must take you out for a drive to-morrow (No, I thank you, thinks I, not any for me. I don't want to be chased round Wyoming in a buggy by a parcel of Sioux Indians). In the mean time you are pretty hungry, I expect. What! come in all the way from the big bend did you, you don't say. Well, we will soon settle that all right; supper will be ready in five minutes. In the mean time don't you think just a little—eh? yes, I think so, from a purely medical point of view, I should certainly recommend it," and the Doctor left the room, to reappear in a minute preceded by a pleasant tinkling of spoons and glasses. "How?" said the doctor, and "how" we replied in chorus, replacing our empty goblets on the table, and in a few minutes four hungry individuals were seated round the table, busily engaged in spoiling appetites engendered by a long day's ride.

Some time after I asked the Doctor, who proved to be not only a most hospitable host but also a most charming and agreeable companion, why he appeared so much astonished and in fact disgusted at our first appearance. "Well," he said, "you must not be offended, you know, but really you did look the most horrid set of scoundrels; upon my word you were the very roughest-looking crowd I have seen since I came out west. I thought at first that some one of the cattle-boys had met with some accident, broken his leg or something, but when you all stood up, and there was evidently nothing the matter with any of you, I was puzzled. I could not make out who you were or what you wanted, anyhow." I could not dispute the accuracy of the Doctor's first estimate of our social status and moral character. Our countenances, scarred by the cutting wind, blistered and peeled by the rays of a bright winter's sun reflected from dazzling snow or the almost equally white surface of alkaline plains, were partially concealed by a three weeks' growth of stubbly beard, and were deeply engrained with the black impalpable powder swept from off the burned prairie by fierce

gales. Our hands were grimy, our clothes blood-besmirched and dirty, our moccasins in holes, our headgear misshapen—for constantly sleeping in a felt hat does not improve its appearance or add elegance to its form; we were tired and travel-stained, and I have no doubt we did look a most disreputable gang. After all, it is the clothes that make the man. One reads in books of gifted individuals—superior persons, in whose uncontaminated veins courses the bluest Norman blood—who are supposed to present a dignified and gentlemanlike appearance under all circumstances; but one does not come across them in real life. The gentility of most men is contained in their shirt collars. The simple innocence of a narrow band of white undefiled linen invests the whole figure with an air that nothing else can impart, and stamps upon it the sign of gentleman. Remove it, supply its place with a ragged woollen muffler or kerchief of ancient date, and the effect is marvellous and sad. If you want to destroy an aristocracy, cut off their collars, not their heads. Of course there are some men who bear the change better than others. So there are some individuals among all those classes that lead rough, wild, out-of-door lives, such as hunters, trappers, miners, cattle men, lumber men, etc., who look more refined and neater than their fellows, and these men, being to the manner born, will look a great deal more like gentlemen than any gentleman who has taken to the wild life for a while. A few weeks in the wilderness will transform the most high-bred looking man, and give him the appearance of an atrocious villain of the deepest dye. The reader need not suppose that I have any personal feeling in this matter. It is true that my appearance and probable circumstances in life have been the subject of varied criticism and frequent remarks. I have had many trades, occupations, and missions in life attributed to me, all very wide of the mark, but none of them incompatible with a decent and honorable existence. Under these circumstances I have no ground of complaint, seeing that I have no faith in the novelist's theory of the indestructibility of a gentlemanlike appearance, but believe only in the saving qualities of a shirt collar; and hold that

without that mystic ring, if you take a lot of men from different classes, mix them up, dress them in the same rough clothes, and see that they are all equally unkempt, unshaven, and unclean, you will find it very hard to separate them correctly again.

For the next three days we were busily engaged, in "paying visits" during the first two, and in recuperating our shattered constitutions on the third. Then Christmas was close at hand, and we concluded to celebrate that festival in the fort, so that it was not until ten days or a fortnight after our arrival that we sallied out on a hunting expedition into the Black Hills. Game proved tolerably abundant, but the weather was awfully cold, too cold for pleasure. If I may here be allowed to offer one word of advice to hunters, I would say, Don't go out on the plains in the northern and middle Territories and States in the depth of winter; the game is not worth the candle. Up to about Christmas you are safe enough; you will experience spells of cold weather, but nothing to hurt, up to that time, but after the end of December you may be caught at any moment in a cold snap, lasting several days, when the thermometer will go down very low, and the intense cold be accompanied by violent cruel gales of wind. Such storms are dangerous, and may result in loss of limb or even of life to the traveller whose camp is in an exposed position. Among the hills and in the forest you are right enough at all times, for it is your own fault, or the fault of the men with you, if you cannot make yourself comfortable in any weather where fuel and shelter can be obtained. Nothing worthy of note occurred during this expedition except a little misunderstanding which came near proving inconvenient to one of the party. As one of the officers from the fort and I were returning to camp one evening, making our way through a thick growth of brush and cotton-wood trees that fringed a little stream, we happened to start one of those huge prairie hares commonly called Jack-rabbits. We fired at him, as we were close to the camp and there was no danger of scaring better game, and then slid off our horses and commenced peering and poking about among the bushes to try and get

another shot. We had fired two or three more unsuccessful shots, when we broke suddenly into a little open glade, in full view of a small log shanty. We were vastly astonished, for we did not know there was a human habitation within miles and miles of us, and to add to our dismay an excited German sprang up in the open doorway and advanced to us, shouting and gesticulating in the wildest manner. "Mein Gott!" he cried, "I am so glad I did not shoot. Oh, mein Gott, I am so glad. I thought the Indians were on me this time sure; what for you fire into mein house? Three or four bullets come right slam into mein house, I tell you. I was lying down behind a flour-sack, and could see you peeping about in the bush like so many Indian thieves. I got a beautiful sight on that little fellow in the deer-skin shirt, and was shoost about to pull when you come out into the open, and I saw you were white men. He'd have gone up anyhow, I tell you. I had a sure thing on him." It was no wonder the poor man was alarmed, for in fact some of our bullets had by bad luck gone right into his shanty through the open door. He had made all his preparations, had thrown down two sacks of flour across the doorway, and was lying down behind them, with his finger pressing the trigger of a sixteen-shooter repeating rifle when we burst out of the bush and revealed ourselves just in time. The consequences might have been serious, if not they would have been comical, for if he had fired we should have taken him for Indians, and should have got into cover and returned the fire; and our friends, hearing an unusual amount of shooting close to the camp, would have come to our assistance, and a little battle all about nothing would have ensued.

We enjoyed pretty fair sport during this hunt, and got a good many deer and two sheep, but the latter were small young rams, and it was not until I had killed a large specimen some time later that I quite forgave the "cut off" band of Sioux for disturbing us in the bluffs.

Indians are a great nuisance, more especially the Sioux, who roam over the whole breadth of the interior of the continent as far west as the Rocky Mountains, and eastward to the territories of their hereditary enemies, the Chippewas.

How these two tribes can ever have fought together much I don't know, for a Sioux is entirely out of his element off the plains, knows little of canoes, and hates to trust himself in the woods or among the mountains; while the Chipewewa is a fish out of water when away from his swamps, rivers, lakes, and woods. They are a fine tribe, the Chipewas, as far as my experience of them goes, and much to be preferred in every way to their roving, marauding, troublesome neighbors on the plains. I think it is Washington Irving who has somewhere (I forget where) unfavorably contrasted the Indian, half-breed, or French *voyageur*, "cowering in his canoe," with the bold adventurous hunters and trappers who career on their high-mettled steeds over the boundless prairie. With all deference to Washington Irving, I do not think he could have had much actual experience in canoes, or he would not have found it necessary to "cower," nor would he have found travelling in a canoe conducive to a mean, melancholy, dispirited frame of mind, as is evidenced by the fact that Canadian Indians and the Hudson Bay Company *voyageurs* and other half-breeds are about the most joyous, light-hearted people on the face of the earth.

I made a very extensive acquaintance among mountain sheep afterwards in Estes Park in Colorado, and on one occasion caught a young one alive. I left the ranche just before gray dawn to take a solitary stroll round the margin of St. Mary's Lake, and on the slopes and spurs of Sheep Mountain, and to enjoy that most glorious spectacle, a sunrise among the mountains. I had also some hopes of picking up a sheep or deer. It is hard to imagine anything more beautiful than a summer sunrise in those regions. There is a curious effect in nature just before the break of day that is impossible to describe, but that I think all who have passed many nights under the stars will recognize. There comes a sort of strange uneasy feeling through the atmosphere, a faint tremor as of cold air moves over the earth, as if Nature shivered in her sleep, grew restless, and half awoke.

That sensation will be the first token of the great change at hand. Then the morning star shines out bright and

strong, and the other constellations begin to fade. The highest peaks seem to approach one quickly, commence to look nearer, to stand out clearer and whiter than before. A faint, a very faint, light steals over them, a radiance deepening quickly into the beautiful color of a fresh rose, deepening still, flushing, glowing, and spreading downwards, coloring the snow a most delicate pink, gilding with bright gold the yellow grass, burnishing and shining like silver on ice and rock. Mists creep up the hillsides, gray in the valleys, pink on the tops, brooding sluggishly in heavy clouds among the lower masses of timber, gauzy, thin, transparent, and hanging in long wisps and shreds from the higher summits of the range. Of a sudden a bare naked crag, piercing the heavens, blazes into dazzling light, like a fiery beacon. Peak after peak answers the signal. The light flows down. The mists float up. Black darkness still reigns in the valleys, the eastern slopes are still wrapped in sleep, but the western hillsides are sparkling with the brightness of a white frost or dewdrops under a dazzling sun, and all the fells and peaks above them are bathed in light. There is nothing so beautiful as beautiful scenery, and it is never seen to better advantage than in the first hour of the dawn.

It is not difficult, after several days' hard work hunting, to spend an idle day or two in such a scene, watching the face of nature ever changing under cloud and sunshine, calm and tempest. The eye never aches at the sight of lovely scenery, nor does the soul sadden. It is the one thing that never palls, with which neither mind nor body is ever weary.

The love of hunting is a passion that leads a man into scenes of most picturesque beauty. The speckled trout allures him to lake and stream; in pursuit of deer, he wanders through many a secluded valley, amid scenes of soft beauty, which otherwise he might never see. To find the "big-horn" he scales giddy precipices, and climbs to soaring peaks, and confronts nature face to face in her grandest, most terrific moods. He is with nature always, whether on foot, on horseback, or in his birch-bark canoe.

Walking in the midst of such lovely scenery, and watching the day break in such infinite splendor, I must confess that I became somewhat careless as to my hunting, and stumbled right on top of a little band of sheep, feeding on the level ground, before I was aware of their presence. In fact I did not see them until they started. I fired, but without any effect, and set the hound, poor old Plunk, after them.

They had got too good a start, and he could not come near them, but after a while I noticed a little sheep lagging behind. Thinking Plunk might overtake it, I started off best pace after him. It is no joke running over rough ground at an elevation of some 8000 feet on a blazing hot July morning in Colorado, and I puffed and blew and "larded the lean earth" in the most generous manner.

When I came up I found the sheep perched on a little pinnacle of rock, and the hound baying furiously below. Poor little beast, I pitied it. It was only about three months old, and it looked very forlorn; it was very slightly wounded also, a fact which I did not know before. I went up to it and patted it, and the poor little creature did not seem much frightened, and did not mind my touching it a bit; but it would not follow me. It was too much afraid of the dog, I fancy. I did not know what to do. I wanted to keep it alive, for a tame sheep is somewhat of a rarity. I was afraid to leave it alone while I went for a wagon, and I was afraid of leaving the hound to watch it, lest he should run in upon it and kill it during my absence. So I concluded to pack it into the ranche on my back. A nice job I had of it. The little animal was as strong as a donkey, and kicked and walloped about all the time. It was as much as I could do to keep it on my shoulders. By that time the forenoon was far spent, and the sun was pouring down with tropical strength. I don't know which of us was most exhausted by the time we got to the house. However, I was none the worse, but the poor little sheep never recovered. He drank lots of milk, and seemed all right for the first day, but after that he pined away and died in three or four days.

Running sheep with hounds is a good

deal practised in some places. I don't like it. It is a reprehensible habit, and scares all the game out of the country. It is a very sure and easy way of killing sheep if you have a first-rate dog and the ground is suitable to the sport, but unless those two conditions are fulfilled the chance of success is small. Your hound must be very speedy and staunch and accustomed to the business; and the sheep must be found near some isolated pinnacle or crags of cliff. You creep up as near as you possibly can to the game, and then start the dog at them, yelling and hallooing, to scare them as much as possible, as soon as you perceive that they have caught sight of the hound. The sheep will run straight up the mountain, and will beat any dog in a short time; but if the hound has got a good start, and if the ground has been pretty level at first, he will press them so hard that one or perhaps two or three of them will take refuge on the first precipitous cliff or crag they can find. If that happens to be an isolated rock so small that the dog can keep guard round the base of it, he will keep the sheep at bay—"treed," as they say in Colorado—until his master comes up. But for one successful run you may make many unsuccessful ones. Nothing scares game so much as running them with dogs, and consequently it is a pastime that ought never to be pursued, or at any rate hardly ever, and then only when you can be quite certain of success. The place where I caught the little sheep was very favorable for running them.

The water of St. Mary's Lake is strongly impregnated with alkali, and leaves a deposit of that substance round the edge. The spot is in consequence much frequented by sheep, who, in common with all kinds of deer and cattle, are intensely fond of salt. In former days sheep used to come down nearly every morning to lick the alkali on the little plains surrounding the lake. The ground in the neighborhood is level, with three or four quite detached rocks jutting out of it, and on one side you can get down pretty close to the plain without showing yourself. I remember one day that same summer we passed the lake, a party of four of us with a string of packhorses, on our way to pitch

camp for a few days high up on Long's Peak for the purpose of hunting wapiti on the highest fells. I was riding behind when I heard Plunk barking furiously and on galloping up found the cavalcade halted at a little distance, Plunk halfway up one of the masses of detached rock, barking vigorously, and every now and then making plunges towards a fine old patriarchal ram who stood on the top of the rock, and who, with feet placed closed together and head stooped followed every movement of the dog, presenting his massive horns to him at every point of attack. It was a very pretty sight. In front lay a green grass-covered plain bounded by the little lake, vividly blue and sparkling under a summer breeze and the bright sun that shone on the white alkali that fringed its shores. On the far side of it the mountain rose, covered to the right with a thick growth of green young pine timber, but on the left burned and bare, and terminating in the great crags and cliffs of Sheep Mountain. In the foreground, piercing the green plain, rose a mass of red sandstone crowned with the massive and stately form of the defiant ram, while the huge dun-colored hound, bristling with rage, furiously bayed and rushed at him from below. The people at the ranche had roast mutton for dinner that night, and we had mutton chops for tea on Long's Peak. That was the only time I ever killed a sheep with a hound, and it was a mere accident, for we ran across the sheep by chance. Plunk belonged to Mr. Evans, who at that time owned the ranche-house. He was the best dog for that kind of work I ever saw or heard of, for if he once "treed" a sheep he would hold him there for days. He got into many scrapes, poor beast; he was so eager, he would follow sheep anywhere, and on one or two occasions got into positions from which he could not have extricated himself without human aid. And in that way he met his fate. He got after a band of sheep one day, and followed them away off out of sight and out of hearing. No distant note of baying came to the anxious ear of his master, who searched all that day for him fruitlessly till nightfall, and all the next day and many days equally in vain. Poor Plunk was never seen or heard of again.

He must either have fallen over some cliff, or have jumped down upon some ledge from which he could not descend or ascend again, and there perished slowly and miserably of starvation.

The mountain sheep is a magnificent animal, and the ram carries a splendid head. He is wild-looking and picturesque, and exactly suits the character of the country in which he is found. I know nothing finer in nature than the massive form of a big old ram standing on some jutting point of a precipitous cliff amidst the grandeur of the mountains which are his home. It requires a good deal of patience and perseverance to hunt the mountain sheep successfully. As a rule they are to be found on the highest peaks and the most inaccessible positions of the range, though in the rutting season, if you are fortunate enough to find a locality inhabited by sheep and undisturbed by man, they will come down and may be met with and killed with comparative ease. To hunt the animal with success, you must have a tolerably accurate idea of his manners and customs. The mountain sheep in Colorado come down to the foothills in the early spring, and return with their lambs about a month or six weeks old in the month of June or July. The old rams stay up on the mountains, and seem to seek the highest crags for shelter, even during the terrible storms of winter. Of course the snow never lies on the more precipitous parts of the mountains, and there is plenty of long grass for them to feed upon, and they appear to prefer the shelter they obtain among the caves and caverns of the rocks to coming down lower on to more snow-encumbered regions, and seeking safety among the timber. They are very fond of alkali, like all other animals, and will run great risks to get a lick of salt every now and then; they will also come down to feed occasionally on little plains and parks at the foot of the mountains.

I have shot many, many sheep at one spot close to the margin of a shallow brackish pond. Finding that they generally came down about eight or nine o'clock in the morning, I used to get there about seven, and sit down and wait patiently for them. I have seen them over and over again descend the mountain, skylarking among themselves,

galloping down a few hundred yards and then stopping and looking out carefully all over the country. Finally they would descend to the pond, and, after some hesitation and a great deal of caution, would walk boldly out on the plain, and begin to lick the alkali and browse a little on the grass.

They would stop down sometimes an hour or two if undisturbed, and I have often watched them simply to see what they would do. After a time they would scamper off again, butting each other with their heads in sport, and at last would clamber up the mountain-side and disappear. The great thing in sheep-hunting is to get above them; it is no use whatever trying to stalk a big ram by endeavoring to get up to him from underneath, because he is certain to see you. The only chance, if you know where he is likely to be, is to climb up above him and work gradually down; then you have a fair likelihood of coming upon him, for he is accustomed to look below for danger.

It is labor lost to follow their tracks. There is a certain great old ram that I know of which nobody has been able to kill yet. I have never seen him, but I know the size of his foot accurately.

I followed him all day once some years ago, and he fooled me beautifully. I started out alone about seven o'clock one winter's morning, and had not ridden more than three or four miles from the house in Estes Park when I struck a very large sheep track plainly visible in the snow. I followed it a little while, till it seemed to be so fresh that I dismounted, tied up my horse, and proceeded on foot. The track was gigantic, and as it led right in the direction of the habitation of this particular old ram, I knew it must be his foot; so I determined to follow him all day if necessary on the chance of a shot. I left my bag and luncheon, took off my coat, and prepared myself for a long and arduous climb.

As bad luck would have it, the sheep was travelling along a very steep mountain side all covered with loose stones, and though I was in moccasins, which are the best wear for hunting, I could not move without making a noise, and I started my sheep. After walking about half an hour I came to the place where

he had started, but followed on all the same, in the hope of getting sight of him, and presently came to another spot where he had stood and looked about him. He had no doubt caught sight of me, for he had started off on a dead jump straight down a very steep ravine, at least a thousand feet deep and equally precipitous on the other side. I could make out his tracks going down, but could not see anything of him, although I sat down and carefully examined the opposite face of the mountain with my glasses. So down I went, and presently struck his tracks again going up the other side. It was a terribly hard mountain to climb. It had once been clothed with a thick covering of pine trees which had all been burnt and blown down, and the ground was completely strewn with trunks of trees, smooth and slippery. I do not suppose that my foot touched the ground one-fourth of the distance, for I was obliged to walk along the trees, and hop and jump from one to the other, after the manner of a squirrel. Added to which inconvenience there was about a foot of snow on the ground, melted by the heat of the sun and frozen by the cold, so that a thick crust had formed, just strong enough to bear your weight about a second, then let you through plump to the ground. It was terrible ground to travel over, and it exhausted me, but I was in hopes it exhausted the sheep also, because the footprints began to be deeply dyed with blood, showing that the sheep was cutting himself with the crust on the snow. I followed and followed my sheep, now and then stopping to use my glass, because the tracks were so fresh that I fancied he ought to be in sight; but I could not get a glimpse of him, and so imagining that he must be further off than I had supposed, I still followed the tracks till I got near the top of a mountain which forms a ridge or offshoot from the gigantic mass of Long's Peak.

Near the top of this ridge was a notch, through which, as I got nearer, I could see that the tracks led. I hurried as much as possible, thinking to myself that he could not be very far off, and that in all probability when I got to the top and looked down through the notch into Willow Park beyond I should see him

somewhere below me, and have a good chance of a shot, or, at any rate, of a stalk.

When I reached the top I found the tracks led down through the notch about twenty or thirty yards, and then stopped; and on looking about me I discovered that my friend, this crafty old ram, had gone down a little way so as to deceive me, had then made a violent leap on one side, gone straight back again through the notch, climbed up to the top of a pile of rocks there, and no doubt had been looking at me and laughing as I toiled laboriously up the hillside after him until I got unpleasantly near, when he had started off in the direction of the top of Long's Peak. It was now about three o'clock in the afternoon, and of course I had to give up the chase and scramble down the mountain as best I could. The ground was so dangerous that I was obliged to go very carefully, and it was dark before I got to the bottom of the deep ravine.

I was very tired by this time, having been up before daylight, and working hard all day with nothing to eat; and I was getting awfully cold also, for I had left my coat behind. However, I had to climb up the opposite slope, which I eventually succeeded in doing, and then had to look for my coat, but could not find it anywhere. Then I searched for my luncheon bag, but could not find that either.

It was pitch dark by this time, so I

gave up the search for them, and began to look for my horse, but could not find him.

It sounds very easy to remember where you left your horse, and to find him, but it is not such a simple matter when it is pitch dark, when there is nothing particular to mark the spot, and when you have the whole of Colorado to look in. I did not know what to do. I could have walked back in two or three hours' time, and would have done so, but I was afraid to leave my horse out all night, lest he should freeze to death. He was not hitched up by the bridle merely, but securely fastened with a strong new lariat, which he could not possibly have broken, so I kept hunting about until eventually I found the poor beast. How glad he was to see me! No doubt he had made up his mind to be deserted.

It was a difficult job to get home, for I had to lead the horse a long way down the hillside, over ground thickly strewn with fallen trees, and the night was pitch dark. I blundered and stumbled, and I swore, and he swore, if a horse can swear, and stumbled and blundered; and we had a very bad time of it altogether till we got on more level ground, and I was able to get on his back and make rapid progress. We reached the shanty, pretty tired, about eleven o'clock at night. That old ram had fooled me completely, and I have never since had a chance of paying him out for it.—*Nineteenth Century.*

WEATHER AND MORALS.

AMONG the external conditions that influence morality, the weather has hardly received sufficient attention. Bad drainage, overcrowding, superfluous public-houses, all have had ample consideration. But the one influence affecting all ages and all classes alike, I mean the pure spirit of contradictedness characteristic of our English weather, has never been fairly estimated. There is a spirit of what old nurses call "contrairiness" deep seated in things in general; in drawers that will not open when you want them, and stick fast when you want them to shut; in re-

quired papers which are always at the bottom of the file when you think they are at the top; in horses that fall lame on the one day out of three hundred and sixty-five when you most of all want them; in railway trains, which are always delayed when you arrive at the station early, and leave punctually to the moment when you are half a minute late. But this element of perversity is most potent of all in the weather: witness bitter east winds in late Easters after a genial outburst of spring; witness streaming Whitsuntides after a month of cloudless skies. If we could add up in

one sum all the profane language, peevish tempers, needless potations, home quarrels, childish misdemeanors, and domestic chastisements clearly traceable in the course of one year to provoking weather, we should find that moralists and social reformers have here neglected a very potent power of temptation. It may be replied that social reformers deal only with removable evils, and that the weather is hopelessly incorrigible, while moralists can only give us the cheap advice to grin and bear it as we may. But in these times of scientific surprises the true age of magic and wizardry, the word impossible is rapidly falling out of use, except in the familiar language of conventional exaggeration.

No, there is no absolute impossibility about human control of the weather—within limits, of course. We cannot change the order of the seasons, nor reverse their character. To do this would involve a remodelling of the solar system; and great as is my confidence in "the coming race," I do not credit them either with the power to accomplish that, or with the wisdom that would justify even a desire for it. It is not likely that they will ever have

"a lever to uplift the earth,
And roll it in another course."

Yet that the time may come when, if a whole nation concurs in the desire to have a fine day on a particular date, the matter may be arranged, is quite conceivable. And only think to what an indefinite extent the value of bank holidays, for instance, would be increased if that could be done! Why not? Civilization certainly affects climate, and climate involves weather. Much as we complain of our capricious skies, they are by no means such dreary tissues of mugginess and mist as are pictured by continental critics. Southern notions about our climate are traditional from Roman times, and were justified then by the prevalent and oppressive humidity of an island densely clothed with wood. But the clearing of our forests has reduced our rainfall, lessened our rivers, dried up our bogs, and diminished our fogs, except of course in London, where they are maintained by exceptional and clearly preventable causes. No doubt the general diminution of humidity is a

very different thing from the prevention of rain on any particular day. But we can certainly bring on rain if we only choose to pay the price for it, and perhaps the discharge of rain on one day would prevent its falling on the next. It has been noticed, I believe, that almost every great battle has been followed by a shower of rain; and the phenomenon is attributed to atmospheric concussions produced by the amount of gunpowder exploded. A mock bombardment of London from a circle of fifty miles would perhaps be too great a price to pay for clearing the air of rain in preparation for the "Derby;" but processes are cheapened by the progress of discovery, and perhaps the same thing may be effected hereafter at a lower figure.

What may not be expected, for instance, from this new-born power of electricity which we have just succeeded in bottling up like the Arab story-teller's Afrite, for use whenever required? If we can catch the wandering forces of winds and tides and streams, and imprison them in electric cells, to be set to work where they are wanted, the smoke of London and our big towns will become a wanton atrocity, to be blown away for ever by the breath of public indignation. With smoke will go fog, and with fog an immense deal of bronchitis and bad temper. But that is not all. Rain, as well as other elements of weather, is largely dependent on the electric condition of the atmosphere, as indeed is shown by thunder showers. Now, if we can convert every moving force of nature into stored-up electricity, we may accumulate any conceivable amount of it. And if so, who shall set a limit to the extent of our power to adjust the balance of electric currents between earth and air and clouds? It was thought a wonderful achievement of Dr. Franklin to draw down lightning out of the sky. But it will be a still greater thing to put it back again; yet surely by no means impossible. At any rate, be that as it may, in our growing control of the immeasurable force of electricity, there is certainly the "promise and potency" of human dominion over the air as well as over the sea and land. Artificial thunder-shocks may so shake the atmosphere that it will deposit its rain at our bidding, and so we—in the persons

of our great-great-grandchildren—may at least be able to secure one fine day at our discretion. The clerk of the weather office will no longer be a myth. Or, like many another myth, he will turn out to be a proof of the deep prophetic instinct buried under human ignorance. Like the seven-league boots realized in railways, like Puck's girdle round the earth, now almost achieved by the electric telegraph, he too will be embodied—and I do not envy him his post.

One fine day determinable when wanted for a national holiday—surely that is not an extravagant stretch of presumption. Yet its influence not only on enjoyment, but on morals, would be enormous. Philanthropists are moved to pity by disease and toil, while they overlook the yet more prevalent, stinging, insufferable irritation caused by disappointment of little pleasures. After all it is only a small minority of any class or age that is affected by disease on any one day. Under Factory Acts, and Education Codes, and School Boards, childhood is for the most part saved from mechanical toil. But when a general holiday rises with a dim wet dawn, and thirty million pairs of expectant eyes look out on streaming streets or lanes where all anticipation is drowned in an instant, all ages and classes alike, men, women, and children, and the last more bitterly than the rest, suffer the pang of disappointment. In such a case the trouble of one household is a type of a hundred thousand similar woes, and so rises to the grim dignity of calamity.

The domestically disposed workman has laid his plans in a family council of many sessions for weeks gone by, and stored his pocket with convenient silver coin. His little woman has washed and mended and trimmed till her heart quickens and her eye brightens as she thinks of the admirable spectacle her five youngsters will form among the holiday crowd. The children are awake from five o'clock, whispering together in bed of their schemes for donkeys, and sherbet, and merry-go-rounds, and swings. They are counting over accumulated pence and half-pence, the premature wisdom of some careful young woman of ten meanwhile preaching care and economy. Alas, the dash of a bitter rain-laden gust against the window

strikes an awful pause. What was that? Away go naked feet, under fluttering night-dresses, pattering towards the window. And oh! the dismay that bursts through the upraised blind. "Rain!" "It will soon be over." "No, it won't; we can't go, that's all." At this imprudent affectation of a resigned temper on the part of a cynic aged eight, an epicurean of four raises a tearful howl of protest. "They can go in a omnibus," he pathetically argues; "the rain can't wet them in a omnibus." But the cynic, like all his tribe, finding a consolation for his own chagrin in rasping the sore places of others, maintains stoutly that it is out of the question, and that the whole project is at an end. So high does the argument rise that the deputy-mother, aged ten, finds all her arts ineffectual to quell the dispute. The parents are roused sooner than they intended. The father mutters something like a curse on his native climate as, after a glance at the window, he endeavors to renew his slumbers; and the mother quits her couch to soothe the clamor of the children by insincere promises of a speedy clearing up.

From that moment begins a long day of hope deferred, weariness, bickering, and finally of illicit compensations worse than all the petty miseries they are designed to heal. Breakfast is neglected through watching of the clouds. In the following hour the father, pestered by being asked for the fiftieth time over his newspaper and pipe whether it will soon be fine, threatens to box the next questioner's ears. Dr. Watts's poetic aphorism as to the special interest shown by Satan in idle hands receives ample illustration. The diplomatic mother, in despair of any change, opens one of her carefully stored baskets, and with some of the contents sets the youngsters to play at shop. But the game has less attractions than usual, and does not prevent furtive excursions into the wet, from which the wanderers are angrily recalled only to asseverate that "it is just leaving off." Incantations to the rain "to go away, and come again another day," are for a time popular; but the infant hierophants have not the perseverance of Baal's priests in Elijah's time, though they also cut themselves with knives—intended for shop

purposes—and roar when they see the blood. Dinner is cold and comfortless, having been intended for consumption under sunny skies and leafy trees and after this ineffectual diversion the household falls helplessly into chaos. The streaming waterspout or swollen channel offers resistless inducement to hydraulic or embanking experiments, and one drenched child after another is deposited in bed, not without slaps on the way thither. The worn-out woman quarrels with her husband, rendered peevish by confinement, and he betakes himself to the Jolly Dragon hard by, leaving mother and daughter to nag at each other. Late at night he returns, with lightened purse and muddled brain, to awake the next morning indisposed, or perhaps incapacitated, for work. How different would all have been had the weather been fine! But the troubles and sins of that disappointed household must be multiplied by many thousands, if we would estimate the disaster of a rainy holiday. Is it not strange, then, that so little attention should have been paid to the connection between weather and morals? Give us the power of securing one fine day, ye men of science, and you will accomplish far more, not only for human happiness but for human morals, than you are ever likely to achieve by futile wranglings about apes and their hippocampus minor!

But arrangements about the weather must not, any more than prophecy, be of private interpretation. The fact that it is the young squire's twenty-first birthday could never be a sufficient reason for keeping a whole county without needed rain. Under any circumstances therefore, the relation between weather and morals will always call for self-control and philosophy. More people than is usually supposed owe their demoralization and ruin to the chances of weather. Some years ago I was staying a few miles out of a large German town, at a hotel the grounds of which were frequented by pleasure-seeking citizens. The landlord obtained, for a consideration, the services of a regimental band, and arranged a series of outdoor concerts. The ordinary hotel business was small, and he depended very largely upon these entertainments to enable him to pay his way. The season was generally a fine

one; but the days fixed for these special entertainments, by a singular persistency of ill-luck, almost uniformly turned out wet. However bright the skies had been, however promising the morning, the approach of the hour for the concert was sure to be signalized by gathering clouds and showers of rain. Very often the band had to be dismissed—I believe with half pay—and rarely, indeed, did the weather allow a full attendance. "*Er hat Pech*," said a German friend, whose conversation I cultivated for its idiomatic vigor, "*der Mensch hat Pech*" ("The fellow has bad luck;" literally, pitch). And it stuck to him like pitch. He grew morose, intemperate, reckless; and after I left I heard that he disappeared, leaving his creditors to pay themselves as they could. Every one has to face losing speculations; but when, as in this case, an improbable and incalculable run of coincidences seems to suggest a spiteful conspiracy of natural forces against a man, there is a tendency to vexation and foolish anger, which is a sad provocative of recklessness. At the present time the farmers of Great Britain are in no amiable temper. It is said they have no intelligent notion of the real causes of their distress; and, perhaps, that may be so. But one of their worst temptations to unreason is a bitter, blind sense of a general conspiracy against them due more than anything else to the singular run of bad weather they have endured for years past.

But vocations far higher than those of hotelkeepers or farmers are liable to the blight of weather. Among those denominations for instance, with whom preaching is the chief part of public services, many a young aspirant to pulpit honors has been very literally damped and discouraged by a succession of wet Sundays. Mr. Chrysostom Jones, considered by his college a promising young orator, is appointed to "supply" for a month the vacant pulpit of "Bethesda" in a large town. Going in the fulness of his self-confidence, he pictures to himself overflowing congregations and an enthusiastic invitation to assume the pastorate. Let us not be too hard on him; he has zeal and devotion as much as most. But this is not exactly an apostolic age. It is rather

like the time in which the Preacher wrote that "wisdom is good *with an inheritance*," by which, of course, I understand him to mean that without the latter condition wisdom is of small account. And perhaps Chrysostom Jones reasons within himself that Bethesda, frequented by wealthy manufacturers, would be a very good substitute for the inheritance in his case lacking. But unfortunately the manufacturers frequent Bethesda for the most part only on fine Sundays, because they have removed from the dwellings of their fathers and have erected villas in the suburbs. And these particular Sundays are not fine. The first is so wet that even the deacons are not all in their places, and so empty are the pews that Chrysostom might at random fire off a pistol instead of his sermon with almost as little chance of hitting any one. It is a pity that so comprehensive a refutation of Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, and all other exponents of "shallow infidelity," should be delivered to a handful of steaming mill-girls and damp Sunday-school children. But the inexperienced candidate is like a charged gun at full cock. The trigger is touched and off he must go. It is only to be hoped that reports of his marvellous intellectual feat may bring more hearers another time. But the hope is delusive. He feels that he is not understood, and this so flattens his oratorical points that he cannot even keep his hearers awake. In the evening the deacons express a polite regret that the bad weather keeps so many friends away. Can it be wondered at if next Sunday morning poor Chrysostom as he rises should scan the sky at least as eagerly as the open Bible on his dressing-table? Alas! a faint promise of sunshine changes to drizzle, and various domestic discussions of the previous Sunday's performance have not encouraged any general resolve to face the weather. The youth may rebuke himself, may strive sincerely against his own half-heartedness. But ambition has too much, and faith too little, to do with his work as yet; and therefore he feels baffled, chagrined, humiliated, and in another week or two begins to suspect he has mistaken his vocation. "A wise suspicion," say you? Ah, my friend, a Paul or a Wesley is a rare phenomenon;

and if we waited for such, what a closing of pulpits there would be! This young man is not wholly vain, nor worldly. The warmth of sympathy would kindle moral excitement and sincere earnestness in him. And if the elements of grace in him should succumb to disappointed ambition, he will only too sadly illustrate the little-considered relation between weather and morals.

But why do we only look at this relation on the dark side? Ungrateful that we are, so long as there is light and shade in our lot, nine-tenths of us run to sulk and shiver in the gloom rather than bask while we may in the sun. How often does a bright holiday morning quicken a weary man's blood and inspire his courage and renew his interest in life! How often does a chance meeting, amid a group rejoicing in sunshine and festivity, give both the opportunity and the desire for reconciliation of embittered foes! The wife of a dissipated man has won half the battle for his reform when she can give him to feel the pure sweetness of innocent pleasure with her and his children. There is something tragic in *her* speculations about the weather truly. But when the sun shines, and the skies smile, and the breeze blows softly, nature wears to her the face of a beneficent Providence, and through the heart of the world there beats the Love that conquers sin. Or see those wagonloads of merry children that file through the faint, sickly summer air of East London streets towards the open glades of Epping. Visible to the sympathetic soul, and brighter than the sun at noonday, "the light that never was on land or sea," but only in the hearts and consciences of mankind, follows and clothes that procession with a spiritual halo. Pity for the neglected human brotherhood, faith in the method of Christ, are the inspiration there. But if any one doubts how far the highest affections of the soul can be quickened or slackened by influences of air and sky, let him compare the dragged lassitude and weary anxiety of children and teachers returning after a persistently wet day with the bright triumph that sits on all faces when the skies have been propitious. In that triumph there is more than pleasurable satisfaction; there is a full

sense of the beauty of a religion which, as the children sing with heart and voice—

"never was designed
To make our pleasures less."

So when we tap our barometers, or try to read the tokens of the sky, it may do us no harm to remember that alternatives of ease or struggle in the moral life are being prepared for millions by the powers of the air. Entertainers of mankind are nursing their hopes of

profit; children are scouting as a personal insult all hints of rain; wives are reckoning on the prospect—to thousands of them so unwonted—of a few happy hours with the lover of their girlish memories; even preachers and orators are reckoning the probable size of the audiences they are to influence; and if the clouds should gather blackness and the showers come down, let us devoutly say, Heaven help them all to patience and self-control!—*Good Words.*

GERMAN STUDENT LIFE.

BY A. H. BAYNES.

"THIS is a subject," says Matthew Arnold, writing of school and university education, "which can no more be known without being treated comparatively than anatomy can be known without being treated comparatively." If the comparison of university life abroad can do anything to enlighten us as to which are the defects and which the advantages of our own system, there has never been a time at which that comparison was more needed than at present. The commission which has been sitting since 1877 will soon be ready to lay its proposals before Parliament. Meanwhile the criticisms of its work and the outcries of every kind and from every quarter seem to show that there is no agreement of opinion even as to the general principles on which reform should be conducted. Is the university, or the college system to prevail? Is the all-absorbing influence of the competitive system to be allowed to go on increasing? If so, how is any hope to be held out to a professor who refuses to be limited to a digest of "tips," of securing an audience worthy of his efforts? Are we content that our universities should continue to be upper schools? Or are we to make an effort after something worthy of the name of *university* culture and research? Is there to be a less or more of "*Lehrfreiheit*" and "*Lernfreiheit*?" Are our professors to be under less or more stringent limitations than before? Are our undergraduates to be treated less or more like

schoolboys? Finally, is our teaching to be ultimately altogether secular, or is religion in any way, and if so in what way, to be retained?

These are questions of principle. To pass on to criticism of details before we have any clear idea of what it is we are trying to create, is merely to continue that haphazard tinkering which English reformers are so fond of. It may be answered that, although our universities (and for that matter our Constitution and our National Church) are compromises between two systems, still in practice they are found to work fairly well. But this is no reason why we should not see that at least any changes we make are consistently determined by a definite idea. At any rate it cannot but be useful to look for a moment at the German universities, which are at least consistent; and if, after all, we prefer our own anomalous mixture of college and university, cram and culture, we do it with our eyes open.

I have used the phrase "*Lernfreiheit*." In considering a German student's course there is perhaps nothing which strikes an Englishman so much as his freedom from restraint. I shall have something to say later on about freedom in the matter of discipline; at present I am speaking of the freedom in choice and manner of study. There is at the outset no matriculation examination, no "necessary subjects" to be got up for preliminary examinations of any kind. The mathematician needs no

classics, the theologian no mathematics. All the annoyances which an Oxford or Cambridge undergraduate meets with in the shape of matriculation, "Smalls," or "Little Go," have been disposed of before the German has left school.* In order to matriculate it is only necessary for him to produce the certificate of his having passed the exit examination of his school or gymnasium. Armed with this he calls at the university offices, enters his name, pays his fee, and receives in exchange a book in which the list of his lectures is to be entered, and his student's card. This card is important as a means of identification, and in this respect takes the place of the cap and gown. A student can be fined (2s.) for not having it in his pocket; but on the other hand he has no interest in being without it, as it carries with it certain privileges, and moreover, in matters of discipline, delivers him from the jurisdiction of the municipal authorities.

At the time of matriculating the student selects the subject which he intends to study. He is free to choose—philology, theology, philosophy, law, mathematics, science, or whatever it may be, and this he does at the very outset. He is not required to split up his course by spending half of it in continuation of school work. He is a specialist from the first.

The process of matriculation is, however, not yet complete. Two days later he is summoned before the pro-rector (who corresponds to our vice-chancellor), and is formally admitted by shaking hands, after a few words of advice and exhortation.

The "Lernfreiheit" does not end with the free choice of a faculty. The next thing to be done is to select one's lectures. Unless one is prepared beforehand with a definite programme, this is often no easy business. Such a wealth of subjects appears in the professors' announcements that it seems as if the whole field of human knowledge

were covered in a single semester's lectures. There is, however, no immediate necessity to come to a final decision as to whom you will hear. (A German professor does not "lecture," he "reads," and the student "hears.") There is not only no restriction as to what lectures the student attends, but there is every facility for him to please himself. He is free to give any lecturer a trial for a week or so. This attendance in the capacity rather of a guest than of a regular hearer is known by the term "Hospitiren." After a week or two the student is expected to settle down to the lectures he prefers, and then he pays the proper fees to the quæstor, and shortly after makes a formal call on the professor to obtain his signature in the "Anmeldungs-buch."

It is perhaps worth while to say a word or two about this call, though we shall have more to say about university etiquette afterwards. To be correct, the student is usually expected to make his call between twelve and one, attired in full evening dress, including white gloves. This is not *de rigueur*, and in fact in the case of a foreigner is hardly looked for. The comic part of the proceeding is that the student is as likely as not to find the professor in that most unsavory morning costume of Germany, which consists of slippers, dressing gown (with what looks very like a night-shirt beneath), and long pipe.

The days of "Hospitiren" being over, the student settles down to his lectures for the semester. And no light work is before him. The semester lasts about four months, and the professors do not spare themselves. Speaking from my own experience, I should say a professor seldom lectures less than four hours a week. Professor Lotze,* whom I heard regularly at Göttingen, and who was upwards of sixty years of age, lectured eight hours a week. I have heard

* Since writing the above I have heard with great regret of the death of this distinguished philosopher. By his voluminous works, the result of a life of profound study, first in medicine and natural science, and afterward in philosophy, he being dead yet speaketh. When the translation, now in course of publication by the Clarendon Press, comes to be read and known in England, his title to be ranked among the foremost of the philosophers of this century will be acknowledged.

* It may be noticed, however, that a step was made in this direction in England when what is called the "Certificate Examination" was instituted. This examination is held at the public schools, and the certificate of having passed it exonerates the candidate from "Smalls," and in many cases from matriculation, at Oxford.

of professors who lecture on an average three hours daily throughout the semester.*

The manner of lecturing is tolerably uniform throughout the German universities. The lecture-room is large and bare, with rows of desks and a raised seat at one end. Almost invariably every student is in his place before the quarter past the hour strikes. Punctually at the stroke of the quarter the professor enters, and almost before he is in his seat one hears the invariable introduction, "Meine Herren." If a student is late he receives his reproof not from the professor, but from the scraping boots of his fellow-students. The common plan of lecturing is to spend about half an hour in tolerably rapid discussion of the subject, and the remaining quarter in deliberate dictation of a summary of the lecture. The advantages of this plan are obvious, and it is surprising that it is not more adopted in England. If a professor lectures throughout slowly enough for his words to be taken down, the student feels that it would have been a great saving of time if the lecture had been printed. If, on the other hand, the lecturing is rapid throughout, the student's notes are disorderly and comparatively useless, and, if it is a difficult subject, the lecture has probably done him little good. As it is, a student's notes do not represent all that he has acquired, but, so far as they go, they are perfectly orderly and complete. The notes are always taken, not in books, but in small packets of paper stitched together, which can be added to according to need, and these ms. notes (or "Heft," as they are called) are available, not only for the student himself, but for any one studying the subject. One continually sees notices posted in a university, "Wanted, notes of Prof. —'s lectures for such and such a semester." I have in my possession a considerable batch of notes of Prof. Lotze's lectures, copied

in this way from the "Heft" of a fellow-student, and they are a perfect reproduction of the parts of his lectures dictated. I venture to doubt if any Oxford undergraduate's notes would have any such marked value.

Returning to the course of study for the degree, we find throughout the same "Lernfreiheit."

Attendance at a certain number of lectures is necessary, but this requirement is very liberally understood. The professor's signature in the "Anmeldungs-buch" is the only evidence of attendance required; and this signature is only refused in cases of constant non-attendance. The professor has no roll-call, and in the larger universities has hardly any means of noting who is present. Very commonly attendance at the beginning and end of the semester would secure the professor's signature.

Perhaps the most important department of this "Freiheit" is the freedom to pass from one university to another without interruption to the regular course. The various universities of Germany form one system. There is almost as much uniformity among them as among the different colleges in Oxford. This parity of system makes it a matter of perfect ease to pass from one to another. The only formalities to be observed in such a case are for the student to obtain a certificate of honorable dismissal from the university he is leaving, and to deposit this, together with a small fee, with the secretary of the university he is joining, and he is then admitted to rematriculation by the ordinary process of hand-shaking. The only analogy to this freedom I can think of in England—and that so faint and distant a one that the comparison is almost grotesque—is the partial system of intercollegiate lectures. If every undergraduate in Oxford were free to select any lecture, on any subject in his department, in any college, his freedom would still be as nothing compared with that of the German student. The latter has before him the calendars of twenty universities. He is perfectly free to select the lectures that suit him best in any one of them. He can arrange to hear Zeller at Berlin one semester, Wundt at Leipzig the next, and Kuno Fischer at Heidelberg the third. The

* I mention these details, because, when the proposals of the Oxford University Commission with regard to professors were made known, exception was taken not merely to the proposed restrictions on their freedom, but to the amount expected from them, an objection which materially weakens one's sympathy with their otherwise justifiable dislike of restriction.

advantages of this freedom are obvious. The student can graduate his course of lectures, and can arrange to "hear" all the most distinguished professors on his subject in Germany. Different universities naturally gain special reputation for particular faculties; but this reputation is liable to continual change with the change of professors, and is not constant like the reputation of Cambridge for mathematics, and Oxford for the final classical school. Berlin, for instance, is particularly strong at present in the faculty of history, boasting among its professors the distinguished names of Ranke, Droysen, Traitschke, Mommsen and Curtius. In theology, until lately, Bonn had a great reputation. In more advanced criticism perhaps Göttingen at present takes the lead with Ritschl, Schulze, and Duhm. For medicine I believe Vienna, Strasburg, and Heidelberg have the pre-eminence. Art is best studied at Munich, archæology probably at Berlin under Curtius and Mommsen.

There are other minor advantages in this freedom to change from one university to another. For instance, a student at the outset of his course, and fresh from the severe work of his gymnasium examination, often avails himself of his liberty to enjoy himself, and see life a little before plunging again into hard work. For this he will probably choose a university where the life is "flott," such as Heidelberg or Jena. After a semester or two thus passed he can break away from the companionships he has made, and start afresh in a new university with no hindrance (beyond the habits he has formed) to hard work. Students even change their universities according to the season, choosing Heidelberg, or Bonn, or Jena for the summer semester, and one of the large towns, Berlin, Leipzig, or Vienna, for the winter. A slight instalment of such liberty is sometimes asked for at Oxford. An undergraduate sometimes finds that, what with the numerous lectures he is expected to attend, and what with the social distractions at Oxford, his only chance of success is to escape for a term to a serener atmosphere, whether in Germany or elsewhere. Such a request is sometimes granted; in my own case I owed much to such indulgence. But it is often refused; and the undergraduate

is compelled to go on wasting his all-important mornings in attending lectures which he will never have time to digest, till the schools find him with vast stores of information in his note-book but very little in his head. One is tempted to question in such cases whether this enforced attendance is not a confession of weakness; whether beneath it there is not a suspicion that if once the door were thrown open great numbers of undergraduates might find that there are better places for really hard work than Oxford. It might be well for us if we imitated the Germans and had a little more competition among the tutors and lecturers, and a little less among the undergraduates. But of this more anon.

We have now accompanied the German student, somewhat rapidly, through his matriculation and his lectures, observing specially his freedom from constraint. We come next to the process of graduation.

It will be observed that as yet we have mentioned no university examination. From the time the "Abiturienten-Examen" (the examination on leaving the gymnasium) is passed, there is no further examination until the student is at the end of his undergraduate days. (At Oxford the ordinary number of examinations before the degree is five—matriculation, responsions, moderations, divinity, final—to say nothing of all the scholarship examinations which many undergraduates take, and the terminal "collections" which are common to all.)

The degree examination is peculiar in many ways. First, it is a private individual affair; and, secondly, it is not competitive. About half a year before the student has completed his six semesters he makes a formal application to be examined, sending in at the same time his "Anmeldungs-buch" with the signatures of the professors whose lectures he has attended. If these papers are satisfactory he has assigned to him a subject (or rather, I believe, a choice of subjects) on which he is to write a dissertation. This work, which is usually of considerable dimensions, must show originality, and a sufficiently deep and wide grasp of the subject. It may be noted, in passing, what a difference this

requirement makes in the method of a man's study. With us the safe man is the one who ties himself down most closely to text-books and "tips," while the man who follows his bent into a special province and aims at originality does so in the full consciousness that his method probably will not "pay." I merely mention the difference, and do not enter on the question whether the German "Arbeit" could be introduced at Oxford. The objection is probably too true, that in the general state of culture with us such a dissertation, in aiming at originality, would end in being mere essay-writing and proportionately shallow and vapid.

If the "Arbeit" is considered satisfactory, a day is appointed for the rest of the examination. But here again great freedom is allowed. The examination being a private and separate affair for each student, and there being no competition, he can on reasonable grounds obtain a postponement. The system is throughout elastic, and proceeds on the assumption that the student is no longer a schoolboy, but a rational being in earnest in the search for knowledge. The examination is *vivâ voce*, and occupies some hours. It must be remembered, however, that the ground has been already traversed in the written "Arbeit," and that that is the backbone of the examination. When the *vivâ voce* is satisfactorily passed, the candidate is eligible for the Doctor's degree. Shortly afterwards he is formally presented with his diploma. He has now risen out of that in-Germany-much-to-be-pitied class—the great untitled,* and henceforward in private and public is addressed as Herr Doctor.

So much then for the German student's course of study and its "Freiheit." We might follow him still further through the steps which answer to our Fellowships; but before we part company with the undergraduate we must notice how he lives, how he amuses himself, to what extent he is under su-

pervision; and, finally, we must say a word about his expenses.

It is unnecessary to say that in German universities there is no such thing as a college where the students live together. The idea of the college within the university is more or less that of a combination of school supervision with academical culture. Such an idea is quite foreign to the German system. From the moment a student enters the university he is as free and unfettered as any other citizen. If there is any difference, it is in his favor. The first thing for him to do is to choose a lodging. The student's room is very much what might be expected, and does not call for any very special description. It is probably a good deal more simply furnished than the English undergraduate's. Instead of the pictures of school and college elevens, or eights, or fifteens, will probably be found photographs of the student's corps; and, instead of cricket bats and tennis rackets, old "Schlägers" (duelling swords) and basket helmets. The German takes much less pride in his room and bestows much less attention on it, than the Englishman, because with the former it is a mere work room. He seldom entertains his friends in it. There are none of the delightful breakfast, luncheon, and supper parties in the student's room. Not even the "wine" and the card party take place in the student's lodgings. All such entertainments are given at the restaurant or the corps-room. Possibly, however, what is lost in social enjoyment by the absence of private festivities is gained in work. Students in Germany scarcely ever share the same room, and hence the "Wohnung" is kept religiously for each man's private study.

The social element of Oxford is admitted to be one of its chief advantages, but it is apt to be carried to an extent that sacrifices a man's independence and development. There is a sort of frenzy to have many friends and to be always with them. The result is that many men are never alone—a state of things which is as fatal to moral independence as it is to hard work. From this, as much as from anything, arises that tyranny of public opinion which makes it as heinous a sin to wear an old-fashioned hat as it would be to go to a Dis-

* A German, and especially a German tradesman, will use the most praiseworthy ingenuity to avoid addressing you as plain Herr So-and-so. If you are an under-graduate he will invariably write "Herr Student Jones." If you have not even this distinction, you are at least "High well-born Mr. Jones."

sending chapel on Sundays. We hear sometimes of the "solitude of greatness"—a phrase which might profitably be dropped about in University Club rooms. At Oxford a man must be very great or a very marked outsider to secure much of this solitude.

Passing next to the German student's amusements, we come immediately to the perhaps threadbare theme of duelling. It may sound strange to speak of this as an amusement, but I have done so intentionally. My belief is that the best explanation of the persistence of the institution is that it is the German student's one and only active amusement. It is this attribute of duelling—viz. that it meets the needs which in England are met by cricket, rowing, football, etc.—which I shall try to point out. The common idea is that the student duel is simply to repel an insult, and that the system is kept up because the German student is particularly pugnacious and quarrelsome. Neither one nor the other of these ideas is true. The German student is by no means fiery, and is remarkable for his studied and ceremonious politeness. Speaking only of ordinary German student gatherings, and not of those beer-concerts which are attended only by men who are deliberately looking out for a challenge, I will undertake to say that more provocations are given at any undergraduate wine party in Oxford or Cambridge than at any corresponding "kneipe" in Germany. There will probably be just as much disputing and contradiction, and ten times more of what is called ballyragging at the former than at the latter.

The fact is, the various corps in a university are just like so many college boating or cricket clubs with us. By far the greater part of the duelling is simply a trial of skill between the representatives of rival corps. For instance, the members of each corps are ranked numerically according to their standing of seniority and fighting proficiency. Every time that No. 4 of a certain corps is promoted to the third place, he is expected to show his qualifications for the more exalted honor by challenging in turn No. 3 of each of the other corps. He may of course allow sufficient intervals for the wounds of one duel to heal before the next; but he has not vindi-

cated the honor of his corps till he has fought his way through all the other No. 3's. To bring about these duels he either watches for an opportunity of falling foul of the man he is to fight, or else he sends a friend who politely and ceremoniously calls on his opponent with a formal insult. "Empfehlung von Herrn — und er schickt Ihnen ein 'dummer Junge.'"^{*} But the quarrel may be provoked, in much less formal manner, by a push or a refusal to make room. The offended party thereupon offers his card and politely asks for that of his opponent. Everything is ceremoniously civil. "Darf ich um die Karte bitten?" "Sehr angenehm." This exchange of cards is followed up by a call from a friend of the offended party, in which he asks if the other will withdraw the opprobrious epithet. The common form of refusal would be "Es fällt mir gar nicht ein" ("I shouldn't think of it"). The envoy then asks for satisfaction, and the duel is arranged. There are various terms on which the encounter can be fixed, according to the aggravation of the insult or the ambition of the parties. Within the limits of ordinary student duelling—which is with "Schläger" and not with sabre or pistol—the extreme form of challenge is "ohne Mützen und Secundanten" (without caps and seconds), or, as it is termed in the technical abbreviation, "ohne ohne."

Steadfastly resolving to suppress my insular prejudices and to judge with unbiassed mind, I went to the duelling-room as eager for a revelation of the heroic aspect, as any novice about to be initiated into spiritualism could be to catch a glimpse of the supernatural. I must confess that no ethereal phantom ever more effectually baffled the dull grossness of sense. Perhaps the closeness of the room, thick with the confined tobacco of yesterday's festivities, or the bathos of students eating sausages during the encounter, or the business-like indifference of the waiters passing in and out, or the fumes of the cigars before breakfast on a hot summer morning, or the grotesqueness of the padding and iron spectacles were conditions unfavor-

^{*} Mr. —'s compliments, and he sends you a "young fool."

able to the heroic. At any rate, insular or not, I must confess that when the blood began to ooze and spurt every other feeling gave way to an invincible nausea and disgust. I certainly had not realized that there could be so much bloodshed with so little damage. Knowing that these duels were scarcely ever attended with any danger, I had imagined that the first slit decided them. But I found that the rule was ten minutes of actual fighting (pauses not counted) for freshmen ("Füchse"), and a quarter of an hour for seniors ("Burschen"), unless an artery were cut. This I discovered in cases like the present, where the duel was one sided, meant considerable use of the sponge and mop.

It is a pity the disgusting element is so strong, as it destroys the humor of the affair. Before the unpleasantness began, I had great difficulty in preserving an expression of face befitting the gravity of the occasion. I could not get rid of the impression that the combatants were not students, but a couple of elderly gentlemen. The corpulence from the padding, the enormous stiff black stocks (worn to protect the throat), and the big round iron spectacles irresistibly suggested a Mr. Pickwick and a Mr. Wardle.

Hitherto I have only spoken of what I call ordinary student duelling—that, namely, which is conducted with the "Schläger," a long and very thin sword with basket hilt, sharpened only at the tip. In this kind of duel the combatants are padded all over the body to the knees, the right arm is guarded with very thick bandages, and the neck and eyes in the way I have mentioned. The parrying is done with the sword arm, which is held above the head. The object is to whip the "Schläger" over the opponent's sword arm so as to reach the face. The blows are given so fast that one sees nothing, but only hears the constant thud on the padded arm. The seconds, who stand in a straddling attitude (almost beneath the principals) with drawn swords, have to stop the encounter by striking the swords up whenever they see a touch. The umpire, who stands by, gives the signal "los!" for beginning, and takes notes in a pocket-book of the wounds inflicted.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XXXV., No. 1

This kind of duelling is winked at by the authorities. But occasionally, perhaps on an average twice in a semester at a single university, a much more serious encounter takes place. This is regular sabre duelling with no bandages except the throat guard. It is, of course, strictly prohibited. In consequence it is kept much more secret, and I should probably have heard less about it but for an unfortunate instance in which one such duel ended fatally. The trial of the survivor, which I attended, was rather a revelation to me. It proved, what I pointed out, that the true explanation of the duel, even in its extreme form, is that it is the only outlet for athletic rivalry. Even in this case the quarrel had been intentionally provoked by the deceased from ambition to establish a reputation. He had accordingly selected an opponent of fighting fame in one of the best corps (the "Hannoveraners"), and had aggravated the offence in order to ensure a challenge to sabre instead of "Schläger." If he had been an English undergraduate, he would have probably entered for the three miles or the 'varsity sculls; but, being a German, he had no outlet for his ambition—no way of showing his strength or skill—but in the duel in which he lost his life.

The subject of duelling naturally suggests the other prominent feature of the corps student's life. This is the "Kneipe." I am afraid it must be confessed that the student's two great recommendations to social fame are, 1st, the number of faces he has succeeded in gashing; and, 2nd, the number of gallons of weak beer he has been known to consume at a sitting. In the face of such a confession it is difficult to contradict M. Renan's famous epigram, that the Germans have been many centuries learned, but are not yet civilized. The subject of student beer-drinking is not an inviting one. Not that there is any great amount of drunkenness; the beer is too weak for that. Quantity, not quality, is the thing aimed at. But it is a coarse and tedious proceeding. Its dulness is not even relieved by the devilry of a big Oxford "wine." "It is worse than sinful, it is vulgar."

It is interesting to note that here, as everywhere, the German student is elab-

orately ceremonious—another evidence, perhaps, of M. Renan's saying. For elaborate ceremony is not, as one might suppose, a mark of high civilization, but the reverse. When Stanley met Livingstone in the middle of Africa, the American and the Englishman would have dispensed with all ceremony; but, in deference to the rigid etiquette of the Arabs, the meeting was conducted with proper ceremony. "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" was all that was said, with bows and lifting of hats. And this is what we should expect if, as Mr. Herbert Spencer says, ceremony is originally only the deprecating, by outward sign, of anger or attack on the part of a stranger, and is shown to perfection in the little dog which, at the approach of a big dog, throws itself on its back to show by this ceremony its inability both to offer and resist attack.

Returning to the German student, ceremony prevails everywhere. Even friends scarcely ever meet without lifting their hats to each other, and distant acquaintances would not think of omitting it. Introductions are essential. Rather than enter into a conversation without introduction, a student will formally introduce himself. If at a regular *table d'hôte* a student has a place allotted to him between students whom he does not know, he takes the first opportunity of rising in his place, and with an elaborate bow introduces himself. "Meine Herren, darf ich mich vorstellen, mein Name ist—" Whereupon the others return the compliment with the same ceremony, and inform him of their own names. The same dignified formality prevents anything approaching familiarity even among friends. There is never any slapping on the back or digging in the ribs—much less any "ballyragging." But this ceremonial formality is best seen at the "Kneipe." There is an elaborate code of etiquette in drinking, any breach of which is punished by what we should call a "sconce"—that is, a fine of a glass of beer paid to the party slighted. Drinking by oneself is against the rules. Whenever you drink you must challenge some one else. This you do in the words "Ich komme Ihnen einen halben (or einen ganzen) vor." In reply to this challenge your friend has an alternative. He may drink

with you at once, in which case he says, "Ich komme mit," or simply "Prosit." Or he may simply acknowledge the compliment with a bow; but in this case he must return your challenge within three minutes (three beer minutes = five ordinary ones!) with the words "Ich komme Ihnen nach." In either case he must drink the quantity (half or whole, as the case may be) which you originally proposed. This is only a small part of the ceremony rigidly observed in every student "Kneipe."

One redeeming feature of the "Kneipe" is the singing. This part of the entertainment is more formally organized than with us. The students have very good collections of songs in their "Commerz-bücher," and the singing is generally not from memory as with us, but from these books, the covers of which are armed with metal knobs to lift them out of the beer spilt on the tables.

It must not, however, be supposed that the duel and the "Kneipe" exhaust the list of the German student's amusements. There is the theatre and the Kaffeeconcert, and the universal "Kegelbahn." It is a common form of recreation for students to form a party and walk to a neighboring village, play "Kegel," and have supper at the village "Gasthaus," and return on foot, or, if possible, by train. The indispensable quality of all the student's amusements is "Gemüthlichkeit"—a word which reveals its foreign flavor by the difficulty in translating it. It combines various ideas, such as sociableness, comfort, and absence of fatigue. The life of the English undergraduate, in spite of all its luxury and extravagance, would be considered very "ungemüthlich" by the German. The feeling which shows itself in the cold bath, the severe training, the supreme efforts of the running path or the river, the feeling which holds it "bad form" to be out of condition, is unknown to the German student. We have said many hard things of our own universities in this comparison; but one thing we may congratulate ourselves on, viz. that with all our luxuries and refinements the athletic spirit is not sapped. Never perhaps, unless in ancient Athens, has so much luxury existed along with such severe bodily training. In fact, so far from decreasing,

the latter seems to develop in proportion to the former.

But "*Gemüthlichkeit*" includes more than the mere absence of effort. It generally requires sociability. No one would seem a more pitiable object to the German than the solitary angler on a Highland moor. The German likes to take his pleasure not only in ease but in society. If he goes up a mountain, there must be a restaurant at the top where he can meet his friends, and drink a glass of beer, and smoke a cigar. So important is this, that if the restaurant cannot be taken to the scenery, the scenery must be brought to the restaurant, and this is actually the case in more than one instance. I remember in the Harz mountains a celebrated waterfall which I went to see. As I was sitting with my glass of beer and cigar at the restaurant below it, another tourist got into conversation with me. After a few moments he said, "How fortunate that you arrived just at the right time; the waterfall is only turned on at three!"

Having practically illustrated the student's freedom from supervision, it is time we mentioned to what extent there is such a thing as discipline. First of all, no professor has anything whatever to do with discipline, unless he happen to be the rector for the time being, or a member of the university court. This latter body, as we have already mentioned, alone takes cognizance of students' offences. Further, there is nothing corresponding to our proctorial system. The university takes no steps to detect misdemeanors. If a policeman catches the student breaking the law, he must hand him over at once to one of the university beadies. And in general this latter official is bound to report any flagrant offence which may come under his notice. The university court can inflict various punishments. These are fine, imprisonment in the university *Carcer*, "*consilium abeundi*," or dismissal from the particular university to which the student belongs, but with liberty to enter another; and, finally, relegation, or absolute expulsion, which precludes the student from entering any other university in Germany.

The advantages of this *laissez-faire* system are very great. The relation be-

tween professor and student is never anything but that between teacher and learner. The result is, there is absolute decorum and seriousness during lecture. The professor never has occasion to say one word about behavior. He treats his audience as students anxious for the knowledge which he has to impart, and they in their behavior justify that presumption.

And not only within the precincts of the university, but in their social life, the students of most universities are, in spite of the laxity of discipline, very orderly and peaceable. It is true that in past times some universities, such as Jena, have been the scenes of riot; but this belonged to the period when students were ardent politicians and revolutionists—a period which in Germany is past, though it is present in Russia.

No wonder the German student asks in a tone of surprise, not without a suggestion of contempt, if it is true that we in Oxford and Cambridge are kept like schoolboys. And it is no easy matter to find an answer. If one points to the fact that there is always a large element of wealthy idlers at Oxford and Cambridge, they reply by pointing to their corps students. The Sachsen corps at Göttingen, for instance, is recruited exclusively from the nobility and upper classes. Many of its members come to "see life" and enjoy themselves, and to do as little work as if they were at "the House," or "the Tavern." One would be sorry to say it was the difference of national character, that Germans are naturally more law-abiding than Englishmen. I have always boasted abroad of the fact that our policemen are the only ones who do not carry swords, as a proof of the opposite statement. So one can only fall back on "the system," and that already overburdened scapegoat has one more charge to bear.

Before I leave the undergraduate, I will say a word or two about his expenses. Here, as much as anywhere, the Germans have a great advantage over us. The most ardent admirers of the Oxford system will not deny that it is most unnecessarily and unjustifiably expensive. One sometimes sees statements that an undergraduate can live on sixty or seventy (or whatever it may be) pounds a year. Possibly such a thing

has been done. But it is absurd to take the case of a man who has cut himself off from all the habits and social life of the place, and scraped through to a degree by hard economy, as any guide to the real cost of an Oxford career. Besides, even if such a man has paid but half the ordinary amount, he has received in exchange but half the advantages. It is the veriest commonplace, which is urged by all Oxford apologists, that the educational advantages are only half what Oxford has to offer; that the social life is fully as valuable. Those who defend Oxford on this ground, then, must give up the point of expense, for without controversy this is the most expensive part of university life.

I shall take, then, an ordinary average student who practises economy so far as it is consistent with the habits of the society around him. I take it that an Oxford undergraduate in one of the better colleges, who wishes to do his fair share of hospitality, and to live without either seclusion or ostentation, cannot manage on less than £200 a year.

In the case of Germany I cannot tell what additional expense may be involved in belonging to a corps, but, as everything is on the same scale, it cannot be much. All I shall do is to mention my own expenses for ordinary living, and it will be seen that, however broad a margin be left for amusements, the whole expense will still be comparatively trifling.

My rooms (bed-room and sitting-room), in a nice old house, with a beautiful garden, in the best part of Göttingen, cost £4 15s. for the whole semester, that is, if we liked to keep them, from the middle of April till the end of September. Breakfast, consisting of coffee, eggs, and bread and butter, about 6d. Dinner at a regular student's restaurant (consisting of soup, two courses of meat and stewed fruit), 1s. 1d. per diem. Supper about the same, if taken at a restaurant, rather less if taken at home. Beyond these there were no expenses for board and lodging, except a slight outlay at the beginning on china and cutlery, a trifle for boot cleaning, and a small amount (only the actual cost of fuel and oil) for fire and light when needed. The university fees are proportionately moderate. There is first of all the matricu-

lation fee, which is about £1. Then each course of lectures is paid for separately. The charge varies between £1. and £2 for a single course for the semester, according to the number of hours per week. It must be remembered that everything—whether it be subscriptions, theatres, concerts, or what not—is on the same scale of rigid economy. In one town, for instance, where I stayed, I remember that the stalls in the theatre cost 1s. 6d., and for this one heard a constant variety of operas and plays very fairly rendered. Altogether a student may live comfortably, not to say luxuriously, and travel a little in his vacation, for £100 a year. Even this estimate, which puts the ratio of expense at two to one, is hardly accurate. The £200 a year in England does little more than cover the expenses in term time, and this is but twenty-four weeks in the year; whereas the £100 a year in Germany not only covers the semesters, which make nearly eight months, but leaves a margin for vacation tours.

It may be noticed, in conclusion, what encouragement the freedom and elasticity of the German university system give to foreigners in search of higher education. Great numbers of English and Scotch graduates are to be found in the different universities of Germany, continuing their studies from the point at which our own universities leave them. An instance of a German graduate coming to Oxford or Cambridge to complete his education is scarcely, I should think, on record. But the most important and constant foreign element in the German universities is the American. For one American who comes to an English university probably three hundred go to Germany. In fact, the upper-class students in America hardly regard their education as complete till they have spent a year or two at a German university. At the larger universities, such as Berlin and Leipzig, there are always great numbers of Americans; but even at the comparatively small university of Göttingen there is a stable contingent. The American "colony," as they call themselves at Göttingen, have a regular organization. A book is kept, in which all new comers are enrolled, and the colony is presided over by the American of longest standing, who is called "the

Patriarch." It is his duty to look out for new arrivals from the States, assist them, if necessary, in finding lodgings and introduce them to the colony. Every Saturday evening a "Kneipe" meets in proper German student style, and hospitality is often extended, as I have reason gratefully to acknowledge, to Englishmen and other foreigners. The books of the colonists date from the early part of this century, and contain, among other illustrious names, that of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

We have now, strictly speaking, completed our subject, which was the life of the student or undergraduate. A few words may, however, be added about the steps which correspond to Fellowship examinations at Oxford and Cambridge.

There are no such things as prize Fellowships, and, on the other hand, there is not the same need for them. It is reasonable in England that a student who has drained his resources to enable him to spend the necessary three or four years of expensive living at the university, should have a chance of repaying himself somewhat by his diligence, but the German system of keeping down the expense in the first instance is much less roundabout. On the other hand, the professors and lecturers are selected from among the aspiring young graduates by a much more trustworthy system than that of Fellowship examinations. The latter give no evidence whatever as to the all-important faculty of imparting knowledge. The German system leaves all aspirants free to test themselves. The would-be professor obtains the *venias docendi*, or permission to teach. This gives him neither salary nor pupils. For these he trusts to his own reputation. But in virtue of the authority thus given him, he becomes a *Privatdocent*, and he may announce lectures on any subject in his department, attendance at his lectures counting equally with that at regular professorial lectures. He thus enters at once and directly into competition with the regular professors—a system which has the most wholesome effect on both parties; the only restriction on him is that he must not outbid the professor by charging lower fees. If he succeeds in gathering students, and his lectures are found useful and popular, he has every prospect of being elect-

ed to a professorship extraordinary by his own or some other university. Here, again, there is perfect freedom. In electing to a vacant professorship at one university, selection is made indifferently among the candidates in all the other universities.

The *Privatdocent* is a most valuable person. He forms a link between the student and the professor. Allied to the former by age and sympathy, he can do much work which a professor cannot. He has none of the temptations to idleness of the young Fellow of an Oxford or Cambridge college. On the contrary, everything depends on his own exertions. The professors, too, are kept constantly up to the times by this competition. If they fall back for a moment, they are passed by a vigorous and enterprising *Privatdocent*, and their lecture-rooms emptied. Furthermore, if the *Privatdocent* is elected to a professorship he is elected, not merely on the strength of a single examination, but for his proved capacities for teaching that which he himself has acquired.

If there is one point in which we might take a lesson from Germany, it is this. At this moment changes are being made in this matter of Fellowships. If this opportunity is lost, another may not occur again for years. There are constantly complaints about idle Fellows—Fellows who know, but cannot teach—Fellows who have not come up to the expectations formed of them in a single examination. Yet no one suggests an imitation of the very simple and very efficient system of *Privatdocenten*. Is not the reason to be found in the fact that the competition would make too great a demand on the energies of the *beati possidentes* of the present?

In this matter of choice of professors and lecturers the contrast which Carlyle drew between England and Germany as long ago as 1828 remains true to this day, in spite of fifty years of unprecedented reforms. This contrast concerned the interest taken by the nation in the matter. Speaking of the university of Göttingen, he says: "The Prime Minister of the country writes thrice weekly to the director of an institution for learning! He oversees all; knows the character, not only of every professor, but of every pupil that gives any promise.

He is continually purchasing books, drawings, models ; treating for this or the other help or advantage to the establishment. He has his eye over all Germany ; and nowhere does a man of any decided talent show himself, but he strains every nerve to acquire him. And seldom even can he succeed, for the

Hanoverian assiduity seems nothing singular : every State in Germany has its minister for education as well as Hanover. They correspond, they inquire, they negotiate ; everywhere there seems a canvassing, less for places than for the best men to fill them."*—*Fraser's Magazine*.

IO VICTIS.

BY W. W. STORY.

I SING the Hymn of the Conquered, who fell in the battle of life—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife ;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame—
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part ;
Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away,
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the
dying of day
With the work of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,
With death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus, its pæan for those who have won—
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun
Gay banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors—I stand on the field of defeat
In the shadow, 'mongst those who are fallen, and wounded, and dying—and
there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows, breathe a
prayer,
Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper, " They only the victory win,
Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the demon that tempts
us within ;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on
high ;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight,—if need be, to die."

Speak, History ! who are life's victors ? Unroll thy long annals and say—
Are they those whom the world called the victors, who won the success of a day ?
The Martyrs, or Nero ? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes ? His judges, or Socrates ? Pilate, or Christ ?

Blackwood's Magazine.

CITY LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY A NON-RESIDENT AMERICAN.

It has often been said that all cities are alike, especially all American cities. There is some truth in this, as in all common sayings. It expresses the feeling of the superficial traveller who car-

ries away only a confused recollection of a railway station, an immense hotel, crowded streets lined with costly but ir-

* " Life of Heyne," *Foreign Review* No. 4.

regular buildings or wretched tenement houses, immense wealth and squalid poverty staring each other in the face. If in memory he distinguishes one city from another, the chances are that it is because he enjoyed his dinner at one hotel, and was badly served at another. If he be a conscientious sight-seer, with guide-book in hand, he may visit public monuments, libraries, hospitals, or schools, but he will seldom find in these anything peculiar and characteristic. Such institutions are very much the same the world over. The ordinary English traveller soon wearies of American cities, and takes refuge among those grand works of nature which are always new and impressive, and always have an individuality of their own. Mountains are mountains, but no two are alike; and we may have a hundred varying views of the same peak. He who has seen Niagara does not enjoy the less the humble cascade which makes music among the rocks in his own park. It is not so with our cities. The ordinary traveller who has seen New York finds all other American cities only a poor imitation of the metropolis.

But, after all, this is only a superficial view. Behind the bricks and mortar there is life; and wherever there is life there is variety. We often forget that cities are anything more than vast collections of houses, or, at best, great market-places; but the real city is the mass of human beings hidden behind these dumb walls. Each city has its own social life, which is peculiar to itself; and the more intimately we know this, the less does it seem like other cities. This individuality is not so marked in America as in the Old World. It is not so marked in Europe as in Asia. All cities have been made more cosmopolitan by the wonderfully increased facilities for travel and the development of international commerce. Even Paris and London are not so utterly unlike as they once were. In America the first impression is that foreign immigration and the restless spirit of the native population have reduced all our cities to a common level of chaotic sameness. This is so far true that we should search in vain in New York for the city of Irving's "Diedrich Knickerbocker" or in Boston for any

trace of the social life depicted in Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter." If such phlegmatic Dutchmen or canting Puritans ever existed they have disappeared and left no trace in the society of the present day. But it is still true that Boston is very unlike New York, that Philadelphia resembles neither, while Washington has an individuality peculiarly its own.

New York is the most cosmopolitan, Philadelphia the most provincial, of our cities; Boston the most cultivated, Washington the most American. Society in New York is based upon wealth, in Philadelphia upon family, in Boston upon intellect, in Washington upon official position. There is most extravagance in New York, most comfort in Philadelphia, most philanthropy in Boston, most etiquette in Washington. New York is the great commercial centre of America; Washington has no commerce, Philadelphia is a city of manufactories, Boston is the business centre for the manufactories of New England. New York is Democratic, Philadelphia Republican, Boston doubtful, and Washington disfranchised by the National Constitution. The Germans avoid Boston, the Irish Philadelphia—both congregate in New York. The negroes prefer Washington. Boston is the place to study Unitarianism, New York Catholicism, Philadelphia Quakerism.

Such general statements as these might be extended indefinitely; but while they are strictly true, they are liable to mislead. Any man may find congenial society in any great city, and the impression which he carries away depends very much upon his own taste in the selection of associates. General views are always more or less partial and imperfect. There are men of high culture in New York, perhaps more than there are in Boston; there are rich ignoramuses in Boston, still it is true, in general, that culture reigns over society in Boston, and money in New York. There are old Dutch families in New York, and old Puritan families in Boston; but nothing to compare with the exclusive Quaker aristocracy of Philadelphia. There are those even within this charmed circle in Philadelphia who have heard of places not reached by the Pennsylvania Railway; but they feel

no personal interest in them. Boston is the seat of Unitarianism ; but it is not a Unitarian city. Catholicism rules New York ; but nowhere in America is Protestantism more vigorous and active. Philadelphia is the Quaker city but the Quakers are a small minority there. The general statements which I have made are valuable only as indicating, in a rough way, that each of these cities has a character of its own which distinguishes it from any other. The same thing may be said of the great cities of the South and West. There is but one New Orleans, but one Chicago, but one San Francisco in America, although these last have their would-be rivals. I have selected the principal Atlantic cities, because in revisiting America, these are the ones where my time has been spent, and I have nothing to offer in this article but the personal impressions of a non-resident American.

New York is no longer the city that it was fifty years ago. It has grown so rapidly in extent, in population, and in wealth, that all the conditions of life are changed. I visit the palatial residences of former days, and I find myself in the midst of towering warehouses, or in the midst of a German city, or surrounded by squalid tenement-houses, swarming with Irish. Another turn, and I am in a Chinese quarter. If I would find the fashion and wealth of the city, I must go far out among the old market gardens and the more distant pastures, which are covered now with costly dwelling-houses. Then £20,000 sterling was a great fortune ; now, New York boasts of a citizen who is worth £20,000,000 sterling. There are others who are almost as rich. They are railway kings, or men who have grown rich by the sudden and enormous rise in the value of real estate ; and Socialism, imported from Europe, having no kings here to attack, has found a name for these men, and threatens them as " Monopolists." The palaces of the Fifth Avenue laugh at the faint echoes which reach them from the halls near the Bowery, where socialist clubs discuss the rights of labor, and openly advocate the assassination of monopolists ; but no one can seriously study life in New York without finding himself confronted, first of all, with this problem of the relations of wealth and poverty. New

York has not grown rich so much through the skill and energy of her citizens as through the rapid growth of the country, with which she has had but little to do, except in the way of developing her natural advantages by building railways and canals. Most of her rich men owe their wealth to the rise in the value of real estate or to fortunate speculation in stocks. It has not been a slow growth. It has come suddenly. The poorest man in New York who can read a penny paper is familiar with the slang of Wall Street. He knows that he is cutting stone or carrying mortar for a palace which is building for a man who has " captured a railroad," or " watered stock," or " made a corner." He does not need to go far to be told that this does not mean money earned, but money stolen from the laboring classes. He believes it. And even this does not touch him so directly as the fact that he pays an exorbitant rent to another monopolist for his filthy rooms in a tenement-house. He is not allowed to forget the fact that this man is an aristocrat, and lives in untold luxury, simply because his father or his grandfather owned a cabbage garden in what is now the centre of the city. An attempt was made last spring to form an anti-rent organization. It failed ; but it served to turn the attention of the Irish population to the fact that there was room for a Land League in New York as well as in Ireland. Why should they subscribe money to save their brethren at home from paying rent while they themselves were suffering quite as much from the landlords in America ? We may be sure that we have not heard the last of this. The opportunity to plunder the rich through a corrupt city government, which is under the control of the non-taxpaying voters, affords a certain satisfaction to the Irish especially, and their political leaders have found it for their interest thus far to keep aloof from the professional Socialist, and quietly fill their pockets from the city treasury. But it is at least questionable whether this is not more demoralizing than downright Socialism.

If we turn from the discontented poor to the more successful classes in New York, we find the natural results of suddenly acquired wealth—unbounded ex-

travagance and luxury. In this respect New York rivals Paris. Those who have attained social rank, and those who aspire to it, live for display. The profits of legitimate business seldom suffice to meet the demands of this style of living, and every one is more or less engaged in speculation in stocks. One result of this is that much of the business of New York has fallen into the hands of more economical foreigners, especially the Germans and the Jews. It is astonishing how large a percentage of the signs in the business streets show unmistakably foreign names. The wealth of the city is gradually passing into their hands. They are making their way, too, into fashionable society. This society is anything but Puritan in its morals. It is thoroughly Parisian, as might be expected from the fact that its standard of excellence is not character, but wealth. I have no wish to enter into details, or give illustrations of the mysteries of New York fashionable society, but no sadder pictures of moral ruin and degradation could be drawn from the lowest quarters of the city, than from the palaces of the Fifth Avenue.

If this were all of New York society, this article would never have been written. There are rich men whom wealth has not corrupted, and poor men whom poverty has not embittered. This does not need to be said. It may be said of every city. But there are probably few cities in the world where a choicer society can be found than in New York, and there are few, if any, where there is more earnest, active Christian life. We find it among the rich and the poor. It is colored somewhat by the dominant spirit of the city, but it is genuine. It is struggling manfully to redeem the city from crime, corruption, filth, ignorance, irreligion, and degradation of every kind; and if the city is saved from outbreaks of the worst forms of Communism, it will be by its means. Men who love learning, art, and science are trying to win over the wealthier classes to an interest in these things. As art is fashionable, it is patronized; but science and learning are not so fortunate. Their patrons are generally to be found only among those who are also interested in religious and philanthropic efforts. Literature of the lighter sort, novels,

magazines, and newspapers, may of course be found in every corner of the city; but it may be doubted whether it does much towards elevating society. That which is good is not as likely to reach those who need it as is the bad to reach those who would be better without it. Perhaps an exception should be made in favor of the leading magazines, which are an honor to the country, and furnish the best and purest reading which goes into many a palace in New York.

But I am dwelling too long upon generalities. Let us come down to practical everyday life. The New Yorker is always in a hurry. He is an early riser, and generally eats a hearty breakfast by eight o'clock. If he is a religious man, he has had family prayers before breakfast, as this is the only time of which he could be sure before midnight. If he does not read the morning paper at breakfast, he reads it on the way to his office. He is almost certain to have callers on business before he can leave his house; and if he is known to be a benevolent man, he has a score of begging letters by the morning delivery. He gets away as soon as possible, and is not seen again until evening, when he comes in just in time to dress for dinner. His household affairs are managed by his wife. He is liable to have business calls before he has finished his dinner. If he goes to his club he talks business there. He has committee meetings to attend. At nine or ten o'clock he may go with his wife to a party, or he may get away a little earlier to the theatre. If he has an evening at home, it is because he has a dinner party or evening entertainment himself. He keeps late hours. If an active religious man, Sunday is almost as busy a day as any other. If not, it is divided between business and amusement. In May, his family goes into the country, or to some watering place, to remain until October; but the chance is that he gets but little rest. When rest becomes absolutely essential, he escapes to Europe. What the ladies do, except to make themselves agreeable when they can be found, I cannot say from observation, but they seem to be as overworked as the men. Some of them certainly speculate in stocks. They have their clubs and societies, literary and otherwise. Many of the chari-

ties and religious societies of the city are largely in their hands. Domestic and social affairs are generally left to their management. If most of the wealthy are devoted to fashion, many are devoted to better things—to self-culture, religion, and benevolence. Perhaps all this is enough to account for the fact that there seems to be so little of quiet and repose in New York life.

Life in New York is very expensive. Luxury and extravagance is the rule, and all classes feel the influence of it. Even the poorest suffer from it. The richer cannot maintain their position in society without giving way to it. There is but one recognized way of escape, and that is to take refuge in a hotel. These are expensive enough, but they are always full; and, singularly enough, many American families prefer this promiscuous style of living to the privacy of home life. It must be said, too, that the hotels, as hotels, are very good, especially the more quiet ones of the best class. It is not easy to give an exact idea of the cost of living, but £1000 is an ordinary rent for a house near the fashionable quarter, and I do not think that an average family, living in such a house, spends less than £4000 a year. In the fashionable quarter, a fashionable family spends ten times that amount. Leading clergymen receive from £1000 to £3000 salary, in addition to their houses.

The clubs of New York are innumerable, and adapted to all tastes and all ranks of society. I can testify that some of them are delightful places of resort. Among the larger, the Century Club certainly stands first. It has a very modest house in a quiet street, but one meets there the best and most intelligent men in New York—men representing all professions and all shades of thought. It is not a club where one goes to eat, although he may eat and drink there, but a place for quiet rest or charming conversation. The great club of the city, which most closely resembles the great clubs of London, is the Union League Club. It has a costly and richly-decorated house on Fifth Avenue, and is intended to rival the luxury of the neighboring private residences. It originated during the Civil War, and exerted a vast influence for the Union in its sup-

port of the government; but its political importance has passed away. There are many more private clubs, limited to single professions, which are the most attractive places of resort in New York, when one can obtain an entrance to them. Political clubs are numerous, and most of them are about as reputable as the government of the city. The less said about them the better.

The newspapers of the city are the *Herald*, *Times*, *Tribune*, *World*, *Post*, *Sun*, and a host of lesser lights. If we are to judge of them by what they say of each other, they are all equally stupid and corrupt; if by what they say of themselves, they are unrivalled by any newspapers in the world. The truth probably lies between these two statements. But they all agree in declaring that they are totally unlike the London *Times*. As I like the *Times* better than any other paper in the world, they will consider it a compliment if I say that I do not fancy the New York dailies. Still, they have an immense circulation and a vast influence, not only in New York, but all over the country, and this influence has often been used to the great advantage of the country. I think that most of the papers named above act for what they conceive to be the highest interest of the nation, and they deserve credit for it. They spare no expense to obtain news. The only difficulty is that it would be better for the nation if half this news were never published, and if the other half were not given in such a sensational form. The style of the papers is that of the twopenny novel, and it demoralizes the taste of the people. A remarkable change has taken place in these papers since the war. They have become impersonal and, to a certain extent, independent of party. They formerly owed their influence to their editors; and men asked, not what the *Tribune* said, but what Greeley said. The paper was the organ of the editor. The editors of the New York papers have now but little personal influence. It is somewhat doubtful what influence controls some of these papers, or in whose interest they really speak. Mr. Bennett, the son of the founder, owns the *Herald*, and in some sense controls it; but he is seldom in New York, and is a non-descript in character. The *Nation*, a

weekly, modelled somewhat after the *Spectator*, was an able and influential paper, one of the most so in the United States, but it has been merged in the *Post*. The so-called religious weeklies exert quite as much influence in the country as the New York dailies, and some of them are conducted with great ability. They are generally in sympathy with the Republican Party.

We pass naturally from the newspapers to the churches. It is often claimed that the papers have taken the place of the pulpit in instructing the people of this country, and perhaps this idea has led them to publish Sunday editions, as most of them do; but the American population in New York has not deserted the churches. The New England Sabbath was never fully accepted in New York, but the day was formerly observed with respect, as a day of rest and worship. The churches are still full, but in many parts of the city shops are open, the tramways and elevated railways are crowded, and the city seems given up to amusement, except in certain decorous streets. The great foreign population has brought its own ideas across the sea, and spends Sunday as at home. It is the great day of the beer-gardens, and the harbor is crowded with overladen excursion boats, when the weather permits. Fashionable New York drives in the Park. It has never been very religious. But, after all, there is more religious activity in the city than ever before. It is not confined to any one denomination. It is seen not simply in the multiplication of costly churches, nor alone in the vast congregations which crowd to hear popular preachers—the most popular of whom, by the way, have been imported from England—but still more in the organized and successful efforts of Christian men to reach the working-classes. The Episcopal Church, which years ago was supposed to be too aristocratic to trouble itself about the poor, now leads the van in organized church work among them, and has made more rapid progress in numbers than any other denomination. Other denominations do more in united work through various societies—like the Young Men's Christian Union or the City Missionary Society. These societies are making an impression even upon

the foreign population, which is very apparent to those who know the city. No one of these societies has interested me more than the Children's Aid Society. It cares for the neglected children of the city. It has lodging houses for boys, which in twenty-five years have housed 170,000. It has industrial schools for girls and boys, with 10,000 pupils. It has lodging-houses for girls, which send out into good houses 1000 girls a year. It has a home for newsboys, with savings banks and other advantages. It has found homes among the farmers in the West for 50,000 boys from the streets. It does all this work, and much more, at a cost of only about £45,000 sterling a year, and does it so wisely and successfully that it has the fullest confidence at once of the street arabs and the best men in the city.

It is due to such work as this that crimes against person and property in New York have decreased 25 per cent. in five years, in spite of the increase of population and the peculiar position of the city as the port of entry of foreign immigration. The New Yorkers seem to go into this work with very much the same zeal which is seen in business and speculation. Wealthy philanthropists are not numerous in New York, but they rival the speculators in untiring activity, or perhaps it may be better said that they make philanthropic work a part of their business. It must be said, too, that they are men of very broad sympathies. They do not confine their charities to New York City, or even to the United States. The same spirit is seen in Boston, but not at all in Philadelphia or Washington, although in all these cities local charities, hospitals, and asylums are numerous and well supported.

The Catholics in New York have a great number of charitable institutions, but, as they control the city government, they manage to make the taxpayers support them. The general religious influence of this church is very much the same as in Europe—in some respects good and in others bad. Its supporters are chiefly Irish.

The Jews are very numerous, and rapidly increasing in wealth and influence; but the majority have no sympathy with religion or philanthropy in any

form. They have themselves to blame for whatever prejudice there is against them, such as has manifested itself in the refusal to admit them to certain hotels at the watering-places. It is not because they are Jews, but simply because they make themselves exceedingly disagreeable to respectable people. There is a respectable minority of Jews of whom none of these things are true.

Education in New York, like everything else connected with the city government, is under the control of those who pay no taxes, and is consequently managed without much regard to cost; but this is the worst that can be said of it. The taxpayers would be very well satisfied if all their money was as well spent. The schools are good, and the city is proud of them. They are of all grades, including a free college, and any child in New York may obtain a complete education without expense. The teachers are well paid, and, as a general rule, well trained for their work. It is not easy to compare the schools with those of other cities. They seem to be as good in New York as elsewhere, in spite of the fact that they excite very little public attention, while in Boston education is a hobby which every man feels bound to ride, and the schools are constantly under discussion. In Boston, too, a much larger proportion of the children of wealthy families attend the public schools.

There seems to be something wanting, however, in the character of city education or of city life in general in America. Attention has lately been called to the fact that but few of the leading men in the city of New York were born or educated there. Almost all are from the country towns, and a large proportion from New England. It is not strange that a great city should attract the most enterprising young men from the country, although there is more reason for this in England than in America. Here the electoral laws, which require all members of Congress and other officials to be residents in the districts from which they are chosen, and the fact that country members of the State legislatures are always in the majority, make it undesirable for those seeking political preferment to live in the great cities. It is a positive advantage to live elsewhere.

Very few of the statesmen of America were born in great cities, and very few live in them now. Washington is the least desirable of all places, as its citizens are not represented in the government at all. Young men go to the cities to make money, and New York has special attractions to lead them there; but young men born and educated in the city ought to have the advantage over strangers. We should expect to find among her leading men a large percentage of city-born men, but this is not the case. Leaving out of account those who owe their position to wealth inherited from parents who came to New York from the country, we find very few distinguished men in the city who were born or educated there. Neither do we find them in other parts of the country. Our great men do not come from New York City. It would not be fair to attribute this fact altogether to the schools of New York, or to the American system of education, which is as well applied there as anywhere; but we are justified in concluding that, while city life in America is adapted to call out and develop all the energies of those who enter it as adults, its influence over the young is unfavorable to the highest development. This is less apparent in Boston and Philadelphia than in New York, and it may result in some degree from the fact that the possession of wealth is regarded in New York as the one avenue to influence, and money as the measure of everything. This idea is unfavorable to the development of character, and it has far less influence in the towns and villages of America than it has in the cities. As a general rule, it is not true in these—in the Northern States at least—that a man's influence is measured by his wealth. Character has more influence than money; and children grow up with a clear conception of the high importance of moral and intellectual character. Then, again, country life in America favors individualism. The despotism of fashion and opinion is almost unknown. There is opportunity for calm thought, reason, and resolve—for communion with the eternal forces of nature, and thoughts of God. Life does not present itself as simply a struggle between man and man for the possession of money. The education in the

schools may be the same, but the more important education of the environment is totally different. It is undoubtedly a misfortune to be born and educated in New York city.

On the other hand, cities offer special advantages for professional studies, and New York has such schools which receive students from all parts of the country. They are not the most famous, and perhaps not the best, in the country; but they are progressive, and ought to become the best. They suffer, like all similar institutions in America, from competition. There is no economy of forces in the higher education here. We multiply schools of law, medicine, and theology, as though quantity was more important than quality, and these are generally poorly endowed, and too often seek to attract students by making it easy to obtain diplomas. There is much room for improvement even in New York.

The fashionable amusements of New York do not differ essentially from those of the great cities of Europe. There is nothing specially American about them, unless it be the fact that they are borrowed from all the countries of Europe, and that people enter into them with the same spirit which is manifested in Wall Street. The most universal amusement is travel; it may be to spend a day at Coney Island, or a year in Europe, or a summer at some watering place like Newport or Saratoga. The New Yorker must go somewhere or lose caste. There are those who seek genuine recreation in these migrations, but with most it is simply a change of place without much change of occupation. The great summer hotels are simply places where the rage for dress and display can be gratified more easily than in the city, and the men carry their business with them. The Wall Street brokers have their branch offices in or near these hotels, connected by private wires with the city, and speculation goes on as usual. At Newport, Mr. Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, has taken the lead in introducing various European sports, but they still have a foreign air about them. He has built a casino, with tennis courts, lawn tennis, and other games. He has introduced polo and fox-hunting, and done much to make yachting fashiona-

ble. At Saratoga the races, which go on day after day for weeks, are the chief amusement. At Martha's Vineyard and a number of other places, "camp meetings" constitute the *pièce de résistance* of the entertainment. These religious meetings are protracted for weeks, and represent all varieties of belief and unbelief, order and disorder. They would make a very interesting study by themselves, as a singular development of American life. The New Yorker has an infinite variety of summer resorts to choose from. He may join the saturnalia at Coney Island or the Methodist camp meeting at Martha's Vineyard. He may build a palatial "cottage" at aristocratic Newport, or exhibit his wife, daughters, and diamonds to the crowds which throng the great hotels of Saratoga or Long Branch. He may rest quietly in some mountain farm-house or wander about from place to place in dusty, crowded railway trains. He may do almost anything but stay at home.

A new amusement has been found for the winter, which has become very popular. This is yachting on the ice. The Hudson River offers every facility for this, and it has become very popular. It is quite as exciting as the wildest stock speculation in Wall Street. Sixty miles an hour is not an uncommon speed for one of these curious craft, and on a fine day, when the ice is favorable, the river is alive with them. Great skill is necessary in the management of these boats, especially in racing; but there have been few serious accidents, and after watching these races one may almost believe in the possibility of the experience of Jules Verne's hero, Phileas Fogg. At Omaha, the old winter amusement of sleigh-riding is of course as popular as ever, when there is snow enough on the ground to make the roads good; and one who has never tried it can hardly imagine how exhilarating it is. It is surpassed by nothing but the ice yacht, and has the advantage of being more social.

The theatres of New York are very numerous and of every variety, including one belonging to an Episcopal clergyman and conducted on religious principles. It can hardly be said that religion or morality has much influence over the others, although some of the

managers are men of high character. A friend of mine, who lately made the tour of them all, was inclined to think that those patronized by the roughs in the Bowery were less immoral than those patronized by the residents on Fifth Avenue. There is nothing distinctively American in the theatre in New York. It is as far as possible an imitation of Paris, and European actors and actresses come here to make their fortunes after they have won a reputation in Europe. New York applauds because Paris has applauded, and no one would think of a New York reputation as of any value in itself. Still the New Yorkers, as a whole, are a theatre-loving race. They are ready to pay, to applaud, and to lionize popular players, and they find amusement in doing so. It is a matter of dispute whether they honestly enjoy good music as much as they enjoy immoral plays, but there is certainly a class of people in New York about whom there can be no doubt. Good music always attracts large audiences, and there are amateur clubs that do good work. Our cities have produced some very superior singers, but they go to Europe for their training. A late English traveller, who seems to have made a study of the theatre in New York, concludes that it is in every respect superior to that of London. He may be right. He is certainly generous; and, as he evidently knows much more about it than I do, I am quite willing to allow his judgment to balance mine without any controversy.

Of unlawful amusements, such as gambling and others, New York has her full share, graded for all classes of society, from the gilded palace on Fifth Avenue down to the dens of Water Street. There is far more of vice and immorality than in Boston or Philadelphia. It is more open, more general, and more fashionable. In some respects it is worse than London; in others, perhaps, better. I cannot see that Republican institutions affect the general morality of our cities in any favorable way whatever; if anything, the influence is unfavorable. There is less inclination to execute or tolerate repressive laws. The old idea of stern Republican morality has long since been forgotten, if it ever had any actual existence. In the

towns and villages there is some trace of it. The general standard of morality in these is higher than in Europe, and it is an advantage not to have the evil example of an aristocracy which considers itself raised above the moral law. In the cities there is an aristocracy of wealth which is worse than that of birth. As in other aristocracies, there are noble examples of Christian manhood and philanthropic spirit among the wealthy men of our cities. There is more readiness to give away money for benevolent purposes than can be found in any other part of the world. This spirit is not confined to religious men, although they are the principal givers. Appeals of all kinds go first to them. But, in spite of all the good that can be said of New York, it is no better morally than the great cities of Europe. If we contrast it with the towns and villages of this part of America, the difference is very much greater and more unfavorable than would be found in contrasting village and city life in any part of Europe with which I am familiar. This is due, however, to the corrupting influence of wealth, or to the failure of Republican institutions to secure good government and high morality, but quite as much to the fact that New York is not an American city. The majority of the population is foreign. The worst of the immigrants landed upon our shores remain there, and there is no form of vice known in Europe which they have not brought with them and domesticated in this city. One sees something of this in London; but, in spite of its foreign population, London is still an English city. Its vices, as well as its virtues, are distinctively English. I do not mean to imply that there is anything better or more attractive in the vice of London than in that of New York. On the contrary, it has always struck me as more brutal and repulsive. I have never seen anything in any other city which shocked me so much as a sight I saw in broad day in a street leading from Southampton Row on one of my first visits to London. Two ragged, begrimed, drunken women were fighting in a ring of twenty or thirty men, who were cheering them on. The very fact that they were all English made their filth, profanity, and brutality more repulsive. I could not help feeling a

sort of personal responsibility for it. I have seen other such scenes in London ; but have never happened upon one like it in New York. Nor have I ever heard criminal amusements defended and justified by men of good standing in society, as I have in England. Every form of vice exists and flourishes in New York as it does in London ; but it does not present itself to the eye and ear in so repulsive a manner.

Of the several American cities which I have mentioned, New York is generally regarded as the most attractive place of residence. The fact that it is the largest and richest of our cities gives it certain advantages over all others. But the most English city in the United States is Boston, and New England people of the old English stock prefer it to all other cities. Washington was formerly the least attractive of our cities ; but since the war there have been great changes there. No city in the world has more beautiful Government offices, and great efforts have been made to improve the streets and adorn the city. The hotels still swarm with office-holders and office-seekers ; but they seem to me to be generally of a better class than when I first visited the city. There is certainly much less drunkenness and barbarism to be seen in the public rooms and about the Capitol. But, aside from this nomadic horde, there is now an established resident society in Washington, which is becoming every year more agreeable and more numerous. There are many who already regard it as the most attractive city in the country. It is, at least, unlike all other cities. A number of novels have appeared within a few years, professing to give faithful pictures of life in Washington ; but they are unworthy of attention. They are low, vulgar, and scandalous, without literary merit, and presenting a view of society too absurd to be even founded on fact. There is vice and corruption enough in Washington, and it is easy for a man to find it who seeks for it ; but there is no more of it in Washington than in New York. These books would not deserve mention if they had not been widely circulated. If I were to select a place of residence for myself it would be Boston, rather than Washington or New York. Philadelphia is

too narrow and provincial to be thought of. There is something of reserve and hauteur about Boston society which is not altogether agreeable to strangers, and is criticized and ridiculed by Americans from other parts of the country ; but it is only on the surface, and is hardly noticed at all by persons who have lived in Europe. It contrasts strongly with the free-and-easy manners of the West, where the stranger of to-day becomes an old resident to-morrow ; but there is a dignity about it which is very attractive. To borrow a slang Western phrase, a Boston man does not "slop over." Boston boasts of her *culture*, and New York delights to sneer at the word ; but there is a reality in it. There is culture in New York ; but its influence is limited to a narrow circle. In Boston, it rules the city and gives tone to society. There is no other city which has any right to call itself the Athens of America. There is some reason for giving this name to Boston. New York is more like Corinth in the days of her greatest prosperity. Even the Irish are somewhat subdued by the atmosphere of Boston, and make much less trouble than they do in New York. If I were to choose a permanent residence in America, it would, as I have said, certainly be in Boston. Its climate is not all that could be desired. Its east winds are unfavorable to weak lungs, and in winter disagreeable to all ; but New York is not much better, and Boston has the advantage of having clean streets. The suburban towns are all beautiful, and there is an endless variety of charming drives in all directions. Cambridge is close at hand, with the literary advantages of a university town, and the city itself is provided with everything necessary for study or amusement. But Boston is attractive to me because there is something restful in life there. It is more like a European city. There is not the mad rush and whirl which distracts me in New York, and is still worse in Chicago. Men do business on a grand scale, and Boston capital is found in all the great cities and all the great enterprises of the West ; but men seem to take life more calmly than in New York. They are not in such a desperate hurry. So in society, there is much less extravagance and display, much less dis-

sipation, much more quiet and sensible enjoyment.

The great unsolved problem in city life is that of government. Even the smaller cities find it difficult to secure a tolerable administration, as the majority of voters are always non-taxpayers, and generally ignorant naturalized foreigners. The larger cities are literally at the mercy of the organized mob. There is nothing in America so utterly disgraceful as the government of New York. There is no dignity, no honesty, no common-sense in it. For years the city was ruled by the "Tweed ring," whose history is known to all the world. A few men literally captured the city, and used the public money to enrich themselves and bribe the voters. It was only when the taxes became intolerable that the city was roused to appeal to the State courts to punish these robbers, who had violated the law for years with impunity. The city was the stronghold of the Democratic party, and the Tweed ring was tolerated because it always secured a Democratic majority of any required amount, without any reference to the number of voters.

The overthrow of this infamous ring was the work of two or three newspapers in the city, which exposed its criminal character so fully that the respectable portion of the Democratic party no longer dared to support it, and the taxpayers of both parties united to put it down.

Then a new experiment was tried. A new charter was secured, which, to a certain extent, deprived the city of the right of self-government. The authority was divided between the city and the State. In some respects this has proved an advantage; but, on the whole, the experiment is a failure, and the best men in New York are in favor of going back to self-government. The absurdities of the present system were fully developed last winter. The streets of the city were in such a filthy condition that a mass meeting of physicians declared that there was danger of pestilence. In fact, there was an epidemic of small-pox, typhus, and diphtheria. I have never seen anything in Europe or Asia to equal the streets of New York at that time. For many weeks the most important

streets were filled with piles of snow, filth, garbage, and ashes. The whole city was roused; public meetings were held, and the most vigorous resolutions passed. A committee of the most wealthy and influential citizens was chosen, but the streets were not cleaned until it was done by the spring rains. The epidemic continued to rage until nature had done its work. The plan of relief devised by the committee of citizens was the appointment of an officer by the Mayor to take charge of the Department of Street Cleaning, but the Mayor had no authority to appoint such an officer. It was necessary to secure an Act of the State Legislature to modify the charter and give him this authority. The Legislature was in session, and was appealed to, in the name of humanity, to pass this Act without delay. But here it was found that there was a political objection to this. The Mayor of the city was a Democrat, the Legislature was Republican, and street-cleaning was a means of bribing voters. If this authority were given to the Mayor, he would appoint a Democrat, who would use the money appropriated to clean the streets to buy Democratic votes. Street-cleaning must be a perquisite of the Republicans. The idea that street-cleaning had nothing to do with politics was repudiated as a heresy. What could be more pitiable than this! Other departments are conducted on the same principle. The Mayor of the city is a gentleman, a Catholic Irishman, but the Board of Alderman can hardly be described in polite language. They spent the winter in trying to organize, neither faction of the Democratic party having a majority, and neither wishing to unite with the few Republican members. A division of the spoils was, however, finally agreed upon, and the organization completed. The proceedings of this unique assembly were published in the daily papers, and if any New Yorker ever read them without shame and indignation he deserved to be an alderman himself. The present system of government is certainly a disgrace to any civilized nation. The reign of Tweed was no better. It remains to be seen whether one can be devised which will secure a wise and honest administration, and at the same time maintain the principle of uni-

versal suffrage in a city where the majority of the voters pay no taxes, are not natives of the country, have no idea of political honesty, and are the willing tools of unscrupulous politicians. Nothing will be done until the respectable men of both parties realize the danger, and agree to lay aside their political differences and work together to save the city from ruin. There was some approach to this last winter, on the question of cleaning the streets, but it was not a genuine awakening to a sense of all the dangers of the situation, and this may not come until Socialism has organized the masses for a crusade against monopoly.

Something of the same evil is seen in other cities. Philadelphia has had its ring of Republican Tweeds, but the division of property and the system of taxation is very different there, and the evil results have not been so marked. The Irish element there is unimportant. Washington is governed by the National Congress. Boston is still an American city, and has not yet fallen into the hands of any ring; but there is much that is very unsatisfactory in her city government and public expenditure. The difficulty is a general one and applies to all the cities in the country. It is more apparent in New York, on account of the number and character of its population.

The theory of the present day in English-speaking lands is that local self-government is the surest safeguard against oppression. We regard it as the cornerstone of our national system, but it is producing some unexpected results, and already it has been found necessary to control it in some respects by general laws. It is probable that still more stringent limitations will be adopted. Our city governments are more corrupt, more extravagant, and more wasteful than any others, but our town and village governments often resemble them in some points. Here, as in the cities, it is generally the non-taxpayers who vote taxes and create town debts. There is as yet no limitation on taxation, but many States have limited the amount of debt which can be contracted by the cities and towns. The working-classes are slow to discover that in the end they

pay the taxes. They see nothing but the immediate advantage of spending the money of the rich. Local self-government has many advantages, but small taxes and economy in public expenditure do not seem to be among them. The administration in the towns is generally honest, even where it is extravagant and stupid, but it needs control. As our people are only too ready to try experiments, we shall probably continue to make experiments in city government until we find some satisfactory solution to this thus far unsolved problem.

There are other questions connected with city life which are not peculiar to American cities, and which do not need discussion here, because we have done but little toward solving them. Pauperism, crime, and all forms of irreligion flourish in our cities as in Europe, and vigorous efforts are made to overcome them, with more or less success; but we have discovered no new methods, and have still much to learn. New York is not behind other cities in this work of Christian charity, and this is the best thing that can be said in her behalf.

We are accustomed to boast of the rapid growth of our cities, of their vast commerce, of the enterprise of our merchants, of our costly private and public buildings, and our people are more and more inclined to leave the country to crowd the cities; but it seems to me that the nation has more to fear than to hope for in these great cities. They are centres of intellectual life and of trade, but also of feverish extravagance and corruption, both moral and political corruption. Their growth has been too rapid for health. Wealth has been acquired too easily. The population is too heterogeneous. The most prosperous cities are the most corrupt. Who can say where all this is to end? Like most of my countrymen I am inclined to optimism in all that concerns America. The Anglo-Saxon race is not wont to borrow trouble from the future, or even to provide for emergencies before they arise. But it is certain that our cities do not improve as they advance. There are dangerous tendencies in our city life which must be overcome, or they will develop and endanger the existence of the republic.—*Contemporary Review*.

KITH AND KIN.

BY JESSIE FOTHERGILL, THE AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN."

CHAPTER XXIX.

FOR MY SON'S SAKE.

THE ball had taken place on a Thursday—New Year's eve. The days dragged on at Yoresett House, in the manner described, until the following Monday. On that afternoon, a dark and cloudy one, the quietness of the village street was broken. Sir Gabriel Danesdale, his groom following him, rode up to the door. Sir Gabriel inquired if the ladies were at home; he was told that they were, and he dismounted and went in, leaving his horse to be walked about by his groom, to the great wonderment of the watching population. He was ushered into the parlor, where Judith and her mother sat. Mrs. Conisbrough was fluttered. Only once or twice, since her widowhood, had Sir Gabriel ever entered her house. He had glanced about him as he passed through the hall—he had seen the bareness and the chillness of everything, and his heart was filled with pity and with some self-reproach. Marion Arkendale, with her dark eyes and her light foot, had been so bonny; the "Flower of Danesdale" had been her name. He did not know how it was that she had fallen out of the society of the place, had disappeared from the friendly circles, gradually, but surely.

"Poverty, poverty!" he thought to himself. "It is a shame that she should have been neglected because of her poverty. And it was a rascally trick on old John's part, though he was my friend, to leave her as he did." Filled with these reflections, he spoke cordially, and almost eagerly, holding out his hand:

"Mrs. Conisbrough, I am more of a stranger in your house than I should be, considering what old friends and neighbors we are. Will you forgive my negligence, and believe that it arises out of anything rather than ill-will?"

"Ah, Sir Gabriel, I never suspected you of ill-will," she said, flushing. "And when women are alone in the world their circle must be smaller than when there are men in the family. Pray

sit down. I am glad to see you under my roof."

"It gave me hearty pleasure to see your daughters among us on Thursday," he continued. "Perhaps, as you say your circle is so small, you don't know what a sensation they made. Half the fellows who were there have been talking about them ever since."

Mrs. Conisbrough smiled, gratified.

"You are very good! My girls have had no outside advantages. They have none, indeed, except their youth and the fact that they are ladies by birth, and, I hope, by breeding. And that tells, Sir Gabriel—even in these days, it tells."

"My dear madam, it is everything," said he earnestly. "I quite agree with you. We'll have a chat about that a little later; and meantime, I want to know if I may see your daughter Delphine, alone, for a short time. I have something that I wish to say to her."

Mrs. Conisbrough started, paused, then replied:

"Certainly you can see her. Judith, Delphine is in the other room. Suppose you take Sir Gabriel to her there."

Judith rose and went across the passage, while Sir Gabriel, bowing over Mrs. Conisbrough's hand, wished her good-afternoon, and left her without explaining his errand. He followed Judith, who was in the room on the opposite side of the hall. Turning as she saw him come, she remarked:

"Ah, here is Sir Gabriel, Delphine."

Then she left them alone, and closed the door after her.

Sir Gabriel found himself standing before a pale, composed-looking young lady, whose hand rested lightly on the mantelpiece, and whose beauty and grace struck him even more in the dull light of this January afternoon, than they had done in her radiant ball-dress beneath the lamplight on New Year's eve. Perfectly calm, she turned her large luminous eyes, with their golden reflections, upon him as he entered, and a scarcely perceptible sigh left her lips.

Dark rings encircled those lovely eyes. Though the delicate white brow was

smooth, there was a shadow upon it, indefinable, but most palpable. Sir Gabriel remembered how Randulf had said she looked, and he felt that the lad had been right. This calm and stillness was not that of repose, but the pallid quietude which follows a mortal blow. She attempted a faint little smile as he came in, which flickered for a moment about her mouth, and then died away again, as if abashed. Sir Gabriel, whose bosom had been filled with very mingled feelings as he rode hither from Danesdale, no longer felt doubtful as to what emotion predominated. It was a great compassion that he experienced; a strong man's generous desire to take to his sufficient protection some weak, and sad, and grieved creature; to comfort it, to bid it sorrow no more.

Sir Gabriel contemplated the beautiful forlorn figure, and his heart swelled almost to bursting. Those eyes might well haunt Randulf. Of course he could not put his arm round her waist, and say, "My poor child, tell me what ails you, and let me lift this trouble from your shoulders," as he would have liked to do. Custom did not permit such a thing, but he took her hand kindly, and looked kindly from his genial, yet commanding eyes into her white face, while he said, kindly too:

"My dear, I have ridden over from Danesdale, to have a little chat with you."

"Yes; will you sit down?" said Delphine.

"Yes, if you will take this chair beside me, and listen to me. I will not delay in telling you my errand. My boy Randulf tells me that he has fallen very much in love with you, at which fact I certainly cannot pretend to be surprised. Nay, it is surely not a matter about which to be alarmed!" he added, seeing the agitation on her face, which she could not repress. "Let me tell you that I know all that has passed between you and Randulf. He told me. He forgot himself the other night—in a very pardonable manner—but he did forget himself, it is quite certain. A man in his position has no business to propose to any lady without consulting his father. From what he told me, I am sure you were sensible of that—were you not? Did you not feel scruples on that point?"

"Yes—that is, I should have done if—"

"I thought so," said Sir Gabriel, hearing only that which he wished to hear. "I told him so. I said I honored you for those scruples. I thought the matter over very seriously—you will not wonder at that. The marriage of a man's only son is no trivial matter to him. I came to the conclusion that my son's happiness is bound up in this matter—that it stands or falls with it—"

"No, no!" interrupted Delphine, in a quick, gasping voice.

"Yes, my dear child, it does. He loves you with no passing passion. It has made him into a man all at once. I say, his happiness stands or falls with it; and I venture to hope that you feel the same with respect to yourself."

Silence was the only answer.

Sir Gabriel's face lost none of its kindness, but a troubled expression crept over it, and into his eyes, as he saw the fixed and marble composure of the lovely face before him.

"You do not speak," he said at last.

"Let me explain as clearly as I can the errand which brought me here. I have come to ask you to reconsider the answer you gave to Randulf the other night. Put away any thoughts of me—ask only of your own heart if it contains that love for my son which a wife should bear to her husband, and if it answers you yes, give me leave to send Randulf to see you; let him hear from you that you will become his wife and my daughter."

Delphine's face had only grown paler. Her hand, which had been resting nervously on the table, had slipped down, and was now fast locked together with the other. She clasped them tightly upon her lap, looking at him with the same dull, glazed eyes, the same impassive calm, and speaking at last in a toneless, mechanical voice, which seemed not to belong to herself:

"I am very sorry. You are very good to me, but I cannot marry your son."

Sir Gabriel was shocked, distressed in the extreme. This was no refusal from one who was indifferent. Could it possibly be that the girl was not quite in her right mind? But that idea was soon cast aside. Nothing could be less agitated, more reasonable, more sane,

than her whole manner. He did not know that she was suffering supreme torture; that she felt as if every moment she must shriek aloud in her despair, or burst into a fit of wild, hysterical laughter, at the grim humor of the game of cross-purposes which they were playing. This he could not know; but he would have been a fool if he had not read suffering in her blanched face, in her dull and fixed eyes, in her nervously-clasped hands, and in the dead monotone of her voice. He could only grope about, pleading Randolph's cause, which had now become his own; with each word stabbing her afresh, thinking that if only he could get her to assign the reason for her refusal of Randolph, he would be able to overcome it.

"You told Randolph that you did not love him," he went on. "He told me that he did not believe you." A rush of color surged over her face, and Sir Gabriel, went on gently, but pushing matters as far as he could, to make things straight, as he thought: "As to that, I can affirm nothing, except that he spoke from the most reverent and solemn conviction, and not as a coxcomb. And you will forgive my saying that there could surely be nothing very remarkable in it—certainly nothing to be ashamed of, if you did love him, however ardently. I am his father, and consequently prejudiced in his favor, but I ought to know better than others what he has been to me. He has been a good son, of whom I am as proud as I am fond. I think his sister would own that he is a good brother." (One of Delphine's hands went up to her face, and half hid it.) "His friends, I notice, continue to be his friends. His dependents are fond of him; they serve him cheerfully. His dogs and horses love him too, and that is something to go by. He is no fool; he is a gentleman by nature as well as by birth." (Delphine's other hand had now gone to her face, which was covered completely.) "And there is no reason why he should not be as worthy as a lover and husband as he is in these other things. And added to that, my child, he loves you neither lightly nor carelessly, but with a love I like to see—with reverence as well as passion, with a man's love, and the love of a good and honorable

man. Is it really impossible that you can return his love? Surely you cannot refuse to allow him to plead his cause! Surely—"

He stopped abruptly, moved, himself, as he dwelt upon the excellencies of that "boy" who was so dear to him, and to secure whose happiness he had undertaken this errand. For the last few minutes Delphine's arms had been stretched out upon the table, her golden head prone upon them, her face hidden from sight. Now she suddenly raised it to him—tearless still, but with her eyes dim with anguish, and faltered brokenly:

"Oh, Sir Gabriel, have a little pity upon me! Do you think I do not know what he is?" The words came with something like indignation, anger, scorn. "Have I not got eyes, and ears, and a *heart*? Oh, if it could only turn to stone this moment! And has he not looked at me, and spoken to me, and told me he loved me? Has he not been kind, and gentle, and generous? Has he not . . . I *worship* him!"

The last words sprang forth, as it were, involuntarily, breathlessly. She looked at him for a moment with flashing eyes, her face transfigured with a beauty which startled him; her passionate fervor reduced him to silence. That Randolph loved her he wondered no longer. He approved from his heart of hearts.

"Therefore I will never marry him," she went on, and her voice had gained strength. "Tell him what you please; that I am a flirt and a jilt—only he will never believe it; but tell him I will never marry him. And if you knew why," she added, composedly, "you would not press me either."

"I do not know that," he said. "I see you are oppressed by what seems to you some very painful secret. But you know nothing of the world, my child. I must be a far better judge than you of what dots and what does not constitute an insuperable obstacle. Cannot you confide in me?"

"No, never, never! I know nothing of the world, as you say; but I know the difference between honor and dishonor. It is for your sake and his—not mine. Do I look as if I were enjoying it? Do I look happy? I know what I am doing. Believe that, and in pity's name leave me to my misery."

He felt that there was no further appeal. He could not be angry with her. He could not resent, though he had spoken quite advisedly when he said that with her answer Randolph's happiness must stand or fall. It would have to fall, but, somehow, the large-hearted old man could think at present only of this stricken girl—for he saw she was stricken—not of his own nearest and dearest.

"Then, my child, I must even leave you, though I feel my heart broken to have my errand end so badly. Good-bye, my love! I would fain have gone home feeling I had gained another child. I would gladly see my son married to a wife like you, if it could have been!"

Sir Gabriel's lips were quivering, as he took her hand, stooped, and gently kissed her forehead. She did not speak, she uttered not a syllable, but sat beside the table still, white as ever, with her hand drooping beside her. At the door, he turned back once again, and came to her, saying:

"Remember, you can never be indifferent to me. If ever I can serve you, let me know how, and it shall be done."

Then he went away, really, and she never moved. She heard the front door open, the horses' hoofs. Then they rode away, and she was alone, the fire burning low, the early January evening closing in dank and drear.

To her poignant anguish a great apathy had succeeded. She had spoken out her whole soul and life as she told Sir Gabriel, "*I worship him!*" The whole scene seemed to float away into the background, like some far-back, half-remembered dream. Everything was shadowy and unreal.

Still she sat alone, and her forehead never changed from its white stony composure, though it was almost dark, and it was a long time since Sir Gabriel had gone. She did not know that. She scarcely heard the door softly open and close, but she was conscious by-and-by that some one knelt down beside her—it was Judith, who had taken her drooping hand, and was speaking to her, in her deep, vibrating tones:

"Delphine, forgive me, but I cannot bear it any longer. What have I done that you should repel me thus? If your

heart breaks, let mine break with it. I ask nothing else. Let us be together, even if it is only in our wretchedness!"

The appeal came at the right moment. Earlier, it would have irritated. Later, it would have been useless. 'Just now, with her great renunciation just consummated, it was salvation; it enabled her to speak:

"Judith—you are all I have left."

"And you to me. I have lived with you these two hours, and suffered with you. Sir Gabriel is a kind old man, Delphine."

"Poor old man! Yes, very. He likes to see people happy. He wants me to be happy—he wants Randolph to be happy. The other night Randolph asked me to marry him, and I said no. To-day Sir Gabriel came and asked me to marry Randolph; and told me all about how good he was, and how good it would be—oh, Judith! how good it would be to be his wife!"

Her head fell upon her sister's neck. Judith knew better than to speak. There was a long silence, during which one suffered perhaps as keenly as the other.

"I said no," Delphine resumed, at last. "The worst is over now. I must try to go on as if it had not happened—only, Judith, you must promise me one thing."

"Anything that it is in my power to do, my child."

"Try to keep mamma from talking of it. I fear she will be angry, and I cannot bear it. To wrangle over it, would be like wrangling over the dead body of the person who was dearest to you."

Judith's brow darkened. There were moments when her large, grave beauty took an expression of kindling anger, and she was not one whose anger is as a summer cloud: it was not an anger to be smiled at.

"I have seen to that," she said. "There are limits to childish obedience. For your sake, Delphine, I have done what I never thought to do. My mother was angry. Sir Gabriel just came in and spoke to her. He said it was due to her to say that you had refused Mr. Danesdale, and that he could not oppose your decision. When he was gone, she wanted to know why. She said she must understand what you meant. I could

bear it no longer. I spoke : I told her why."

"You told her? But that is fearful!" said Delphine, in an awestruck whisper.

"It is fearful. But there was no alternative. I did not openly name the reason; I said it was for the same reason as that for which Uncle Aglionby had left his money to his grandson. She looked at me in a manner I shall never forget. It was I who felt the criminal; but you will not be tormented. . . . As for me, I shall soon go away from here. It is not fitting that she and I should be in the same house together, for she will not forgive me. She will forgive you, Delphine. Come and speak to her."

Delphine complied, without hesitation. It was Judith's turn to be left by herself—the strongest, and therefore the loneliest spirit under that roof.

CHAPTER XXX.

MARAH.

A SAD afternoon at the end of January. The scene was Mrs. Malleeson's pleasant drawing-room at Stanniforth Rectory. Stanniforth was an exceedingly large and desolate parish; it comprised Yoresett, and Scar Foot, and Danesdale, and many other offshoots and dependencies. Sparse was the population, though the extent was great, for in the words of the old chronicler, "Little corn groweth in Suadale;" and of Danesdale he says, "Daneshdale, and the soile abowt is very hilly, and berith little corne; but noriseth many bestes"—a description true to this day, to the very letter.

The house belonging to the old "paroch chirche for alle the aforesaid townes," was a large, pleasant, modern mansion. Mrs. Malleeson's drawing-room faced south, looking across a flower-garden, over some roughly-wooded "common land," to rugged gray fells. At this season of the year the sun set almost exactly opposite the windows of this room. He had been struggling all day to make a way through the clouds, without much success. Just now, however, he had riven the clouds asunder, and was casting an almost lurid glow of farewell splendor; of misty rays like a crown over the rugged ridges of

the fells. Indoors, it was not too light. The fire shone on the furniture and on the keys of the open piano. The two occupants of the room were Mrs. Malleeson and Judith Conisbrough, and they had been drinking four o'clock tea. Judith, who had taken off her hat and mantle, sat in the oriel window, in a low, chintz-covered chair. Her face was turned towards the sunset above the everlasting hills; and the departing rays caught it, and lit it up with a kind of halo, throwing out into full relief the strong, yet delicate features of her noble face, and showing forth more than usual both its sadness and its beauty.

Mrs. Malleeson, a little bright brunette, with quick, bird-like, graceful movements, looked, beside her visitor, like a robin beside some far-seeing royal bird. She sat behind her tea-table, and laid down the work which her ever-busy fingers had for a long time been plying—for she was an industrious little lady.

"I wish I could have an exact likeness of you as you sit now, Judith, with the sun shining upon your face. The picture would do beautifully for a painted window, if a ring were put round your head, and it was called St. Cecilia, or St. Theresa, or St. Elizabeth, or some of those grand women, you know."

"Very different from the reality, who is neither grand nor a saint, but who wishes very much that your husband would come in, dear Paulina."

"I cannot imagine what detains him, I am sure. He knew you were coming, because he made a special note of it, and he has taken such a deep interest in all this affair of yours. But he cannot be long now."

"And he would not tell you what he had found for me," said Judith, and Mrs. Malleeson repeated, not for the first time that afternoon:

"No, dear. It was about a week ago that he suddenly said, at breakfast time, 'I have it, I believe, at last.' And then I said, 'What have you, Laurence?' He answered, 'Some work that will suit Miss Conisbrough.' Not another word would he say to me; but when I asked him if it was anything to do with nursing, he answered mysteriously, 'Perhaps—perhaps not.' And that is all I know, except that yesterday he told me to write to you, and ask if you would call here,

as he was so busy, and didn't wish you to be delayed."

"I wonder what it is!" said Judith, resting her chin upon her hand, and still gazing out toward the hills and the setting sun.

"I hope it will be something you will not mind taking," said Mrs. Malleeson seriously. "Laurence is such a very matter-of-fact man, you know. He would be quite capable of thinking that when you said you would take *anything*, you meant it."

"Of course I meant it. I believe there is not any kind of honest work with head or hands that I would not gladly take, to get away from Yoresett."

"Well, let us hope— There he is!" said Mrs. Malleeson, as she heard the loud latch of the vestibule door lift and fall—"and some one with him. Excuse me, Judith. I'll send him to you here, and tell him to make short work with his business, or he'll have to walk home with you."

She skimmed out of the room, closing the door after her. Judith, again lost in the absorbing speculation, "What can it be?" fixed her eyes upon the now gray and deathly-looking sky, over which night was fast casting its mantle, nor noticed any outside sounds, until Mr. Malleeson's voice roused her.

The Reverend Laurence Malleeson was a favorable specimen of a broad church clergyman of the Church of England, on the Charles Kingsley lines.

He was some thirty-three or thirty-five years of age, and was dressed in a manner which would not have betrayed to any one his priestly vocation.

"Miss Conisbrough, I feel I have kept you waiting an unconscionable time," he began; "and I am very sorry for it. I can only say that I really could not help it, and trust to your good nature to excuse me."

"Pray do not mention it, Mr. Malleeson. I do not mind waiting if, as Mrs. Malleeson leads me to hope, you have a little work waiting for *me* at the end of the time."

"I was much puzzled by the circumstances of your case, I confess," he said.

"I agreed with my wife, that it was not everything that would do for you. I could soon have found you *something*. I could have got you a situation as nursery

governess, to take entire charge of three children, and teach them music, French, drawing, and English, at the handsome stipend of twenty-five pounds a year. Would you have taken that?"

"If there had been *nothing* else—yes. But I would rather have to do with grown-up people than with children."

"You spoke of nursing. Of course I could have recommended you to different institutions. But there was your 'lack of gold!'" (Mr. Malleeson spoke plainly, but with as keen an interest as if it were his own case he was describing and providing for, and Judith was far too much in earnest to care if he had been twice as explicit.)

"The most agreeable places as nurses," he went on, "are those where you go as what they call a 'lady probationer';" paying about a guinea a week for board, lodging, and practical instruction, until the medical board consider you qualified to take a nurse's place. But you had told me that you must go somewhere where you could earn, not pay money; where services, not a premium, were required."

"Yes."

"One morning I bethought myself quite suddenly of Dr. Hugh Wentworth, of Irkford. Did you ever hear of him?"

"No."

"He has a name, nevertheless. He is an old friend of mine. We were schoolfellows. He is a comparatively young man—about my age, in fact; but he has taken every degree that the medical profession has to give, and is member of I don't know how many scientific societies with long names. He is president of the Irkford Royal Infirmary, and his private practice might be of any extent he chooses. We used to be great friends, as lads. Lately, we have lost sight of one another. I knew him to be influential, and I believed him to be rarely good and wise; a man in a thousand. Well, I wrote to him, recalled myself to his memory, and asked him if he cared to do me a favor, as I thought he could. Promptly I had a reply. He remembered all about it, and was glad to hear of me again; and any favor that lay in his power, he would do me. I then wrote to him again. I told him about you. I gave him my impressions as to your character and capabilities. I

told him that what you wanted was *work*—that you were desirous to learn anything that you were set to do, and that whatever it might be, you were resolved to master it. I mentioned nursing, and said that your thoughts had turned toward it, not sentimentally—”

“ Ah, I am glad you said that !”

“ But as a career—as a practical calling. In short, I begged him, if he had any opening for a learner, and was likely to hear of any, to remember me and you. And he has done so.”

Mr. Malleeson smiled pleasantly, not adding that he had spoken of Judith to his friend in terms of praise, such as those who knew him as Dr. Wentworth did were well aware he rarely used ; that he had wound up his description of her by saying :

“ In short, she is one of those women who would fulfil old George Herbert's words—who would sweep a room, if she had it to sweep, to the glory of her God.”

“ He has done so ? Oh, Mr. Malleeson, what goodness, on both his part and yours ! And what does he say ?”

“ He says”—the rector drew a letter from his pocket—“ he says, ‘ The young lady you speak of, Miss Judith Conisbrough, appears to be a ’—h’m—h’m—‘ character who might be useful, if her energies were properly directed. Of course I know, as every medical man of large practice must, that hundreds, if not thousands of young women annually die, or go mad, or sink into hopeless querulousness or hysteric invalidism, simply because they have nothing to do in the world. Miss Conisbrough can come to Irkford if she chooses. I can find some work for her, but I beg you will explain to her that it is neither light, nor agreeable, nor well paid. No nurse's work is agreeable. It is seldom well paid. She will find the start, especially, most unpleasant. It would not be nursing, as I have no room at present for even a nurse or probationer. By-and-by there will be a vacancy. What I can give her is this. In the Nurses' Home, in which my wife and I take a great interest, there is a matron who wants an assistant. The assistant's duties would be chiefly of a domestic character at first, and pray do not delude Miss Conisbrough with the idea that they would be

in any way different from what domestic offices usually are. She would have various departments to look after—from the kitchen to the receiving of visitors if necessary, or if the matron were otherwise engaged. She can try it, if she likes. It will give her a thorough practical acquaintance with the arrangements of the house in which, should she ever become a nurse or a probationer, she would have to live. For her services in this capacity she would receive eighteen pounds a year. When an opening occurs, I will, if her conduct and capabilities have been satisfactory, give her the refusal of a probationer's place. I have had many applications for the place, but none which I consider quite suitable. I am inclined to think that your friend would do, since, from what you say, I gather that she is country born and bred ; that in tastes she is simple and frugal ; is physically strong and healthy, and in mind steadfast. Pray do not forget to impress upon her that the work is neither light nor agreeable ; or it may be that after five minutes' conversation with her, I may simply have to tell her to go home again. As soon as she decides, let me know. She may come as soon as she pleases ; she must come within the next ten days if she decides to come at all.”

“ Now what do you say ?” asked Mr. Malleeson. “ It is eighteen pounds a year, and work that is evidently neither delicate nor agreeable. The other is five and twenty pounds, and much less arduous work—”

“ Oh, I will take the Irkford one, please. The work cannot be too arduous for me. Oh, Mr. Malleeson, if you only knew what this is to me !”

It was with great difficulty that she refrained from bursting into tears of relief and joy. The tight strain at her heart seemed loosened. The awful tension—the blank unvaried hopelessness of her present and future had changed.

“ I am glad if it does please you. But you will forgive my saying—you must allow me, since I am your clergyman, and you are without father or brother—to say that it behoves you to think seriously and long before you take such a step—before you, a lady born and bred, leave your quiet home in this beautiful and healthy spot, to venture out

into a great city, where you will have onerous work which will have to be carried on in the vitiated air of the same city. Remember, you renounce your freedom, your independence; you bind yourself to absolute servitude, absolute obedience, and—"

"Yes, Mr. Malleson; I have reflected upon all those points. I can only say, that you do not know all the motives which prompt me to take this course. You and Mrs. Malleson have known me for some years now; have I ever behaved in a giddy, or unseemly, or irrational manner, during that time?"

"Never to my knowledge."

"And I am not doing so now. I have made no light decision. I came to it on my knees—through fasting and prayer—not from carelessness or love of variety."

"I will say no more. I trust you fully, and fully appreciate the earnestness of your purpose. It only grieves me to think that one at your age, and in your position, should feel it necessary to come to so stern and sad a decision."

"You are very kind. I have pitied myself often, in former times, but not now."

"I hope you have not been without consolation. It is often in such trials that the purest and truest consolation is given; indeed it is doubtful whether those who have not had hard and bitter trials, *can* know what inward peace means. There was a royal lady you know, once, whose crown was a crown of sorrows almost from the first day she wore it, and *she* said constantly:

"Who ne'er his bread with tears hath ate,
Who ne'er the night's drear watches
through,
Weeping beside his bed hath sate,
Ye heavenly powers, he knows not *you*."

"I know," said Judith. "But Queen Louisa was a braver and a better woman than I am; and in all her sorrows she had to work to do. I have sorrowed as she did. I have eaten my bread with tears, and wept on my bed the whole night long: but I have not found much consolation yet. This work, I trust, will help to bring it."

She rose, as did Mr. Malleson.

"You will not go without telling us, —you will see my wife and me again before you leave?"

"Surely; and I will say good-night to Paulina now. I must take my way home."

Mr. Malleson preceded her across the passage, threw open the door of a lighted room (for all the sunset had long been over, and darkness had descended); and Judith, entering and screening her eyes from the sudden glare, found herself face to face with her friend Mrs. Malleson, and with Bernard Aglionby, who had risen as she, Judith, came in, and who now stood looking at her.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LOVE AND WAR.

"OH, you are still here!" observed the clergyman to Aglionby. "Won't you stay and have some dinner with us, as it has got so late?"

"No, thank you," replied he, shaking hands with Judith, though neither he nor she spoke. "I heard from Mrs. Malleson that Miss Conisbrough was here, and would be walking home, so I sent my horse on to Yoresett, and remained here to escort her, if she will allow me to do so."

"Oh! I think there is no need," began Judith.

"My dear, there is!" said Mrs. Malleson decidedly; "and, to please me, you will accept Mr. Aglionby's escort. Indeed, I will not invite him to dinner; and as he will be obliged to walk to Yoresett, that settles the question."

"Yes, I think it does," said Judith rather gravely. "I am only sorry that Mr. Aglionby should have put himself to such inconvenience."

To this Aglionby made no reply. He had not spoken to her at all. They had all moved toward the hall.

"Are you well wrapped up for the walk, Judith? Won't you have an extra shawl?" asked her friend.

"No, thank you. I walk quickly. Good-night, Paulina. Your husband will tell you all about it. And good-night, Mr. Malleson. *I thank you*," she said, with emphasis, looking earnestly into his face. "You know what that means, with me."

Husband and wife accompanied them to the hall, opened the door for them, and they stepped out into the mirk.

"Bitter chill it was."

The door—that hospitable door—was closed after them. It had been thawing during the day, but was now freezing hard. The sky had cleared, and the stars were appearing. Judith's heart was beating fast. However calm and uneventful her outside life might have been, her inner one had been filled with deep and varied emotions. The interview she had just concluded had been to her a solemn one; it had stirred her spirit to its depths. She had expected a long walk home alone in the dark, and had promised herself that in its course she would reflect upon all that had passed; would smooth out the tangled web of conflicting feelings, and plan how best to break her decision to those at home. She felt that she needed this interval: needed this spell of quiet meditation. Now, behold, it was denied her. She was not to be alone. Another was to be her companion: one from whom in spirit she indeed never strayed far, but of whom the shadowy spiritual presence was, compared with the actual bodily one, exactly "as moonlight is to sunlight, and as water is to wine." How could she think, how ponder, how become at one with herself, with Bernard Aglionby at her side? She gave it up at once, thinking, with a kind of moral recklessness which of late had been a frequent visitant with her:

"What does it matter? Soon it will *all* be at an end. What difference can one pang more make—one other straw? Let him come! I shall get through it somehow."

But as they paced silently down the Rectory drive, she began to realize that she had never really conquered him, never induced him to submit to her behests except in so far as words—promises—went. He was like the young man of the parable, who said, "I go, sir," but went not. This was the second time he had disobeyed the spirit, if not the letter, of what she required of him. She knew that it was not done innocently or unconsciously. She knew that he was quite aware of his disobedience, and that he did it deliberately and advisedly. It was very wrong of him, with Lizzie Vane in the background on his side, and with, on her side, far worse things than a Lizzie Vane, and things which *must* not be nearly approached.

Very wrong; she could in nowise palliate or approve of it; she felt that she ought to rebuke it, and even while conning over in her mind the best way in which to begin the rebuke, she was conscious of a wild, unlicensed pleasure, on her own part, at the occurrence.

"There is no moon, is there?" were the words which roused her when they had proceeded for some little distance along the road to Yoresett.

"No; but it is clear, and the stars are bright. Otherwise, this is a dark, lonely road."

"It is," he answered, with considerable emphasis. "It is no road on which for you to be alone at such an hour. I could scarcely believe Mrs. Malleeson when she told me you had got to walk home, and that without an escort."

"That shows plainly that you have a great deal yet to learn about country habits."

"I hope so, if that is one of them; but—"

"Are you going this way?" said Judith, pausing as he made for a narrow lane on the right. "If we go this way we have to cross the river, and there is no bridge, you know, only the stepping-stones."

"Well, are you afraid? I thought you were boasting of your country habits. It is starlight; it is not *quite* the end of daylight yet. 'Th' hipping-stanes,' as they call them here, are solid, high, and dry; and my hand is a firm one, I assure you."

Judith said nothing, but followed him down the lane into a road which ran through the bottom of the valley, beside the river for some little distance, till, where it was broad and shallow, a long line of stepping-stones led across it to the other side. It was a weird-looking spot, hardly tempting to one not used to such roads and such "short-cuts." Just below the stepping-stones, too, was a ford, and a dangerous ford, since to deviate but a few feet from its course meant—and had proved—certain death to horse and man, by reason of a horrible, deep hole shelving suddenly down, deep enough to bury completely, as it had done more than once, horse, driver, and vehicle. Between the "hipping-stanes," toward this grizzly trap, the water rushed gurgling along; the bed of

the river was too shallow and broken, the motion too incessant, for the water to freeze. Judith paused as they stood by the first stepping-stone, while, after one or two of the others, the remainder faded and vanished, and the opposite bank of the stream was not discernible.

"It looks—I never crossed them at such an hour, or when it was so dark—" she began.

"Are you afraid to trust yourself on them—with me? Do you imagine that I should not share any accident which might befall you?"

He offered her his hand, and again struck dumb, as it were, Judith put hers in it, and allowed him to lead her whither he would. The crossing of the stepping-stones was a slow one, but it was accomplished in safety and in silence. They traversed, silently also, the little lane at the other side, which led them to the high-road to Yoresett, and when they were once more there, and slowly walking through a little dark wood on either side the wall, Aglionby began slowly:

"Mrs. Malleeson tells me that you think of leaving Yoresett."

"Yes. That is, I have wished to leave Yoresett for a long time. Now I have quite decided to do so, because Mr. Malleeson has been kind enough to use his interest with a friend to get me something to do."

"Ah! I do not know that such things always *are* kind. Mrs. Malleeson said she was jealous of you," he added, with a forced laugh, "for that you and her husband had secrets."

"In other words, you asked her where I was going, and what I was going to do, and she could not tell you."

"Quite true, though you put it in as disagreeable a manner as you can. You consider my natural interest in your movements to be impertinent."

"I never said so. I only know that, considering what it was that Mr. Malleeson had to say to me, he did perfectly right not to speak of it to any one until he had seen me."

"Forgive me; but is it allowable to ask what the work is which is to take you away from Yoresett—a fact which appears to cause you much rejoicing?"

"Oh, quite. I have no wish now to

make any secret of it. I was too happy when Mr. Malleeson told me of it."

"Is it something so delightful? You certainly try my patience to the utmost; but perhaps my assurance in asking merits some such punishment."

"Not at all. I am going to live at Irkford."

"At Irkford!" First there was a ring of astonishment, then one of irrepressible pleasure, in his tones. "So am I."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"But may I not know what you are going to do at Irkford?"

She told him, briefly enough, and concluded:

"So you see, I shall begin at the beginning, and who knows where I shall end? I am vain enough to fancy that some time I may rise quite high—to the position of matron, or lady-superintendent—who knows?"

He had let her give her account of her future life and duties without uttering a word of interruption. He had heard her out, even to the utterance of the ambitious dream of the last sentence, and then he said, quite composedly:

"I am surprised at Mr. Malleeson proposing such a monstrous thing to you, even in a jest. I fancied he had more sense. He must have known how utterly impossible it was for you to accept it. Really, it was almost insulting to you. But I suppose he was trying you."

"You are strangely mistaken. I have Dr. Wentworth's address in my purse, and shall write to him to-night and propose to go to him in a week from now."

"You are jesting," he said; and still he spoke composedly, though not so quietly as at first.

"I never was in more solemn and steadfast earnest in my life."

Another pause.

They walked on side by side, and Judith imagined that he had dismissed the subject from his mind, as not concerning him—as a wilful woman's whim. Suddenly she was startled by hearing him say, in a voice which she hardly recognized:

"You must not; you shall not! I will not have it!"

His voice quivered uncontrollably.

Judith caught her breath : her heart gave a great bound ; at the same instant conscience cried, loudly and imperatively : " That is wrong ! stop it at once ! "

" You must be dreaming, Mr. Aglionby, to speak to me in such a manner," she said coldly.

And that was all that resolution could at first summon to the assistance of conscience. When the head is sick, and the limbs fail, it is hard to march onward with unchanged front.

" Dreaming, am I ? " he said, with a short, angry laugh. " I wish to heaven I could think I was ! "

They were passing a small lonely farm by the wayside. A bright light shone from one of the windows. He stopped abruptly, and Judith stopped too, as if she had been a part of himself.

" Look at me ! " he bade her, in a voice choked with anger and sorrow. " Look at me, and tell me again, *if you can*, that you intend to do this thing. "

" Assuredly, I am resolved to do it, " she answered, raising her eyes to his face, and speaking steadily, coldly, decidedly.

She could, however, scarce endure to encounter the glance she met ; it was so wrathful, and withal so woebegone—nor to contemplate his countenance, so pale was it, so transfigured.

" I intend it ! " she repeated, averting her eyes, and speaking with desperate haste. " And more than that, I look forward to it as my salvation, as to a deliverer from a life which I loathe, and from a burden which has grown greater than I can bear. "

" *It must not be !* " said he, in a passionate whisper. " Judith, it must not be. You must give this up—indeed you must. "

" I quite fail to see why . . . and indeed, I beg you will not enter into your reasons, " she added hastily, seeing he was about to speak. " My mind is made up, and *you* can have no possible right to meddle in the matter. "

She spoke ever more decidedly, but thrilled as she remembered that once or twice already she had made up her mind, without Aglionby's having been much affected by that fact.

" You have treated me hardly from the very first, " he said, and they were

still standing in the road, speaking in low, vehement tones. " You have exacted from me submission in things where most men would have refused to yield it. You have forbidden me to enter your house, to be on friendly terms with you, to do the barest justice to your mother, or your sisters, or yourself. Justice ! You refuse to allow me to attempt even any palliation of the manner in which they have been treated. You have already extracted from my inheritance every grain of pleasure which it would have given me, and now, to crown all, you turn upon me, and coolly inform me that you—*you*, to save whom from a moment's uneasiness I would give all that I am worth— "

" You have no right to say that to me, " said Judith proudly.

" My wrongs give me a right to say that—and more than that. To crown all, I say, you inform me that you are going to undertake a task which would make a strong man recoil—to be a servant among servants, until this doctor, who might be a pope in whom you placed implicit reliance, sees fit in his good pleasure to order you to go to a hospital, and immolate yourself within its walls, among horrors of every kind—among loathsome wounds, small-pox, fever, perhaps. If they order you to go and nurse a man down with black typhus, you must do it—can you deny it ? "

" Deny it—no ! Why should I ? "

" All this, and all sorts of nameless horrors besides. Any day you may take some horrible disease and die of it. God ! it makes my brain reel, only to imagine it ! I wish I could have choked Malleston before he ever wrote his disgraceful letter to this cursed doctor ! "

Judith had moved on, too agitated, too overpowered and excited to stand still. She had forgotten by now that it was wrong in him to address her thus. She felt only the strong, overpowering joy of finding herself first and foremost in his heart—indubitably, undeniably first.

" And you expect me still tamely to submit to such a proceeding ? " he continued vehemently. " What do you take me for ? A spaniel ? A calf ? A fool ? You in such a condition : a woman like you ! You must be mad—mad, perfectly mad ! And Malleston— "

He stopped.

She was hurrying onward, her hands clasped, her head bent, her heart beating tumultuously, as she heard his hot, rapid words. What was she to do? What to say? She could not stop to consider many alternatives, if they had existed. One thing only remained clear to her mind; she saw it, and strove toward it, as it were; it was all that she could discern through the tide of emotion which threatened to sweep her away on its rushing waves—and that one thing was the conviction that she must carry out her purpose. Not for a second must she entertain the idea of giving it up. She must answer no arguments, notice no sidelights, no incidental modifications of the case, but hold to the one thing, and it would bring her through the peril she was in.

"Do they know—your mother and sisters?" he asked, in a changed, yet eager tone.

"Not yet. They will when I go in. They know I am going away as soon as I hear of employment."

"Then, as they do not yet know that you have heard of it, your giving it up can be no disappointment to them. Listen to me! Promise me to give it up, to say nothing to your mother and sisters; and when we get to Yoresett, I will ride back to the Rectory, and tell Malleson that you have changed your mind, and do not wish him to take any further steps in the matter."

"Mr. Aglionby, *you* are dreaming now. I shall do nothing of the kind, for I am quite determined to go to Irkford."

"One moment," he said, with forced calm, the nightmare-vision growing every moment more vivid and more horrible, of his queenly Judith becoming, as he had said, "a servant among servants;" and later exposed to all the horrors and all the dangers of life in a great hospital. It did more than wring his heart; it set his brain on fire, so that he felt scarce master of himself.

"One moment! You force me to take a tone which I am sufficiently ashamed of, but what else is left me? After all I have done in the hope of pleasing you—which in itself is nothing, would be too paltry to mention—but after my sacrifices to please you, surely

you will not be ungenerous enough to refuse this little favor to me? It is but a small thing I ask—for you to wait just a little while till something else is found—something, if you *will* wear the yoke, of a more human, less crushing kind than this. Now, you *cannot* refuse me this."

In Aglionby's voice was entreaty of the tenderest and most persuasive nature.

"You ask impossibilities—you do not know what you say. I *must* go through with it," said Judith, a sob in her voice, her heart like melted wax within her.

A short pause.

"But I cannot endure everything," then said Aglionby, with constraint. "There are things which no man with a man's spirit can brook, and one of them is to see a woman whom he lo—, whom he reverences as I reverence you, turned into a beast of burden, a servant, a drudge, while he stands by, without having moved heaven and earth to prevent it. But there is no need for me to do that. You must remember that hitherto I have submitted to your will, and respected your prohibitions. This, however, passes human endurance. You cannot prevent me from seeing Mrs. Conisbrough, and trying whether she is equally hard and implacable as her daughter. I do not believe it, for my part. I do not believe she will treat me as you have done. *She* will not resent and be angry for ever, and if you persist—"

Judith turned cold and faint as she heard these words. The possibility of his proceeding to this extremity had never occurred to her, simple and natural though it was. It must not be done. She herself found it almost impossible to withstand the torrent of Aglionby's will. Her mother would succumb to it at once, and then the shame, and the intolerable degradation which would result!

"Mr. Aglionby, you must not see mamma!" she almost panted. "You promise me—oh, you must not break your promise!"

"Am I to promise everything, and you nothing? All I ask is that you will yield to me a little. I *must* see Mrs. Conisbrough. I believe I have been very wrong in not doing so before.

After all, she is the head of her own house. She, and not her child, possesses the authority to decide whether—"

"Mr. Aglionby—Bernard—oh, *please*, for the love of heaven, do not do this, unless you wish to kill me!" she cried, suddenly clinging with both hands to his arm, and standing quite still again in the darkness.

Aglionby felt a thrill of joy so keen as to be agony, as he felt the clasp of her hands upon his arm, and heard the beseeching accents of her voice. It was very dark; he could barely discern the dark outline of her figure close beside him, but he could hear her voice, broken and deep, imploring him with passion and with the accents in which, not hatred, but love, entreats a boon. These notes were not in the sweetest of all love's keys, but they were in *one* of love's keys—the only one in which he might hear her voice address him. It was better than silence—he could not forego the delight of it yet. Let her plead! since neither he nor she might rejoice.

"I wish to kill you!" he retorted breathlessly. "That is a cruel taunt indeed. What have I been doing but trying to prevent your killing yourself by inches—entombing yourself! *You* are obstinate, I perceive; but from your very voice I gather that your mother will not be so. I shall see her and ask her to be reconciled with me."

"Bernard, *dear* Bernard! I *implore* you—I implore you!"

Her voice broke. She was still clinging to his arm, trembling violently, as he perceived. The chill January night air had become as balmy to him as scented southern gales. The profound sky, the watching stars, the stillness, the voice ringing in his ears, intoxicated him. He took her hands; he folded his arm about her, and said, and his voice, too, was broken:

"My child, I believe I can refuse you nothing, though you should break my heart! What is this thing you implore?"

"The freedom to do what gives me the least pain in my wretched life. Do not speak to my mother! Be generous—you *are* generous. Can you not trust me? Can you not credit me with having good reasons for what I do? Some day, perhaps, I can tell you; some day,

when we are old—if I am so unhappy as to live to be old. And when I tell you, you will say I was—I was right."

She sobbed uncontrollably. Aglionby could not speak. She tried to turn away. From old habit, she would have shed her tears, borne her grief, alone and unsupported, but he would not let her. Because henceforth they were to be parted, through this crisis he would support her—in it he would console her; and he clasped his arm yet more closely about her; while she, feeling little save that he had yielded, rested her racked and throbbing forehead upon his shoulder, and wept tears which were not altogether those of bitterness.

He raised his hand at last, and stroked her cheek with it as one would stroke the cheek of a grieved child. She raised herself, and stood upright.

"You have the best of all things—strength," she said; "as you are strong, so you will be generous, *I know*," and carried the hand which had taken hers to her lips.

"And the reward of this generosity—is it the same which poor virtue gets?" he asked almost in a whisper.

"What reward can a poor wretch like me give you? What can I do, except worship you with all my heart, and think you the first of men, as long as I live?"

Aglionby was silent, though his heart was on fire. Every fibre of his nature was appealed to—his love, and his wild desire to keep her his, as well as his chivalry and generosity. He said nothing; if he had spoken, it must have been to call her his heart's delight, and tell her than he could never let her go again. In silence he conquered, and came through the ordeal honest—but not unscathed. It was one of the furnaces seven times heated, which yet are prepared for men and women to pass through; but from which the angels are gone who once attended to see that those who suffered came through unhurt. The crowd is greater and more ribald; freer than ever to hoot and jeer at a stumble or a faltering step; the flames are eager, as of yore, to lick up those who retreat. Some come through, fire-branded for the rest of their days; but, such is the mystery of anguish, purified too, cleansed as Prosperity and Success never cleanse their children.

He presently drew Judith's arm through his own, and in silence they pursued their way. She was utterly exhausted by the war of emotions which had shaken her, and could scarce put one foot before the other. They met hardly a soul, but walked on along the lonesome country roads like creatures in a dream-world ; almost as much alone too, until they arrived in Yoresett, as if the rest of the universe had been struck dead around them. He accompanied her to her mother's door, and they paused on the steps. The flickering light hanging from the market-cross opposite fell upon both faces, showing them, with moderate clearness the one to the other. Both were pale and changed. He stood a step or two lower than she did, and took her hand.

"Have I satisfied you?" he asked, in a low voice. "Tell me the truth ; remember, it has to last me all my life. Are you satisfied with me?"

"Perfectly, utterly, and entirely. Can you find any words to express more than 'perfectly'? If so, they express my satisfaction. But not one exists to describe my gratitude to you."

"In the time that is coming for me, I shall suffer," he said. "You will not be alone in that ; my sufferings will seem hard, to me, at least. Will you promise that when you are attending patients in hospital wards, and feeling compunction for their sufferings—as I know you will—will you then think of me—alone, wherever I am, and whoever may be with me, and remember that I suffer from a disease as hard to cure as any of theirs, and give a little of your pity to me, Judith?"

"Do not ask me to pity you. I shall think of you daily till I die ; but how can I pity you ? You are so strong, and so far above me. I could not pity you any more than I could pity my guardian angel."

"Well, I know that you will not forget me. Therefore I say, may your path be made smoother for you ; and fare you well !"

"God bless you !" was her sole response.

With a last long look at her, from eyes which were full of grief and full of melancholy, he turned away. Judith

pulled the bell, and was admitted into the house.

With a vast effort she composed herself so as to join her mother and sisters at tea, when she told them what Mr. Malleson had offered her and that she had accepted it ; upon which information no comments were passed. But as soon as the meal was over she went to her own room, where, cold though it was, she could be alone. There she was free to begin the meditations which should have beguiled her homeward way. Fresh elements made themselves felt in her calculations ; new factors appeared in her sum of events.

Was it a victory she had gained, or was it a deliverance through unbounded generosity ? The last, the last, she told herself, with tears of joy which streamed down her face in the darkness. She had fought her fight, and she had been conquered ; she had measured her will against that of Aglionby, and had very soon been reduced to falling on her knees and crying "Quarter !" Had it been otherwise she would not have felt as she did now—would have been destitute of that sensation of calm, assured repose in a superior strength which outweighs the feverish joys of a hundred victories, to souls like hers, at least.

She had an exceeding great reward in the knowledge that not only was he stronger than she was, but that he was also good, gentle, chivalrous. She was calm, she was free from torturing accusations of conscience. Her heart was sadder and gladder too, than it ever had been before. Her path was yet rough, her future sad, but she had found one who was strong and generous, high-souled and pitiful ; and this one had seen her too, and had found in her such harmony with his own soul that he loved her. Their love was to be discrowned ; that in the exaltation of this moment seemed to her a matter of small consequence. What she knew was so full and so satisfying. Her fears were laid to rest. He also had renounced, and she at last felt the most entire confidence in his renunciation. She no longer needed to deny even to herself that she loved him, or to blush guiltily when the knowledge of her love rushed upon and overwhelmed her. There was

now no sin and no selfishness in her love. The great peace which follows on the accomplishment of a pure and holy sacrifice was hers; the consolation which Mr. Malleon had wished for her she had received, and in her heart just then was the peace which passeth understanding.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"HER FEET ARE ON THE MOUNTAINS."

"Et après tout, le rêve, n'est-il pas le pain quotidien de l'existence? La vie, n'est-elle pas l'espérance sans cesse renouvelée du moment qui va suivre? Chaque instant du jour, n'est-il pas une attente, un espoir, un souhait, une fiction? Dépouillez la réalité de cette efflorescence, de cette végétation . . . et voyez ce qu'il en reste! La réalité n'est que le prétexte de la vie. Ce qui est n'est que la pierre étroite sur laquelle nous mettons le pied pour nous élançer vers ce qui n'est pas."

LES ETANGS.

DURING some fiery moments, in which soul had been lifted above sense, in which self-abnegation had risen supreme, Aglionby had made his "great renunciation," and had experienced at the time all the exalted joy which such renunciations bring to those who consummate them. In this walk of an hour with Judith Conisbrough, he, like her, had lived through emotion enough to last him for years; at least, it is very certain that life, if constantly distracted by such emotions, could not be carried on; this poor imperfect frame, this godlike reason, would succumb under an uninterrupted succession of such excitements. This is so trite as to be a truism. Yet it is a truism we are apt to dispute when the days have to be lived through which follow—as in Aglionby's case they did—upon the few moments, or hours, or days, as the case may be, of intense, highly-strung, mental life: days so gray, so blank and drear, they are like some bare and solitary rock in a northern ocean.

Through such days he had to pass; for a long, blank, uneventful winter followed upon that night of feverish hope and anguish, love and longing and renunciation. He went home and stayed there, and people said how very quiet he was, and how little he cared for any society—except, they added, with surprise, that of Randulf Danesdale. The two men were so utterly dissimilar, said

these discerning critics, in tastes, habits, and dispositions, that it was quite marvellous they should have become such sworn allies. So it was, however; like or unlike, they were almost inseparable.

The simple fact was that each knew the other's heart. There was something so inwardly similar in their lots, that this likeness alone must have drawn them together; not that any effusive interchange of sentiment, or exchange of confidences, had taken place between them. They had never touched openly on the subjects which lay nearest their hearts. But by bit and bit, over a pipe at this time, during some long dark ride on another occasion, in Bernard's snugger, or in Randulf's den, they had got pretty clearly to understand what were each other's chiefest hopes and fears, desires or regrets. Randulf knew now that Aglionby's marriage was simply a matter of honor on his side, as to the necessity for consummating which not a doubt had ever entered his mind. Nor had it ever occurred to Randulf to think that there was any way out of it for his friend; they were gentlemen, therefore such a possibility was out of the sphere of their thoughts. That Aglionby was to marry Lizzie Vane, and do all in his power to make her life delightful to her, "understood itself" with both of them, without their ever saying to themselves, "*noblesse oblige*." Aglionby had never in so many words told Danesdale that he loved Judith Conisbrough, but the other guessed it from a thousand slight signs and tokens, which perhaps could not have been read save by a man who was himself in love. He had first felt certain on the point one day in the middle of February, when, sitting with Aglionby over their pipes, he had casually remarked:

"By the way, I happened to be at Hawes station yesterday morning, by a strange chance, and I saw Miss Conisbrough and her sisters. They were seeing her off to Irkford; she is going to live there, Rhoda told me."

There was a very long pause before Bernard at length lifted his eyes to his friend's face, and said slowly:

"Yes, I knew she was going; I did not know when."

Something in eyes and voice told

Randulf that her going was no small trouble to Aglionby.

Randulf, for his part, had spoken more openly to Bernard of his troubles and intentions.

"Of course I've given her up for ever," he said. "A girl may refuse the man she cares for from a thousand reasons; but she would not have held out against my father as she did, unless she had been in deadly earnest."

"No."

"My father has been goodness itself about it. Not one man in a thousand would have behaved as he has done. He wants me more than anything to get married. I know he is miserable until there are, at any rate, one or two small Danesdales to insure a succession. But he told me—though I know for a fact, you know, that this thing lies nearer to his heart than anything else—he told me, 'Don't marry to please me. Wait five years, if you choose. I shall say nothing.' Of course," continued Randulf, with his slowest drawl, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe, "I shall not wait five years—not I! I'll let the worst get over, and then I must look out for a Mrs. Danesdale—a sophisticated young woman, you know, up to everything, who won't care much for me, nor yet expect me to care much for her. One outlives everything, if only one stays above ground long enough. I foresee myself a decent old Philistine, with a stately Philistiness as my consort, and irreproachably well-brought-up daughters coming out at country balls; but"—his mouth twitched—"never one of them all will make me feel as I felt at the bare sight of my little broken-hearted Delphine."

"Feeling like that has got nothing to do with being married," said Aglionby composedly. "But, as you say, only keep above ground long enough, and you may calculate on getting not to care, at any rate."

Adversity did not make Aglionby altogether fuller of sweetness and light than he had been of yore. He told himself, when he thought about it at all, that he was born a crabbed, sour creature, destined to live alone; that he had been too heavily handicapped to go in and win, when the one chance came to him of mating with a spirit which would

have softened and made him better. All he could do, had been to glance in at the open gate, to behold the radiant courts of harmony and love, and the soft sunshine within; and then, ere he had had time to stretch his hand toward it all, or to put his foot forward, the gates had been closed again, and he was left shivering outside in the darkness and cold. He retired to his crustiness and abruptness, as a snail to his shell. He showed to Randulf Danesdale alone another side of his nature. For the rest, he did his duties; attended to the social tasks which were set him, all with a sardonic coolness peculiar to himself. Randulf Danesdale did the same. No one could say of them that they absented themselves from the gatherings of their fellow-creatures to which they were bidden. What was said, and that unanimously, was, that they were the most disappointing young men ever known. Mr. Aglionby, it was remarked, had a way of turning the most harmless and amiable feelings into ridicule, and displayed a readiness to see the worst side of things, to look for the meanest motives behind the most innocent actions, and to shrug his shoulders when sinners were found out, in a way that was most painful to sensitive feelings; while Randulf Danesdale did not appear to have any interest in anything, or if he did talk, he talked in a way that no one could understand.

Mrs. Bryce was still at Scar Foot. More than once she had suggested leaving, and still her nephew begged her to remain, if she did not find it too dull. After all, he had not had a stick or a straw altered at the old house. He had reminded himself that Lizzie would never of her own free will come to it, and why, if the furniture pleased him as it was, should he make a great upsetting just because it was usual to upset things on the occasion of one's marriage? He left it. Once or twice his aunt asked him if he did not think of going to Irkford, to which he replied:

"Oh, I shall be running over some time soon, but Lizzie was to send for me if she wanted me; and indeed, she gives me broad hints that when a trousseau is preparing, a man is rather in the way than otherwise."

With which explanation Mrs. Bryce

had to be satisfied. She too knew perfectly well now that Bernard's heart was not in his marriage. She too shrugged her shoulders and said within herself:

"What a pity! But of course he must go through with it."

Thus he remained at Scar Foot, and watched the winter work out its course; and felt the first breath of spring blow over the earth; and saw her gradual awakening from her winter sleep—the trees and bushes taking a first faint hue of green; the skies growing bluer, the days longer; the airs blowing more rejoicingly; the seedtime on the farm lands. He watched the ploughman, in the few places where corn was grown—for "little corne groweth in Danesdale"—the patient horses toiling in the furrow; the clank of the plough, the rattle of the harrow, the long ridges; the rich hue of the mould as it fell from the sharp plough; the man's voice calling in broad Swaledale dialect to his horses.

He beheld (what he had never seen before) the first spring flowers pushing their way upward to return the smile of the sun, and the kiss of the westerly breezes. To him it was all miraculous, for he beheld it for the first time. Each flower was a wonder to him, nor did he soon forget how one day he had found himself standing beside glorious Stanniforth Force, hurling itself tumultuously over its rocks, while all the banks were a waste, a rioting wilderness of primrose and cowslip, and fair anemone, and dainty little pink primulas dotted the marshy spots.

Aglionby would have laughed aloud had any one suggested that he was a poet; yet, why, if he were not a poet, did he feel then as if he must shout aloud with the rejoicing waterfall, or fall down and bury himself in those dewy banks of spring flowers?

He watched, as country folk on their part will watch the garish scenes of a theatre, so he spied out how the feet of the spring gradually stole over the mountains, and how, as she advanced, the leaping becks sprang forth to salute her, and, swollen with melted snow, leaped like melted snow themselves, from steep to steep, shouting with joy.

Though he could wonder and wonder for ever, he could but half rejoice, for where was she who had loved these hills

and vales—as he well knew—who had loved beyond all this very "fair Scar Foot?"

Did those eyes of hers turn sometimes with wistful, hungry longing toward the north? Did her feet, as they paced the dingy flags, weary for the springing turf? And when her head ached in the heavy city air, did she not remember the scented breezes that played about the old house beneath the Scar? Did she recall the "fields bedewed" which surrounded it, and in which he was free to wander?

One day in the middle of April, as he rode out of the courtyard into the road, he saw Rhoda Conisbrough alone, with a basket on her arm. She was walking lingeringly past, gazing with all her eyes at what was to be seen of the house, the orchard, and farm-buildings. When she saw him she started, blushed guiltily, and hastened her pace. Aglionby dismounted in haste, raised his cap and held out his hand.

"Miss Conisbrough! This is a surprise! Were you coming to Scar Foot?"

"To Scar Foot—no! I'm going to Mereside to find some particular moss for Delphine to paint, so I looked in—that was all. You need not think I was going to trespass," she added with a look of defiance.

"I wish you had been," he said wistfully; "never would trespasser have been so welcome. Since you have come so far, at least step in and rest. Let my aunt entertain you."

"No, I must not," said Rhoda, shaking her head. "But would you really like me to? Would you wish me to enter Scar Foot?"

"More than anything—but there, I must not press you; I know it is against orders. How is Mrs. Conisbrough?"

"Pretty well, thank you."

"And your sisters?"

"Delphine is pretty well too."

"And Miss Conisbrough? You have good accounts of her, I hope?"

"Oh, I suppose so. She has begun to nurse in the hospital, and, as she does not like it, it made her very ill at first; but she is getting over it. Is something the matter with you?"

"N-no, thank you. I hope nothing serious was the matter with her?"

"Oh, no! Something that they call

hospital sore-throat, I think. Very horrid, but not dangerous, I fancy. They say they all have it."

"Horrible! Did she not come home to be nursed?"

"Judith come home! Oh, dear no!"

"Listen, Miss Conisbrough. At the end of this month I am going away from Scar Foot. I am going to be married, and as my future wife dislikes the country exceedingly—"

"What extraordinary tastes she must have!"

"I do not know when I shall return. Not for a long time, at any rate. Now, seeing that I shall be away, and cannot possibly annoy you by my presence, do you not think you could persuade yourselves to come to Scar Foot now and then, when you wanted such a walk, and—"

"I should have to come alone, then. Delphine told me that neither she nor Judith ever meant to enter Scar Foot again. I don't know what their reasons may be, I'm sure, but that is what they said. Everything is very stupid—so dismal and mysterious. No, I think I won't promise, Mr. Aglionby; but I see you would not object if I did come."

"I should feel as if a ban had been lifted from my house and me," he said.

"It is well you are going to be married," observed Rhoda composedly, "for they say there is an old legend that it is dangerous to live alone at Scar Foot."

"I have found it so," he replied. And she inclined her head to him, and passed on. Aglionby, as he rode away, wondered how much longer he could endure this sort of thing.

On various pretexts, Lizzie had deferred the date of their marriage till the middle of May. But the day after his interview with Rhoda, the newspapers brought the announcement that Parliament was to be dissolved in a week. The Government, unable to carry one or two of their favorite measures, had resolved to appeal to the country.

The news acted like magic upon Aglionby's mood. It brought back in a great measure his old eager political bias; his ardor and *verve*, and zeal for the Liberal cause. Above all, it offered him something to do, something with

which to occupy himself during that dreary month of waiting which had yet to elapse before his still more dreary wedding could come off, and his married life, dreariest of all, should commence. Long ago—last year, before the great meeting in October had come off—he and others had agreed, in the event of a general election, to canvass certain districts, and to do their utmost to help forward the cause. What reason was there why he should not even now be as good as his word? He could not merely canvass now, he could help with money. He would revisit his old friends of the *Irkford Daily Chronicle*, and offer his services. His decision was soon taken.

The very idea of sitting inactive at Scar Foot, while all the life and fight and din of battle were going on, was impossible. One fine morning, after recommending Mrs. Bryce to enjoy herself in whatsoever manner seemed good unto her, he drove to Hawes, and took the train from that place to Irkford.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

UNAWARES.

HE arrived at Irkford toward the middle of the afternoon, and drove to the office of his old friend the *Irkford Daily Chronicle*. A few words served to explain his changed position, and to make it clear that he desired to offer his money and services to the cause.

Needless to say, that both were rapturously accepted. Aglionby had an interview with the editor, who remembered his letters, signed "Pride of Science," perfectly, and would be delighted to receive more communications from the same able pen. There was a discussion on ways and means, and as such vigorous help as Bernard's was particularly welcome in the "throng" of work which had so suddenly overtaken the staff of the *Chronicle*, he was let into all the secrets of the plan of the campaign, promised to go and dine with the editor at his club at half-past seven that night, and then, saying *au revoir*, he departed.

"Where to, sir?" asked the cabman, who had been waiting for him.

"Crane Street—or, stop! Do you know the Nurses' Home, Fence Street?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, drive slowly past it, and then

get on as fast as you like to 13 Crane Street."

He had always known vaguely where the Nurses' Home was; that is, he had passed and repassed it scores and hundreds of times, almost, without noticing its existence.

It did not take long to get to Fence Street, where the driver began to slacken his pace. The Nurses' Home was almost opposite to his old prisonhouse, the warehouse of Messrs. Jenkinson, Sharpe, and Co. There was little about it to distinguish it from the other buildings in the street, which, noisy and dirty as it now was, had in former days been one of the aristocratic quarters of the town, as was testified by the numerous large, handsome, and massively-built houses which at one end formed a kind of square round a black, hideous, and melancholy church.

Many of these houses were the town residences or consulting-rooms of doctors; on one of the brass door-plates was the inscription, "Dr. Hugh Wentworth." Next door to this was the Nurses' Home, a similar but rather larger house, with very clean steps and brightly-polished windows. Not a face or a form was discernible at any of them. The cabman walked his horse slowly past the house, and then, whipping it up, Bernard was hurried toward the rapturous moment when he should meet his betrothed.

His colloquy with the editor and sub-editor of the *Chronicle* had taken up some time. It was evening, fully half-past six, though of course broad daylight, when he arrived at 13 Crane Street. He would only have time to have a short interview with Lizzie, and leave his portmanteau, and then it would be time for him to go to town again and meet Mr. Williamson, the editor.

As he approached the house, he mechanically felt in his waistcoat-pocket (such is the force of old and long-continued habit) for his latch-key; and was amused to find it there. The garment was one which he must have worn when he had last been staying there, and he had carried the latch-key away without knowing it. Without ringing the bell he ran up the steps, opened the door and entered.

Was it a dream? Some one ran out

of the back-parlor as of old she used to run, exclaiming in a tone of welcome:

"Oh, here you are! I'm so glad you are early. Come in! Why . . . Bernard! I—"

Never blessed with a superfluity of wit in an emergency, Miss Vane, white and trembling, leaned up against the wall, pressing her hand to her bosom, and staring at him with wide-open blue eyes, in which blank surprise was gradually giving place to terror.

"Lizzie—what ails you? You look rather horrified than otherwise to see me," he began; and then, seeing that the driver had placed his portmanteau in the passage, and was standing in the doorway, looking intelligently interested in the whole proceedings, Aglionby paid and dismissed him, pushed the door to without noticing that it was not absolutely shut, and once more turned to Lizzie, who, though she had recovered from her first shock, was still suffering from visible and extreme embarrassment. "Perhaps I ought to have let you know, Lizzie," he said, taking her hand, and drawing her into the parlor, where she stood as one paralyzed, looking at him blankly and with something like terror—with anything rather than pleasure or welcome. Her hand lay limply in his, she said no word—made no sign. Always, before now, she had made some show of welcoming him. He looked earnestly at her, struck and puzzled by her demeanor, and he discovered that she was elaborately dressed, and that, despite her paleness and disturbance, she looked very lovely in a gown of some soft, forget-me-not blue stuff, profusely trimmed with silk, and with dainty lace ruffles at the neck and elbows. On the table lay a white fleecy-looking mantle, and a pair of long, pale blue silk gloves, the color of her dress. The house was very quiet—so quiet that it might have been empty.

"You are going out somewhere!" he said. "Is Mrs. Vane out?"

"Yes," came in a low voice from Lizzie's parted lips, as she still seemed almost insensibly to shrink away from him.

He still held her hand, and attempted to draw her nearer to him; but by some slight movement she evaded him, and he continued:

"Where are you off to, and with whom?"

She rallied herself with a great effort, and said, though in a voice which had a strong nervous quiver in it:

"I—we were going to the theatre, the Goldings and I. And—Percy—he was to call for me, and—and—"

"Oh, I see." He smiled. "Well, I wish I could join you; but I've come over on electioneering business, and am going to a meeting to-night with Mr. Williamson, so perhaps you will excuse me. And—is it quite convenient to your mother to put me up here, Lizzie? because, if not— But why do you look so nervous and disturbed, child? Surely my coming, even unexpectedly, cannot have upset you in this manner."

For even he, though in matters of deportment not the most observant, and certainly the least suspicious of men, could not but feel surprised at her continued pallor and nervousness. Lizzie was racking her brains to contrive some means of escaping from him, if only for three minutes, of scribbling a pencil note, and sending her mother's domestic flying with it to the Goldings' house. She could not look unconcerned, while pondering in dire distress of mind upon how best to carry out this scheme. She now stammered:

"Excuse me a moment, Bernard. I have left something upstairs. I must—go—"

"My dear child, you are not fit to move until you have sat down and rested a little, and taken a little wine, or smelt some salts, or whatever is the proper thing to do. Sit down here and tell me what's the matter with you."

He drew her with gentle but irresistible force to an easy-chair, seated himself beside her, and instinctively began to pity her, as it was his nature to pity anything that looked frightened or alarmed, and Miss Vane's countenance at that moment was strongly expressive of both these emotions.

There came a sudden sharp knock at the front door; then it was pushed open; a footstep was heard in the passage, and a voice cried: "Now, Lizzie, where are you?"

Lizzie started up, visibly in an agony of apprehension. With Bernard, sur-

prise and pity had been transformed like magic into the blackest suspicion.

"Let me speak to him!" said Lizzie breathlessly.

"No; let him come here," retorted Aglionby, still holding her hand fast. "How dare he call you 'Lizzie' in that fashion? Come on, Percy!" he cried aloud, in a dry, distinct voice! "Miss Vane is waiting for you—and, for the matter of that, so am I!" he added beneath his breath.

There was a momentary pause in the footsteps. Then they came on again, the door opened, and Percy appeared. When he saw them he looked, first astonished, then appalled, but at last uttered slowly: "Aglionby—you!" and came to a dead pause.

"Yes, I—why not?" remarked Bernard, never loosing his hold of Lizzie's hand, and seeing clearly enough now that *something* would have to be explained before many minutes should have passed.

He looked steadily at Percy for a little while, and at last observed:

"It's true I've arrived unexpectedly, but I should have looked for a warmer welcome from you both, I must say."

"Bernard, let go my hand!" suddenly exclaimed his betrothed pettishly. "What's the use of standing there glaring at me? You have frightened me half out of my senses already. Mr. Golding, did you bring a cab, and is Lucy ready?"

She looked hard at him as she spoke, as though she would convey some hint to him by her steadfast gaze. Percy was far too much embarrassed to be able to understand any such subtle modes of communicating ideas, and he replied lamely:

"Lucy—no—why, did you want Lucy to go?"

A short, sarcastic laugh broke from Aglionby, while Lizzie's fair face was covered with an angry blush.

"Frightened you half out of your senses, have I? I'm sorry if that is the feeling with which my coming, however sudden, inspired you, considering that we proposed so soon to be husband and wife. *Fear* is not exactly the emotion a man would wish to excite in his bride."

Lizzie had snatched her hand out of

his, and with the angry color yet high on her cheeks, was looking at him, half with dislike, half with trepidation—an expression which he did not fail to remark.

"Now for it!" he thought. "She has cheated me all along, and made a fool of me. Now I am going to be put in the position of the despised and rejected. Good Lord! suppose I cared for her?"

He turned aside, half seating himself on the edge of a table, and watched the rest of the scene with the sarcastic smile of a looker-on: a smile uncommonly like a sneer, and with a gleam in his eyes as cold and mocking as had ever in his worst days dwelt there. Whatever the inward progress toward "sweetness and light" which his nature might have made, little of it was visible now—indeed, he felt nothing but contempt for all three of them: for Lizzie's double-dealing; for Percy's dishonest treatment of him, who had been his friend; for himself most of all, and his sublime fatuousness and credulity in imagining that Lizzie was in love with him.

His last remarks, alluding to "husband and wife," and to a man and his bride, appeared to goad Percy beyond endurance; for, looking exceedingly agitated, he advanced, stretched out his hands, and cried in a portentous voice:

"Lizzie Vane! The time for playing and trifling is past. I can bear this no longer. I never knew till this moment what it is to confront a friend whom one has deceived—"

Lizzie, not expecting rebuke from Percy, cast herself into a chair, and began to cry.

Mr. Golding proceeded:

"Choose between us! To please you I have lived in torment for the last six months. You know I adore you, and you have told me you loved me. You must—"

"She has said she loved you?" said Bernard dryly. "In that case, it is perfectly evident she cannot love me. If I had known this sooner, Percy—it is not exactly what I should have expected from 'mine own familiar friend.'"

There was a softer tone in his voice as he spoke these words, and when he heard it Percy's emotion (for he was a good creature, and honest, where Lizzie

Vane was out of the question) became altogether overpowering. In a choked voice he replied:

"I know it, Aglionby, I know it. It is because I loved her so. I wanted to speak. I wanted to be fair and honorable. But she said she must dismiss you herself. She exacted this silence from me, and—"

Lizzie was here understood to sob out that she had never been so shamefully treated in her life. But here Bernard interposed, still speaking in the same dry, cold manner:

"There can only be one termination to this affair. From the manner in which Miss Vane received me this evening, I clearly saw that I was not welcome, though I was far from guessing the reason why. Now, Lizzie, oblige me by listening to me, and answering me."

He softened his voice, and took her hand, and honestly tried to look gentle and conciliating. He could not help it if his face looked black as a thundercloud.

Lizzie fixed her frightened, fascinated eyes upon him, half-rising from her chair, as he went on:

"I don't wish to be unjust to you. I wish to know no particulars. But tell me this: let us have an understanding. Do you love Percy Golding here, or do you wish to be my wife?"

As he asked this question, with all the solemnity imaginable, there was borne into his mind a keen sense of the bitter absurdity of the whole affair. Yet, though it was some time since he had cared for Lizzie, he had honestly and thoroughly believed that she cared for him, and it was not gratifying either to his *amour-propre* or to the feeling of chivalry, of gentlemanly honor, which had kept him loyal to her, when, after looking from one to the other of them, she suddenly darted to Percy's side, saying in accents that carried conviction to both her hearers:

"I love Percy—I am frightened of you, Bernard. You crush me when you look at me in that way, and I can't marry you—it's no good, I can't, I can't! Oh dear!"

She cast her arms about Percy's neck, laid her head on his shoulder, and cried heartily again.

Percy was agitated, distressed, but triumphant through it all.

Aglionby felt a singular sensation pierce his heart. He knew the girl now exactly for what she was, and valued her accurately at her true worth, or for him, worthlessness. But once it had been different. He had never seen an intellectual or highly-cultivated woman in her, but he had seen a tender, loving girl—a true and faithful sweetheart. And he had looked to find some consolation in faithfully, on his part, doing his utmost to make her happy.

As he saw her sobbing in Percy's arms, and recalled her look of blank terror and aversion, a thousand signs and tokens rushed into his mind, which went to prove her fear of him, and the oppression she must have felt in regard to him. It was a humiliating, a painful, and a saddening discovery.

He waited for a little while, till her weeping had ceased, and she looked up again, and then he said :

"Nothing is left for me but to say farewell to you. After what I have learned just now, I cannot suppose that my opinion is of much consequence to you, but let me tell you that I hold you utterly free from blame—utterly. We both made a mistake a year ago, and I have been a blind, conceited fool all this time to imagine that you had not found it out—as I had done. My conscience in the matter is not so pure that I can afford to even whisper a reproach to you ; therefore, Lizzie, will you consent to shake hands with me as a friend ; and when Percy is your husband, will you receive me sometimes as *his* friend ?"

She avoided his eyes, but let him take her hand, and say something further to her ; and she murmured something which might be intended for farewell. Bernard looked at Percy, and held out his hand to him. Percy blushed uncomfortably, remembering his own duplicity in the matter ; but finally they

exchanged a pressure of the hand, and, without speaking, it was understood that they were still friends.

With a slight bow, Bernard left the room, took his small portmanteau in his hand, let himself out of the house, hailed a passing hansom, and told the man to drive him to a certain hotel in town. As he was driven back through the same streets which he had less than an hour ago traversed, he meditated, and by-and-by the feeling of pain he had felt yielded again to that of cynical and bitter amusement. Before he went to the meeting he wrote a letter to Mrs. Bryce, in which he informed her :

"Your astute and worldly-wise nephew has this evening discovered that he has been made an utter fool of—and that by two persons for whose intellect he has always felt and often expressed, great contempt. That this experience has left him with a feeling of exhilaration rather than one of depression is accounted for by the fact that it is simply the price he has had to pay for his release from a position which was loathsome to him. In other words, my dear aunt, my sweetheart has jilted me, and I am very glad of it. If Randolph Danesdale should happen to call upon you, which he is pretty certain to do, tell him this, and oblige me by making it very plain to him, for it is the truth, that it was the lady who would have none of me, not I who was desirous of breaking with her."

Then he went to the meeting, and by-and-by began to enjoy it. He resolved to stay in Irkford until the election should be quite over.

At night, when he went to bed, he took stock of his own mental and moral condition, and summed it up thus : Befooled and jilted by one woman ; solemnly vowed to renounce another—and happier than he ever had been in his life.—*Temple Bar.*

THE PHYSICAL REVOLUTION OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY F. R. CONDER.

FORTY-FIVE years ago, in the spring of the year 1836, the writer of these lines, then a pupil, stood with Robert

Stephenson on the foot-plate of the first locomotive that had been put on a railway south of the Trent. The iron horse

was then but a foal. Little more than six years had elapsed since it had astonished its breeder by the unprecedented speed of a mile in two minutes at Rainhill (running without any load), in October, 1829. It was with no slight anxiety that Mr. Stephenson trotted out the first of his steam horses for what was then regarded as a colossal work to be entrusted to so young a man—the railway from London to Birmingham. Five or six miles of railway had then been laid, from a little north of Kilburn, in the direction of Watford. For the first time the shrill whistle of the locomotive was heard in Middlesex. Few were the spectators, for the trial was essentially a practical experiment, but the faces of wonder and dismay with which they beheld the advance of the self-moving machine were not readily to be forgotten. As the engine gained her breath, and with the sharp, swift sigh, or rather snort, now so familiar to our ears, rapidly attained the speed of thirty miles an hour, the anxious lines on the face of the great engineer relaxed. By the time of the return to Kilburn it was clear that the engines designed for the London and Birmingham traffic would answer the expectations of the engineer.

If the rustics who witnessed the novel spectacle were struck dumb with wonder, not altogether free from terror, what was passing through the minds of the small knot of men on the foot-plate of the engine? In his early anxiety—an anxiety that he never wholly cast off, however tempered it became by a series of triumphs—Mr. Stephenson had hardly freedom of mind to direct a very penetrating glance toward the future. It took some years of experience of the unexampled development of the system founded by his father, before Robert Stephenson expressed the memorable hope that he should live to see the time when no poor man could afford to walk. But there were those of the party to whom not only the responsibility was less but the speed attained was unfamiliar. It would be difficult to express, without what might be regarded as exaggeration, the effect produced on such minds by the rapid rush of the engine toward the north. "What manner of revolution is impending," was the irresistible but unexpressed question,

"now that man can be conveyed over the surface of the planet at a speed that mocks that of the race horse?" Looking back to that hour from the present, it cannot be doubted that the change in the physical relation of man to the planet on which he dwells which has occurred in the interval is greater than any that can be distinctly measured in any known period of historic times.

Yet little could the Stephensons or their contemporaries at first foresee the nature of the service that they were destined to render to their fellows. George Stephenson was advised by his own counsel not to commit himself to absurd statements, when, under examination as a witness for the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Bill, he said that he anticipated a speed of twenty miles an hour for the locomotive. And yet at that very time some of the Shrewsbury coaches—the "Wonder," the "Hirondelle," and the "Hibernia"—maintained the speed of sixteen miles an hour for stage after stage. It was the rule-of-thumb procedure, in the course of the trials at Rainhill, of combining the two exhaust orifices of the "Rocket" into one, which produced that unpremeditated and vigorous blast which is the vital breath of the locomotive. And it was not until another great genius—one who had the advantage, denied to the Stephensons, of a thoroughly scientific education at l'Ecole Polytechnique: namely, Isidore Kingdom Brunel—added one half to the width of the gauge, and thus gave breathing room to a locomotive that could emulate the speed of the swift, that the engineers of the narrow-gauge lines found that to content the public they must carry them at the speed of fifty miles an hour.

Among those who viewed with alarm, with disgust, and consequently with disbelief, the first development of the railway system, those were chiefly conspicuous who were connected with the great coaching and carrying trades. Neither the costly perfection of the turn-out of the members of the Four-in-Hand Club, nor the annual attempts, however creditable, to run public coaches for the summer on the Brighton and one or two other roads, can give the youth of the present day an accurate idea of the thorough perfection to which the old

coaching system of the country had been brought on certain lines of road. It was not because lords and baronets held the ribbons, and took each his shilling with the touch of the hat that was *en règle*, that we recall those old days. The thorough consideration that was given to every part of the system, the excellence of the roads, the magnificence of some of the works for their service (such as Telford's Menai Bridge), the fine breed of horses, the care in feeding and keeping, the exact punctuality that was maintained—all these were of a very high order of merit. Of course we are speaking only of the cream of the traffic. In winter, in hilly districts, where trade was scarce and turnpikes many, was to be found a reverse of the medal. Yet take even such a remote district as that between Carmarthen and Milford Haven, and contrast the mail service that united Pembroke to London in 1848 with the best appliances at the service of Queen Elizabeth in her royal progresses—and it will be seen that as late as thirty-three years ago we had good reason for pride in the conduct of our inland communications, even where the railway system had not reached.

That the country would suffer by the depreciation in the value of horses that was likely to result from the use of steam locomotives was one of the great fears of all but the zealous advocates of the railway system. Could its enemies have been furnished with a few facts in advance, those fears would have been intensified tenfold. Could they have been furnished with yet more, they would have been abated. A horse for every mile of road was the allowance made by the best coachmasters on the great routes. On the corresponding portions of the railway system the great companies have put a locomotive engine per mile. If a horse earned a hundred guineas a year, out of which his cost had to be defrayed, he did well. A single locomotive on the Great Northern Railway (and that company has 611 engines for 659 miles of line) was stated by Mr. John Robinson, in 1873, to perform the work of 678 horses—work, that is, as measured by resistance overcome; for the horses, whatever their number, could not have reached the speed of fifty miles an hour, at which the engines in ques-

tion whirled along a train of sixteen carriages, weighing in all 225 tons. There are now upward of 13,000 locomotives at work in the United Kingdom, each of them earning on the average £4750 per annum. But we have at the same time more horses employed for the conveyance of passengers than we had in 1835. In omnibus and station work—waiting upon the steam horse—there is more demand for horseflesh than was made by our entire coaching system in 1835.

We leave it to the imagination of the reader to attach a value to the facts above briefly indicated. It is easy to present definite statistics; but how far do these lay hold of the imagination? To the man of science they may be invaluable. In the general reader, or in the man whose specialty lies elsewhere, they too often excite something like disgust. One or two definite facts—from which any one can draw his own inferences—may be needed in order to avoid mere vague declamation. But such a fact as that of the performance of the work of 678 horses by one of the 600 locomotives of a single company, is enough to show that we are not silent as to details from want of possessing them.

Stupendous as has been the revolution effected by the unloosing of man from the soil, it requires an effort of the mind to realize the speed of its advance, and all the more so because we are involved in the whirl of the movement. Political, commercial, social changes are the constant offspring of this one great primary change—aided by the other great source of possible prosperity, the annual increase in the density of our population. When Robert Stephenson made ready the London and Birmingham Railway, the United Kingdom had 24,000,000 inhabitants: it now has upward of 35,000,000.

But we shall very much undervalue the fundamental character of the revolution at which we have glanced, if we restrict ourselves to the one item of travel and transport, either by land or by sea. The elder magician, whose magic prepared the way for that wrought by Stephenson, was James Watt. The stationary steam-engine was the necessary precursor of the locomotive. We speak of the application of steam to human ser-

vice, and of that of the steam-engine to locomotion by land and to navigation by sea. But these are not principles, but details. The great principle of the physical revolution of the nineteenth century is the application of mechanical power to the service of man. It is in the application of this power to locomotion that its effects come most palpably before us. But it is to the invention of Watt that we owe the practical power of extracting from the bowels of the earth the annual 130 millions of tons of coal, by the consumption of which we not only feed our land and sea steam horses, but provide the industrial produce which it taxes their energies to transport and to export.

We thus come to the point where the application of mechanical power is controlled by the abundance and the price of human labor. For all our steam-engines, steam-vessels, locomotives, the prime necessity is fuel. In England fuel means coal. In the winning of coal, not only do we meet with a minimum price (somewhere about 4s. 6d. per ton at the lowest at the pit's mouth) below which we cannot expect to obtain coal, but we require a certain number of human beings who are willing to face the risks and the terrible hardships of a sunless, underground life, in order to win that coal. And the greater our prosperity, the more active our industry, the higher the price that we have to pay for the human element in the labor of the collieries. In 1871 every miner employed sent to the surface 318 tons of coal. In 1874 the product of each miner's labor was only 249 tons. Within three years' time there was thus a difference of one-fifth in the efficiency of the labor of every miner. Naturally enough, the better he was paid, the less energetically did he work.

It is necessary to bring into strong relief this dependence of our present sources of mechanical force upon human labor, to show that we are not altogether wild in the anticipations on which, after forty-five years' experience of the course of the revolution wrought by the locomotive, we now feel constrained to venture. We obtain, as it is, power at small cost. The reduction already effected in the cost of power applied to transport has been estimated as four-fifths. It may

therefore be argued that the source of future economy is dried up, and that if we could obtain absolutely costless power, the effect would be only one-fifth of that already produced by the introduction of the railway system. This argument is one which could be very consistently applied by those writers who have already attempted to show that industry and science are unimportant in their effects, as compared to political action. It is one which it is impossible to maintain in face of a careful analysis of facts.

If the inventive faculty were suddenly to become barren, and no single improvement in our mechanical appliances were to take place for the remainder of the century, the movement now in progress would continue, and that with augmenting force. The descent and spread through society of the practical science already acquired increases, independently of any improvement in the condition of that science. All that is needful is, not to interfere with the natural development of the results of mechanical industry by diverting the attention of the workman to objects inconsistent with devotion to his work. We are very far from having attained the full benefit of discoveries that are now old. Time is requisite to allow mankind to avail itself of the benefits offered it by science, and that independently of any advance made during that same portion of time by science itself.

And then it must be remembered that while the cost of mechanical power is an important element of its value, it is only one out of several elements. Convenience is often of far more importance than cost. Speed is often worth almost any cost to attain. Economy of time is often the truest economy. Instant command of adequate power, to be exerted only when required, to lose nothing when not in demand, is a requisite to which it would be hard to affix an equivalent in cost.

Let us compare, for a moment, the effect of the 678 horse-power locomotive of the Great Northern Railway with the best mode in which the nearest approach to such a kind of travelling could have been conducted forty-five years ago. That engine drew a train of sixteen carriages, containing 448 seats. In actual

practice one seat out of four may be taken as full. To convey 112 passengers on the old system would require eight coaches, weighing nearly eight tons, and drawn each by four horses—say thirty-two horses. To convey the possible cargo of the train would of course take four times that number, or 128 horses, requiring the care of thirty-two coachmen, instead of that of the two men who attend to the locomotive. The passengers, in the latter case, all the coaches being taken as full, would weigh about as much as the coaches, so that the 128 horses would have 64 tons of load to draw between them. But we can hardly put the speed of the coaches at more than ten miles an hour. The resistance, as measured on the railway, at fifty miles an hour, is more than twice and a-half that at ten miles an hour. Not that this is, alone, a measure of the difference of cost, but it is an element in that difference. The main point is that, do as we will, we could not get the fifty miles an hour out of any number of horses. For the source of motive power, coal, is far cheaper than hay, oats, and beans. But in the application of this cheaper pabulum we have countervailing disadvantages. The engine, tender and train weigh 225 tons, or more than three times the weight of coaches and passengers. Three times the work has thus to be done, at equal speeds, if the train be full; twelve times the work, if the train be as usually filled; thirty times the work if we have a speed of fifty miles, instead of one of ten miles an hour. But we must not forget that the horses required to draw the 448 passengers would weigh 72 tons.

Nor have we yet arrived at the close of the list of elements of cost and of value. We have to regard the outlay of money in providing for the accomplishment of the work to be done in either case. For the conveyance of the 112 passengers an expenditure had to be incurred, in coaches and in horses, of some £2000, if we confine our attention to a ten-mile stage. To convey 448 passengers we should require an outlay of £8000. For the train we must lay out a somewhat similar sum for the larger convoy, nor can it be safely much diminished in providing only for the smaller one. But then the train provided at that

cost is as useful for a hundred miles as for ten. For the coaches we have to add something like £130 per mile for the cost of horseflesh. Thus as distance elongates, and traffic augments, the advantage of the mechanical over the living motive power becomes more pronounced, while for a short distance, and a light traffic, the advantage of economy may be on the other side.

Yet again we have to look at the cost of the road on which the traffic has to be conducted. For the coach we may put it at £2000 per mile, rarely at much more, possibly in some cases at £4000. For the railway the cost will be ten times the larger sum. As a general rule the cost of road and working stock, considered as interest on money, amounts to as much as the direct cost of working a railway traffic.

Out of the whole cost thus arrived at, that of motor power—that is to say, of fuel—on the average of the English railways, is only about one-tenth. This, then, it may be said, is the utmost that could be saved if a costless source of power could be substituted for coal. In a sense this is the case, but in a very limited sense. What is the margin of economy which it may be possible to attain with regard to the other portions of expenditure?

The wonderful advantages of the locomotive have been materially diminished, as matter of cost in working, by the fact that the engines have to move their own weight. It was foreseen by the engineers of half a century ago that this was a very costly mode of applying power. And attempts, characterized by extreme ingenuity, were made to avoid this loss, and to drive carriages at a high speed by fixed engines. Nor were these efforts failures in a mechanical point of view. Rope traction was employed with success on the Blackwall and other lines. Then a rope of air was substituted for a rope of wire, on the atmospheric line. The weak point of the rope-traction system lay here. The slightest accident to rope or machinery stopped the whole line. The same was the case with the atmospheric railway; but the main cause of the failure of the latter system was the irresistible force with which the heat of the earth rushed into the partly exhausted tube, and raised the tension of

the rarefied atmosphere within. Nearly three-fourths of the power of the steam-engines employed on the South Devon railway was thus at work in pumping heat out of the earth.

The loss of power involved by the use of the locomotive, which under the most favorable circumstances may be taken at one-fifth of the whole power produced, increases rapidly with either speed of transit or difference of level to be surmounted. At fifty miles an hour the work done by a locomotive is nearly double that at ten miles an hour. On an ascent of seventy feet in a mile, hardly perceptible to the eye, an engine can drag only half the load it can draw on a level. At a hill rising one foot in twenty—a hill not thought very formidable in Cornwall or in Wales—a locomotive is brought to a standstill. It can hardly, or not at all, crawl up such an ascent, and, as generally regarded, can draw nothing whatever on such a pitch.

Here, then, is the inherent weakness of the locomotive system. This is the difficulty which led Robert Stephenson to employ rope-traction, and which led Samuda, and Brunel, and Vignolles, and Flachet to devote so much time and cost to the delusive promises of the rope of air. The great increase in useless weight—that is to say, in proportionate weight of engine as compared to load—involved by increase either in speed or in severity of ascent, handicaps the locomotive the moment it departs from the speed of the horse and the level of the shore, and rapidly increases until it becomes absolutely prohibitory.

This rigid demand for a plain and level course on the part of the steam horse not only leads to increasing cost in working expenses, but is the main cause of the enormous cost per mile of our railways. Of the £40,000 per mile spent on the railways of the United Kingdom, certainly more than half is due to the need of providing good gradients, as they are called. To cross the Alps with the locomotive, if not physically impossible, was considered so costly and so uncertain as to warrant the construction of the Mont Cenis tunnel at the cost of more than £340,000 a mile. Certainly the iron horse, mighty as is the work he has performed, is not stabled and fed for nothing. Under the

Persian Empire in Asia the horses of "the great king" were shod with silver. The locomotive is now served, in certain cases, at a cost which would pay for a pair of solid silver rails of 25 pounds each to the yard run.

It is now, we hope, evident, that it is not the mere pittance of the cost of fuel (one-tenth of the average cost of railway working) on which an improvement in the mode of transmitting power may effect an economy. If we can replace the locomotive by a method of transmitting power which has the advantages, without the drawbacks, of that wonderful machine, we open a prospect of which the distant barriers are lost to sight by the very extent of the view. And it is for this reason that, looking back to that first trip with Robert Stephenson in 1836, the writer entertains the conviction that we are now on the verge of another revolution in the application of mechanical power to the service of man, of not less importance than that which occurred on the invention of the locomotive.

We have no space for more than a cursory reference to those two complementary inventions which, within the last few months, have advanced from the stage of theory to that of practice. In the transmission from Paris to Edinburgh of a charged Faure battery we recognize a fact, trivial in its positive value, incalculable in its significance. In the success of the electric railway at Berlin, and the application already of this method of traction to the underground leading of coal in the mines to the foot of the shaft, we see a yet more distinct promise of the future subjugation of the great forces of nature to the service of man.

We have confined our remarks to the subject of locomotion, partly because it is one of which the interest comes home to every one, and partly because it is the branch of mechanical industry in which the greatest visible advance has been made during the past half century, and in which it may naturally be thought that the least margin is left for future improvement.

At the same time it must be admitted that with the enormous increase in the speed of transport, the power of transportation, and the economy of both pas-

senger and goods traffic, has been combined a loss of much of the charm of the old coach road. More especially is this the case where the scenery is most fitted to delight the traveller. In rolling downs, and in mountain gorges, the views of the scenery are for the most part obliterated. Deep cuttings and long black tunnels replace the glorious prospect, the expectation of which cheered many a traveller in a long ascent. Is it by the aid of the horse alone, it may be asked, that an undulating course over hill and valley can be maintained? Is mechanical power so non-elastic that it is impossible to set speed against steepness, and to run over the natural surface of the country, as did the mail coaches over the roads of Telford, at full gallop on the level or on a descent, and with an equivalent slackening of pace when it becomes needful to climb?

The reply to this question has been tacitly given by the locomotive itself. We are not speaking of what might be, but of what is. It has been thought advisable by the locomotive engineer to make heavy sacrifices of cost in order to secure as nearly as possible the same maximum inclination over the whole route that he has to traverse. The reasons are both mechanical and financial, and the engineer will say that he has no concern with the picturesque.

We have different instances of the mode in which it has been attempted to surmount great differences of level by railways. In all these cases the fact is salient that the saving in running friction (amounting to at least three-fourths), which is effected by the use of the iron or steel rail, is the whole gain effected by the system. The power of gravity is unchanged and unchangeable; and it takes as much power to raise a ton, or a hundred tons, to the top of a hill on a railway as it does on a road—if we distinguish between the resistance of the incline and the other resistances to movement. Let us glance for a moment at one of the most remarkable efforts that has yet been made to employ the locomotive as a climbing-agent, when it is a question of getting over a real mountain.

The Fell engine, as applied to the temporary railway over the Mont Cenis

Pass, was one of the most successful attempts hitherto made to overcome the difficulty of a steep ascent by a locomotive. The engine weighed twenty-one tons. A third or central rail was gripped by special machinery, so that the ascent was not limited by the adhesion of the driving wheel to the rails. The train weighed usually twenty-one, sometimes twenty-four tons, making a total load of forty-two or forty-five tons. The speed attained was eight miles per hour, involving the utmost work to perform which the boilers were large enough to make steam. The cost was 9s. 8.4d. per train mile, of which the locomotive expenditure was four shillings. The power developed would have drawn a train of 666 tons, including weight of engine, on a level at the same speed. If the locomotive could have been dispensed with, the resistance would have been reduced to one half or even less; and a train weighing forty tons might have run over the mountain, with the same expenditure of power, at the speed of fifty miles an hour.

Against this, however, has to be set the loss, whatever it may prove to be, involved in any mode of transmitting power that is substituted for the locomotive. But on the other hand it has to be borne in mind that the locomotive exerts its power under most disadvantageous conditions when it has to climb. The work done in taking a given weight over an incline of one in twelve and a-half, at eight miles an hour, is only about six times as much as that of conveying the same weight over a level at fifty miles an hour. But the cost, as very accurately ascertained in the case we are enabled to quote, was nineteen times as much. Thus it may be said that there is a disadvantage of three to one involved in that particular method of employing steam power.

Assuming, then, that by the application of the electric system to a mountain railway we are able to dispense with the service of the locomotive, it is clear that the whole problem of crossing a mountainous region of country will be entirely changed. With locomotive power, not only does the proportion of dead weight to useful load increase rapidly with the pitch, but the working of the engine becomes more costly and more disadvan-

tageous at the same time. With an electric transmission of force produced by a stationary engine, the cost incurred would be in proportion to the actual work done; and the values of gravity, of friction, and of atmospheric resistance can be so exactly foreseen and balanced by the engineer, that an Alpine pass will be as easy (though somewhat more costly) to work as a line down the level valley of the Euphrates.

Pending that verification of the statements of electricians on which each day may throw more light, there is a practical deduction of no small importance to be drawn from the above considerations. If it be not asserted that the day for the construction of gigantic and costly tunnels is now over, at all events it must be admitted that it is wise to pause before entering on any new enterprise of the kind, which may prove to be a pure waste of money before it can be completed. Six or seven millions sterling are now asked for by different projectors for a new tunnel through the Alps. In addition to the Mont Cenis tunnel, now open, and to the St. Gothard tunnel, of which the perforation is complete, a third Alpine route is demanded by France, and the debate at present is, whether this is to pass under Mont Blanc or under the Simplon.

But in face of the great probability that it will be possible to lay an electric line over any Alpine pass, and to work the traffic at a definite and moderate cost, proportioned to the work actually done, how untimely is the proposal to bury millions in the bowels of the mountain chain! The Mont Cenis tunnel, it may safely be anticipated, will be one of the first places to which the electric railway will be applied, if the statements of its advocates are thoroughly verified. The streams of water at either end of that tunnel will probably afford power sufficient to work the entire traffic. And, if this be so, will not the question arise, "What will be the use of another tunnel?" The first reason for its construction, its practical necessity, will be at an end. The second reason, the saving in

the cost of working, will then lie in a nutshell. On the one hand, we have the cost of lifting the train to the summit of the hill—a definite and not very formidable cost, especially when water power has to be employed. On the other hand is the interest of money on an outlay of from £250,000 to £340,000 per mile, which, when divided over the traffic, if five trains ran each way daily, would cost from £3 8s. to £4 12s. per train mile! And this disproportionate cost has to be contrasted with the 9s. 8½d. of the Fell line, and with the reduction on that figure which is to be effected by the abandonment of the locomotive.

How the storage and transmission of power may be utilized in other modes for the service of man there is now little space to indicate. For numerous smaller industries—for the work of the turner, the smith, the carpenter, the lapidary, the stonemason, for the driving of all drills and lathes not already driven by steam power, for the lifting of weights, the loading and unloading of trucks, for giving wind to the organs of our churches, and even motive power to the sewing machine—a force that could be so accumulated as to lose nothing except when actually at work would be a boon of incalculable value. In one way or another we may safely anticipate that the command of such a power for industries and domestic use would be of at all events as much service to mankind as its application to locomotive purposes. The glance backward for nearly half a century gives some idea of the progress made by industrial science in the interval—a progress which, although cradled in this country, is neither confined to our shores, nor, at the present time, most rapid within our territory. That a fresh leap in the mighty course is at hand the writer has not the shadow of a doubt. That the leap will be first taken in England is more problematical. But wherever it be first taken, there will be the country that puts itself at the head of the material progress of the world.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

COUNTRY LIFE IN ITALY.

PART I.

BETWEEN the Adriatic and the Sibylline range of the Apennines lies a fertile undulating country rich in corn, wine, and oil. Fields of wheat, of maize, of red clover, of flax, of beans, cover the valleys and the hill sides, groves of maples garlanded with vines rise from amidst the corn, olives and mulberries abound, acacias and wild roses border the roads, and an occasional group of fine oaks and elms makes the traveller regret that more have not been spared in what was once a beautifully wooded country. Peasants, men and women (these last most picturesquely attired), are to be seen busily engaged in cultivation. Enormous white oxen draw the plough and convey wagons along the road. Quaint villages are perched on the summit of each hill. The snow-capped Apennines close the horizon to the west, and distance lends enchantment to the view of the sea, dotted with the gayly painted sails of the fishing boats, which is caught by glimpses between the hills.

All would speak of peace and contentment were it not for the attitude of defence exhibited by each tiny town with its massive surrounding wall perforated with holes for cannon. This wall, the church whose spire shows above, and the arch through which you enter the principal street, unevenly paved and sloping upward, speak of the middle ages; but many of these villages owe their origin to a far more remote time. The name, the characteristics, the very site of the village have been changed; but still it is identical with a village or perhaps a town situated once in the valley beneath, and rebuilt on the hill where the frightened inhabitants took refuge from the invasion of northern barbarians. If, attracted by the mediævalism of its outward aspect, the traveller should have the curiosity to pass through the archway and see how life goes on inside the little town, the illusion that he has been carried back suddenly into a past age will not be dispelled. It is very likely to be "festa," and the folks are flocking in and out of the open church

door. The congregation consists chiefly of "contadine" in their white chemises and outside stays, their heads and necks adorned with gay kerchiefs. Some of these are very smart in velvet and silk, with coral necklaces, and their fingers and ears laden with rings; smarter than the signora in her brown stuff gown, and black lace veil and fan. Further up the straggling street a russet bough denotes the tavern, or "osteria," and outside sits the host enjoying himself *al fresco* with a few friends—the "curato" perhaps, and various loungers, the hilts of whose knives peep from among the folds of the broad red sashes which encircle their waists. A mendicant friar with bare feet and rosary hanging from the girdle of his one brown garment passes from door to door asking alms. Women with skirts turned up, or looped behind over their short white petticoats, ply their distaffs as they walk. Others with pitchers on their heads are on their way to or from the well. In yonder "palazzo" with the grated windows and the stone steps leading up to the door, dwells the great man of the village. He is rich, and lives in a certain rude state. He keeps open house, and his hospitality extends to all travellers of whatever sort and degree whom business or pleasure may take to the village. Should our tourist ascend those stone steps and enter that door, he will find himself a welcome guest in the stone-paved dining-room, where at one long table will possibly be assembled a most heterogeneous collection of people. On his right may be a prince, a general, or an archbishop; on his left, a peddler. The fare will be plentiful, but, if he be an Englishman, not much to his taste. One plate, one knife, and one fork must do duty for many dishes. Dogs, cats, and pigeons wander about the floor, and scramble for what they can get. Should the traveller elect to stay the night, his host, with many elaborate speeches and courtesy as much out of date as everything else around him, will show the way up the wide stone staircase through many lofty saloons, stone-paved and bare of furni-

ture, to the guest chamber, where he will deposit the oil lamp of antique form, and, bidding the guest "*buon riposo*," will leave him to the contemplation of an enormous bed adorned with faded silk hangings, its sheets and pillow-cases trimmed with rare lace and embroidered with the family arms. There is something about this primitive state of society refreshing to one weary of our artificial existence. Here the oxen tread out the corn; women spin and weave their clothes from flax they have grown themselves. Money is little used as a medium of exchange. So much wool bartered against so much oil; so much wine against so much flax; and so on. It is all wrong, of course, and the waste of time and energy makes the utilitarian shudder; but for those not addicted to the study of political economy, and who prefer receiving impressions to making calculations, the picture, while it is but a picture, possesses a certain charm.

VILLAGE GRANDEES.

The great man of the village may not be a marquis, or even a count; but he is of patrician family, of ancient name and lineage. For centuries his ancestry have occupied the same house, or "*palazzo*" as any great house is called, and its head, having been more prudent or more lucky than his neighbors, has kept his property intact. He is very conservative and keeps up old traditions; to his retreat new ideas do not penetrate very fast; and when perforce the march of civilization brings unpleasant innovations to his knowledge, he turns as deaf an ear as he can. He is "*clericale*;" and, although he knows little of any but village politics, he objects on principle to all the acts of the present government. Though an upright man in his way, his political morality is, according to our notions, unsound. I have known a village magnate, most respectable and honorable in his own and the general estimation, try to curry favor with both candidates at the election. He promised his vote to one, his influence to the other; and these promises he kept. Unfortunately the double game our friend had been playing came to the ears of both candidates, and both cut him. It was hard that his efforts to keep two friends had resulted in making

two enemies, but he consoled himself with the reflection that his conscience at least was clear. He had given his vote to him to whom it had been promised, as an honorable man could do no less. He had also kept his promise to the other candidate—given him his influence and support. What could be fairer? The "*curato*" had approved with an affirmative sign of the head; he was a man of few words the "*curato*," and it was therefore supposed that he thought the more. Although extremely "*close*" with his money, in most other things he is liberal to excess, no doubt because the abundant produce of his land is not easily turned into money. He keeps open house, not only to passing travelers, but for decayed gentry whose families once vied with his own. Neighbors lower in the social scale are also admitted: these form a sort of court, and are expected to make themselves useful at a pinch, help cook the dinner, look after the children, wait at table, etc. When not otherwise occupied they keep their benefactor company, listen to his stories, laugh at his jokes, retail or invent gossip, and so earn their dinner or their supper. To the poor he is very charitable; one day in the week bread is distributed to all who apply for it, and their number is legion. On that day the house is in a state of siege; incessant is the knocking at the door, and loud the clamors for "*pane, pane*." At Easter "*ciambelli*"—the name for cakes made in a circular form, as they usually are here—are distributed in the same lavish manner. The owner of the "*palazzo*" adds to his other virtues that of being a kind husband and an anxious father. The signora has seldom much authority in the household; she was married straight from the convent at fifteen or sixteen, and since then her mind has not grown much. She is indolent, and occupies herself as little as possible with the management of her household and children. Her one passion is dress, and in this her husband indulges her. He has found out that the gift of a new gown or a pair of earrings is the surest and easiest way to her heart, and it is by such presents that domestic peace is restored after a breeze such as not unfrequently disturbs the harmony of home. During the summer

months the signora passes the greater part of each day in sleep. In the cool of the evening she attires herself in gorgeous array, and saunters down the promenade accompanied by her maid. In spite of sleep, of dress, of evening promenades, much gossip, and a little embroidery, the signora occasionally finds time hang heavily on her hands. The mother of a large family confessed to having found "divertimento" in lighting box after box of lucifer matches. "It was wasteful," she admitted; "but one must do something to make the time pass." The untidy room and the dirty children might have suggested to her a better occupation for her spare time than lighting lucifer matches, but she saw nothing amiss in her domestic arrangements.

The more industrious Italian ladies occupy themselves with the rearing of silkworms, and the money thus earned is always their perquisite. When silkworms answer, they are very profitable, and the bowery dwellings decked out for them are a pretty sight; but when they are victims of disease, oh! then words cannot describe the loathsomeness of them and of their odors. The children are neglected in a way which strikingly contrasts with the good management of our nurseries. Still in infancy they have one blessing too often denied to English babies. They are never deprived of their natural food; the "bottle" is an institution unknown to Italian mothers. The "balia," or wet-nurse, continues her services for eighteen months. Sometimes she is taken into the house; but more often the infant is put out to nurse, and forms part of a peasant's family for the first four or five years of its life. This saves a great deal of trouble, and the saving of trouble appears to be the chief thing considered in the bringing up of infants. The "fascia" is found a convenient style of dress for mother and nurses. The cruelty to the child of binding up its legs so tightly that it cannot move them seems never to be considered. When thus done up, and tied at intervals with twine like a parcel, the baby is carried upright under one arm. It is no one's particular business to look after the children when they are taken from their foster mother. They are too young

for the father's care. The mother often considers them very much in her way. They eat what they can get, and the ladies' maid washes them up when she has got time, which is not every day. At the age of ten or twelve the boys are sent to a "seminario," the girls to a convent, to be educated; but in what their education consists is a mystery. An Italian lady, whose education had been completed at a most fashionable convent, asked me if it was really necessary to cross the sea in order to get to England. My explanation that England was an island did not enlighten her at all, for she did not know that "island" meant land surrounded by water. The boys are very thankful when allowed to exchange the priest's dress they are obliged to wear at their school for secular garments, but they are often kept in the "seminario" to be out of mischief until past twenty. The father finds them, on their return, singularly devoid of all useful information and all practical ideas. The only occupation to which they take kindly is "la caccia," and they seldom, through life, pursue any other avocation with much zest.

One, maybe, has abilities—ambition—wishes to do something in the world; but it is too late now to take to a profession. He has wasted the best years of his youth—or, rather, they have been wasted for him—and he complains bitterly that he is fit for nothing but a priest. A priest he will not be; neither is he content to remain at home, with nothing but his miserable younger son's portion to live upon. (Half the entire fortune goes to the eldest son, and the other half is divided in equal portions among the remaining children.) This son, naturally the best endowed, too often turns out the black sheep of the family. The daughters, on their return from the convent, are subjected to a discipline almost as strict as that of the nuns. They may never leave the house except with their father, neither mother nor brothers being considered escort enough. They are not allowed to read any books but fashion books, and they are locked into their rooms at night. I knew one imaginative girl who employed the time during which she was locked into her own room in writing thrilling romances, which before morning she

burned. When emancipated by marriage from paternal control, she broke out, but only in the way of literature. She cared neither for balls nor theatres, but literally devoured books, and to her credit be it said she did not confine herself to novels. History, science, metaphysics—nothing came amiss to her. What must not an intelligent girl, with a taste for reading, have suffered during twenty years of such unnatural repression! The serious occupation of the Italian young lady is embroidery for her trousseau, or “corredo” as she would call it; and many a bride can produce hundreds of chemises, petticoats, etc., all elaborately embroidered, and arranged in drawers, each dozen tied with a different colored ribbon. She will tell you she began this work at seven years old. In spite of the size of the house, the numerous family (for when the sons marry they remain with their wives and children under the paternal roof), and the extensive scale on which hospitality is exercised, the servants are few—two or three at the utmost—and those few find plenty of time in which to gossip and amuse themselves. But, then, Italian ideas of what constitutes comfort and cleanliness are not ours. The large, bare saloons are uninhabited except on grand occasions. The family sit in a dingy room on the ground floor, stone-paved and carpetless, furnished with a couple of benches against the walls, a table in the middle, and one arm-chair. The stone floor is never scrubbed; the windows are cleaned once in a generation; the furniture is dusted but rarely. There are no fireplaces, and a bath is required but once or twice in the course of the year. The only breakfast is a tiny cup of black coffee, taken in bed. There is no separate cookery for children or servants. The former feed with their parents, and the latter eat what remains after the family have dined. Dinner, which takes place about mid-day, is certainly an elaborate affair. It begins with raw ham and various species of sausage “salami” also raw; then comes the “minestra,” chicken broth with rice or macaroni in it; then the “lesso”—that is, the chickens of which the soup has been made, eaten usually with rice; then perhaps a dish of vegetables—beans, peas, or cabbage, according to

the season, followed by an “arrosto.” The roast is usually either lamb or chicken; mutton and beef are seldom eaten, but “manzo”—veal verging on beef—is occasionally to be seen; then will come some sweet dish or “fritto;” then more meat in “humido” (stew), until one begins to think the repast will never end. On fast days the meat is replaced by fish—usually the red mullet with which this coast abounds—and eggs, either baked in a dish or made into an omelet. In the spring, junkets identical with those for which Devonshire is famous, but made of ewe’s instead of cow’s milk, form part of the repast. Besides the junket, or “cuagliata,” as it is called, the ewe’s milk supplies other sweet dishes—“ricotto,” which resembles a very rich buttermilk, and “giuncata,” which is more of the consistence of cream-cheese, and made in the form of rushes. Cream-cheeses there are, too, and when they are salted they keep and harden. Ewe’s milk is the only milk used. Cattle are kept only for work: it follows that butter is not a product of the country. Olive oil supplies its place, when you are used to it, very well. “Ciambelle,” made of oil, flour, sugar, and “mosto di vino” (that is the juice of the grape before it has fermented), are, I believe, peculiar to the Marches. The wine leaves much to be desired. When cooked, as it often is, it is sweet and at least drinkable; but the “vino crudo” is generally sour. The habit here prevalent of gathering the grapes before they are ripe may account for this undesirable peculiarity of the wine. Dinner is generally followed by coffee, and the family eat and drink no more until supper at nine or ten o’clock. This meal is more simple than the dinner. Soup is again *de rigueur*, but there may not be more than one other dish besides the salad and the cheese which ends the repast. To supper guests often drop in, and they sit a long time at table. The meal is enlivened by much conversation, and sometimes by song, in which servants and guests all join. Plates, knives, and bread are kept in a cupboard let into the wall, and the knives are not changed with every dish. The table-linen is all homespun, and good of its kind, but rather coarse. As in the matter of chemises,

it is thought well to have an immense quantity. I remember being struck on one occasion with the fact that the tablecloth was marked in four numbers. It was at the wedding of the eldest daughter, and a cupboard full of linen the mother had with her "corredo" had been opened for the first time. These hoards of linen make it possible to go on without a wash-up for a very long time. Washing is a yearly ceremony. It takes place in the spring, when a procession of carts convey the contents of various cupboards down to the river, if there is one in the vicinity; if there is not, to the nearest mill-stream. This system of washing but once a year no doubt saves time and trouble; but it has its disadvantages, especially when extended to the members of the family themselves. In cold weather much washing of the person is considered to be dangerous to health; and my barbarity in subjecting a young baby to a daily bath during the winter excited almost as much virtuous indignation as my culpable neglect of the "fascia," so necessary to keep the legs straight. On receiving a neighbor into the house for a week, I thought it incumbent on me, although it was the dead of winter, to provide him with all conveniences for washing, but these attentions were lost upon him; and my astonishment when the housemaid thought fit to inform me in her dramatic way that neither soap, water, nor towel had been touched, was perhaps no greater than his own at finding these useless things provided. "The signora says to me," begins Marietta, "have you put soap into the room of that gentleman?"—"Sissignora." "A bath?"—"Sissignora." "Two towels?"—"Sissignora, sissignora, ma, signora, non toccati! nè l'una, nè l'altra!"

It is not only in the matter of washing that Italian winter habits differ from ours. Fires are considered unwholesome, but air is excluded as much as possible; the doors and windows kept tight shut day and night; draughts sedulously avoided. Great-coats, hats, and comforters are worn by the men indoors, while the women swathe their heads in wool, put on several gowns one atop of another, and sit with their hands in muffs and their feet on a "scaldino."

Although no Italian lady ever goes out without making an elaborate toilette, indoors a dressing-gown, often in the most dilapidated condition, is all that is considered necessary. To wear the same gown indoors as out of doors is a thing not thought of, and immediately on returning to the house after a walk the dressing-gown is resumed. In the outdoor costume great efforts are made to keep up with the fashion-books, and engravings which relate thereto are much studied, but seldom with any great success. Italians love gay colors, and sometimes attain a certain picturesqueness in their attire; but they are not neat, and they very often are too gaudy. If, as in the larger villages is sometimes the case, there should be more than one rich and noble family, they are pretty sure to have been at feud for some generations, and, although nobody remembers what the original quarrels were about, the inimical feeling is sedulously cultivated on both sides; each lives to itself, and keeps its little court, not averse to hearing any little scandal about the rival family which the hangers-on may repeat or invent, and they exchange distant greetings when they meet at church or on the promenade. Most great proprietors have their country "casino," to which is attached the "casa colonica," or peasant's house. The peasants are generally left in possession; and very dreary these square brick buildings look, without a creeper to hide their ugliness, or the vestige of a flower garden. There are exceptions to this rule. There are families who live "in campagna," and cultivate flowers; and those who do take to gardening obtain the most delightful results. That there should be so few who care to cultivate a pursuit which the fertility of the soil renders so easy and satisfactory is surprising, but the love of beauty seems wanting in this part of Italy.

THE SMALLER GENTRY.

The way of living just described, and which to English ears must seem somewhat rude, is still refined and luxurious in comparison with that of the poorer class of gentry, or those on the borderland between "signori" and "artisti." It is the same style of thing; but instead

of three servants there will be but one, if there is one at all, and the dinner will consist of one dish instead of seven or eight. At this midday meal—the only substantial one of the day—men, and women too, if blessed with good appetites and not too much pinched for money, will eat enormously. I have heard of a lady who demolished daily a whole turkey, and of a count who, living alone, ate for dinner invariably two fowls, one roast and the other boiled. There seems a sort of sameness about these *menus*, but their severe simplicity is only for strict privacy. When guests are expected the establishment will display wonderful resources, and every opportunity will be seized to show off. I was much puzzled on one occasion by being offered wine in twelve different glasses, all presented together on a tray. The twelve wine-glasses were succeeded by twelve coffee-cups, all full. I at first supposed that other visitors were expected, but it soon became evident that such was not the case. The object was to display the whole store of glasses and cups.

It is amazing how smart the very poorest lady who has any pretensions to being such will turn out on occasions, however dilapidated her home attire. Two young ladies belonging to an old but utterly ruined family, whose parents were too poor to keep a servant, would dress themselves for their evening walk in the most fashionable of hats and costumes, with their fans, smelling-bottles, lace handkerchiefs, and gloves, all complete. In order to obtain these dresses, the young ladies had to condescend so far as to work for the peasants, who paid them for the manufacture of the smart stays and chemises they wear on feast days. The attempts at being highly fashionable, combined with an entire ignorance of the ways of the fashionable world, produce sometimes the strangest incongruities. The lace veil is now almost confined to the class called “artisti”—that is, shopkeepers and skilled workpeople; but a few of the old-fashioned ladies still keep to it. Curious specimens of decayed nobility are to be found in these remote villages—people bearing grand names, and retaining considerable pride in their ancient lineage, whom generations of idleness and un-

thriftness have reduced to extreme poverty. They are not educated for any profession, and when starvation stares them in the face they have no resource but to earn their bread by manual labor. One noble count of my acquaintance is a carpenter; another a bricklayer. I have seen the granddaughters of a countess working in the fields. With their fortunes, their manners deteriorate, until nothing but a remnant of pride remains to distinguish them from the peasants between whose class and theirs so great a gulf was once fixed. I remember nothing more melancholy than the assemblage of these poverty-stricken nobles I once met at the house of the rich man of a village. We were at supper; and as one ragged and dirty old man after another came shambling in, each in turn was, to my great surprise, introduced as the descendant of an ancient and noble family, but fallen—“caduto”—added my host, with a gesture of compassion. The old man would then bow his head in melancholy acquiescence, and, casting a rueful glance at his shabby cloak with the faded green lining, would slink into a chair at the far end of the table. One of these fallen nobles, who had taken to house-painting, we thought it only charitable to employ for the decoration of our ceiling. I was prepared to feel quite a romantic interest in this unfortunate nobleman, and to be enchanted with his artistic genius; but he was so uncommonly dirty, and his manners were so little removed from those of a peasant, that my illusions were dispelled at once. Neither did his style of decoration exactly come up to my ideal, although it was ambitious enough. A basket of flowers soon adorned each corner of our ceiling, and in the centre, from amid clouds and wreaths of roses, a rather shapeless Cupid began to be delineated. In the middle of the work the artist, whose temper was short and whose feelings were sensitive, took offence (as we supposed) at some unintentional slight on our part. Without the slightest explanation he departed one day, leaving the Cupid minus one leg and one arm, and returned no more. Poor Cupid! Being in such a sadly mutilated condition we thought it best to do away with him altogether, and my husband, mount-

ing a ladder, swept a coat of whitewash over Cupid, clouds, baskets of flowers and all. This operation was repeated several times, but the Cupid *would* keep reappearing in a ghastly manner.

While still a stranger to the peculiar customs of my new country, I was surprised at receiving a visit from a lady who presented herself in the following manner: She arrived on horseback, or, I should say, on donkey-back, and she rode astride. She announced a desire to speak with the signora, but first begged that she and her donkey-boy might be refreshed with food, as they had come a long way. The pair seated themselves at the kitchen table, and were served. I was informed, meantime, that a lady—a very great lady—was waiting in the kitchen to speak to me. Understanding that the great lady preferred the kitchen to any other room, I descended, and found a good-looking woman, well dressed in the old-fashioned style, with a black lace veil and a fan. Her manner was courteous and dignified, and I felt, when she remounted her donkey and rode away, that I had been the object of much condescension. My visitors did not all arrive on donkeys; some came in a cart drawn by oxen, and driven by the “fattore;” and this mode of conveyance is well adapted to the country, as all but the high roads are impracticable for horses and carriages. The oxen cart is often the only family vehicle.

The returning of calls was at first a somewhat terrific ordeal, as I was the object of unrestrained curiosity. On the occasion of my first visit to a village family, I was turned about by the daughters of the house, and inspected thoroughly from head to foot. I was asked the price of each article of attire, and cross-questioned as to every detail of my life. The mother of the young ladies did, indeed, apologize a little for their manners, remarking that they were young, poor things! and saw so few people. She then took a pinch of snuff, and, seating herself in her chair in the window recess, resumed the study of her neighbors' proceedings, which formed the occupation of her life. The sitting-room was also a bed-room, and pater-familias had retired into the bed for the night. It was but four o'clock in the

afternoon; but at that hour he had exhausted all his resources for killing time. He was the head of a “fallen” family, with just enough remaining out of the wreck of his property to live upon—only just enough, as his starved appearance testified. There were other visitors besides myself—the “curato,” who had come in for a gossip, and occupied the remaining chair; and a young man, the suitor of one of the daughters, who sat upon the bed. Another old gentleman, who received his friends in his bed-room, slept surrounded by loaded guns. In every corner of the room one stood upright; others were pointed out of window; and on the bed—very much to the discomfort of its inmate, one would think—six were laid to be ready to hand. Against what mysterious foe these preparations were made was known only to that eccentric old gentleman, as the village had enjoyed the utmost tranquillity for generations. His whim was believed to be simply fidelity to the traditions of his ancestors; they preserved an attitude of defence, and he was resolved to keep up the good old custom.

There is a great deal of very real affection in families, but not much refinement or self-restraint. Bed-rooms are as much open to the public as sitting-rooms. There is literally *no* reserve in conversation, and the head of the family will frequently belabor his female relatives pretty severely.

VILLAGE FUNCTIONARIES.

The “curato” is a person of considerable influence in the village, and not only among the lower classes. The “sindaco” himself and the gentry show some deference to his opinion, and have a dread of shocking his religious scruples. With the priesthood I have had personally few dealings and little acquaintance. I had been imbued with a great horror of the fraternity by my husband, who was in the habit of attributing all Italian shortcomings to clerical influence; but I must in honesty confess that my own limited experience has been rather favorable to the priests than otherwise. That there is a vast amount of corruption among the class cannot of course be denied, but I prefer to dwell upon their virtues. Among the various

specimens of them whom I have seen enjoying a pipe and glass of wine *al fresco*—their heads shaded by a broad straw hat which contrasts amusingly with their clerical habiliments, or whom I have passed taking an evening stroll or a ride on a donkey—more than one good and truly pious man might be cited. One, whom I constantly met in my walks abroad, interested me exceedingly. He was young, certainly not over thirty, and remarkably handsome in the severe style of the ancient Romans. He walked with downcast eyes, a breviary in his hand, his lips muttering, I suppose, a prayer. Never did he by look or sign show himself aware of my vicinity. Accustomed as I was to salutations from all, and not least from the priests, this astonished me, until I learned that it was one of Don Domenico's strict rules to shun all womankind. He kept men-servants only; his religious scruples were many, and were kept with an unyielding severity, of which the following incident is an instance: A young man, a stranger to the village, but whom some business had brought there for a time, announced his approaching nuptials with the pretty daughter of the family in whose house he lodged. Her father was one of the large class of decayed noblemen who had lived on his small capital while it lasted, had mortgaged his land up to its full value, and now all that remained was a dilapidated house in the village, where he lived with his wife and daughters, who eked out the slender means of the family by embroidery and dressmaking, while *his* only occupation consisted in lamenting his fallen fortunes. There was no obstacle to the marriage, and the "sindaco" got his smart sash and his discourse all ready when called upon to unite the couple. It was also notified to the "curato" that he would be expected to perform the religious ceremony; but, alas for the unhappy pair! Don Domenico's conscience came in the way of their union. The bridegroom was an ungodly man who never went to mass, but before the sacrament of marriage he must confess his sins. Further, it was not proper for the affianced couple to live under the same roof before their marriage; and therefore either the bridegroom must find another lodging,

or the bride must leave her father's house until after the ceremony. These peremptory conditions were not complied with. The young man did not choose to confess his sins; the father declared that he was the proper and sole guardian of his own daughter until her marriage, and refused to alter the arrangements of his house.

The important day arrived, and all the village turned out to see the wedding. The ceremony was first performed at the town hall. The wedding party then repaired to the church, where they found the "curato" at the altar, prepared apparently to perform his part. The bride and bridegroom knelt for the priest's blessing; but when Don Domenico spoke, it was to this effect: "Luigi Marucci has not confessed his sins; Bianca di Montalta has continued to live in the same house as he; therefore there will be no marriage in the church to-day." The sensation may be imagined. "It does not matter," said the bridegroom, boldly, "for according to law we are married already. Come, Bianca, you are my wife, come with me." But Bianca would not; if their union were not to be blessed by the Church she would return to her father's house. The "sindaco" then rose, and said: "I call all in this church to witness that this couple are man and wife." The sympathies of the congregation were entirely with the half-married pair, and the "sindaco's" speech was received with loud applause. Persuasions, entreaties, threats, all were tried in vain. Don Domenico stood firm, and the bride returned to her father's house. The story should end at this sensational point, and I will not spoil it, but leave the *dénouement* to be imagined. That Don Domenico's scruples could keep apart for ever a bride and bridegroom already married according to law, is not to be supposed; but he made it felt that the regulations of the Church were not to be set aside with impunity.

The pay of the "medico condotto" varies from 500 to 2000 francs a year. His system is usually antiquated; his drugs are few and simple, and appear to be administered indiscriminately for every species of malady; but this suits his patients very well, for the peasants are indifferent to the sort of medicine

they take, provided they have enough for their money, and the more the doctor bleeds, and the more he drugs, the more confidence he inspires. The villagers very much prefer the ministrations of their own doctor to being taken care of in the hospital, of which they have a peculiar and unaccountable dread. During an epidemic of diphtheria for which our doctor prescribed leeches, so many sufferers died, that on one of our servants (a peasant) being attacked, we hoped to save her from a like fate by sending her to the hospital in the town. She was there delivered over to the care of the good nuns, who presided as hospital nurses; but such was her horror of the dreaded hospital, that she effected her escape, and, to our dismay, we beheld her returning on foot from the place—eight miles off—to which she had been conveyed, in an apparently dying condition, that very morning. The “levatrice” brings the babies into the world, unassisted by the doctor. She can boast at least much experience. I know one who began to exercise the trade at twelve years old. The mother has a bad time of it under her auspices, but the baby is more to be pitied still. How it survives the various tortures to which it is subjected on its first entrance into the world, has always been a marvel to me. It is branded in the neck, its ears are bored, its nose is flattened. Before it is an hour old, it is tightly bound up in the horrible “fascia,” and straightway carried off first to the municipality to have its birth registered, and then to church to be baptized.

The postman is another person of great importance in the village; not that the inhabitants indulge in much correspondence: the post-bag is received with little interest, but the postman carries likewise a basket on his head which contains a number of miscellaneous articles he has been commissioned to buy. Then he is the chief means of communication with the outside world, and he is pressed with eager questions on his return from the town. Sometimes he is mean enough to send his wife on the long excursion, and stay at home in idleness himself. One such wretch, who had married a wife older than himself, not content with sending the poor old woman every day on his business, would

frequently beat her when she came home—that is, if she ventured to remonstrate on finding a younger woman installed in her house. She would promptly eject her rival, being a woman of spirit, but took the subsequent beating meekly. Poor Giudetta! She was a grand-looking woman, of majestic height and erect bearing. I used to think what a picturesque figure she made in the landscape, as I went to meet her and ask if she had a letter from England for me, in her peasant's costume with her basket and her distaff, her scarlet kerchief, and blue gown turned up over a white petticoat which scarcely reached beyond her knees, and contrasted with her shapely bronze legs. She seemed just the proper foreground for the landscape of oaks and olives, blue sea and sky, and snow-capped Apennines which lay behind her. Her face often bore the marks of ill-usage, but she had always a pleasant word and a smile for the English signora who was so anxious for her letters. One bitter winter's day her foot slipped in the snow; she fell, and was crippled for life. It was now her turn to sit at home, while the husband is obliged perforce to toil daily up and down the steep hill. I think, on the whole, she is not sorry for the accident which re-established the proper order of things, and it was a cheerful voice which called to me from an upper window, “Signora, do you remember the ‘postina’?” I looked up, and saw my old friend seated comfortably in an arm chair in company with a sleek, purring cat. It was with great satisfaction that I beheld afterward my friend's husband returning, hot, dusty, and tired, with his heavy basket, and not looking as if he had the energy to beat anybody very hard.

The most important personage in the village community is the “sindaco;” for every village, though it may not contain a thousand inhabitants, has its local government by “sindaco” and municipal council, who hold their deliberations in the town hall. The power of the “sindaco” in his little realm is almost absolute. In theory, no doubt there are restrictions: every deliberation must be passed by the “giunta” which assembles once a week, approved by a council assembled twice a year, and finally signed by the sub-prefect. The most impor-

tant deliberations require the signature of the prefect of the "circondaria," occasionally even of the ministry. But the "giunta" is often composed of the mayor's particular friends, and the council is exceedingly careless and indifferent. As for the prefect, he has the deliberations of so many communes to attend to, that he signs papers, having but a vague idea of their contents; so that the elaborate system of superintendence instituted by the government results simply in making all business matters very tedious. It is no check upon dishonesty; on the contrary, the extreme complication of all arrangements makes confusion excusable, and fraud hard to discover.

If the great man of the village undertakes the office of "sindaco," he will probably act up to his own standard of morality; but he generally shirks the trouble, and leaves it to one lower in the social scale, to whom the perquisites claimable by the "sindaco" are an object, and the temptation to take advantage of his opportunities of benefiting himself at the public expense very strong. Thus it happens that a village sometimes decays while the mayor flourishes. The history of one such community is closely connected with our own; and I can but give a sketch of what took place, as it is my intention to avoid autobiography. The peculiarly wretched state of our nearest village was one of the first things which struck us painfully on our installation in the new home, and I remember trying vainly to solve the problem of how the inhabitants contrived to exist without any of what are usually called the necessities of life. Butcher there was none, nor baker, nor grocer, nor chemist; the state of the cemetery, the streets, the inhabitants, scandalous to the last degree; yet it was evident that any attempt we might make to improve the condition of things would be resented by the "sindaco," who seemed to regard us with no favor. This personage, whose prosperous appearance contrasted strongly with that of the villagers, drove past daily in a smart little pony carriage. Municipal business required his continual presence in the town, and he compensated himself for these excursions with ten francs a day out of the public coffers; but this and other little

perquisites, stretched as they were to the utmost limit, could not entirely account for the flourishing condition of a man who had failed in business and had no known means of existence. He was connected by ties of the closest relationship with a member of the "camorra"—one who had betrayed his associates, and had been murdered by them—and it was rumored that he himself was no stranger to that secret and formidable society. His assistants in municipal work appeared ill-chosen: the village magistrate, "giudice conciliatore," could not read or write; most of the members of the "giunta" had had the misfortune to have spent some portion of their lives in jail. These facts, when put together, seemed to point to something wrong, and one day my husband overheard a conversation among the villagers which set him thinking very seriously. "Either," he confided to me, "these peasants have most scandalous tongues, or else they are the victims of such foul play as it seems difficult to believe in in this enlightened age. They say that the 'sindaco' levies a blackmail on them for eggs, chickens, forage for his horse; and that, if they rebel, some accusation is got up against them, and the unlettered (*analfabeto*) judge sentences them to a term of imprisonment. They say that the local taxes, which weigh heavily on *them*, are imposed but lightly on that portion of the community rich enough to be electors; that they do not profit by a charitable institution by which corn should be distributed among the needy. This corn, they say, is divided among members of the municipal council; further, that public works, such as the mending of the road and the repairing of the cemetery, make but little progress, while the materials bought at the public expense are used for private purposes by the 'sindaco' and friends. Now these accusations are strong." And my husband soon found that the complaints of our villagers had reached other ears than his. Many of the neighbors had long thought that it was time matters were inquired into; all promised their assistance, but they left it to the new-comer to bell the cat, and this he did to his own cost. A petition was got up, and sent to the government, begging for an

inquiry into the parochial accounts. The government sent an official to inspect the books, and it was found that there were some thousands of francs to be accounted for and made good. But the "regio delegato" was so strangely lenient in his judgments, that he thought a little carelessness and bad book-keeping was all that could fairly be laid to the charge of the municipality. The only result, therefore, of this bold stroke was the reinstalment of the "sindaco" in the character of a victim, with all his former power, and a very decided increase of animosity against my husband. Life then became very difficult and very unpleasant to us. Our farm servants grew insubordinate, and one day deserted in a body. The steward, whose services were invaluable to us, began to waver in his allegiance, and every form of personal annoyance was resorted to. The most odious calumnies were circulated against my husband. Squibs and lampoons were printed against him. He was insulted publicly in the street in order to provoke him to some act of violence, of which the law could take hold. The object appeared to be to force us to leave the country; but we had friends in power, and another and more urgent appeal to the ministry resulted in the council being again dissolved, and a competent person being sent to investigate the state of the village, and to examine the accounts. This

gentleman, whose honesty was above suspicion, and whose abilities were of a high order, applied himself in earnest to his task. The result of his investigations proved that the various little mistakes and "imbroglio" which his predecessor attributed to carelessness, invariably profited the "sindaco;" but so cautiously had he observed the necessary forms, and adhered to the letter of the law, that proceedings in "via penale" against him were not thought advisable. He was, however, condemned in "via civile" to restore a very large amount of corn "borrowed" on different pretexts from the charitable store, and likewise to pay off various creditors of the municipality. This done, the "ex-sindaco" left the village, and with him many of the members of the council. Now arose the question of who was to undertake the duties and responsibilities of the "sindaco." No one in the village was competent or willing for the work of making order out of chaos. My husband wished to pursue his own business in peace; but again he yielded to earnest entreaties, and it is now two years since he began his labors. They have not been light, but neither have they been in vain; and the spectacle of order, cleanliness, and comfort in a place where so lately reigned confusion, squalor, and misery in a supreme degree, is more than sufficient reward for much labor and much suffering.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE VILLAGE BELLS.

BY MRS. OCTAVIAN BLEWITT.

"To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

CAMPBELL.

I.

'Tis Sabbath! Village Bells are ringing
Their merry peal, and sweetly bringing
Thoughts of home and youthful hours,
When life's bright path was strewed with flowers.
They bring back days that long have past,—
Ah! days too full of joy to last;—
When young hearts beat with sportive glee,
Our spirits, as our thoughts, were free:
When everything was bright and gay,
And winter's days seem'd fresh as May:

When the young heart saw nought but gladness,
 And dreamt not of the phantom—sadness :
 When, like the Bee, we hover'd o'er
 The fresh green fields, and thought no more
 Of future hours than days gone by,
 And nought could bring a tear or sigh.

II.

Those Village Bells ! How long the time
 Since last I heard their merry chime !
 Yes ! many a year since then has flown,
 And many a friend is dead and gone :
 The best lov'd is in her tomb,
 Departed in her early bloom ;
 And all but memory has fled
 Of days long gone, and hopes long dead ;
 And now again they meet my ear,
 And still their peals I love to hear,
 Altho' they speak of days departed,
 When all around me joy imparted ;
 Altho' they make me feel alone
 In this bleak world, now dear to none,
 A saddening tone of peace they bring,
 And o'er my soul a halo fling ;
 A pure and holy peace they shed,
 And sanctify the living dead !

Leisure Hour.

ON THE FORMATION OF THE TAILS OF COMETS.

BY M. FAYE.*

IN the *Comptes Rendus* of June 27th, I read, not without surprise, a note by M. Flammarion, in which the learned author throws doubt upon the materiality of the tails of comets, and the existence of the repulsive force which produces them, a force the principal characters of which were formerly indicated by me.

It is curious that these denials appear in the same number of the *Comptes Rendus* as the spectroscopic observations of MM. Huggins, Wolf, and Thollon, which show in the analysis of the light of the present comet the super-position of two spectra, evidently due to the presence of material molecules, some reflecting the light of the sun, the others also emitting a light of their own. Moreover, this is what spectrum analysis has proved for all comets, without exception.

The argument upon which M. Flammarion depends recurs to the idea that the comet carries its tail as a sort of brush continuous with itself. He concludes that the extremity of this brush must sweep through space with the frightful velocity of 16,000 leagues per second ; and in consequence the above-mentioned brush is not a body, but an appearance, a sort of luminous phantom due to the excitation of the ether situated behind the comet.

This is due to a misunderstanding of one of the greatest scientific problems of our epoch. There is not an astronomer who believes that the tail of a comet is a rigid whole attached to the nucleus : one might as well imagine that the smoke of a steamboat that started from Havre, and that one sees arriving at New York, has crossed the Atlantic with the vessel. It is two centuries since Newton explained these matters by showing that each section of the tail taken at

* Read before the Academy of Sciences of Paris, July 11, 1881.

a given moment was abandoned by the head at an antecedent period—a period more distant in proportion as the section itself is further removed from the nucleus. Each of these sections has followed, in space, an orbit absolutely different from that of the head of the comet; and the tail, in its entirety, is nothing but the envelope of the positions occupied at a given moment by the series of puffs of cometary matter successively emitted and driven off on the preceding days, without there being between them any other connection than the velocity of translation which they possessed in common at their points of departure.

Calculation applies perfectly to these singular but by no means mysterious phenomena. Bessel furnished their formula, which enables us to determine by the curvature of the tail the intensity of the force that produced it. Quite recently Mr. Bredichin, director of the Observatory at Moscow, has obtained from it most interesting results.

As to this force which M. Flammarion denies, although in every comet we see its effects marked in the heavens in gigantic features, it is certain that matters go on as if the sun was endowed with two actions—one attractive, belonging to its mass, the other repulsive, due to its electric (Olbers), magneti-polar (Bessel), or calorific (Faye) state. We may dispute its essence, or its physical nature, but not its mechanical characters, as I have defined them, because these characters result from the observed facts, namely :

1. This repulsive force is not proportionate to the masses, like attraction, but to the surfaces. Hence it produces the more marked effects in proportion as the matters subjected to it are less dense.

2. This force is not exerted through all matter, like attraction; it is on the contrary weakened, or even arrested, by the interposition of the smallest screen.

3. It is not propagated instantaneously, like attraction, but gradually, like light and heat. It results from this that its action upon a point in motion is not exerted in the same direction as attraction, even though the two forces emanate from the same body.

4. Lastly, this force varies inversely to the square of the distance, like the intensity of light and heat. This is the sole point of resemblance between the two forces which the sun exerts simultaneously upon all bodies, one which is connected with its mass, and therefore invariable, the other with its physical condition and consequently transitory.

This latter force necessarily affects the planets and their satellites as well as the comets. The first of the four characters that I have just indicated will explain how its action upon the planets, which are of incomparably greater density, has hitherto escaped the notice of astronomers. It is a problem reserved for a comparatively near future.

It is exerted also upon our planet at the boundaries of our atmosphere, but its meteorological effects are masked by those of solar radiation, which is much more powerful, and the period of which is exactly the same. I have at least endeavored to demonstrate its presence around us by the action of incandescent laminæ upon very rarefied matter, which I rendered visible by means of electrical currents. In this great difficulties are met with, which will not surprise any one who considers the trouble it has taken to compel even attraction to manifest itself about us between neighboring bodies.

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In conclusion, I would indicate that the simultaneous existence of several tails, with very different curvatures, is one of the most striking verifications of the characters above assigned to the repulsive force. These multiple tails are not exceptional as was formerly supposed; their presence is a fact which tends to become generalized as comets are observed with very powerful instruments. It is true that the present comet seems to have only one, but this is no doubt due to our being at no great distance from the plane of the orbit, the plane in which all the tails are formed, so that, so far as we are concerned, they are projected one upon the other. It is for the same reason that the tail of the present comet is apparently straight. If instead of seeing it edgewise we saw in face, its natural curvature would strike all eyes.—*Popular Science Review*.

THE GEYSERS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

BY PROF. ARCHIBALD GEIKIE.

THE traveller by railway across the American continent, after traversing several hundred miles of barren plain and sandy desert, finds at last that the line begins sensibly to descend. The panting engine moves along with increasing ease and diminished noise as it enters a long valley that leads out of the western plains, sweeping by the base of high cliffs, past the mouths of narrow lateral valleys, crossing and recrossing the water-courses by slim creaking bridges; now in a deep cutting, now in a short tunnel, it brings picturesque glimpses into view in such quick succession as almost to weary the eye that tries to scan them as they pass. After the dusty monotonous prairie, to see and hear the rush of roaring rivers, to catch sight of waterfalls, leaping down the crags, scattered pine-trees crowning the heights, and green meadows carpeting the valleys, to find, too, that every mile brings you further into a region of cultivated fields and cheerful homesteads, is a pleasure not soon to be forgotten. The Mormons have given a look of long-settled comfort to these valleys. Fields, orchards, and hedgerows, with neat farm buildings and gardens full of flowers, remind one of bits of the old country rather than of the bare, flowerless settlements in the West. But the sight of a group of Chinamen here and there at work on the line dispels the momentary illusion.

Winding rapidly down a succession of gorges or cañons (for every valley in the West seems to be known as a cañon), the traveller finds at last that he has entered the "Great Basin" of North America, and has arrived near the margin of the Great Salt Lake. Looking back, he perceives that the route by which he has come is one of many transverse valleys, hollowed out of the flanks of the noble range of the Wahsatch Mountains. This range serves at once as the western boundary of the plateau country and as the eastern rim of the Great Basin, into which it plunges as a colossal rampart from an average height of some 4000 feet above the plain, though some of its isolated summits rise to more

than twice that altitude. From the base of this great mountain-wall the country stretches westward as a vast desert plain, in a slight depression of which lies the Great Salt Lake. By industriously making use of the drainage from their mountain barrier, the Mormons have converted the strip of land between the base of the heights and the edge of the water into fertile fields and well-kept gardens.

Everybody knows that the Great Basin has no outlet to the ocean; yet nobody can see the scene with his own eyes and refuse to admit the sense of strange novelty with which it fills his mind. One's first desire is naturally to get to the lake. From a distance it looks blue enough, and not different from other sheets of water. But on a nearer view its shore is seen to be a level plain of salt-crust mud. So gently does this plain slip under the water that the actual margin of the lake is not very sharply drawn. The water has a heavy, motionless, lifeless aspect, and is practically destitute of living creatures of every kind. Fish are found in the rivers leading into the lake, but into the lake itself they never venture. Nor did we see any of the abundant bird-life that would have been visible on a fresh-water lake of such dimensions. There was a stillness in the air and on the water befitting the strange desert aspect of the scenery.

After looking at the water for a little, the next step was of course to get into it. The Mormons and Gentiles of Salt Lake City make good use of their lake for bathing purposes. At convenient points they have thrown out wooden piers, provided with dressing-rooms and hot-water apparatus. Betaking ourselves to one of these erections, my companion and I were soon fitted out in bathing costumes of approved pattern, and descending into the lake, at once realized the heaviness of the water. In walking, the leg that is lifted off the bottom seems somehow bent on rising to the surface, and some exertion is needed to force it down again to the mud below. One suddenly feels top-heavy, and seems to

need special care not to turn feet uppermost. The extreme shallowness of the lake is also soon noticed. We found ourselves at first barely over the knees; so we proceeded to march into the lake. After a long journey, so long that it seemed we ought to be almost out of sight of the shore, we were scarcely up to the waist. At its deepest part the lake is not more than about fifty feet in depth. Yet it measures eighty miles in length, by about thirty-two miles in extreme breadth. We made some experiments in flotation, but always with the uncomfortable feeling that our bodies were not properly ballasted for such water, and that we might roll over or turn round head downmost at any moment. It is quite possible to float in a sitting posture with the hands brought round the knees. As one of the risks of these experiments, moreover, the water would now and then get into our eyes, or find out any half-healed wound which the blazing sun of the previous weeks had inflicted upon our faces. So rapid is the evaporation in the dry air of this region that the skin after being wetted is almost immediately crusted with salt. I noticed, too, that the wooden steps leading up to the pier were hung with slender stalactites of salt from the drip of the bathers. After being pickled in this fashion we had the luxury of washing the salt crust off with the *douche* of hot-water wherewith every dressing-room is provided.

It was strange to reflect that the varied beauty of the valleys in the neighboring mountains, with their meadows, clumps of cottonwood trees, and rushing streams, should lead into this lifeless stagnant sea. One could not contemplate the scene without a strong interest in the history of the Great Salt Lake. The details of this history have been admirably worked out by Mr. G. K. Gilbert. Theoretically, we infer that the salt lakes of continental basins were at first fresh, and have become salt by the secular evaporation of their waters, and consequent concentration of the salt washed by them out of their various drainage basins. But in the case of the Great Salt Lake, the successive stages of this long process have been actually traced in the records left behind on the surface of the ground. At present the

amount of water poured into the lake nearly balances the amount lost by evaporation, so that on the whole the level of the lake is maintained. There are, however, oscillations of level, dependent, no doubt, upon variations of rainfall. When the lake was surveyed by the Fortieth Parallel Survey in 1872, its surface was found to be eleven feet higher than it was in 1866. During the last few years, on the other hand, the lake has been diminishing. The Mormons have had to build additions to the ends of their bathing piers, from which the water has receded. There has been considerable anxiety too at Salt Lake City on the subject of the diminished rainfall, which has seriously affected the supply of water for irrigation and other purposes.

That the aspect of this part at least of the Great Basin was formerly widely different is conclusively proved by some singular features, which are among the first to attract the notice even of the non-scientific traveller as he journeys round the borders of the lake. Along the flanks of the surrounding mountains there runs a group of parallel level lines, so level indeed that when first seen they suggest some extensive system of carefully engineered water-ways. On a far larger scale they are the equivalents of our well-known Parallel Roads of Glen Roy. Mile after mile they can be followed, winding in and out along the mountain declivities, here and there expanding where a streamlet has pushed out a cone of detritus, and again narrowing to hardly perceptible selvages along steeper rocky faces, but always keeping their horizontality and their proper distance from each other. That these terraces are former shore-lines of the lake admits of no doubt. The highest of them is 940 feet above the present surface of the lake, which is 4250 feet above the sea. Hence when the lake stood at the line of that terrace, its surface was 5190 feet above sea-level. Now it has been found that the highest terrace corresponds with a gap in the rim of the basin, lying considerably to the north of the existing margin of the lake. Consequently, when the lake stood at its highest level, it had an outlet northward into the Snake River, draining into the Pacific Ocean, and

must thus have been fresh. Moreover, search in the deposits of the highest terrace has brought, to light convincing proof of the freshness of the water at that time, for numerous shells have been found belonging to lacustrine species. At its greatest development the lake must have been vastly larger than now—a huge inland sea of fresh water lying on the western side of the continent, and quite comparable with some of the great lakes on the eastern side. It measured about 300 miles from north to south, and 180 miles in extreme width from east to west. Into this great reservoir of fresh water, fishes from the tributary rivers no doubt freely entered, so that on the whole a community of species would be established throughout the basin. But when, owing to diminution of the rainfall, the lake no longer possessed an outlet, and in the course of ages grew gradually salt, it became unfit for the support of life. Ever since this degree of salinity was reached the rivers have been cut off from any communication with each other. These are precisely the conditions which the naturalist most desires in tracing the progress of change in animal forms. During a period which, in a geological sense, is comparatively short, but which, measured by years, must be of long duration, each river-basin has been an isolated area, with its own peculiarities of rock-structure, slope, vegetation, character of water, food, and other conditions of environment that tell so powerfully on the evolution of organic types. A beginning has been made in working out the natural history of these basins; but much patient labor will be needed before the story can be adequately told. There are probably few areas in the world which offer to the student of evolution so promising a field of research.

In the course of my brief sojourn in the region, I made an observation of some interest in regard to the history of the former wide enlargement of the Great Salt Lake. The Wahsatch Mountains, which rise so picturesquely above the narrow belt of Mormon cultivation between their base and the edge of the water, have their higher parts more or less covered, or at least streaked, with snow, even in midsummer, though at the time of my visit, by reason of the

great heat, and, I suppose, in part also, of a diminished snowfall, the snow had almost entirely disappeared. But any cause which could lower the mean summer temperature a few degrees would keep a permanent snow-cap on the summits, and a little further decrease would send glaciers down the valleys. That glaciers formerly did descend from the central masses of the Wahsatch range is put beyond question by the scored and polished rocks, and the huge piles of moraine detritus which they have left behind them. These phenomena have been well described by the geologists of the Fortieth Parallel Survey, and I could fully confirm their observations. But I further noticed at the Little Cottonwood Cañon that the moraines descend to the edge of the highest terrace, and that the glacial rubbish forms part of the alluvial deposits there. Hence we may infer that at the time of the greatest extension of the lake the Wahsatch Mountains were a range of snowy alps, from which glaciers descended to the edge of the water. Salt Lake City, being nearly on the same parallel of latitude with Naples, the change to the former topography would be somewhat as if a loftier range of glacier-bearing Apennines were to rise in the south of Europe.

One leading object of our journey was to see the wonders of the Yellowstone—that region of geysers, mud volcanoes, hot springs and sinter-beds, which the United States Congress, with wise forethought, has set apart from settlement and reserved for the instruction of the people. In a few years this part of the continent will no doubt be readily accessible by rail and coach. At the time of our visit it was still difficult of approach. We heard on the way the most ominous tales of Indian atrocities committed only a year or two before, and were warned to be prepared for something of the kind in our turn. So it was with a little misgiving as to the prudence of the undertaking that we struck off from the line of the Union Pacific Railway at Ogden and turned our faces to the north. Ogden is the centre at which the railway from Salt Lake City and that from Northern Utah and Idaho join the main trans-continental line. The first part of the journey passed pleasantly enough. The track is

a very narrow one, and the carriages are proportionately small. We started in the evening, and sitting at the end of the last car, enjoyed the glories of a sunset over the Great Salt Lake. Next day about noon brought us to the end of the railway in the midst of a desert of black basalt and loose sand, with a tornado blowing the hot desert dust in blinding clouds through the air. It was the oddest "terminus" conceivable, consisting of about a score of wooden booths stuck down at random, with rows of freight wagons mixed up among them, and a miscellaneous population of a thoroughly Western kind. In a fortnight afterward the railway would be opened some fifty miles further north, and the whole town and its inhabitants would then move to the new terminus. Some weeks afterward, indeed, we returned by rail over the same track, and the only traces of our mushroom town were the tin biscuit-boxes, preserved-meat cans, and other *débris* scattered about on the desert and too heavy for the wind to disperse.

With this cessation of the railway all comfort in travelling utterly disappeared. A "stage," loaded inside and outside with packages, but supposed to be capable of carrying eight passengers besides, was now to be our mode of conveyance over the bare, burning, treeless, and roadless desert. The recollection of those two days and nights stands out as a kind of nightmare. I gladly omit further reference to them. There should have been a third day and night, but by what proved a fortunate accident we escaped this prolongation of the horror. Reaching Virginia City (!) a collection of miserable wooden houses, many of them deserted—for the gold of the valley is exhausted, though many Chinese are there working over the old refuse heaps—we learned that we were too late for the stage to Boseman. Meeting, however, a resident from Boseman as anxious to be there as ourselves, we secured a carriage, and were soon again in motion. By one of the rapid meteorological changes not infrequent at such altitudes, the weather, which had before been warm, and sometimes even hot, now became for a day or two disagreeably chilly. As we crossed a ridge into the valley of the Madison River,

snow fell, and the mountain crests had their first whitening for the season as we caught sight of them, peak beyond peak, far up into the southern horizon. Night had fallen when we crossed the Madison River below its last cañon, and further progress became impossible. There was a "ranch," or cattle-farm, not far off, where our companion had slept before, and where he proposed that we should demand quarters for the night. A good-natured welcome reconciled us to rough fare and hard beds.

On the afternoon of the third day we at length reached Boseman, the last collection of houses between us and the Yellowstone. A few miles beyond it stands Fort Ellis, a post of the United States army, built to command an important pass from the territory to the east still haunted by Indians. Through the kind thoughtfulness of my friend Dr. Hayden, I had been provided with letters of introduction from the authorities at Washington to the commandants of posts in the West. I found my arrival expected at Fort Ellis, and the quartermaster happened himself to have come down to Boseman. Before the end of the afternoon we were once more in comfort under his friendly roof. And here I am reminded of an incident at Boseman which brought out one of the characteristics of travel in America, and particularly in the West. It may be supposed that after so long and so dusty a journey our boots were not without the need of being blacked. Having had luncheon at the hotel, I inquired of the waiter where I should go to get this done. He directed me to the clerk in the office. On making my request to this formidable personage, seated at his ledger, he quietly remarked, without raising his eyes off his pen, that he guessed I could find the materials in the corner. And there, true enough, were blacking-pot and brush, with which every guest might essay to polish his boots or not, as he pleased. In journeying westward we had sometimes seen a placard stuck up in the bedrooms of the hotels to the effect that ladies and gentlemen putting their boots outside their doors must be understood to do so at their own risk. In the larger hotels a shoeblack is one of the recognized functionaries, with his room and chair of

state for those who think it needful to employ him.

Of Fort Ellis and the officers' mess there, we shall ever keep the pleasantest memories. No Indians had now to be kept in order. There was indeed nothing to do at the Fort save the daily routine of military duty. A very small incident in such circumstances is enough to furnish amusement and conversation for an evening. We made an excursion into the hills to the south, and had the satisfaction of starting a black bear from a cover of thick herbage almost below our feet. Not one of the party happened to have brought a rifle, and the animal was rapidly out of reach of our revolvers, as he raced up the steep side of the valley, and took refuge among the crags and caves of limestone at the top.

Being assured that the Yellowstone country was perfectly safe, that we should probably see no Indians at all, and that any who might cross our path belonged to friendly tribes, and being further anxious to avoid having to return and repeat that dismal stage journey, we arranged to travel through the "Yellowstone Park," as it is termed, and through the mountains encircling the head-waters of the Snake River, so as to strike the railway not far from where we had left it. This involved a ride of somewhere about 300 miles through a mountainous region still in its aboriginal loneliness. By the care of Lieutenant Alison, the quartermaster of the fort, and the liberality of the army authorities, we were furnished with horses and a pack-train of mules, under an escort of two men, one of whom, Jack Bean by name, had for many years lived among the wilds through which we were to pass, as trapper and miner by turns; the other, a soldier in the cavalry detachment at the Fort, went by the name of "Andy," and acted as cook and leader of the mules. The smaller the party, the quicker could we get through the mountains, and as rapidity of movement was necessary, we gladly availed ourselves of the quartermaster's arrangements. Provisions were taken in quantity sufficient for the expedition, but it was expected we should be able to add to our larder an occasional haunch of antelope or elk, which in good time we did. So,

full of expectation, we bade adieu, not without regret, to our friends at Fort Ellis, and set out upon our quest.

The reader may be reminded here that the Yellowstone River has its headwaters close to the watershed of the continent, among the mountains which, branching out in different directions, include the ranges of the Wind River, Owl Creek, Shoshonee, the Teetons, and other groups that have hardly yet received names. Its course at first is nearly north, passing out of the lake where its upper tributaries collect their drainage, through a series of remarkable cañons, till about the latitude of Fort Ellis, after which it bends round to the eastward, and eventually falls into the Missouri. We struck the river just above its lowest cañon in Montana. It is there already a noble stream, winding through a broad alluvial valley, flanked with hills on either side, those on the right or east bank towering up into one of the noblest ranges of the Rocky Mountains. Here, as well as on the Madison, we met with illustrations on a magnificent scale of the general law of valley structure, that every gorge formed by the convergence of the hills on either side has an expansion of the valley into a lake-like plain on its upper side. For several hours we rode along this plain among mounds of detritus, grouped in that crescent-shaped arrangement so characteristic of glacier moraines. Large blocks of crystalline rock, quite unlike the volcanic masses along which we were travelling, lay tossed about among the mounds. One mass in particular, lying far off in the middle of the valley, looked at first like a solitary cottage. Crossing to it, however, we found it to be only a huge erratic of the usual granitoid gneiss. There could be no doubt about the massiveness of the glaciers that once filled up the valley of the Yellowstone. The moraine mounds extend across the plain and mount the bases of the hills on either side. The glacier which shed them must consequently have been here a mile or more in breadth. All the way up the valley we were on the outlook for evidence as to the thickness of the ice, which might be revealed by the height at which either transported blocks had been stranded, or a polished and striated surface had been left upon the

rocks of the valley. We were fortunate in meeting with evidence of both kinds.

I shall not soon forget my astonishment on entering the second cañon. We had made our first camp some way further down, and before striking the tent in the morning had mounted the hills on the left side and observed how the detritus (glacial detritus, as we believed it to be) had been rearranged and spread out into terraces, either by the river when at a much higher level than that at which it now flows, or by a lake which evidently once filled up the broad expansion of the valley between the two lowest cañons. We were prepared, therefore, for the discovery of still more striking proof of the power and magnitude of the old glaciers, but never anticipated that so gigantic and perfect a piece of icework as the second cañon was in store for us. From a narrow gorge, the sides of which rise to heights of 1000 feet or more, the river darts out into the plain which we had been traversing. The rocky sides of this ravine are smoothly polished and striated from the bottom up apparently to the top. Some of the detached knobs of schist rising out of the plain at the mouth of the cañon were as fresh in their ice-polish as if the glacier had only recently retired from them. The scene reminded me more of the valley of the Aar above the Grimsel than of any other European glacier-ground. As we rode up the gorge, with here and there just room to pass between the rushing river and the rocky declivity, we could trace the ice-worn bosses of schist far up the heights till they lost themselves among the pines. The frosts of winter are slowly effacing the surfaces sculptured by the vanished glacier. Huge angular blocks are from time to time detached from the crags and join the piles of detritus at the bottom. But where the ice-polished surfaces are not much traversed with joints they have a marvellous power of endurance. Hence they may have utterly disappeared from one part of a rock-face and remain perfectly preserved on another adjoining part. There could be no doubt now that the Yellowstone glacier was massive enough to fill up the second cañon to the brim, that is to say, it must have been there at least 800 or 1000 feet thick. But in the course of

our ascent we obtained proof that the thickness was even greater than this, for we found that the ice had perched blocks of granite and gneiss on the sides of the volcanic hills not less than 1600 feet about the present plain of the river, and that it not merely filled up the main valley, but actually overrode the bounding hills so as to pass into some of the adjacent valleys. That glaciers once nestled in these mountains might have been readily anticipated, but it was important to be able to demonstrate their former existence, and to show that they attained such a magnitude.

The glaciers, however, were after all an unexpected or incidental kind of game. We were really on the trail of volcanic productions, and devoted most of our time to the hunt after them. The valley of the Yellowstone is of high antiquity. It has been excavated partly out of ancient crystalline rocks, partly out of later stratified formations, and partly out of masses of lava that have been erupted during a long succession of ages. Here and there it has been invaded by streams of basalt, which have subsequently been laboriously cut through by the river. In the whole course of our journey through the volcanic region we found that the oldest lavas were trachytes and their allies, while the youngest were as invariably basalts, the interval between the eruption of the two kinds having sometimes been long enough to permit the older rocks to be excavated into gorges before the emission of the more recent. Even the youngest, however, must have been poured out a long while ago, for they, too, have been deeply trenched by the slow erosive power of running water. But the volcanic fires are not yet wholly extinguished in the region. No lava, indeed, is now emitted, but there are plentiful proofs of the great heat that still exists but a short way below the surface.

Quitting the moraine mounds of the Yellowstone Valley, which above the second cañon become still more abundant and perfect, we ascended the tributary known as Gardiner's River, and camped in view of the hot springs. The first glimpse of this singular scene, caught from the crest of a dividing ridge, recalls the termination of a

glacier. A mass of snowy whiteness protrudes from a lateral pine-clad valley, and presents a steep front to the narrow plain at its base. The contrast between it and the sombre hue of the pines all round heightens the resemblance of its form and aspect to a mass of ice. It is all solid rock, however, deposited by the hot water, which, issuing from innumerable openings down the valley, has in course of time filled it up with this white sinter. Columns of steam rising from the mass bore witness, even at a distance, to the nature of the locality. We wandered over this singular accumulation, each of us searching for a pool cool enough to be used as a bath. I found one where the water, after quitting its conduit, made a circuit round a basin of sinter, and in so doing cooled down sufficiently to let one sit in it. The top of the mound and indeed those parts of the deposit generally from which the water has retreated and which are therefore dry and exposed to the weather, are apt to crack into thin shells or to crumble into white powder. But along the steep front, from which most of the springs escape, the water collects into basins at many different levels. Each of these basins has the most exquisitely fretted rim. It is at their margins that evaporation proceeds most vigorously and deposition takes place most rapidly, hence the rim is being constantly added to. The colors of these wavy, frill-like borders are sometimes remarkably vivid. The sinter, where moist or fresh, has a delicate pink or salmon-colored hue that deepens along the edge of each basin into rich yellows, browns, and reds. Where the water has trickled over the steep front from basin to basin, the sinter has assumed smooth curved forms like the sweep of unbroken waterfalls. At many points indeed, as one scrambles along that front, the idea of a series of frozen waterfalls rises in the mind. There are no eruptive springs or geysers at this locality now, though a large pillar of sinter on the plain below probably marks the site of one. Jack assured us that even since the time he had first been up here, some ten years before, the water had perceptibly diminished.

The contrast between the heat below and the cold above ground at nights was

sometimes very great. We used to rise about daybreak and repair to the nearest brook or river for ablution. Sometimes a crust of ice would be found on the pools. One night indeed the thermometer fell to 19° , and my sponge, lying in its bag inside our tent, was solidly frozen so that I could have broken it with my hammer. The camping ground, selected where wood, water, and forage for the animals could be had together, was usually reached by about three o'clock in the afternoon, so that we had still several hours of daylight for sketching, or any exploration which the locality seemed to invite. About sunset Andy's fire had cooked our dinner, which we set out on the wooden box that held our cooking implements. Then came the camp-fire stories, of which our companions had a sufficient supply. Andy, in particular, would never be outdone. Nothing marvellous was told that he could not instantly cap with something more wonderful still that had happened in his own experience. What distances he had ridden! What hair-breadth escapes from Indians he had gone through! What marvels of nature he had seen! And all the while, as the tales went round and the fire burned low or was wakened into fiercer blaze by piles of pine logs hewn down by Jack's diligent axe, the stars were coming out in the sky overhead. Such a canopy to sleep under! Wrapping myself round in my travelling cloak, I used to lie apart for a while, gazing up at that sky, so clear, so sparkling, so utterly and almost incredibly different from the bleared, cloudy expanse we must usually be content with at home. Every familiar constellation had a brilliancy we never see through our moisture-laden atmosphere. It seemed to swim overhead, while behind and beyond it the heavens were aglow with stars that are hardly ever visible here at all. These quiet half-hours with the quiet stars, amid the silence of the primeval forest, are among the most delightful recollections of the journey.

Our mules were a constant source of amusement to us and of execration to Jack and Andy. Andy led the party, with his loaded rifle slung in front of his saddle ready for any service. After him came the string of mules with their

packs, followed by Jack, who, with volleys of abuse and frequent applications of a leathern saddle-strap, endeavored to keep up their pace and preserve them in line. My friend and I varied our position, sometimes riding on ahead and having the pleasure of first starting any game that might be in our way, more frequently lingering behind to enjoy quietly some of the delicious glades in the forest. But we could never get far out of hearing of the whack of Jack's belt or the fierce whoop with which he would ever and anon charge the rearmost mules and send them scampering on till every spoon, knife, and tin can in the boxes rattled and jingled. The proper packing of a mule is an art that requires considerable skill and practice, and Jack was a thorough master of the craft. After breakfast he used to collect the animals, while Andy made up the packs, and the two together proceeded to the packing. Such tugging and pulling and kicking on the part of men and mules! The quadrupeds, however, whatever their feelings might be, gave no vent to them. But the men found relief in such fusillades of swearing as I had never before heard or even imagined. I ventured one morning to ask whether the oaths were a help to them in the packing. Jack assured me that if I had them mules to pack he'd give me two days, and at the end of that he'd bet I'd swear myself worse than any of them. Another morning Andy was hanging his coat on a branch projecting near the camp fire. The coat, however, fell off the branch, and was, as a matter of course, greeted by its owner with an execration. It was put up again, and again slipped down. This was repeated two or three times, and each time the language was getting fiercer and louder. At last, when the operation was successfully completed, I asked him of what use all the swearing at the coat had been. "Wall, boss," rejoined he triumphantly, "don't ye see the darned thing's stuck up now?" This I felt was, under the circumstances, an unanswerable argument. Western teamsters are renowned for their powers of continuous execration. I myself heard one swear uninterruptedly for about ten minutes at a man who was not present, but who it seemed was doomed to the most horrible de-

struction, body and soul, as soon as this bloodthirsty ruffian caught sight of him again, either in this world or the next.

From Gardiner's River we made a *détour* over a long ridge dotted with ice-borne blocks of granite and gneiss, and crossed the shoulder of Mount Washburne by a col 8867 feet above the sea, descending once more to the Yellowstone River at the head of the Grand Cañon. The whole of this region consists of volcanic rocks, chiefly trachytes, rhyolites, obsidians, and tufts. We chose as our camping ground a knoll under a clump of tall pines, with a streamlet of fresh water flowing below it in haste to join the main river, which, though out of sight, was audible in the hoarse thunder of its falls. Impatient to see this ravine, of whose marvels we had heard much, we left the mules rolling on the ground and our packers getting the camp into shape, and struck through the forest in the direction of the roar. Unprepared for anything so vast, we emerged from the last fringe of the woods and stood on the brink of the great chasm, silent with amazement.

The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone is a ravine from 1000 to 1500 feet deep. Where its shelving sides meet at the bottom, there is little more than room for the river to flow between them, but it widens irregularly upward. It has been excavated out of a series of volcanic rocks by the flow of the river itself. The waterfalls, of which there are here two, have crept backward, gradually eating their way out of the lavas and leaving below them the ravine of the Grand Cañon. The weather has acted on the sides of the gorge, scarping some parts into precipitous crags, and scooping others back, so that each side presents a series of projecting bastions and semi-circular sloping recesses. The dark forests of pine that fill the valley above sweep down to the very brink of the gorge on both sides. Such is the general plan of the place; but it is hardly possible to convey in words a picture of the impressive grandeur of the scene.

We spent a long day sketching and wandering by the side of the cañon. Scrambling to the edge of one of the bastions and looking down, we could see the river far below, dwarfed to a mere

silver thread. From this abyss the crags and slopes towered up in endless variety of form, and with the weirdest mingling of colors. Much of the rock, especially of the more crumbling slopes, was of a pale sulphur yellow. Through this ground-work harder masses of dull scarlet, merging into purple and crimson, rose into craggy knobs and pinnacles, or shot up in sheer vertical walls. In the sunlight of the morning the place is a blaze of strange color, such as one can hardly see anywhere save in the crater of an active volcano. But as the day wanes, the shades of evening sinking gently into the depths blend their livid tints into a strange mysterious gloom, through which one can still see the white gleam of the rushing river and hear the distant murmur of its flow. Now is the time to see the full majesty of the cañon. Perched on an outstanding crag one can look down the ravine and mark headland behind headland mounting out of the gathering shadows and catching up on their scarred fronts of yellow and red the mellow tints of the sinking sun. And above all lie the dark folds of pine sweeping along the crests of the precipices, which they crown with a rim of sombre green. There are gorges of far more imposing magnitude in the Colorado Basin, but for dimensions large enough to be profoundly striking, yet not too vast to be taken in by the eye at once, for infinite changes of picturesque detail, and for brilliancy and endless variety of coloring, there are probably few scenes in the world more impressive than the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone. Such at least were the feelings with which we reluctantly left it to resume our journey.

The next goal for which we made was the Geyser Basin of the Firehole River—a ride of two days, chiefly through forest, but partly over bare volcanic hills. Some portions of this ride led into open park-like glades in the forest, where it seemed as if no human foot had ever preceded us; not a trail of any kind was to be seen. Here and there, however, we noticed footprints of bears, and some of the trees had their bark plentifully scratched, at a height of three or four feet from the ground, where, as Jack said, "the bears had been sharpening their claws." Deer of different

kinds were not uncommon, and we shot enough to supply our diminishing larder. Now and then we came upon a skunk or a badger, and at night we could hear the mingled bark and howl of the wolves. Andy's rifle was always ready, and he blazed away at everything. As he rode at the head of the party the first intimation those behind had of any game afoot was the crack of his rifle, followed by the immediate stampede of the mules, and a round of execration from Jack. I do not remember that he ever shot anything save one wild duck, which immediately sank, or at least could not be found.

Reaching at length the Upper Geyser Basin we camped by the river in the only group of trees in the immediate neighborhood that had not been invaded by the sheets of white sinter which spread out all round on both sides of the river. There were hot springs, and spouting geysers, and steaming cauldrons of boiling water in every direction. We had passed many openings by the way whence steam issued. In fact in some parts of the route we seemed to be riding over a mere crust between the air above and a huge boiling vat below. At one place the hind foot of one of the horses went through this crust, and a day or two afterward, re-passing the spot, we saw it steaming. But we had come upon no actual eruptive geyser. In this basin, however, there is one geyser which, ever since the discovery of the region some ten years ago, has been remarkably regular in its action. It has an eruption once every hour or a few minutes more. The kindly name of "Old Faithful" has accordingly been bestowed upon it. We at once betook ourselves to this vent. It stands upon a low mound of sinter, which, seen from a little distance, looks as if built up of successive sheets piled one upon another. The stratified appearance, however, is due to the same tendency to form basins so marked at the Hot Springs on Gardiner's River. These basins are bordered with the same banded, brightly colored rims which, running in level lines, give the stratified look to the mound. On the top the sinter has gathered into huge dome-shaped or coral-like lumps, among which lies the vent of the geyser—a hole not more than a couple of feet or so in

diameter — whence steam constantly issues. When we arrived a considerable agitation was perceptible. The water was surging up and down a short distance below, and when we could not see it for the cloud of vapor its gurgling noise remained distinctly audible. We had not long to wait before the water began to be jerked out in occasional spurts. Then suddenly, with a tremendous roar, a column of mingled water and steam rushed up for 120 feet into the air, falling in a torrent over the mound, the surface of which now streamed with water, while its strange volcanic colors glowed vividly in the sunlight. A copious stream of still steaming water rushed off by the nearest channels to the river. The whole eruption did not last longer than about five minutes, after which the water sank in the funnel, and the same restless gurgitation was resumed. Again at the usual interval another eructation of the same kind and intensity took place.

Though the most frequent and regular in its movements, "Old Faithful" is by no means the most imposing of the geysers either in the volume of its discharge or in the height to which it erupts. The "Giant" and "Beehive" both surpass it, but are fitful in their action, intervals of several days occurring between successive explosions. Both of them remained tantalizingly quiet, nor could they be provoked, by throwing stones down their throats, to do anything for our amusement. The "Castle Geyser," however, was more accommodating. It presented us with a magnificent eruption. A far larger body of water than at "Old Faithful" was hurled into the air, and continued to rise for more than double the time. It was interesting to watch the rocket-like projectiles of water and steam that shot through and out of the main column, and burst into a shower of drops outside. At intervals, as the energy of discharge oscillated, the column would sink a little, and then would mount up again as high as before, with a hiss and roar that must have been audible all round the geyser basin, while the ground near the geyser perceptibly trembled. I had been sketching close to the spot when the eruption began, and in three minutes the place where I had been sitting was

the bed of a rapid torrent of hot water rushing over the sinter floor to the river.

Without wearying the reader with details that possess interest only for geologists, I may be allowed to refer to one part of the structure of these geyser mounds which is not a little curious and puzzling—the want of sympathy between closely adjacent vents. At the summit of a mound the top of the subterranean column of boiling water can be seen about a yard from the surface in a constant state of commotion, while at the base of the mound, at a level thirty or forty feet lower, lie quiet pools of steaming water, some of them with a point of ebullition in their centre. There can be no direct connection between these pipes. Their independence is still more strikingly displayed at the time of eruption, for while the geyser is spouting high into the air, these surrounding pools go on quietly boiling as before. It is now generally acknowledged that the seat of eruptive energy is in the underground pipe itself, each geyser having its peculiarities of shape, depth, and temperature. But it would appear also that at least above this seat of activity there may be no communication even between contiguous vents on the same geyser mound.

Another interesting feature of the locality is the tendency of each geyser to build up a cylinder of sinter round its vent. A few of these are quite perfect, but in most cases they are more or less broken down as if they had been blown out by occasional explosions of exceptional severity. Usually there is only one cylindrical excrescence on a sinter mound; but in some cases several may be seen with their bases almost touching each other. As the force of the geyser diminishes and its eruptions become less frequent the funnel seems to get choked up with sinter, until in the end the hollow cylinder becomes a more or less solid pillar. Numerous eminences of this kind are to be seen throughout the region. Their surfaces are white and crumbling. They look, in fact, so like pillars of salt that one could not help thinking of Lot's wife, and wondering whether such geyser columns could ever have existed on the plains of Sodom. In a rainless climate they might last a long time. But the sinter here, as at

Gardiner's River, when no longer growing by fresh deposits from the escaping water, breaks up into thin plates. Those parts of the basin where this disintegration is in progress look as if they had been strewn with pounded oyster shells.

That the position of the vents slowly changes is indicated on the one hand by the way in which trees are spreading from the surrounding forest over the crumbling floor of sinter, and on the other by the number of dead or dying trunks which here and there rise out of the sinter. The volcanic energy is undoubtedly dying out. Yet it remains still vigorous enough to impress the mind with a sense of the potency of subterranean heat. From the upper end of the basin the eye ranges round a wide area of bare sinter plains and mounds, with dozens of columns of steam rising on all sides; while even from among the woods beyond an occasional puff of white vapor reveals the presence of active vents in the neighboring valley. A prodigious mass of sinter has, in the course of ages, been laid down, and the form of the ground has been thereby materially changed. We made some short excursions into the forest, and as far as we penetrated the same floor of sinter was everywhere traceable. Here and there a long extinct geyser mound was nearly concealed under a covering of vegetation, so that it resembled a gigantic ant-hill; or a few steaming holes about its sides or summit would bring before us some of the latest stages in geyser history.

One of the most singular sights of this interesting region are the mud volcanoes, or mud geysers. We visited one of the best of them, to which Jack gave the name of "the Devil's Paint-pot." It lies near the margin of the Lower Geyser basin. We approached it from below, surmounting by the way a series of sinter mounds dotted with numerous vents filled with boiling water. It may be described as a huge vat of boiling and variously colored mud, about thirty yards in diameter. At one side the ebullition was violent, and the grayish-white mud danced up into spurts that were jerked a foot or two into the air. At the other side, however, the movement was much less vigorous. The mud there rose slowly into blister-like

expansions, a foot or more in diameter, which gradually swelled up till they burst, and a little of the mud with some steam was tossed up, after which the bubble sank down and disappeared. But nearer the edge on this pasty side of the cauldron the mud appeared to become more viscous, as well as more brightly colored green and red, so that the blisters when formed remained, and were even enlarged by expansion from within, and the ejection of more liquid mud over their sides. Each of these little cones was in fact a miniature volcano with its circular crater atop. Many of them were not more than a foot high. Had it been possible to transport one unbroken, we could easily have removed it entire from its platform of hardened mud. It would have been something to boast of, that we had brought home a volcano. But, besides our invincible abhorrence of the vandalism that would in any way disturb these natural productions, in our light marching order, the specimen, even had we been barbarous enough to remove it, would soon have been reduced to the condition to which the jolting of the mules had brought our biscuits—that of fine powder. We remained for hours watching the formation of these little volcanoes, and thinking of Leopold von Buch and the old exploded "crater of elevation" theory. Each of these cones was, nevertheless, undoubtedly a true crater of elevation.

Willingly would we have lingered longer in this weird district. But there still lay a long journey before us ere we again could reach the confines of civilization; we had therefore to resume the march. The Firehole River, which flows through the Geyser Basins, and whose banks are in many places vaporous heaps of sinter, the very water of the river steaming as it flows along, is the infant Madison River, which we had crossed early in the journey far down below its lowest cañon on our way to Fort Ellis. Our route now lay through its upper cañon, a densely-timbered gorge with picturesque volcanic peaks mounting up here and there on either side far above the pines. Below this defile the valley opens out into a little basin, filled with forest to the brim, and then, as usual, contracts again

toward the opening of the next cañon. We forded the river, and, mounting the ridges on its left side, looked over many square miles of undulating pine tops—a vast dark-green sea of foliage stretching almost up to the summits of the far mountains. At last, ascending a short narrow valley full of beaver dams, we reached a low flat water shed 7063 feet above the sea, and stood on the "great divide" of the continent. The streams by which we had hitherto been wandering all ultimately find their way into the Missouri and the Gulf of Mexico; but the brooks we now encountered were some of the infant tributaries of the Snake or Columbia River, which drains into the Pacific. Making our way across to Henry's Fork, one of the feeders of the Snake River, we descended its course for a time. It led us now through open moor-like spaces, and then into seemingly impenetrable forest. For some time the sky toward the west had been growing more hazy as we approached, and we now found out the cause. The forest was on fire in several places. At one part of the journey we had just room to pass between the blazing crackling trunks and the edge of the river. For easier passage we forded the stream, and proceeded down its left bank, but found that here and there the fire had crossed even to that side. Most of these forest fires result from the grossest carelessness. Jack was particularly cautious each morning to see that every ember of our camp fire was extinguished, and that by no chance could the dry grass around be kindled, for it might smoulder on and slowly spread for days, until it eventually set the nearest timber in a blaze. We used to soak the ground with water before resuming our march. These forest fires were of course an indication that human beings, either red or white, had been on the ground not long before us. But we did not come on their trail. One morning, however—it was the last day of this long march—we had been about a couple of hours in the saddle. The usual halt had been made to tighten the packs, and we were picking our way across a dreary plain of sage brush on the edge of the great basalt flood of Idaho, when Jack, whose eyes were like a hawk's for quickness, detected a cloud of dust far to the south

on the horizon. We halted, and in a few minutes Jack informed us that it was a party of horsemen, and that they must be Indians from their way of riding. As they came nearer we made out that there were four mounted Indians with four led horses. Jack dismounted and got his rifle ready. Andy, without saying a word, did the same. They covered with their pieces the foremost rider, who now spurred on rapidly in front of the rest, gesticulating to us with a rod or whip he carried in his hand. "They are friendly," remarked Jack, and down went the rifles. The first rider came up to us, and after a palaver with Jack, in which we caught here and there a word of broken English, we learned that they were bound for a council of Indians up in Montana.

Four more picturesque savages could not have been desired to complete our reminiscences of the Far West. Every bright color was to be found somewhere in their costumes. One wore a bright blue coat faced with scarlet, another had chosen his cloth of the tawniest orange. Their straw hats were encircled with a band of down and surmounted with feathers. Scarlet braid embroidered with beads wound in and out all over their dress. Their rifles (for every one of them was fully armed) were cased in richly brodered canvas covers, and were slung across the front of their saddles, ready for any emergency. One of them, the son of a chief whose father Jack had known, carried a twopenny looking-glass hanging at his saddle-bow. We were glad to have seen the noble savage in his war-paint among his native wilds. Our satisfaction, however, would have been less had we known then what we only discovered when we got down into Utah, that a neighboring tribe of the Utes were in revolt, that they had murdered the agent and his people, and killed a United States officer and a number of his soldiers, who had been sent to suppress the rising, and that there were rumors of the disaffection spreading into other tribes. We saluted our strangers with the Indian greeting, "How!" whereupon they gravely rode round and formally shook hands with each of us. Jack, however, had no faith in Indians, and after they had left us, and were scampering along the

prairie in a bee-line due north, he still kept his eye on them till they entered a valley among the mountains, and were lost to sight. In half an hour afterward another much larger cloud of dust crossed the mouth of a narrow valley down which we were moving. Waiting a little unperceived to give the party time to widen their distance from us, we were soon once more upon the great basalt plain.

The last section of our ride proved to be in a geological sense one of the most interesting parts of the whole journey. We found that the older trachytic lavas of the hills had been deeply trenched by lateral valleys, and that all these valleys had a floor of the black basalt that had been poured out as the last of the molten materials from the now extinct volcanoes. There were no visible cones or vents from which these floods of basalt could have proceeded. We rode for hours by the margin of a vast plain of basalt, stretching southward and westward as far as the eye could reach. It seemed as if the plain had been once a great lake or sea of molten rock which surged along the base of the hills, entering every valley, and leaving there a solid floor of bare black stone. We camped on this basalt plain near some springs of clear cold water which rise close to its edge. Wandering over the bare hummocks of rock, on many of which not a vestige of vegetation had yet taken root, I realized with vividness the truth of an assertion made first by Richthofen, but very gen-

erally neglected by geologists, that our modern volcanoes, such as Vesuvius or Etna, present us with by no means the grandest type of volcanic action, but rather belong to a time of failing activity. There have been periods of tremendous volcanic energy, when, instead of escaping from a local vent, like a Vesuvian cone, the lava has found its way to the surface by innumerable fissures opened for it in the solid crust of the globe over thousands of square miles. I felt that the structure of this and the other volcanic plains of the Far West furnish the true key to the history of the basaltic plateaux of Ireland and Scotland, which had been an enigma to me for many years.

At last we reached the railway that had been opened only a week or two before. Andy rode on ahead to the terminus, to intimate that we wished to be picked up. In a short while the train came up, and as we sat there in the bare valley near no station, the engine slowed at sight of us. Our two companions were now to turn back and take a shorter route to Fort Ellis, but would be at least ten days on the march. We parted from them not without regret. Rough, but kindly, they had done everything to make the journey a memorably pleasant one to us. We took our seats in the car, and from the window, as we moved away, caught the last glimpse of our cavalcade, Andy in front with a riderless horse, and Jack in the rear with another.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

JOCOSA LYRA.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

IN our hearts is the GREAT ONE of Avon
 Engraven,
 And we climb the cold summits once built on
 By MILTON.

But at times not the air that is rarest
 Is fairest,
 And we long in the valley to follow
 Apollo.

Then we drop from the heights atmospheric
 To HERRICK,
 Or we pour the Greek honey, grown blander,
 Of LANDOR ;

Or our cosiest nook in the shade is
 Where PRAED is,
 Or we toss the light bells of the mocker
 With LOCKER.

Oh, the song where not one of the Graces
 Tight-laces,—
 Where we woo the sweet Muses not starchly, .
 But archly,—

Where the verse, like a piper a-Maying,
 Comes playing,—
 And the rhyme is as gay as a dancer
 In answer,—

It will last till men weary of pleasure
 In measure !
 It will last till men weary of laughter . . .
 And after !

Belgravia Magazine.

LITERARY NOTICES.

VEGETABLE MOULD AND EARTH-WORMS. By Charles Darwin, LL.D., F.R.S., etc. New York : D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Darwin's powers of work are inexhaustible, and not less remarkable than his genius. Here is another delightful book from his pen, for which all intelligent readers will feel the heavy obligation which they are already under to him greatly increased. With all the other vast amount of original investigation of the utmost importance on his mind, the fruits of which have so deeply affected the world, he has, nevertheless, ever since 1837, when he read a short paper on "The Formation of Mould" before the Geological Society of London, been steadily accumulating the observations and making the experiments the results of which are set forth in the present fascinating volume. We read with astonishment of such experiments as that of his spreading a layer of chalk over a patch in one of his fields in 1842, and patiently awaiting to exhume his result until 1871.

Mr. Darwin has long kept worms in confinement in pots of earth in his study, and the first chapter is devoted to their habits. Worms, though they must be considered as terrestrial animals, are nevertheless able to live under water, and Perrier kept several large worms for nearly four months alive thus submerged.

They are nocturnal in their habits, but seldom wander far from their burrows, though sometimes after heavy rain they crawl as great a distance as fifteen yards. They probably then never find their old burrows again, but have to make fresh ones. They often lie for hours almost motionless close beneath the mouths of their burrows, probably, as Mr. Darwin believes, for the sake of warmth. They line the upper parts of their burrows with leaves with great skill and neatness, filling up the interstices between the leaves with small stones and such objects as beads and bits of tile when these are strewn near their burrows. That the tubes are thus lined with leaves is a discovery of Mr. Darwin's. It is in keeping with the great skill in tube building exhibited by numerous marine annelids, though not hitherto suspected of earth-worms. Worms, though destitute of eyes, are not entirely insensible to light. But light takes some time to act upon them, and must be intense to do so. Only the anterior extremity of the worm's body is sensitive to light, which acts apparently directly on the cerebral ganglia. Possibly their progenitors had eyes, which were lost on their taking to underground habits ; and the sensitiveness of the cerebral surface may be a last trace of a former more complete power of vision. When the attention of worms is taken

up by work at leaf-dragging, or some such occupation, their sensibility to light seems to fall into abeyance. Worms kept in the dark, from habit still come out in the night and withdraw into their burrows during the day. Though they are entirely deaf, they are extremely sensitive to vibrations of the earth in which their burrows are made. This was proved by putting two pots of earth with worm burrows in them on a piano. Single notes struck in either bass or treble sent the animals into their holes forthwith. The worms kept in confinement found out little bits of food buried near the mouths of their burrows apparently by means of a sense of smell. They like raw fat better than anything else to eat, and next to that onion. They swallow earth in enormous quantities in digging their holes, coming to the surface tail first to eject it in the well-known heaps called castings. They also swallow it as food, and extract the digestible matter from it. They seize objects either by taking hold of them between their upper and under lips or at their edges, or by using their mouths as suckers. One of the most curious of their habits is that of protecting the entries of their burrows. They often pile little heaps of stones over these. Their strength is extraordinary, for one stone dragged over a gravel-walk to the mouth of a burrow weighed two ounces. Usually they plug the mouths of their burrows with leaves, leaf-stalks, sticks, etc. Any one who looks about him will see plenty of worms' burrows with such things sticking out of them. They show very great intelligence in the selection of the substances which they use as plugs, and in choosing which ends of them they shall seize and drag in first. They do not seize most leaves, for instance, by their stalks, which would seem most handy to lay hold of, but by their tips, because the leaves are most easily dragged down into the holes when thus introduced; but when the basal parts of the leaves are narrower than the apices they do take hold of the stalks. Mr. Darwin made a series of most interesting experiments with triangles of paper and other objects, with the result of proving the marked intelligence exhibited by worms in this matter.

The latter part of the book deals with the modification of the earth's surface by the action of worms, and is of the utmost importance to the agriculturist, the antiquary, and the geologist. "Farmers are aware that objects of all kinds left on the surface of pasture land after a time disappear, or, as they say, work themselves downward." Mr. Darwin describes how a field of his, after being ploughed, in 1841, showed very scanty vegetation, and was thickly covered with small and large flints, some of them half the size of a child's head. The smaller stones disappeared soon, and after

a time all the larger ones, till when thirty years had elapsed a horse could gallop over the compact turf "from one end of the field to another without striking a single stone with his shoes." This burying work, though contributed to slightly by ants and moles, is almost entirely performed by the worms; they swallow the earth below the stones and eject it again as castings above them. All superficial mould passes in a few years again and again through their intestines. Hensen, from his observations on gardens, calculates that there are 53,767 worms, or 356 pounds weight of them, to an acre of ground. Mr. Darwin takes the half of this quantity as living in an acre of old pasture-land as a safe estimate. Any one who, when a boy, has poured water in which the husks of walnuts have been pounded on the ground to get bait for eel-fishing must have been utterly astonished, on the first occasion, at the numbers of poisoned worms which came hurrying up out of the soil in all directions, appearing as if by magic, from the small area affected. Mr. Darwin cites an instance in which bad vinegar, when upset in a field, produced a similar effect. He has not himself made any direct estimate of the numbers of worms in a given area. It could probably be tolerably well arrived at by the use over measured areas of such liquids poisonous to the animals, which make them all hurry to the surface. As the result of various careful observations and weighings of castings, the author concludes that fifteen tons of earth are annually thrown up as castings on an acre of old pasture-land. The accumulation of soil thus formed upon objects placed on the surface of the ground amounts to a layer of about one inch in thickness every five years. It is estimated by the author from examination of sections of the soil of fields on which cinders, lime, broken brick, or similar well-recognizable substances were spread either intentionally for experiment or simply for farming purposes many years ago. The buried layers are found to maintain their continuity as such in a remarkable manner, the fragments composing them sinking at a nearly uniform rate all over a large area.

The burial of most of the remains of Roman villas and pavements scattered over the country, as well as numerous other ruins, is shown by Mr. Darwin to be principally due to worms. Thus were the remains of Silchester and Uriconium preserved to make antiquaries happy. It would seem at first thought impossible for worms to penetrate tessellated pavements set on concrete, but Mr. Darwin has watched such pavements when freshly exhumed and cleaned, and has found worm-castings to be thrown up all over them persistently. The worms not only penetrate the pavements, but

the foundations of the walls, and heap mould on these also. It is due to the fact that the worms work pretty evenly that the pavements, like the layers of ashes on the surfaces of fields, subside as wholes without breaking up. They are, however, often bent and inclined a good deal from unequal excavation beneath them, from firm support at their sides, and from other causes. The old walls, when their foundations are not very deep, being also undermined by the worms, sink with the pavements, and the cracks in the walls of many ancient buildings are probably due to unequal subsidence thus produced.

"Archæologists ought indeed to be grateful to worms," writes the author in his conclusion, and so, no doubt, they will be in future for this much. But he seems to forget, in making the general statement, that not much further on in the book he shows also how the same worms, in a most provoking manner, spite archæologists of Canon Greenwell's proclivities by inhabiting earth-works, such as ancient encampments and tumuli, and gradually lowering them. This effect is thus produced. When worms inhabiting grass slopes eject their castings, which, when first emitted, are soft and plastic, a certain larger proportion of each casting falls below the mouth of the burrow than falls above it. The excess falling below is so much earth carried down toward the bottom of the slope; by repetition of this process, for long periods of time, a large amount of earth must, aided by the rain, be carried down the slope to be finally washed away. The castings, moreover, when dried, break up into pellets, which roll down hill and aid in the same process. The two processes are constantly at work on every grass-covered slope, which is thus perpetually undergoing denudation, although its covering of grass remains intact and its inclination may remain the same. Very many of the series of small, narrow, terraced-like ledges seen on grass-covered slopes, which are usually attributed to the constant tread of animals when feeding, are believed by Mr. Darwin to be formed by accumulations of pellets of castings arrested in their roll downhill. Castings, when both moist and dry, are moved to leeward by the wind; and a not unimportant movement of soil, especially as dust, may thus be caused in some countries, though not much in Great Britain.

Worms triturate in their gizzards the particles of sand and small stones swallowed by them; and, though their digestive fluid is alkaline and allied to the secretion of the pancreas, their castings, when fresh, are acid, various humus acids being produced in their intestines by the decomposition of swallowed vegetable matter. These acids act as solvents of the mineral constituents of the superficial earth.

Thus the process of denudation is further aided by worms.

Worms drag great quantities of leaves into their burrows, sift the superficial earth free from all but the finest stones, mix it up with their partially digested food, saturated with their secretions, and thus form the dark rich mould so necessary for the growth of most plants which cover so much of the surface of the land. It may, indeed, as Mr. Darwin concludes, "be doubted whether there are many other animals which have played so important a part in the history of the world as have these lowly organized creatures."

One of the charms of the present work is that it is extremely easy to read, the nature of the subject requiring the use of no technicalities. It will delight every one, every page being full of interest. In very many of his observations Mr. Darwin has been largely aided by his sons—indeed, the book may, to some extent, be regarded as representing the results of a family research conducted under his directions.—*The Academy*.

IN THE BRUSH; OR, OLD-TIME SOCIAL, POLITICAL, AND RELIGIOUS LIFE IN THE SOUTHWEST. By Rev. Hamilton W. Pierson, D.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Whether Dr. Pierson's book is more entertaining for its humor, or more instructive for the realistic pictures which it furnishes of a unique and highly important phase of our national life, is difficult to determine; but there can be no doubt as to its eminent readability. As a reviewer has well said: "It belongs to that class, invaluable to the future historian and sociologist, which enables us to see what pioneer and backwoods life in the West really was—what, in a measure, and in certain remote sections, it probably is to this day. It is not a fanciful picture, intended merely to amuse, but describes actual personal experiences, and describes them in a way to stimulate thought as well as provoke merriment. Without any very marked powers of picturesque description, and with somewhat too obtrusive a tendency to moralizing, the author has the redeeming qualities of a humorist; and there are few things of their kind in literature that surpass in raciness, realism, and homely vigor, certain of his character-sketches, narratives, and anecdotes. Among the particularly good things in the book may be mentioned the chapters on old-time hospitality in the Southwest and on 'Candidating; or, the Methods and Humors of Office-seeking in the Southwest,' the account of the attractions and *modus operandi* of barbecues, and the 'skeletons' of some sermons preached by negro and other illiterate preachers. Not least among the amusing features of the volume are the illustrations furnished by Mr. W. L. Sheppard."

KITH AND KIN. A Novel. By Jessie Fothergill, author of "The First Violin," etc. London: *Bentley & Son*. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

In advance of its completion in the magazine, "Kith and Kin" is published in book-form in London, and the *Academy* says of it: "The defect of 'Kith and Kin' is that 'the secret' is insufficient to account for its extraordinary power in delaying for years the happiness of four unusually well-deserving young persons. We quite agree with one of them (Aglionby) when he says, at the end of the third volume, 'Who else would have looked upon such a thing as an insuperable bar to allowing themselves to be happy, or to be loved, or to be married? Ridiculous.' These over-scrupulous persons are Judith and Delphine Conisbrough, who, with their not less charming younger sister, Rhoda, would have been quite sufficient to make the book worth reading. Its attraction does not, however, cease with this pleasant family of sisters; Aglionby and Danesdale are, in a male way, as noble and interesting as the Conisbroughs, and the slighter characters are all good as far as they go. It is perhaps of the late Miss Keary, with her sweet depths of feeling, nobleness of thought, and wide sympathy, that we are most frequently reminded in Miss Fothergill's clever and wholesome book; but she has her own touch and her own gifts, which will probably produce greater, if not pleasanter, works than 'Kith and Kin.'"

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

A NEW edition of Dean Stanley's "Life of Dr. Arnold," which Mr. Murray will issue during the coming season, will contain an unpublished poem by Keble, as well as the last corrections made by the late Dean.

PROF. V. THOMSEN, of Copenhagen, is preparing an edition, in Swedish, of his work upon the relations between Ancient Russia and Scandinavia, which was originally delivered in the form of lectures at the Taylor Institution, Oxford, in 1876.

THE Archduke Rudolph, heir-apparent to the throne of Austria, who is already favorably known for his narratives (privately printed) of his hunting expeditions, is said to have written an account of his travels in the East, which will be published shortly in Vienna in two volumes.

PÈRE DIDON, who returned to Paris a short time ago, is engaged in writing a work on the "Life of Jesus." He has examined the works of German exegesis, and will shortly make a long journey in the East, and especial-

ly at Jerusalem. He intends to bring out recent discoveries made by archæologists bearing upon the Gospel relation and the traditions of the Church.

OUR last number was the two thousand six hundred and tenth issue by Mr. John Francis, he having become the publisher of this journal on the 4th of October, 1831. The fact is, we believe, unprecedented in journalism; no other London publisher, at any rate, has been connected with the same paper for a period of fifty years.—*Athenæum*.

PROF. EDWARD DOWDEN has edited a volume to be published as one of the Dublin University Press series, entitled "The Correspondence of Robert Southey with Caroline Bowles, to which are added Correspondence with Shelley and Southey's Dreams." In the letters to Shelley, Southey drives home an attack on Shelley's principles as influencing his conduct in his marriage affairs, while Shelley vehemently protests his innocence.

IN Germany as well as in England the work of revising the standard translation of the Bible has been going on for some time, and Luther's Bible, it must be remembered, is clothed by popular opinion with even more sanctity than our own authorized version. The German Revisers, who are mostly university professors, hold their meetings every spring and autumn, in various towns of Central Germany. About ten years ago they terminated the revision of the New Testament, and they are now occupied at Halle upon their final consideration of the Old Testament.

WE have received from Spain an interesting piece of news, which shows that the historic connection between Granada and the Moors is not yet without influence. Prof. Antonio Almagro Cardenas, of the University of Granada, when recently sent on an official mission to Tangiers, was invited by a magnate of that town to read at a public reception his last work, entitled "The Book of the West." This is an Arabic prose poem, narrating the entire history of the Mussulman kingdom of Granada from its foundation to its downfall. We hear that there is some probability of this work soon appearing in an English translation.

THE Commission instituted, with Imperial sanction, in connection with the Russian Ministry of Education, for the publication of the letters and papers of Peter the Great, intends, if possible, to commence printing this year. As, however, many pieces of which indications exist are not yet among the documents collected, the Commission appeals to all who may possess any manuscripts written or signed by Peter the Great, to lend them for the

purpose of being copied, so that the published collection may be as complete as possible. The documents will be returned uninjured to the owners, each of whom will receive a copy of the publication.

ITALY at the commencement of the present year possessed 1454 newspapers and periodicals, of which 149 were dailies. Milan headed the list with 216 journals; then come Rome with 147; Naples, 114; Florence, 101; Turin, 87; Palermo, 59; Genoa, 56; Bologna, 61; Alessandria, 39; and Venice, 32. Of the daily papers, 18 appear at Rome, 16 at Naples, 13 at Palermo, 12 at Milan, 9 at Florence, 6 at Turin, and 5 at Venice. On an average there is one journal to 19,281 of the population, and 8000 readers to each journal. The oldest Italian journal dates from 1797. In 1836 there were only 185 periodicals in Italy, of which 110 were published in Rome.

MISS HELEN ZIMMERN is engaged upon a work which is likely to attract attention from its novelty and the charm of its subject. She is refashioning in language studiously simple and almost archaic, the stories told by the Persian poet Firdusi in his famous epic. The only previous attempt to present any portion of the "Shah Nameh" to English readers was made by James Atkinson, of the East India Company's service, in 1832. This fragmentary version, which is in prose and verse, is flat in style and imperfect in scholarship, the text of Firdusi having at that time not enjoyed the advantage of Mohl's critical examination. Miss Zimmern's work, which will be entitled "The Epic of Kings," will be adorned with etchings by Mr. Alma Tadema, R.A., and will possess a prefatory poem by Mr. Edmund W. Gosse.

THE "Lessing Freidenkerverein" of Berlin, offers a prize of five hundred marks for the best short essay "On the Moral Laws as a Guide for Conduct in the Leading Relations of Human Life." The exposition is to be in simple language, and must be grounded exclusively upon ascertained facts of natural knowledge ("unzweifelhafte Thatsachen der natürlichen Erkenntniss"). Competitors may write in German, English, French, or Italian, and must send in their works before November 1st, 1882, to Dr. Wilhelm Lowenthal, the president of the Verein, at 7 Hildebrandtstrasse, Berlin, W. The function of examining the works and adjudging the prize has been accepted by Dr. Eduard Lasker, the well known deputy of the Reichstag, Prof. Hermann Grimm, and Prof. Wilhelm Scherer. In the event of a work in a foreign language obtaining the prize it will be translated into Ger-

man at the expense of the Verein. The prize is to be given on Lessing's birthday, January 22d, 1883.

SCIENCE AND ART.

OSTRICH FARMING.—Those who are interested in farming pursuits will read with great interest a book written by Mr. Douglass, on Ostrich-farming in South Africa. Employing a capital of about eight millions in Cape Colony alone, ostrich-farming may be now reckoned as one of the recognized industries of the country. Mr. Douglass, who was one of the first to study this curious art as a profitable industry, has introduced with considerable success the system of artificial incubation. We learn from him, among other items, that the price of a pair of good birds for breeding purposes varies from one hundred to one hundred and thirty pounds; that each pair requires a run of about forty acres; and that they find their own food, except in severe drought; that the chicks will fetch six pounds each when only a day old; and that in process of time each bird yields about twelve pounds annually in feathers. The greatest expense at starting an ostrich farm is represented by the cost of fencing; but with good management a net return of thirty per cent can be reasonably looked for.

EXTERNAL USE OF CASTOR OIL.—*The London Medical Journal* gives reports from various practitioners who have found purgative results follow the inunction of castor oil. One writer states that he has frequently applied this oil to the abdomen, under spongio-piline, or other water-proof material, in cases where the usual way of administering by the mouth seemed undesirable, and with the most satisfactory consequences. In a case of typhoid fever, also, half an ounce of castor oil was applied in this manner, under a hot water fomentation, the effect of this being, as represented, to relieve the constipation and tympanitic distension that had been present, without undue purging or irritation of the bowels.

THE TRUTH ABOUT LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.—Among the many interesting topics which lately came before the British Association at York, was the subject of lightning conductors, by Mr. Vyle. This paper opened by alluding to the many accidents from lightning which are constantly recorded, and to the undoubted fact, that a conductor properly fixed and in good contact with the earth, is a sure protection from such calamities. The expense and difficulty of ascertaining whether a conductor already fixed is really in efficient order, may be estimated when it is stated that no

tests can be made until a wire is connected between the very point of the apparatus and the earth. In the case of a high chimney-shaft, this expense would be almost prohibitive. Mr. Vyle meets this difficulty by the invention of a new form of lightning-cable, which carries a core of insulated copper wire. This wire is in metallic contact with the point of the conductor, and emerges from the core a few feet above the ground, so that, by simple attachment of proper instruments, the efficacy of the conductor in case of thunderstorms can be periodically and easily tested. The necessity of some such arrangement as this was seen during the late examination of the wires which protect York Minster, when the earth connections were found to be faulty, although the conductors themselves were good. Under such circumstances, had lightning struck the building, the result might have been disastrous.

PROTECTING IRON FROM RUST.—Among the many plans which have been proposed for giving iron a coating which will protect it from rust, there are two which stand out prominently by reason of their undoubted success; one is the process of Professor Barff, and the other that of Mr. Bower. In both processes the iron receives a coating of magnetic oxide; but the means by which this is brought about are different. Mr. Bower has now purchased Professor Barff's patents, and a company has been formed to work them, with the first-named gentleman as managing director, and with the latter as consulting chemist. When this company is fully started, we may hope that non-corrosive iron will become a common, rather than an exceptional thing. We may mention that the color of the coating varies from a gray to a deep black; and that to iron so treated, paint will adhere with great tenacity.

SULPHURIC ACID AND SEED.—Professor Taylor, in the examination under the microscope of some cotton seed, with a view to study the oil-cells, has hit upon a discovery which may prove to be of vast importance. He was anxious to find the effect upon the seed of different agents which are usually destructive to organic life. Among these agents was sulphuric acid. This had the effect of freeing the seed from adherent cotton. The seed treated was then sown; when, curious to relate, it came up five days earlier than it would have done in the natural state. This discovery is important in more than one way. The stripped seed, freed from the cotton, can be sown by means of a drill; whereas, under the old conditions it was thrown broadcast on the ground. In the second place an earlier crop can be insured, which, under general circumstances, is an obvious advantage. The experi-

ment of treating other kinds of seed with the acid will doubtless be tried, and the result will be looked for by agriculturists with great interest. If the experiment prove successful, it will be a curious case of history repeating itself, as we know from the *Georgics* of Virgil that medicated seeds were in use among the ancients, and so recently as the seventeenth century, among farmers in the south of Scotland.

KOUMISS.—A great deal has been heard lately about koumiss, as useful in cases of consumption. The genuine article—which is in reality fermented mare's milk—is peculiar to one particular district, namely, the Steppes of Russia. Attempts to make it in Moscow and St. Petersburg have failed, probably owing to the want of that rich pasture which the Steppes afford. Russian physicians are now prescribing a visit to the Steppes for their consumptive patients, perhaps taking into account the fine dry atmosphere there met with, as well as the virtues of koumiss. This fermented milk has for years been the principal food of the Kirghizes, who are forbidden by their religion to indulge in stronger liquors; and it was the vast difference which appeared in the stamina of these men, according to the time when koumiss was seasonable or the reverse, which first attracted the attention of medical men to its regenerative properties. Dr. Carrick, physician to the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, is said to be contemplating the establishment of a retreat at Orenburg, where patients will be received during the summer. Here sufferers will have the benefit of a Madeira-like climate, coupled with the medicinal virtues of the new remedy.

HOW COAL WAS FORMED.—A recent discovery in Pennsylvania is considered by some to illustrate the formation of coal. At a place called Scranton some excavations were being made for the foundations of a building. Cutting through a bed of peat the workmen came to a stratum of what had the appearance of tough black jelly. When dried this jelly becomes solidified into a brittle substance, hardly to be distinguished from anthracite coal, though upon analysis it was found to contain only twenty per cent of carbon. It burned at a red-heat, and left an ash resembling that of ordinary coal.

A NOVEL FISHING-VESSEL.—According to a contemporary entitled *Iron*, there was lately to be seen in Queenstown harbor a novel fishing-vessel, which is perhaps destined to represent the type of fishing-smack of the future. It is described as a schooner-rigged steamer, capable of carrying one thousand tons dead weight, including fuel. She had on board ninety tons of salmon and trout which had

been caught at Labrador and Sandwich Bay, some ten days before her arrival at Queens-town. Her hold is occupied by refrigerating chambers, by which the fish can be kept in a frozen state for any required time. By the aid of such a vessel as this, fish need no longer be classed as perishable goods. The cargo could be disposed of by degrees, according to the state of the market; and more than this, the fish peculiar to one country could be easily transferred to another, where such had never before been seen in a fresh state.

A NEW SPECIES OF HORSE.—The *Annals and Magazine of Natural History* for July contains a translation of a Russian paper, in which M. Poliakov brings forward a mass of evidence in proof of the existence of a hitherto unknown species of horse, not far from Zaisan, in Central Asia. The animal appears to resemble a small domestic horse, of a dun color; its head is large in proportion to the size of the animal; and the root of its tail is destitute of long hairs for some distance. M. Poliakov names his supposed new species *Equus Przewalskii*, in honor of the traveller who brought the skin to Russia. He regards it as a true horse, and remarks that "if it were possible to prove that culture influenced the growth of the tail, and that this became more hairy, and the mane longer, under altered conditions of life," it might be affirmed that "it was indeed the animal whose ancestors were reclaimed by man in the stone period, the so-called domestic horse of our day."

MISCELLANY.

TOO MUCH MUSIC IN POETRY.—One poem, and one poem only, do I know, the effect of which, in its vagueness, in its appeal purely to the emotions and the imagination, may be compared with music, and that is "Kubla Khan;" but the exceptional circumstances under which it was written, and the fact that there is none other like it, at any rate in the English language, would seem to show that here as ever the exception proves the rule. Is there any other poem of which it can be said that the only true criticism is that of John Duncan: "It's very fine, but I don't know what it means?" No; as a rule, one looks for meaning in poetry. The poet who has given the most practical effect to the doctrine of music in poetry is Edgar Poe. Struck with the beautiful harmony to be obtained by the use of repetition, and especially of that species of it called the refrain, he deliberately made this the foundation of his poetry. And is not this nearly the whole of his poetical capital? There is, indeed, a sort of weird pathos in the

"Raven," but its chief beauty is the refrain. The "Bells," too, gives me considerable pleasure, but it is a mere intellectual pleasure—the pleasure which successful imitation always gives. But "Ulalume" and "Annabel Lee," are they anything but a senseless jingle? No, poetry is not to be made, like a pudding, from a receipt. Take a refrain, said Edgar Poe, composed of the finest sounding words to be had, add plenty of alliteration and repetition, flavor with a little sentiment, and serve as hot as possible. But it is the misfortune of poetry made in this way that it invariably comes up cold, and people like cold poetry about as well as they like cold soup. Edgar Poe's poetry is, in short, a solemn warning against making poetry by rule, against starting with a musical effect, and then looking about for thoughts or emotions to match it. It is to the level of Ulalume that all poetry of this sort must at last sink. Mr. Swinburne's poetry has happily not sunk to this level yet, but it is in great danger of it. For all poetry in which the splendor of the versification is not sustained by the underlying emotion, in which the rhythmical effects are used so unsparingly, with so little concealment, that they become a mere trick, is in danger of this. Some of the most beautiful passages in poetry owe much, no doubt, to alliteration, but they do not altogether depend upon it, and they never suggest the feeling that the sense has been sacrificed to it. But is a line like this of Mr. Swinburne's—

"The deep divine dark dayshine of the sea,"

anything but a mere string of adjectives beginning with "d"? Would not—

"The sad supreme still sunshine of the land,"

or

"The mild mad melting moonshine of my verse."

be equally poetical? Collocations, too, like "windy and wintry," "flagrant and fragrant," "swimming and skimming," may be pleasing if introduced occasionally; but the trick is not a very subtle one, and it is easy to have too much of it.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE BOOKWORM.—Various animals popularly known as bookworms are found in paper, leather, and parchment. The larva of *Aglossa pinguinalis* (so called from its feeding on butter and lard) will establish itself upon the binding of a book, and, spinning a robe, will do it no little injury; so does also a minute beetle of the family of scolytidæ (*Hypothenemus eruditus*, Westw.), which Mr. Westwood found burrowing in considerable numbers in the same situation. A mite (*Cheyletus eruditus*) eats the paste that fastens the paper over the edges of the binding, and so loosens it. The caterpillar of another moth, the species of which is not as-

certained, takes its station in damp old books, between the leaves, and there commits great ravages. The little wood-boring beetle (*Anobium pertinax* and *striatum*) also attacks books, and will even bore through several volumes. M. Peignot mentions an instance where, in a library but little frequented, twenty-seven folio volumes were perforated in a straight line by the same insect, in such a manner that on passing a string through the perfectly round hole made by it, these twenty-seven volumes could be raised at once.—*Notes and Queries*.

NATURAL ENEMIES OF THE TELEGRAPH.—

There is apparently no apparatus so liable to be interfered with by what we may call natural causes as the electric telegraph. Fish gnaw and molluscs overweight the submarine conductors of the subterranean wires; while there is at least one instance of a frolicsome whale entangling himself in a deep-sea cable, to its utter disorganization. It is stated that within the three years ending 1878 there have been sixty serious interruptions to telegraphic communication in Sumatra by elephants. In one instance these sagacious animals, most likely fearing snares, destroyed a considerable portion of the line, hiding away the wires and insulators in a canebrake. Monkeys of all tribes and sizes, too, in that favored island, used the poles and wires as gymnasia, occasionally breaking them and carrying off the insulators; while the numerous tigers, bears, and buffaloes on the track render the watching and repair of the line a duty of great danger. In Australia, where there are no wild animals to injure the wires, which are carried great distances overland, they are said to be frequently cut down by the scarcely less wild aborigines, who manufacture from them rings, armlets, and other varieties of barbaric ornament.

SKULL MEASUREMENTS.—Prof. Flower, the well-known English anatomist, has published some further results of his researches with reference to the human skull. He states that the largest normal skull he has ever measured was as much as 2075 cubic centimetres, the smallest 960 cubic centimetres, this belonging to one of those peculiar people in the centre of Ceylon who are now nearly extinct. The largest average capacity of any human head he has measured is that of a race of long flat-headed people on the west coast of Africa. The Laplanders and Esquimaux, though a very small people, have very large skulls, the latter giving an average measurement of 1546; the English skull, of the lower grades, shows 1542; the Japanese, 1486; Chinese, 1424; modern Italian, 1475; ancient Egyptian, 1464; Hindoos, 1306.

CHINESE JUNKMEN.—What canals are to Holland, rivers are to China, and in the Flowery Land the junk takes the place of the barge. But on the quiet watercourses of the Netherlands the skipper has fair sailing or towing. The Yangtze and the other great rivers of the Flowery Land offer obstacles unknown to him. The dangers and difficulties of the junkmen are incidentally to be learned from the trade report of our Consul at Ichang. Between the east and west of China, roughly divided by the 110th meridian, there is a world of commerce carried on by means of the junk. The western half is cut off from the eastern by a succession of precipitous mountains, through which the Yangtze breaks in a series of wild gorges and rapids. Over the mountains there are no roads. The only channel of communication is the famous river. At Ichang 6000 junks, bound down river, arrive yearly, and about 7000 bound up river. Wrecks are of frequent occurrence. When an accident happens, the crew dig out a dock for themselves on the spot, patch up their craft as best they can, and put forth again in a month or two. The danger incurred may be learned from the fact that at one rapid the whole current of the Yangtze sweeps down a channel of not more than seventy-five yards wide, with tremendous velocity. When the spot was visited by our Consul there was a block of the traffic, no fewer than 190 junks being at anchor. Immediately below were fifteen wrecked junks, and lounging about in forced idleness were the crews of the detained craft, who, according to our authority, must have numbered over 10,000 men. The hardship experienced by a crew during their immense and perilous voyage we may well believe to have no parallel elsewhere. A question has been started whether the navigation could not be made practicable for steamers. But no survey has yet been made. Should steamers be employed, the commerce of the world would profit.—*Globe*.

TO JENNY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

My darling! yesterday just a twelvemonth old!
Happy you babble as, under the manifold
Delicate leafage that lies on the dear Spring's breast,
The year's new birdlets, opening their strange, wide eyes.
Cheep and twitter from out the warmth of the nest.
For the joy of the young plumes' growth and of life's surprise.
O rose-lip't Jenny of mine, in those big books
Whose pictures are worth your crowings and happy looks,
The books I must suffer your fingers to crumple or tear,
There is many a beautiful poem, but none so rare
As you, my poem, when, catching sight of me,
Your whole little body thrills and leaps with glee.
The greatest men for writing have written ne'er
A better thing than the thought a-dawn in your eye.
And the musing strange and vague of one who scans
The earth and man with an angel's ignorance.
Ay Jenny, God's not far off when you are nigh.

E. H. Hickey.



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THE SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCE OF ORGANIC EVOLUTION.*

BY GEORGE J. ROMANES.

ALTHOUGH it is generally recognized that the "Origin of Species" has produced an effect both on the science and the philosophy of our age which is without a parallel in the history of thought, admirers of Mr. Darwin's genius are frequently surprised at the ignorance of his work which is displayed by many per-

sons who can scarcely be said to belong to the uncultured classes. The reason of this ignorance is no doubt partly due to the busy life which many of our bread-winners are constrained to live; but it is also, I think, partly due to mere indolence. There are thousands of educated persons who, on coming home

* The following paper was written several years ago for a purpose other than that of appearing in a review. Although, as a consequence, its style is better adapted to oral delivery than to publication in a periodical, I now print it without alteration because I think that it serves to place in a tolerably clear light the bearing of Darwinism on the doctrine of design. This is a subject which, during the last few weeks, the Duke of Argyll and myself have been discussing in the pages of *Nature*; and as our views with regard to it are divergent, I have thought it opportune now to publish this essay, in order to render my statement of the case somewhat more complete. It is desirable to explain only that in placing Intelligent Design in antithesis to Natural Selection, I

throughout refer to design in the sense understood by the older forms of teleology—*i.e.*, as an *immediate* cause of the phenomena in question. Whether or not there is an *ultimate* design pervading all nature—a *causa causarum* which is the final *raison d'être* of the cosmos—this is another question, and one which I take to have no point of legitimate contact with natural science. My only contention is that, if the doctrine of evolution is accepted, and the causes which it sets forth are held adequate to furnish a scientific explanation of the results observed, then the facts of organic nature necessarily fall into the same logical position, with reference to any question of teleology, as that of all or any other series of facts in the physical universe.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XXXV., No. 2

10

from their daily work, prefer reading literature of a less scientific character than that which is supplied by Mr. Darwin's works; and therefore it is that such persons feel these works to belong to a category of books which is to them a very large one—the books, namely, which never are, but always to be, read. Under these circumstances I have thought it desirable to supply a short digest of the "Origin of Species," which any man, of however busy a life or of however indolent a disposition, may find both time and energy to follow.

With the general aim of the present abstract being thus understood, I shall start at the beginning of my subject by very briefly describing the theory of Natural Selection. It is a matter of observable fact that all plants and animals are perpetually engaged in what Mr. Darwin calls a "struggle for existence." That is to say, in every generation of every species a great many more individuals are born than can possibly survive; so that there is in consequence a perpetual battle for life going on among all the constituent individuals of any given generation. Now in this struggle for existence, which individuals will be victorious and live? Assuredly those which are best fitted to live: the weakest and the least fitted to live will succumb and die, while the strongest and the best fitted to live will be triumphant and survive. It is this "survival of the fittest" that Mr. Darwin calls "Natural Selection"; Nature, so to speak, *selects* the best individuals out of each generation to live. And not only so, but as these favored individuals transmit their favorable qualities to their offspring, according to the fixed laws of heredity, it follows that the individuals composing each successive generation have a general tendency to be better suited to their surroundings than were their forefathers. And this follows, not merely because in every generation it is only the flower of the race that is allowed to propagate, but also because, if in any generation some new and beneficial qualities happen to appear as slight variations from the ancestral type, these will be seized upon by Natural Selection and added, by transmission in subsequent generations, to the previously existing type. Thus the best idea of the whole process will be

gained by comparing it with the closely analogous process whereby gardeners and cattle-breeders create their wonderful productions; for just as these men, by always selecting their best individuals to breed from, slowly but continuously improve their stock, so Nature, by a similar process of selection, slowly but continuously makes the various species of plants and animals better and better suited to the conditions of their life.

Now, if this process of continuously adapting organisms to their environment takes place in Nature at all, there is no reason why we should set any limits on the extent to which it is able to go, up to the point at which a complete and perfect adaptation is achieved. Therefore we might suppose that all species would attain to this condition of perfect adjustment to their environment and then remain fixed. And so undoubtedly they would, were the environment itself unchanging. But forasmuch as the environment—or the sum total of the external conditions of life—of almost every organic type alters more or less from century to century (whether from astronomical, geological, and geographical changes, or from the immigrations and emigrations of other species living on contiguous geographical areas), it follows that the process of Natural Selection need never reach a terminal phase. And forasmuch as Natural Selection may thus continue, *ad infinitum*, slowly to alter a specific type in adaptation to a gradually changing environment, if in any case the alteration thus effected is sufficient in amount to lead naturalists to denote the specific type by some different name, it follows that Natural Selection has transmuted one specific type into another. And thus the process is supposed to go on over all the countless species of plants and animals simultaneously—the world of organic types being thus regarded as in a state of perpetual, though gradual, flux.

Such, then, is the theory of Natural Selection; and the first thing to be observed with regard to it is, that it offers to our acceptance a scientific explanation of the numberless cases of apparent design which we everywhere meet with in organic nature. For as all these cases of apparent design consist only in the *adaptation* which is shown by organisms

to their environment, it is obvious that the facts are covered by the theory of Natural Selection no less completely than they are covered by the theory of Intelligent Design. Perhaps it may be answered, "The fact that these innumerable cases of adaptation may be accounted for by Natural Selection is no proof that they are not really due to Intelligent Design." This is an objection which is often urged by minds—even highly cultured minds—which have not been accustomed to scientific modes of thought. Thus, a celebrated professor of divinity once wrote me in a letter that, although he had read Darwin's books with care, he could see no evidence of Natural Selection which might not equally well be adduced as evidence of Intelligent Design; and I have heard another eminent professor tell his class that the many instances of adaptation which Mr. Darwin discovered and described as occurring in orchids seemed to him to tell more in favor of contrivance than in favor of natural causes. Now I do not hesitate to say that we have here a very prostitution of our rational faculty. It positively takes one's breath away to imagine the state of mind to which these men must have been reduced by their lifelong adherence to traditional modes of thought. For, be it observed, they do not doubt that Natural Selection *may* be able to do all that Darwin attributes to it; they merely object to Darwin's interpretation of the facts, because they assert that these facts might *equally well* be attributed to Intelligent Design. And so undoubtedly they might, if we were all childish enough to rush into a supernatural explanation whenever a natural explanation is found sufficient to account for the facts. Once admit the glaringly illogical principle that we may assume the operation of higher causes where the operation of lower ones is sufficient to explain the observed phenomena, and all our science and all our philosophy are scattered to the winds. For the Law of Logic which Sir William Hamilton called the Law of Parsimony—or the law which forbids us to assume the operation of higher causes when lower ones are found sufficient to explain the observed effects—this law constitutes the only logical barrier between Science and Superstition. For it is manifest that it

is always possible to give a hypothetical explanation of any phenomenon whatsoever, by referring it immediately to the intelligence of some supernatural agent; so that the only difference between the logic of Science and the logic of Superstition consists in Science recognizing a validity in the Law of Parsimony which Superstition disregards. Therefore I have no hesitation in saying that this way of looking at the evidence in favor of Natural Selection is not a scientific or a reasonable way of looking at it, but a purely superstitious way. Let us take, for instance, as an illustration, a perfectly parallel case. When Kepler was unable to explain by any known causes the paths described by the planets, he resorted to a supernatural explanation, and supposed that every planet was guided in its movements by some presiding angel. But when Newton supplied a beautifully simple physical explanation, all persons with a scientific habit of mind at once abandoned the metaphysical explanation. Now, to be consistent, the divinity professors, and all who think with them, ought still to adhere to Kepler's hypothesis in preference to Newton's explanation; for, excepting the Law of Parsimony, there is certainly no other logical objection to the statement that the movements of the planets afford as good evidence of the influence of guiding angels as they do of the influence of gravitation.

So much, then, for the absurdly illogical position that, granting the evidence in favor of Natural Selection and Supernatural Design to be equal and parallel, we should hesitate for one moment in our choice. But now it may properly be asked, What is your evidence in favor of Natural Selection? Well, the evidence in favor of Natural Selection as a cause is simply the evidence in favor of Organic Evolution as an effect. Let us state the problem clearly. Innumerable cases of adaptation of organisms to their environment are the observed facts for which an explanation is required. To supply this explanation, two, and only two, hypotheses are in the field. Of these two hypotheses one is, Intelligent Design manifested in creation; and the other is, Natural Selection manifested during the countless ages of the past. Now it would be proof positive of In-

telligent Design if it could be shown that all species of plants and animals were *created*—that is, *suddenly* introduced into the complex conditions of their life ; for it is quite inconceivable that any cause other than intelligence could be competent to adapt an organism to its environment *suddenly*. On the other hand, it would be proof-presumptive of Natural Selection if it could be shown that one species becomes slowly transmuted into another—*i.e.*, that one set of adaptations may be gradually transformed into another set of adaptations according as changing circumstances require. This would be proof-presumptive of Natural Selection, because it would then become amply probable that Natural Selection might have brought about many, or most, of the cases of adaptations which we see ; and if so, the Law of Parsimony excludes the rival hypothesis of Intelligent Design. Thus the whole question as between Natural Selection and Supernatural Design resolves itself into this, Were all the species of plants and animals separately created, or were they slowly evolved ? For if they were specially created, the evidence of Supernatural Design remains unrefuted and irrefutable ; whereas if they were slowly evolved, that evidence has been utterly and forever destroyed. The doctrine of Natural Selection therefore depends for its validity on the doctrine of Organic Evolution ; for if once the fact of Organic Evolution were established, no one would dispute that much of the adaptation was probably effected by Natural Selection. *How* much we cannot say—probably never shall be able to say ; for even Mr. Darwin himself does not doubt that other causes besides that of Natural Selection have assisted in the modifying of specific types. For the sake of simplicity, however, I shall not go into this subject ; but shall always speak of Natural Selection as the only cause of Organic Evolution. Let us, then, weigh the evidence in favor of Organic Evolution. If we find it wanting, we need have no complaints to make of natural theologians of to-day ; but if we find it to be full measure, shaken together and running over, we ought to maintain that natural theologians can no longer adhere to the arguments of such writers as Paley, Bell, and Chalmers, without deliberately

violating the only logical principle which separates science from Fetishism.

I shall first take the argument from Classification. Naturalists find that all species of plants and animals present among themselves structural affinities. According as these structural affinities are more or less pronounced, the various species are classified under genera, orders, families, classes, sub-kingdoms, and kingdoms. Now in such a classification it is found impossible to place all the species in a linear series, according to the grade of their organization. For instance, we cannot say that a wolf is more highly organized than a fox or a jackal ; we can only say that the specific points wherein it differs from these animals are without significance as proving the one type to be more highly organized than the others. But of course in many cases, and especially in the cases of the larger divisions, it is often possible to say, The members in this division are more highly organized than are the members in that division. Our system of classification therefore may be likened to a tree, in which a short trunk may be taken to represent the lowest organisms which cannot properly be termed either plants or animals. This short trunk soon separates into two large trunks, one of which represents the vegetable and the other the animal kingdom. Each of these trunks then gives off large branches signifying classes, and these give off smaller but more numerous branches, signifying families, which ramify again into orders, genera, and finally into the leaves, which may be taken to represent species.

Now in such a representative tree of life the height of any branch from the ground may be taken to indicate the grade of organization which the leaves, or species, present ; so that if we picture to ourselves such a tree, we shall understand that while there is a general advance of organization from below upward, there are numberless slight variations in this respect between leaves growing even on the same branch ; while in a still greater number of cases leaves growing on the same branch are growing on the same level—that is, although they represent different species, it cannot be said that one is more highly organized

than the other. Now this tree-like arrangement of specific organisms in Nature is an arrangement for which Darwin is not responsible. I mean that the framing of this natural classification has been the work of naturalists for centuries past ; and although they did not know what they were doing, it is now evident to evolutionists that they were tracing the lines of genetic relationship. For, be it observed, scientific or natural classification differs very much from a popular or haphazard classification, and the difference consists in this — that while a popular classification is framed with exclusive reference to the external appearance of organisms, a scientific classification is made with reference to the whole structure. A whale, for instance, is often thought to be a fish, because it resembles a fish in form and habits ; whereas dissection shows that it is beyond all comparison more unlike a fish than it is like a horse or a man. This is, of course, an extreme case ; but it was cases such as this that first led naturalists to see that there are resemblances between organisms much more deep and important than appear upon the surface, and consequently that if a natural classification was possible at all, it must be made with reference to these deeper resemblances. Of course it took time to perceive this distinction between fundamental and superficial resemblances. I remember once reading a very comical disquisition in one of Buffon's works on the question as to whether or not a crocodile was to be classified as an insect ; and the instructive feature in the disquisition was this — that although a crocodile differs from an insect as regards every conceivable particular of its internal anatomy, no allusion at all is made to this fact, while the whole discussion is made to turn on the hardness of the external casing of a crocodile resembling the hardness of the external casing of a beetle ; and when at last Buffon decides that, on the whole, a crocodile had better not be classified as an insect, the only reason given is, that as a crocodile is so very large an animal, it would make " altogether too terrible an insect."

But now, when at last it came to be recognized that internal anatomy rather than external appearance was to be taken

as a guide to classification, the question arose, What features in the internal anatomy are to take precedence over the other features ? And this question it was not hard to answer. A porpoise, for instance, has a large number of teeth, and in this feature resembles most fish, while it differs from all mammals. But it also gives suck to its young, and in this feature it differs from all fish, while it resembles all mammals. Now, looking to those two features alone, should we say that a porpoise ought to be classed as a fish or as a mammal ? Assuredly as a mammal, and for this reason : The number of teeth is a very variable feature both in fish and in mammals, whereas the giving of suck is an invariable feature among mammals, and occurs nowhere else in the animal kingdom. This, of course, is purposely chosen as a very simple illustration ; but it exemplifies the general fact that the guiding principle of scientific classification is the comparing of organism with organism, with the view of seeing which of the constituent organs are of the most invariable occurrence, and therefore of the most typical significance.

Now, since the days of Linnæus this principle has been carefully followed, and it is by its aid that the tree-like system of classification has been established. No one, even long before Darwin's days, ever dreamed of doubting that this system is in reality, what it always has been in name, a *natural* system. What, then, is the inference we are to draw from it ? An evolutionist answers, that it is just such a system as his theory of descent would lead him to expect as a natural system. For this tree-like system is as clear an expression as anything could be of the fact that all species are bound together by the ties of genetic relationship. If all species were separately created, it is almost incredible that we should everywhere observe this progressive shading off of characters common to larger groups into more and more specialized characters distinctive only of smaller and smaller groups. At any rate, to say the least, the Law of Parsimony forbids us to ascribe such effects to a supernatural cause, acting in so whimsical a manner, when the effects are precisely what we should expect to follow from the action of a highly prob-

able natural cause. The classification of animal forms, indeed, as Darwin, Lyell, and Hæckel have pointed out, strongly resembles the classification of languages. In the case of languages, as in the case of species, we have genetic affinities strongly marked; so that it is possible to some extent to construct a language-tree, the branches of which shall indicate, in a diagrammatic form, the progressive divergence of a large group of languages from a common stock. For instance, Latin may be regarded as a fossil language, which has given rise, by way of genetic descent, to a group of living languages—Italian, Spanish, French, and, to a large extent, English. Now what should we think of a philologist who should maintain that English, French, Spanish, and Italian were all specially created, and that their resemblance to the fossil form Latin is to be attributed to supernatural design? Yet the evidence of the natural transmutation of species is in one respect much stronger than that of the natural transmutation of languages—in respect, namely, of there being a vastly greater number of cases all bearing testimony to the fact of genetic relationship.

I will now pass on to another line of argument—the argument from morphology, or structure. The theory of evolution by Natural Selection supposes that hereditary characters admit of being slowly modified wherever their modification will render an organism better suited to a change in its conditions of life. Let us, then, observe the evidence we have of such adaptive modifications of structure, in cases where the need of such modification is apparent. For the sake of clearness I shall begin by again taking our old friends, the whales and porpoises. The theory of evolution infers, from the whole structure of these animals, that their progenitors must have been terrestrial quadrupeds of some kind which became aquatic in their habits. Now the change in their condition of life thus brought about would render desirable great modifications of structure. These changes would in the first instance begin to affect the least typical—that is, the least strongly inherited structures—such as the skin, claws, teeth, etc. But as time went on the adaptation would

begin to extend to the more typical structures, until the shape of the body began to be affected by the bones and muscles required for terrestrial locomotion becoming better adapted for aquatic locomotion, so rendering the whole outline of the animal more fish-like in shape. This is the stage which we actually observe in the seal, where the hind legs, although retaining all their typical bones, have become shortened up almost to rudiments and directed backward, so as to be of no use for walking, but serving to complete the fish-like taper of the body. But in the porpoise and whale group the modification has gone further than this, so that the hind legs have disappeared altogether, while the head has become fish-like in shape, and other profound changes have been established. But profound as these changes are, they only affect those parts of the organism which it was for the benefit of the organism to have altered, so that it might become adapted to an aquatic mode of existence. Thus the arm, which is used as a fin, still retains the bones of the shoulder, fore-arm, wrist, and fingers, although they are all inclosed in a fin-shaped sack, which renders them quite useless for any purpose other than swimming. Similarly the head, although it resembles the head of a fish in shape, still retains the bones of the mammalian skull, modified in form so as to offer the least possible amount of resistance to the water. In short it may be said that all the modifications have been effected with the least possible divergence from the typical mammalian type, which is compatible with securing so perfect an adaptation to a purely aquatic mode of life.

Now I have chosen the case of the whale and porpoise group because they offer so extreme an example of profound modification of structure in adaptation to changed conditions of life. But the same thing may be seen in hundreds and hundreds of other cases. For instance, to confine our attention to the arm, not only is the limb modified in the whale for swimming, but in another mammal—the bat—it is modified for flying, by having the fingers enormously elongated and overspread with a membranous web. In birds, again, the arm is modified for flight in a wholly different way—the fingers here being very short and all run

together, and the chief expanse of the wing being composed of the shoulder and fore-arm. In frogs and lizards again, we find hands more like our own; but in an extinct species of flying reptile the modification was extreme, the wing having been formed by a prodigious elongation of the fifth finger, and a membrane spread over it and the rest of the hand. Lastly, in serpents the hand and arm have disappeared altogether. Thus, even if we confine our attention to a single structure, how wonderful are the modifications which it is seen to undergo, although never losing its typical character! How are we to explain this? By design manifested in special creation, or by descent with adaptive modification? If it is said by design manifested in special creation, we must suppose that the Deity formed an archetypal plan of certain structures, and that He determined to adhere to this plan through all the modifications which those structures exhibit. Now the difficulties in the way of this supposition are prodigious, and to my mind quite insurmountable. In the first place, why is it that some structures are selected as typical and not others? Why should the vertebral skeleton, for instance, be tortured into every conceivable variety of modification in order to make it serviceable for as great a variety of functions; while another structure, such as the eye, is made in different sub-kindoms on fundamentally different plans, notwithstanding that it has throughout to perform the same function? Will any one have the hardihood to assert that in the case of the skeleton the Deity has endeavored to show His *ingenuity* by the manifold functions to which He has made the same structure subservient; while in the case of the eye He has endeavored to show his *resources* by the manifold structures which He has to subserve the same function? If so, it appears to me a most unfortunate circumstance that throughout both the vegetable and animal kindoms all cases which can be pointed to as showing ingenious adaptation of the same typical structure to the performance of widely different functions, are cases which come within the limits of the same natural group of plants and animals, and therefore admit of being equally well

explained by descent from a common ancestry; while all cases of widely different structures performing the same function are to be found in different groups of plants or animals, and are therefore suggestive of independent variations arising in the different lines of hereditary descent. To take a specific illustration. The octopus, or devil-fish, belongs to a widely different class of animals from a true fish, and yet its eye, in general appearance, looks wonderfully like the eye of a true fish. Now Mr. Mivart pointed to this fact as a great difficulty in the way of the theory of evolution by natural selection, because it must clearly be a most improbable thing that so complicated a structure as the eye of a fish should happen to be arrived at through each of two totally different lines of descent. And this difficulty would, indeed, be almost fatal to the theory of evolution by natural selection, if the apparent similarity were a real one. Unfortunately for the objection, however, Mr. Darwin clearly shows, in his reply, that in no one anatomical feature of typical importance do the two structures resemble one another; so that, in point of fact, the two organs do not resemble one another in any particular further than it is necessary that they should, if both are to serve as organs of sight. But now, suppose that this had not been the case, and that the two structures, besides presenting the necessary superficial resemblance, had also presented an anatomical resemblance. With what tremendous force might it have then been urged, "Your hypothesis of hereditary descent with progressive modification being here excluded by the fact that the animals compared belong to two widely different branches of the tree of life, how are we to explain the identity of type manifested by these two complicated organs of vision? The only hypothesis open to us is intelligent adherence to an ideal type." But as this cannot now be urged in any one case throughout the whole organic world, I will on the other hand present it as a most significant fact, that while within the limits of the same large branch of the tree of life we constantly find the same typical structures modified so as to perform very different functions, we never find any vestige of these par-

ticular types of structure in other large divisions of that tree. That is to say, we never find typical structures appearing except in cases where their presence may be explained by the theory of descent, while in thousands of such cases we find these structures undergoing every conceivable form of adaptive modification.

Consequently, special creationists must fall back upon another position and say, "Well, but it may have pleased the Deity to form a certain number of ideal types, and never to allow the structures occurring in the one type to appear in any of the others." I answer, Undoubtedly it may have done so; but if it did, it is a most unfortunate thing for your theory; for the fact implies that the Deity has planned His types in such a way as to suggest the counter-theory of descent. For instance, it would seem to me a most capricious thing in the Deity to make the eyes of an innumerable number of fish on exactly the same ideal type, and then to make the eye of the octopus so exactly like these other eyes in superficial appearance as to deceive so accomplished a naturalist as Mr. Mivart, and yet to take scrupulous care that in no one ideal particular should this solitary eye resemble all the host of other eyes. However, adopting for the sake of argument this gigantic assumption, let us suppose that God laid down these arbitrary rules for his own guidance in creation, and let us see to what it leads. If, as assumed, the Deity formed a certain number of ideal types, and determined that on no account should He allow any part if one type to appear in any part of another, surely we should expect that within the limits of the same type the same typical structures should always be present. Thus, remember what desperate efforts, so to speak, there have been made to maintain the uniformity of type in the case of the arm, and should we not expect that in other and similar cases similar efforts should be made? Yet we repeatedly find that this is not the case. Even in the whale, as we have seen, the hind limbs are not apparent; and it is impossible to see in what respect the hind limbs are of any less ideal value than the fore limbs, which, as we have also seen, are so carefully preserved in nearly all vertebrate

animals except the snakes, where again we meet in this particular with a sudden and sublime indifference to the maintenance of a typical structure. Now I say that if the theory of ideal types is true, we have in these facts evidence of the most unreasonable inconsistency; for no explanation can be assigned why so much care should have been taken to maintain the type in some cases, while such reckless indifference should have been displayed toward maintaining it in others. But the theory of descent with continued adaptive modification fully explains all the known cases; for in every case the degree of divergence from the typical structure which an organism presents corresponds with the length of time during which the divergence has been going on. Thus we scarcely ever meet with any great departure from the typical form—such as the absence of limbs—without some of the other organs in the body being so far modified as of themselves to indicate, on the supposition of descent with modification, that the animal or plant must have been subject to the modifying influences for a long series of generations. Now this combined testimony of a number of organs in the same organism is what the theory of descent would lead us to expect, while the rival theory of design can offer no explanation of the fact, that when one organ shows a conspicuous departure from the supposed ideal type, some of the other organs in the same organism should tend to keep it company by doing likewise.*

I will now briefly touch on another branch of the argument from morphology—the argument from rudimentary structures. Throughout the animal and vegetable kingdoms we constantly meet with dwarfed and useless representatives of organs, which in other and allied kinds of animals and plants are of large size and functional utility. Thus, for instance, the unborn whale has rudimentary teeth which are never destined to cut the gums; and we all know that our own rudimentary tail is of no practical service. Now rudimentary organs of this kind are of so common occurrence that

* This consideration is, I believe, original. Several special exceptions to its validity might be cited, but as a general principle it certainly holds good.

almost every species presents one or more of them. The question, therefore, is, How are they to be accounted for? Of course the theory of descent with adaptive modification has a delightfully simple answer to supply—viz., that when from changed conditions of life an organ which was previously useful becomes useless, natural selection, combined with disuse and so-called economy of growth, will cause it to dwindle till it becomes a rudiment. On the other hand, the theory of special creation can only maintain that these rudiments are formed for the sake of adhering to an ideal type. Now here again the former theory is triumphant over the latter; for without waiting to dispute the wisdom of making dwarfed and useless structures merely for the whimsical motive assigned, surely if so extraordinary a method is adopted in so many cases, we should expect that in consistency it would be adopted in all cases. This reasonable expectation, however, is far from being realized. In numberless cases, such as that of the fore limbs of serpents, no vestige of a rudiment is present. But the vacillating policy in the matter of rudiments does not end here; for it is shown if possible in a more aggravated form where within the limits of the same natural group of organisms a rudiment is sometimes present and sometimes absent. For instance, to take again the case of limbs, in nearly all the numerous species of snakes there are no vestiges of limbs at all; but in the python we find beneath the skin very tiny rudiments of the hind limbs. Now I put it to every reasonable man, whether it is a worthy conception of Deity that, while neglecting to maintain unity of ideal in the case of nearly all the numerous species of snakes, He should have added a tiny rudiment in the case of the python, and even in that case to have maintained his ideal type very inefficiently, inasmuch as only two limbs instead of four are represented. Or take, again, the case of the limb in other animals. Five toes seem to constitute the ideal type, notwithstanding that in numberless cases this ideal fails in its structural expression. Now, in the case of the horse, one toe appears to have become developed at the expense of the others; for the so-called knee of the horse is really the wrist or ankle, and

the so-called shank, the middle toe or finger very much enlarged. But on each side of this enlarged toe there are, beneath the skin, rudimentary bones of two other toes, the so-called splint-bones. So far good, but three toes are not five; so special creationists must suppose that while in this case the Deity has, so to speak, struggled to maintain the uniformity of his ideal, his efforts have nevertheless conspicuously failed. How much less strained is the scientific interpretation; for I may mention that in this particular case, besides the general inference that rudiments refer us to a remote ancestry, we have direct palæontological evidence that there have been a whole series of extinct horse-like animals, which began low down in the geological strata with five toes; these then become reduced to four and next to three, after which the two lateral toes became rudimentary, as we now see them in oxen. Lastly, as we come nearer to recent times, we find fossils of the existing horse, with the lateral toes shortened up to the condition of splint bones. Thus we have some half dozen different kinds of horse, all standing in a linear series in time as in structure, between the earliest representatives with the typical number of five toes, and the existing very aberrant form with only one toe.

But this allusion to fossils leads me to the next division of my subject—the argument from Geology. It is not, however, necessary to say much on this head, for the simple reason that the whole body of geological evidence is for the most part of one kind, which although of a very massive, is of a very simple character. That is to say, apart from the increasingly numerous cases, such as the one just mentioned, which geology supplies of extinct “intermediate links” between *particular* species now living, the great weight of the geological evidence consists in the *general* fact, that of all the thousands of specific forms of life which palæontology reveals to us as having lived on this planet in times past, there is no instance of a highly organized form occurring low down in the geological series. On the contrary, there is the best evidence to show that since the first dawn of life in the occurrence of the simplest organisms,

until the meridian splendor of life as now we see it, gradual advance from the general to the special—from the low to the high—from the few and simple to the many and complex, has been the Law of Organic Nature. And of course it is needless to say that this is precisely the law to which the process of descent with adaptive modification would of necessity give rise.

The argument from Geology is the argument from the distribution of species in time. I will, therefore, next take the argument from the distribution of species in space—that is, the present geographical distribution of plants and animals. It is easy to see that this must be a most important argument, if we reflect that as the theory of descent with adaptive modification implies slow and gradual change of one species into another, and a still more slow and gradual change of one genus, family, or order into another genus, family, or order, we should expect on this theory that the organic types living on any given geographical area should be found to resemble or to differ from organic types living elsewhere, according as the area is connected or disconnected with other geographical areas. And this we find to be the case, as abundant evidence proves. For, to quote from Mr. Darwin, "barriers of any kind, or obstacles to free migration, are related in a close and important manner to the differences between the productions of various regions. We see this in the great difference in nearly all the terrestrial productions of the New and Old Worlds, excepting in the northern parts, where the land almost joins. . . . We see the same fact in the great difference between the inhabitants of Australia, Africa, and South America under the same latitude, for these countries are almost as much isolated from one another as possible. On each continent, also, we see the same fact; for on the opposite sides of lofty and continuous mountain ranges, of great deserts, and even of large rivers, we find different productions; though as mountain chains, deserts, etc., are not so impassable, or likely to have endured so long as the ocean-separated continents, the differences are very inferior in degree to those characteristic of distinct continents." That is to say, the differences are usually

confined to species and genera, whereas in the case of continents the differences extend to orders and classes. Similarly in marine productions the same laws prevail, the species on the different sides of the American Continent, for instance, being very distinct. Now this law cannot be explained by any reasonable argument from design.

And still stronger does this argument become when we look to the fossil species contained on different continents; for these fossil species invariably present the same characteristic stamp as the living species now flourishing on the same continents. Thus in America we find fossils all presenting the characteristically American types of animals, and in Australia the characteristically Australian types, and so on. That is to say, on every continent the dead species resemble the living species, as we may expect that they should if they are all bound together by the ties of hereditary descent; while, if different continents are compared, the fossil species are as unlike as we have seen the living species to be.

Turning next to the case of oceanic islands, situated at some distance from a continent. In these cases the plants and animals found on the island, though very often differing from all other plants and animals in the world as regards their specific type, nevertheless in generic type resemble the plants and animals of the neighboring continent. The inference clearly is, that the island has been stocked from the continent with these types—either by winds, currents, floating trees, or numerous other modes of transport—and that, after settling in the island, some of these imported types have retained their specific characters, while others have varied so as to become specific types peculiar to that island. The Galapagos Archipelago islands are particularly instructive in this connection; for while the whole group of islands lies at a distance of over five hundred miles from the shores of South America, the constituent islands are separated from one another by straits varying from twenty to thirty miles. Now, to quote from Darwin, "Each separate island of the Galapagos Archipelago is tenanted, and the fact is a marvellous one, by many distinct species: but these

species are related to each other in a very much closer manner than to the inhabitants of the American Continent." That is to say, the American Continent being some fifteen times the distance from these islands that they are from one another, emigration to them from the continent is of much more rare occurrence than emigration from one island to another ; and therefore, as more time for variation is thus allowed, while the differences between the inhabitants of island and island are only specific, the differences between the inhabitants of the islands as a group and the inhabitants of the American Continent are very often generic. I may mention, in passing, that it was upon discovering these relations in the case of the Galapagos Archipelago, and pondering upon them as "marvellous facts," that Mr. Darwin was first led to entertain the idea that the doctrine of descent might be the grand truth for which the science of the nineteenth century was waiting.

The evidence from oceanic islands, however, is not yet exhausted ; for in no part of the world is there an oceanic island more than a certain distance from a mainland in which any species of the large class of frogs, toads, and newts is to be found. Why is this ? Simply because these animals and their spawn are quickly killed by contact with sea-water ; and therefore frogs, toads, and newts have never been able to reach oceanic islands in a living state. Similarly in all oceanic islands situated more than three hundred miles from land, no species of the whole class of mammals is to be found, excepting species of the only order of mammals which can fly, viz., bats. And, as if to make the case still stronger, these forlornly created species of bats often differ from all other bats in the world. But can we, as reasonable men, suppose that the Deity has chosen, without any apparent reason, never to create any frog, toad, newt, or mammal on any oceanic island, save only such species as are able to fly ? Or, if we go so far as to say, "There may have been some hidden reason why batrachians and quadrupeds should not have been created on oceanic islands," I will adduce another very remarkable fact, viz., that on some of these islands there occur species of plants, the seeds of

which are provided with numerous hooks adapted to catch the hair of moving quadrupeds, and so to become disseminated. But, as we have just seen, there are no quadrupeds in these islands to meet this case of adaptation ; so that special-creationists must resort to the almost impious hypothesis that in these cases the Deity only carried out half his plan, in that while He made an elaborate provision for plants, which depended for its efficiency on the presence of quadrupeds, He nevertheless after all neglected to place the quadrupeds in the same islands with the plants ! Now, I submit that such abortive attempts at adaptation bring the thesis of the special-creationists to a *reductio ad absurdum* ; so that the only possible explanation before us is that, while the seeds of these plants were able to float to the islands, the quadrupeds were not able to swim. Perhaps, however, in sheer desperation, the special-creationists will try to take refuge in the assumption that oceanic islands differ from continents in not having been the scenes of creative power, and have therefore depended on immigration for their inhabitants. But here again there is no standing-room, for we have already seen that oceanic islands are particularly rich in peculiar species which occur nowhere else in the world ; so that, as a matter of fact, if the special creation theory is true, we must conclude that oceanic islands have been the theatres of extraordinary creative activity ; although an exception has always been carefully made to the detriment of frogs, toads, newts, and mammals, save only such as are able to fly.

If space permitted, I could adduce several other highly instructive facts in this argument from geographical distribution ; but I will content myself with mentioning only one other. When Mr. Wallace was at the Malay Archipelago, he observed that the quadrupeds inhabiting the various islands belonged to the same or to closely allied species. But he also observed that all the quadrupeds inhabiting the islands lying on one side of an imaginary sinuous line, differed widely from the quadrupeds inhabiting the islands lying on the other side of that line. Now soundings showed that, in exact correspondence with this imaginary sinuous line, the sea was

much deeper than in any other part of the Archipelago. Consequently, how beautiful is the explanation. We have only to suppose that at some previous time the sea-bottom was raised sufficiently to unite all the islands on each side of the deep water into two great tracts of land, separated from one another by the deep strait of water. Each of these great tracts of land would then have had its own distinctive kinds of quadrupeds—just as the American quadrupeds are now distinct from the European; for the comparatively narrow strait between the then Malay Continents would have offered as effectual a barrier to the migration of quadrupeds as does the Atlantic Ocean at the present day. Hence, when all the land slowly subsided, so as to leave only its mountain-chains and table-lands standing above the surface in the form of islands, we now have the state of things which Mr. Wallace describes, viz., two large groups of islands with the quadrupeds on the one group differing widely from the quadrupeds on the other, while within the limits of the same group the quadrupeds inhabiting different islands all belong to the same or to closely allied species.

So much, then, for the argument from geographical distribution—the many facts of crucial importance which it affords almost resembling so many experiments devised by Nature to prove the falsity of the special creation hypothesis. For now, let it in conclusion be observed, that there is no *physiological* reason why animals and plants of the different characters observed should inhabit different continents, islands, seas, and so forth. As Darwin observes, “there is hardly a climate or condition in the Old World which cannot be paralleled in the New . . . and yet how widely different are their living productions.” And that it is not the suitability of organisms to the areas which they inhabit which has determined their creation upon those areas, is conclusively proved by the effects of the artificial transportation of species by man. For in such cases it frequently happens that the imported species thrives quite as well in its new as in its old home, and indeed often supplants the native species. As the Maoris say, “As the white man’s rat has driven away the native rat, so

the European fly has driven away our fly, so the clover kills our fern, and so will the Maori himself disappear before the white man.” Upon the whole then we are driven to the conclusion, that if the special creation theory is true, the various plants and animals have not been placed in the various habitats which they occupy with any reference to the suitability of these habitats to the organizations of these particular plants and animals. So that, considering all the evidence under the head of geographical distribution, I think we are driven to the yet further conclusion, that if the special creation theory is true, the only principle which appears to have been consistently followed in the geographical deposition of species, is the principle of so depositing them as in all cases to make it appear that the supposition of their having been thus deposited is not merely a highly dubious one, but one which, on the face of it, is conspicuously absurd.

There is still another important line of evidence which we cannot afford to overlook; I mean the argument from Embryology. To economize time, I shall not wait to explain the considerations which obviously lead to the anticipation that, if the theory of descent by inheritance is true, the life history of the individual ought to constitute a sort of condensed epitome of the whole history of its descent. But taking this anticipation for granted, as it is fully realized by the facts of embryology, it follows that the science of embryology affords perhaps the strongest of all the strong arguments in favor of evolution. From the nature of the case, however, the evidence under this head requires special training to appreciate; so I will merely observe, in general terms, that the higher animals almost invariably pass through the same embryological stages as the lower ones, up to the time when the higher animal begins to assume its higher characters. Thus, for instance, to take the case of the highest animal, Man, his development begins from a speck of living matter similar to that from which the development of a plant begins. And, when his animality becomes established, he exhibits the fundamental anatomical qualities which characterize such lowly animals as the jelly-fish. Next he is marked off as a

vertebrate, but it cannot be said whether he is to be a fish, a snake, a bird, or a beast. Later on it is evident that he is to be a mammal; but not till still later can it be said to which order of mammals he belongs. Eventually, however, the question becomes narrowed down to man or monkey, and it is only a few months before birth that an embryologist can pronounce the young animal to be the lord of creation.

Now this progressive inheritance by higher types of embryological characters common to lower types is a fact which tells greatly in favor of the theory of descent, while it seems almost fatal to the theory of design. For instance, to take a specific case, Mr. Lewes remarks of a species of salamander—which differs from most salamanders in being exclusively terrestrial—that although its young ones can never require gills, yet on cutting open a pregnant female we find these young ones to possess gills like aquatic salamanders, and when placed in the water they swim about like the tadpoles of the water newt. Now to suppose that these utterly useless gills were specially designed is to suppose design without any assignable purpose; for even the far-fetched assumption that a unity of ideal is the cause of organic affinities, becomes positively ridiculous when applied to the case of embryonic structures. Who, for instance, will have the courage to affirm that the Deity had any such motive in providing, not only the unborn young of specially created salamanders, but also the unborn young of specially created man, with the essential anatomical features of gills? Or why, with such a motive, should He have clothed the unborn child with hair like an ape—unless, indeed, He intended to refer us to the ape as to our ancestor? *

* The human embryo, soon after it assumes its vertebrate character, begins with gill-like slits on each side of the neck, up to which the arteries run in arching branches, as in a fish; the heart is at first a simple pulsating chamber, like the heart of the lowest fishes; at a later period there is a movable tail considerably longer than the legs; the great toe projects sideways from the foot, like the toes of adult monkeys and apes; and, during the sixth month, the whole body is covered very thickly with hair, extending even over the face and ears—everywhere, indeed, save on the lower sides of the hands and feet, which are also bare in the adult forms of monkeys.

Such, then, is a sketch of the evidence in favor of Organic Evolution. Of course in such a meagre outline it has not been possible to do justice to that evidence, which should be studied in detail, rather than looked at in such a bird's-eye view as I have presented. Nevertheless enough, I hope, has been said to convince all reasonable persons that any longer to withhold assent from so vast a body of evidence is a token, not of intellectual prudence, but of intellectual incapacity. With Professor Huxley, therefore, I exclaim, "Choose your hypothesis; I have chosen mine, and I will not run the risk of insulting any sane man by asking him which he chooses." These words, I submit, are not in the least too strong; for if any man can study the many and important lines of evidence all converging on the central truth that evolution has been the law of organic nature, and still fail to perceive the certainty of that truth, then I say that that man—either on account of his prejudices or from his inability to estimate the value of evidence—must

I may also here mention two other weighty considerations in favor of Natural Selection as against Supernatural Design. One is, that the mechanisms which are met with in organic nature, although in general wonderfully perfect, are not always ideally perfect. Thus, for instance, the most beautiful mechanism in nature is probably the eye, and yet it is cynically observed by Professor Helmholtz—who is the highest authority both in the physics and in the physiology of the subject—that if his optician were to send him such an instrument he would return it for alterations.

The other consideration is, that amid all the millions of mechanisms in organic nature there is no one instance of a mechanism occurring in one species for the exclusive benefit of another species, although there are a few cases in which a mechanism that is of benefit to its possessor has come also by natural selection to be utilized by other species. Now on the Beneficent Design theory it is impossible to understand why, when all the mechanisms in the same species are invariably correlated for the benefit of that species, there should never be any such correlation between mechanisms in different species. For how magnificent a display of divine beneficence would organic nature have afforded if all, or even some, species had been so interrelated as to minister to each other's necessities! Organic species might then have been likened to a countless multitude of voices all singing in one harmonious psalm of praise. But as it is, we see no vestige of such co-ordination; every species is for itself, and for itself alone—an outcome of the always and everywhere fiercely raging struggle for life.

properly be regarded as a weak-minded man. Or, to state the case in another way, if such a man were to say to me, "Notwithstanding all your lines of evidence, I still believe in special design manifested in creation," I should reply, "And in this I fully agree with you; for if, notwithstanding these numerous and important lines of evidence, the theory which they substantiate is false, then to my mind we have the best conceivable evidence of very special design having been manifested in creation—the special design, namely, to deceive mankind by an elaborate, detailed, and systematic fraud." For if the theory of special creation is true, I hold that, as no one fact can be adduced in its favor, while so vast a body of facts can be adduced against it, the only possible explanation of so extraordinary a circumstance would be that of a mendacious intelligence of superhuman power carefully disposing all the observable facts of his creation in such a way as to compel his rational creatures, by the best and most impartial use of their rational faculties, to conclude that the theory of evolution is as certainly true as the theory of special creation is conspicuously false.

The principal obstacle which the doctrine of evolution encounters in the popular mind is, that the conception of man being the lineal descendant of monkey is a conception which is degrading to the dignity of the former animal. Now this objection is purely a matter of feeling or sentiment, and, as such, I am not able to meet it. If you think that man is any the less human because his origin is now proved to have been derivative, I can-

not change that decision on your part; I can only express dissent from it on my own. But although I cannot affect your sentiments in this matter, I may be permitted to point out that, as they are only sentiments, they are quite worthless as arguments or guides to truth. I have yet to learn that the "dignity of man" is a matter of any concern to our mother nature, who in all her dealings appears, to say the least, to treat us in rather a matter-of-fact sort of way. Indeed, so far is she from respecting our ideas of "dignity," that whenever these ideas have been applied to any of her processes, the progress of science has been destined rudely to dispel them. Thus, for instance, when the sun-spots were first observed they were indignantly denied by the Aristotelians, on the ground of its being "impossible that the eye of the universe could suffer from ophthalmia;" and when Kepler made his great discovery of the accelerated and retarded motion of the planets in different parts of their orbits, many persons refused to entertain the conception, on the ground that it was "undignified" for heavenly bodies to hurry and slacken their pace in accordance with Kepler's law. This now seems most absurd to us; but to posterity it will not seem nearly so much so as that, notwithstanding such precedents, persons should still be found to object to Darwin's discovery, not because they were anxious to maintain the dignity of the heavenly bodies, but because they were so ludicrously anxious to maintain the dignity of their own! Good it is for man, puffed up with such silly pride, that Nature teaches him humility.—*Fortnightly Review*.

GOSSIP OF AN OLD BOOKWORM.

BY W. J. THOMS.

Soon after that widely-known and as widely-loved Christian gentleman, Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, became Dean of Westminster, I had the good fortune to meet him at the house of a mutual friend. I was, as I have said elsewhere, Westminster born, though unfortunately not Westminster bred; and the dean, who

had the gift of drawing out people to talk about what they really knew, led me to talk about old Westminster, the venerable Abbey, and especially the Wax-Work, which he had never seen until kind Lady Augusta suggested to him to ask me to "show him and her the Wax-Work." The dean took up the

idea very warmly ; and a few days afterward I spent with them a most delightful morning in Islip's Chapel, where the various wax-work effigies, formerly scattered over different parts of the Abbey, are now collected. As when compiling his admirable History of the dear old abbey, I repeated my information to him, and as it is printed in that History, I need not further refer to it. I may here say, however, that having had the good fortune to pick up a second copy of a curious little work entitled "A View of the Wax-Work Figures in Henry VIII.'s Chapel, Westminster Abbey," etc., published in 1793, and illuminated with "several curious copper-plates drawn on the spot," I had the pleasure of placing that duplicate in the Dean's hands.

Some years afterward—it was shortly after the death of Lady Augusta—I had the good fortune to pick up two curious old ballads connected with the Abbey, and the additional good luck to get duplicates of them ; so that I was enabled to give copies of them to the Dean, who, I need scarcely say, was very pleased to have them. One was an abridgment—perhaps I should rather say a modernized version—of the well-known "Description of the Tombs in Westminster Abbey," printed both in Dryden's "Miscellany" (vol. iii. p. 293) and in Nichols's "Collection of Poems" (vol. iv. p. 167). One is entitled "The Tombs in Westminster Abbey. As sung by Brother Popplewell in the manner of Chanting in a Cathedral." The other is entitled "A Supplement to the Tombs of Westminster Abbey, or a List of the Tombs of the noble, worthy, and great, which 'tis supposed may be seen in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-eight !" And I presume it is a *Catnachian* continuation of the older ballad, inasmuch as, though it professes to refer to those only who were buried there up to 1788, the last stanza but one runs—

"Here lies John Wilkes, a man of wit by many hinted,
Who at each Minister's wicked ways full quaintly often squinted ;
A Patriot and an Alderman, and once he was Lord Mayor—
No more he squints, or jokes, or puns, but quietly lies here."

And John Wilkes did not die until 1797.

But Dean Stanley was by no means the only Dean of Westminster it was my good fortune to know. I cannot at this moment recall what led to my first interview with Dr. Turton ; but, whatever it may have been, it procured me the acquaintance of one of the most humble-minded and kindly-hearted men I ever knew ; who on my leaving him, invited me to repeat my visit, and before I left explained to me that his habits were very plain, that he always dined at two o'clock, took tea at six, and invited me to take tea at that time a few evenings later. That was the first of many pleasant and instructive evenings that I spent in the Deanery during the three years which elapsed until Dr. Turton was elevated to the Bishopric of Ely.

One of these pleasant evenings, I remember the good Dean telling me in his quiet but impressive manner that one of the things which made his appointment especially acceptable to him was that it brought him in connection with one of the old Toot-Hills (Tothill Fields being the property of the dean and chapter) ; and how pleasantly and learnedly he talked upon the subject of these Toot-Hills ; and on another visit the satisfaction with which he told me that one of his friends, who had lately visited Rome and been introduced to the pope, had found his Holiness reading Dr. Turton's "Reply to Wiseman on the Doctrine of the Eucharist." "Fancy," said the old gentleman with a pleasant chuckle, "fancy Old Infallibility reading my book !"

One of this kindly old scholar's hobbies was collecting portraits, and he had several very interesting ones ; but I regret to add that I have heard a great authority declare that the good Dean was often victimized by unscrupulous manufacturers of pseudo-portraits.

I have heard an accomplished medical friend relate how going one day to visit an artist patient, and seeing on his easel an old portrait, and asking his patient who it was, he received for reply that "he did not know." The doctor followed up his inquiry (for he knew his man) : "But who, then, is it going to be ?" receiving for answer the candid avowal, "I have not quite made up my mind whether it shall be Sir Francis Drake or Sir Walter Raleigh."

One evening as I was leaving the Deanery, my kindly host called my attention to the series of portraits of his predecessors which adorn the Deanery, seasoning his discourse with many pleasing anecdotes regarding them. The last of the series was Dr. Ireland, of whom he had little to say; but the striking resemblance of the portrait to Pam—I speak not of Lord Palmerston, but of Pam at loo—called to my mind the well-known story of Lord Thurlow calling at Nando's coffee-house, and directing the waiter to tell Mr. Dunning to come to him as he wanted to speak to him. "I don't know the gentleman," said the waiter. "Then go in, sir," thundered out the impetuous Chancellor, "and bring me out the knave of clubs."

One of the most interesting portraits in Dean Turton's collection was, I believe, the earliest known of Johnson. It represents Johnson as a decidedly young man, resting his chin on his hands, which are clasped over a book lettered "Irene." The Dean had it engraved, and was so good as to give me a proof impression; but, being a proof, I am unable to say by whom it was painted, or by whom engraved. Its acquisition was the means of my obtaining another interesting portrait of the great lexicographer, which now hangs as a companion to the good Dean's gift.

In the course of a pleasant gossip one evening at the House of Lords with Mr. Bellenden Kerr, for whose acquaintance I was indebted to the unvarying kindness of my venerable friend Lord Lyndhurst, our conversation turned upon Dr. Johnson, and in the course of it something led to my mentioning to him the portrait of which I have been speaking. Bellenden Kerr then spoke of the "Reynolds" portrait of him at Bowood, which he said Lord Lansdowne had had engraved, and of which he was sure Lord Lansdowne would gladly give me a copy, if I asked him. I explained that I did not feel that I knew enough of the owner to justify me in doing so; and there the matter dropped—at least as far as I was concerned.

But many days had not elapsed when, thanks to Mr. Bellenden Kerr's kind interference in my behalf, I had the gratification of receiving from the accomplished owner of Bowood a copy of Sir

Joshua's interesting, though imaginary, portrait of the great lexicographer when a child.

I have been disappointed in my hopes of finding in Leslie and Tom Taylor's "Life of Sir Joshua" any notice of this interesting picture, or any reference to what I have read or heard was its origin—namely that at a party at which Sir Joshua was present some gentleman expressed a wish to know what Johnson could have been as a child. To which Sir Joshua at once replied, "Oh! I know exactly, and I'll paint his portrait," the result being the picture now at Bowood. Neither does Murray's "Wiltshire Guide" throw any light; while Waagen, in his "Art Treasures of Great Britain" (iii. 108), describes it simply as "a child seated in a contemplative position. The very natural conception is combined with a refined and true coloring, though not of so brilliant a character as is usual with him" (Sir J. Reynolds). I lay no claim to the character of a critic on art, so I may be pardoned if I characterize the infant Johnson as "Puck in the Sulks." What a crowd of pleasant memories does that name of Puck conjure up!

Somewhere, I should say, between 1819 and 1824, for I cannot fix the date* (the "Life of Sir Joshua" does not refer to it), there was at the British Institution an exhibition of the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds. It was, if not the first exhibition which I ever saw, the first of which I have any remembrance; the picture of Puck was there, and left an impression on me that has never faded. There were several pictures of similar character—Cupid as a link boy, Mercury as a pickpocket, and others; but Puck impressed me in a way which no other picture that I can call to mind ever produced; and I have been told that when the picture was being removed from the gallery, there was a cry of "Hats off!" which was immediately responded to.

Some years later I was going through Elliot's Pimlico Brewery, when the friend who was with me, a native and long resident in Westminster, pointed out the porter at the Pimlico entrance,

* Since the above was written I have ascertained that it was in 1823.—W. J. T.

and told me that he it was who when a boy had sat to Sir Joshua Reynolds for his celebrated picture of Puck.

In the "Life of Sir Joshua" (ii. 504) it is said that

"a boy of four or five, who sat to him for Robin Goodfellow, was the son of Mr. Cribb, his (Sir Joshua's) frame-maker for many years. One of Sir Joshua's palettes, and his portrait in crayons, both presents to his worthy frame-maker, are still the most valued decorations of Mr. Cribb's drawing-room; and their possessor still repeats what he has heard from his father, how Sir Joshua, calling at the shop one day on business, was struck by the baby's arch, roguish physiognomy, and begged it might be brought to Leicester Fields to help him in his Puck."

Probably Sir Joshua had many different boy models, and as the Puck is the best known of his "boy pictures," his different models all claim to have been the model of that charming specimen of Sir Joshua's pencil.

At the sale of Boydell's pictures, the Puck, which had been painted for his great Shakespeare gallery, Sam Rogers bought for 205 guineas; and at his sale Earl Fitzwilliam secured it for 980 guineas. Shortly after this purchase the noble earl came into my room at the House of Lords, and I could not resist complimenting him on his acquisition, and telling him that the man who had sat to Sir Joshua had been seen by me. "I am told," said Lord Fitzwilliam, "he is still living, and was in the room when it was sold. If so, I believe he and I are the only two persons now alive who were painted by Reynolds."

But the "merry wanderer of the night" has led me a long dance from Westminster and its deanery, and nearly led me to forget one curious incident connected with Westminster Abbey, which I heard one night from the late Mr. Frank Buckland at a pleasant evening party at my friend George Scharf's in Torrington Square as having happened shortly before. He had gone into the nave of the Abbey one morning before breakfast, when a grave was being opened; it was close to Ben Jonson's, who, it is said, was buried upright. The workmen had gone to breakfast, and there was a skull laid on one side which he had no doubt was Ben Jonson's. He went in to his breakfast determined to return and see it carefully replaced; but alas! when he got back,

to his great annoyance, he found what he believed to be the skull of "Rare Ben Jonson" had been shivered to atoms by the spade of the gravedigger.

I have just seen in to-day's (the 6th of August) *Notes and Queries* a very sensible proposal for the establishment of a Frisic Guild or Club, in which my learned and kind friend and neighbor, Dr. Hyde Clarke, after speaking of me as an old votary of Frisic, gives me more credit than I am entitled to for having a large gathering of Frisic books.

I have some few Frisic books, for I have taken great interest in Frisic ever since I first heard the evidence of the connection between Frisic and English which is furnished by the old proverb—

"Good bread, good butter, and good cheese
Is good English, and good Frieze."

This interest was very considerably heightened some forty years since, when having gone down to Addlestone to confer with that ripe and liberal-minded scholar John Mitchel Kemble on the project of a society for the publication of the literary remains of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, he observed during our pleasant ramble, in reply to some remark on the relation of Frisic to English, "But we are more Frisians than Anglo-Saxons." Can it then be wondered at if, although the looked-for leisure to increase my knowledge of Frisic has never arrived, my longing to do so has never ceased? and I have never seen a Frisic book on a bookstall without securing it. I have two books which I have had for many years and prize greatly. They were picked up at different times, though they once were doubtless ranged side by side in Southey's library.

The first is a treatise headed on the first page "Friesche Spelling," and this occupies fifty-four pages and ends with the signature "J. H. Halbertsma," and the date October, 1833. The remaining twenty pages are filled with specimens of various dialects compared with the language of Giisbert Japicx.

The second is a 12mo volume of nearly five hundred pages, and bears an inscription in Halbertsma's hand-writing, "Roberto Southeio poetæ laureato, historio-grapho summo," etc., and I have no

doubt was bound by Southey himself. It contains several distinct works, of which I transcribe the titles for the benefit of those who take an interest in Frisic.

1. "De Seerwinkel fen toute Baes," no title-page.
2. "De Lapekoer fen Gabe Scroar," likewise wanting title.
3. "De Treemter fen Dr. E. Halbertsma mei kanteikeningen fen J. H. Halbertsma. Dimter, Jan de Lange 1336." From an advertisement on the last leaf I see the "Seerwinkel" was published in 1835, and the "De Lapekoer" in the preceding year.

But enough of this Frisic digression, which has taken me away from the London bookstalls.

He who desires to form a collection of valuable and interesting books must act on the principle enjoined in our old English proverb :

"He who will not when he may,
When he will he shall have nay."

But wiser men than myself are sometimes above this—a curious instance of which has just come to my recollection.

Many years ago I received one of the curious catalogues periodically issued by Crozier, then of Little Turnstile, Holborn. From pressure of business or some other cause, I did not look through it until it had been in my possession for two or three days, and then I saw in it an edition of "Mist's Letters" in three volumes ! In two volumes the book is common enough, but I had never heard of a third volume ; neither does Bohn, in his edition of Lowndes, mention its existence. Of course on this discovery I lost no time in making my way to Little Turnstile ; and on asking for the "Mist" in three volumes, found, as I had feared, that it was sold. "Who was the lucky purchaser?" I asked anxiously ; adding, "Aut Dilke aut Diabolus !" "It was not Diabolus," was Crozier's reply ; and I was reconciled when I found the book had fallen into such good hands ; and not a little surprised when Crozier went on to say, "But he was not the first to apply for it. Mr. Forster sent for it ; but would not keep it because it was not a sufficiently nice copy." Had I been John Forster, I should have kept Crozier's

indifferent copy until I had secured a better one, which I doubt if he ever did ; but I have not been able to get to South Kensington to ascertain it.

But the bibliography of "Mist's and Fog's Letters" has yet to be written ; and on this the reader will agree with me when he hears that not very long after this failure to secure a copy in three volumes I purchased from Simpson, of King William Street, a charming copy of "Mist" in *four* volumes, in contemporary binding, in beautiful condition, each volume containing the handsome book-plate of "Sir John Lister Kaye, of Grange, near Wakefield in y^e county of York, Bart." I had the pleasure of lending these volumes to Mr. William Lee when he was preparing his valuable and interesting "Life and recently discovered Writings of Daniel Defoe."

The first and second volumes of this extended edition bear the date of MDCCXXII., and correspond exactly with the original two-volume edition issued in that year, with the exception that in the second volume the table of contents, instead of immediately following the dedication and preface, is bound in at the end. The third and fourth volumes are dated "London : Printed for T. Warner in Paternoster Row, MDCCXXVII," and are dedicated to "Francis Newman, of North Cadbury in the county of Summerset, Esquire." The third volume contains sixty-three letters, and the fourth fifty-six.

I had a suspicion that the third and fourth volumes of "Mist" might prove to be identical with the two volumes of "Letters from Fog's Journal," with a different title-page, but such did not prove to be the case. The two volumes of "Fog," which bear date 1732, are described on the title-page as "London : Printed and sold by the booksellers of London and Westminster." The first opens with a dedication "To the greatest blunderer in Christendom," which is followed by the preface, the first letter being dated September 28th, 1728, and the last April 18th, 1730 ; the first letter in the second volume being dated May 16th, 1730, and the last December 25th, 1731. Each volume has a quasi-satirical print as frontispiece.

It is my firm belief that, in literature as in everything else,

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we may!"

and a small book, in which, I believe, I established the truth as to the real history of one of the greatest impostors of my time, Mrs. Wilmot Serres (the *soi-disant* Princess of Cumberland), is a proof of this.

In the year 1858 Lord Brougham insisted upon my paying him a visit at Brougham Hall, and a most pleasant and interesting ten days I spent there, thanks, not only to the marked kindness of my noble host himself, but to the welcome which I received at the hands of all under the roof-tree of Brougham Hall. Not only did I frequently join Lord Brougham in gossiping strolls up and down the beautiful lawn in front of the house, but I was often invited to continue them in his private study, a small room overlooking the road up to the Hall, the principal decoration of which consisted in a number of framed small engraved portraits of the noble Lord's personal friends and men of eminence in science and literature; and these gossips were, I understood, a mark of favor not extended to all visitors. I should premise that many years before, when looking into the question *who was Junius*, I had been greatly disgusted with Mrs. Serres' absurd and impudent attempt to prove that Dr. Wilmot was Junius. My noble host one morning gave me a pamphlet which he had just received by post and just read, saying, "Read that, and tell me what you think of it." It was Mrs. Ryves' "Appeal for Royalty," written for the *Morning Post* by Mr. Macdonald, an *attaché* of that paper and a friend of Mrs. Ryves. When I returned it to him next morning and told him it was a repetition of her mother's book on "Junius," full of absurd misstatements based upon the reputed evidence of dead witnesses, he told me to keep the book, and startled me by saying, "The Duke of Kent used to allow her £400 a year!" On my expressing my doubts as to the duke's ability to do so he replied sharply, "Robert Owen told me so;" the fact being, as it turned out afterward, that Owen of Lanark had advanced her

£400 per annum, for three years, at the intervention of the Duke of Kent, and which £1200 her Majesty very liberally repaid.

My interest in Mrs. Serres' impudent fictions increased the more thoroughly I investigated them, especially when, as the result of some indications which I followed up, I came to the conclusion that although possibly not the originator of the scandal of George the Third having, previously to his marriage to Queen Charlotte, been married to the fair Quaker Hannah Lightfoot, she had been the chief propagator, so that when the celebrated case of Mrs. Ryves (Mrs. Serres' daughter) came on for trial eight years after my visit to Brougham, I watched its proceedings with the utmost interest and curiosity; and although it was reported very fully day by day in the *Times* and all the principal journals, and is recorded as fully in the *Annual Register* for 1857, I have always regretted that, in the interest of historical truth, no complete and official report of it was even given to the press.

Some short time after the conclusion of the Ryves Trial, the very extensive and curious collection of autographs formed by the late Mr. Robert Cole, F.S.A., came on for sale by public auction at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's. Among them were a large collection of the papers on which Mrs. Serres founded her absurd claims, which had been parted with some time before for a consideration. But as autographs are, as a rule, luxuries beyond the purse of a man of moderate income, after examining them and seeing how curious they were, I called the attention of a kind and wealthy friend of mine, and who was always ready to enrich his valuable library with varieties, to the lots in question, and he promised to send a commission for them. On the morning of the sale I called in Leicester Square, and, finding that my friend had forgotten to do so, I authorized the purchase of them for myself if the biddings did not exceed the sum which I felt I should be justified in giving for them.

I had the good fortune to secure them; and well pleased I was to have them, not only for the light they threw upon Mrs. Serres and her absurd claims and pretensions, but also upon the two vol-

umes of that disgraceful book, first published in one volume under the title of "Authentic Records of the Court of England for the last Seventy Years," 8vo, 1832, for which Phillips the publisher was tried and convicted and fled the country, but which was afterward enlarged to two volumes under the title of "Secret History of the Court of England, etc. By the Right Honorable Lady Anne Hamilton," etc. This book professes to be Published by William Henry Stevenson, 13 Wellington Street, Strand, 1832, but I believe was suppressed for some years, and then used to be sold privately by a woman who called at night with copies for sale. I know at least of one copy so purchased by a noble lord who himself told me the circumstance.

The reviewer in the *Quarterly* poo-hooped the notion of Lady A. Hamilton having anything to do with the book. If he had read it carefully he would have come to a different conclusion, and have shared my regret that her sincere attachment to the unhappy Queen Caroline should have led her to associate with the nest of disreputables concerned in the production of such a tissue of lies.

One of these associates of poor misguided Lady Anne was an individual who had doubtless been introduced to that lady by Mrs. Serres—who he was the reader shall presently read in his own words. It will be remembered by some readers who bear in memory the strange vagaries of the *soi-disant* princess, that in August, 1821, she was desirous of being confirmed as a preliminary to being a communicant, and applied to the Bishop of London, who gave her a very politic and polite negative answer.

Failing in obtaining additional notoriety by a public confirmation, she sought it by being publicly baptized at Islington Church, when, as I believe, she was accompanied by a person who played an important part in the subsequent history both of Lady A. Hamilton and Mrs. Serres, who was a native of Orkney and well known for some time as a lawyer's clerk in Edinburgh, by the name of Strange Petrie, but who came to London as a genealogist and pedigree compiler, and then took the name of Fitzstrathearn. But the following account of himself as told in a letter to

the Rev. W. Groves, then curate of St. Margaret's, Westminster, will, I think, amuse and interest and disgust my readers. The Rev. W. Groves was a strong adherent of Mrs. Serres, who showed her gratitude by creating him Prince of Monaco. It is addressed to him "King's North, near Ashford, Kent," and is dated from 20 Ludgate Hill, Saturday, the 8th of June, 1822.

My good Revd. Sir: The Princess had the pleasure of receiving your classical epistle addressed to me, which produced those emotions of the mind and heart that are felt by a friend. I am the same young gentleman you saw in Alfred Place in the autumn of 1821. For *delicate* reasons the Princess then stated me as Mr. Fitzclarence (as I wished myself to be lost among the crowd of those children of the Duke's, without any inquiry that might produce pain). But Providence, whose Divine interference is always exerted for the good of mankind, by so harmless a plan of secrecy, permitted me not to be doomed to that half branch of Royalty, whose poor unfortunate mother, Mrs. Jordan, was suffered to expire in misery and want in a foreign land, summer, 1818. My mother was a different character altogether—an amiable, sensible lady—though she would say that two Royal brothers smelled at the *same* nosegay, which gave offence to my dear father, who and my mother were thus imposed upon in a moment of darkness, and wherefore my name was called William Henry instead of Edward. This, however, made no difference in affection toward me. I was up to 1820 amply provided for, enjoying civil situations while serving six years in a distinguished *home* regiment, and I have a claim of 5000*l.* on Castlehill estate by bond, my father having fully acknowledged me both verbally and in writing when he married the Duchess, and the Princess holds many feeling letters from him, wherein I am affectionately mentioned. But, my dear sir, though this and much more is the case, which you may one day know of, I have no pretensions beyond my own personal merits. I trust only in my God, the Author of my humble existence, who raiseth up and putteth down the children of men to answer Divine and human purposes hid from short-sighted mortals. His Majesty has been kind to me, and I was a favorite of the Ministers, and joined the much injured, though illustrious and magnanimous, Princess of Cumberland on account of my poor dear father. I have battled her cause both at the Treasury and War Office (where I have access to the highest personages) without fear, as I know she is *right*, and I have challenged and defied them *legally* to come forward and do her justice, at which they tremble. You would have seen from the *Times* of Thursday last, what the Almighty and Justice has done for your Royal friend. The will is proved. It came on in court, and the Judge and Law Officers of the Crown do not know what to do. A noble Lord told me, smiling, yesterday that the Court party could

not decide even if a Solomon came down from the clouds to assist.

I have confined myself to save postage. The Princess sends her best regards to her favorite Mr. Groves, and trusts that when Dr. Tucker and some other clever official persons wait upon Mr. Groves (as intended), he will be extremely cautious as to inquiries put, and to decline answering till the Princess has the pleasure of seeing him, which will be soon, being in daily expectation of a settlement with the Royal Family from the steps taken by law. I shall soon send you a paper with a report of Court proceedings. The Princess is receiving subscriptions for the within prospectus. I have the honor to be, with best wishes,

Your very sincere friend and obedient servant,

WILLIAM H. A. FITZSTRATHEARN.

The reader will agree with me that in Fitzstrathearn the Princess had a worthy ally.

Entering the Athenæum one afternoon in the spring of 1840, I found my old friends Mr. Amyot, the treasurer, and Sir Henry Ellis, the secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, in quiet confab before the hall-fire.

On seeing me Mr. Amyot said, "Oh, here is Thoms, perhaps he can give us a hint or suggest something," and I was immediately informed of the subject they were considering. Sir Henry had received notice that the Prince Consort had notified his intention of attending a meeting of the society for the purpose of being admitted a Fellow; and although Sir Henry had some very curious antiquities to exhibit, he had not a paper of sufficient interest to read before his Royal Highness.

Could I suggest a fitting subject for such a paper?

No, my antiquarian knowledge was below par, and I had no suggestion to offer.

But in the course of conversation stress was laid upon the desirability of finding a literary or historical topic which should have both a German and English interest in it. Upon this hint I spake; and knowing that both my learned friends were great Shakespearian scholars, I asked whether they did not think that the visit of an English company of players to Germany about the year 1600 might furnish materials for such a paper as they wanted. To my great surprise neither of them knew anything about this. Neither perhaps should

I have done so, but from the fact that at about the time of Miss Ellen Tree's professional visit to Germany I had found some allusions to the performances of a company of English actors in that country, in Horn's *Poesie und Beredsamkeit der Deutschen*, and had, anticipating Captain Cuttle's sensible advice, "made a note of it."

To my great surprise neither Amyot nor Sir Henry knew anything about this matter; but after questioning as to what I recollected about it, they would not let me go till they had extorted from me a promise that I would look over my notes, and if I found in them materials for a short paper, that I would write one and put Sir Henry out of his difficulty. Those who knew the worthy head of the British Museum, and that his business habits were as great as the variety and extent of his general knowledge, will recognize him in two very characteristic remarks which this conversation called forth. In the course of it I had mentioned the play of *Titus Andronicus*. "Bother that," he said, "how am I to pronounce it, Andronicus, or Andronicus?" and as I was leaving he enjoined me, "Keep your paper very short, not to take more than seven minutes in the reading."

On my return home and looking over my notes, I found in them what I believed to be materials for a paper which I believe would do me no discredit. So I set to and worked them up in the form of a letter to our excellent treasurer, who, as well as Sir Henry, was pleased with it.

On the appointed evening (21st of May, 1840) I went to Somerset House anxious to witness how Sir Henry would serve up the dainty dish which had been prepared to set before the prince. But I was doomed to disappointment.

Prince Albert, one of whose characteristics was punctuality, had been accidentally detained at Buckingham Palace, and instead of arriving at the Society of Antiquaries at eight o'clock, as had been arranged, did not enter the meeting until half-past eight, at which time it had been arranged he should proceed to the Royal Society to pass through the same ceremony of being admitted a Fellow.

The consequence was, that after his

formal admission as a Fellow by Lord Aberdeen, and making a rapid inspection of the antiquities prepared for exhibition, and having had presented to him the officers, Council, and some few of the more eminent Fellows, his Royal Highness proceeded upstairs to the Royal Society, and my poor paper, which had caused so much anxiety to the authorities and to myself, was left unread.

I recollect one pleasant incident which took place that evening. My friend Amyot introduced me to Theodore Hook, then a newly-elected Fellow. After a little pleasant talk we parted, and I secured a back seat which, being elevated, gave me a good view of the whole room, which was, of course, very crowded. Presently Hook returned to me and asked if I could see Planche anywhere in the room. At that time it was not my good fortune to have made the acquaintance of that pleasant and accomplished gentleman, and I told Hook so; adding, with a view to looking out for him, the inquiry, "What sort of man is he?"

"Short," replied Hook, "and bald. He used to cut his hair; but now his hair has cut him."

This is the first bit of humor I ever heard fresh from the lips of Theodore Hook; but not the last by many.

On the following Thursday my paper on "Shakespeare in Germany" was read. Hook was again present; and at its conclusion came and expressed himself much interested in and pleased with it; and begged me not to let it be buried in the *Archæologia*, but to let him print it in the *New Monthly Magazine*, which would bring it before many readers who would appreciate it. I readily availed myself of his offer; and it accordingly appeared there, having undergone such necessary modifications as to suit it for the more popular class of readers than those to whom it was originally addressed.

On my way to Somerset House on Thursday evenings I often strolled into the courts abutting on Drury Lane Theatre where old bookstalls abounded. On one of these explorations I picked up a curious little jest book, the title of which I do not recollect, nor the precise date, but it was soon after the accession of the House of Hanover, as proved by one of the jests in it, which told how a

bumptious, ignorant justice of the peace scolded his clerk for dating an official document *Anno Domini*, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Don't you know Queen Anne is dead? write *Georgio Domini*."

Having, when I arrived at Somerset House, shown my prize to Theodore Hook, he was so much amused with it that I offered to lend it to him as soon as I had myself read it, an offer which he very readily accepted; and I took an early opportunity of forwarding it to him, suggesting that, if he saw in it materials for a paper in the *New Monthly*, he was heartily welcome to use it for that purpose. I eventually gave it to him, and when his books were sold after his death, a year or two later, seeing it in the catalogue I sent up a commission to repurchase it; but a jest book which had belonged to Theodore Hook fetched twice the sum which I had authorized my agent to go to, although I had made up my mind to give half a guinea for what I had originally picked up for two shillings or half a crown.

The following letter from this clever and kind-hearted man, of which I will give a curious instance presently, may interest the reader.

Fulham, Thursday.

Dear Sir: A few days since I gave our excellent friend, Mr. Amyot, a proof of your letter to him on Shakespeare, which stands for insertion in January N. and M. Magazine. Had I not been prevented by indisposition which keeps me at home, I should have been at Somerset House this evening, and anticipated the pleasure of getting the revised proof from yourself. Not being able to go there, will you let me beg you to return it to me addressed hither, where I stay as much as I can in the wintry weather, when to me London is so killing. The sooner it comes the better for business.

Thanks for the sight of your "jester"; some of the items are capital, but I feel in these days we must sift and dilute to such an extent as to render the dish at last insipid. I remember when I was a boy hearing old Mr. Sheridan, who had come to the theatre to see Congreve's "Love for Love," complain of the "modifications" in the dialogue; to whom Mr. Wroughton, who was then manager, replied that "it was absolutely necessary to qualify the licentiousness of the language, and suit the delicate taste of the play-going public." "If that's the case," said Mr. Sheridan, "don't act the plays at all. Congreve's plays are like horses, eradicate their vice, and you destroy their vigor."

So I suspect in the instance of your "jest-

er," which I will take care and return safe to you the first opportunity.

With many thanks for your communication, believe me, dear sir,

Yours faithfully,

THEODORE E. HOOK.

It was, if I remember rightly, on the following St. George's Day, the anniversary of the Society of Antiquaries, that I had the good fortune to find myself seated at the annual dinner at Freemasons' Tavern, *vis-à-vis* to Theodore Hook, and several congenial spirits. It was a delightful evening, although at this distance I only remember a few of the incidents. One was that Lord Aberdeen, in proposing the memory of Shakespeare, or some similar toast, referred to the controversy then waging warmly as to the correct spelling of the poet's name, which brought up a long dry speech from John Britton, who, from his once connection with the Stratford Bust, never allowed a reference to Shakespeare without volunteering an address upon it. As soon as he sat down, there was a call for Theodore Hook, which was so strongly persisted in that at last he rose. His rising hushed the busy hum, which was changed into a roar when he briefly recorded his views in these few laconic words: "My Lords and Gentlemen—I am a true Britton!"

In the course of the evening the president gave the University of Oxford, with which many of the Fellows connected the name of Dr. Bliss (the learned Librarian of the Bodleian and editor of Anthony Wood's *Athene Aconisum*), who was present, but old Sir Robert Inglis, who, being member for the University, never failed to assert his connection with it, made the necessary response.

When the president, having gone through the arranged lines of toasts, vacated the chair and retired, accompanied by many of the graver antiquaries, the worthy treasurer, Amyot, took his place, and the cross table was filled by congenial spirits; he very soon proposed the Bodleian Library, coupling with it the name of Dr. Philip Bliss. Theodore Hook drank the toast in an amended and very effective form, "The Mansion of Bliss."

The mention of the name of my kind and learned friend reminds me that one of my small indirect services to literature

was my having influenced the principal of St. Mary's Hall in 1856 to bring to completion the edition of the "*Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*" which he had committed to the press some forty years before, but which, after nearly 600 pages had been completed, he had been compelled by pressure of official duties to discontinue. Among several letters from Dr. Bliss which I have bound up in the copy of his edition of Hearne's diary which he kindly gave me, I find one dated the 10th of July, 1856, in which he says:

I printed 544 pages of the work which is now in the warehouse; 50 large paper, 150 small; whether I shall ever live, or if I do live, have courage to finish it remains to be seen.

In a subsequent letter, dated the 3d of January, 1857, Dr. Bliss writes to me:

You may consider yourself responsible to the public for the appearance of the book, as it was owing to your letter I summoned courage to complete it; but for that the whole impression up to page 576 would have rotted in the warehouse, or tied up in bundles.

And in another dated the 12th of January, 1857:

You induced me to perfect the book; for it seemed to me unjust to deprive you of the benefit of the remarks, and keep those I had copied in my own useful hands; and my good friend at Bodley seemed to consider these my property, and throw cold water on any interference.

The "*Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*" had only been issued to the public for a few months when its kind and accomplished editor—namely, on the 18th of November, 1857—died, to the deep regret of all who had the pride and pleasure to number Philip Bliss among their personal friends.

Twelve years later Mr. Russell Smith issued a new edition of this charming book in his "*Library of Old Authors*," with some additions to Hearne's own remains and the late Beriah Botfield's "*Bibliotheca Hearniana*."

Time once complained to Thomas Hearne, Whatever I forget you learn;
Now Time's complaint is changed, 'tis this,
What Hearne forgot is learned by Bliss.

A few words more—and those of thanks to old friends and correspondents, who have kindly urged me to continue my "*Gossip*;" and, in return, let me beg their help to procure me, if not the possession, at least the perusal, of a

worthless little book which I have been looking for in vain for some years. It is entitled the "Book, or Procrastinate Memoirs. An historical romance," 12mo, 1812. It was written by Mrs. Serres; but I do not know whether her

name appears on the title. I have many editions of the "Book" relating to the Princess of Wales, but none bearing date of 1812. I believe the work just named is the only one called the "Book" dated in 1812.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

OF MISTAKES: A CONSOLATORY ESSAY.

BY A. K. H. B.

I DO not believe that there is a more common human experience than Repentance: by which I mean being heartily sorry that you have done something: wishing from the bottom of your heart you had not done it: wondering how on earth you came to do it: seeing that you were a fool when you did it: thinking how differently you would do if you had another chance. The experience is never other than painful and humbling: but sometimes it is as bitter and heart-breaking as any that can be known by man.

Probably most men have a profound belief that they took the wrong turning in the chief choices of their life. They made a miserable mistake. They would not do the same again. They wear themselves with unavailing regrets. They fancy it was in them to come to far more than they have come to: and to have lived a far happier life. A young man walks about, thinking what he is to do in the years before him, which (of course) are to be very many: making quite sure that he is to avoid all that (he now knows) embittered the lives of his parents: and to come to a great deal. An older man, not very old, walks about heavily, wishing he had not done the thing he did at most of the chief junctures: seeing what a poor thing he has made of it all: wishing he had his life before him to begin again: when in all the main things he would do just the opposite of what he has done.

There are wonderfully successful men with whom this is not so: who have got on in a fashion which astonishes themselves: who at critical times were marvellously guided right: who have risen just about as high as may be in this life and world. But these men are so very few, and so entirely exceptional, that we

need not take them into account in speaking of average humanity.

And neither, at the other end of the scale, need we here think much of those mortals who have made an utter ravelment of their life, and turned everything to bitterness. I am thinking of the average grumbling soul, who merely thinks he might have done better, and made more of himself and his chances. There are those who say to themselves in unutterable sadness, "I had my chance, I missed it: I tied a millstone round my neck, I can never be delivered from it: I had the fairest prospects, I blighted them utterly: What a fool I was! But I have suffered for it, God knows." That is the moan of some: of many. They do not say it. But they think it and feel it night and day.

My purpose is to write a consolatory essay. I think it may be done here. I should like to get hold of a good many folk who undergo the pangs of needless repentance, and keep themselves habitually in a misery for which there is little reason: no reason.

Of course, if everything is to be reckoned as a mistake, and mourned over as such, which was not the very wisest thing you could have done under the circumstances, it is to be admitted at once that all life is a series of mistakes. The very astutest man is a blunderer. The wisest of men did many extremely silly things. But if you did your best at the time, with the light you had: and if you be not an absolute fool, nor flighty and hasty beyond ordinary humanity: it is not probable that what you did was entirely idiotic: it is sure not to have been grievously wrong in morality: and there is no reason, as there is no good, in looking back upon it with paralyzing and unserviceable regret.

I know, one of the most pathetic of all sights is to see a sufferer declare that it is *better as it is* : sometimes the words are *far better as it is* : when you know well that the sufferer could give you no reason whatsoever for thinking so. We cleave, in dark times, with a touching tenacity, to the things we wish were true : to the things which (to say the fact) we are pretty well broken-hearted because we know not to be true. Many good people fancy that faith in God's Providence consists in believing certain things without any reason : in believing certain things although you see quite plainly they cannot be true. If we could really persuade ourselves that it is better as it is : or even that it is just as well as it is : it would make an end of the useless regrets and self-upbraidings which are far more than you would think in the hearts of a great many mortals, not by any means disreputable, and very fairly well to do. And that is the direction in which I desire gently to push you, friendly reader, who have reached middle age or more. I believe, though we have all made mistakes innumerable, and taken the wrong turning many times, yet, if we have been industrious and conscientious, just about as much has been made of us as it was in us to be made ; and as for our place and work in life, and all the surroundings, things are just as well as they are as without some miracle of luck they could have been. And had the miracle of luck come : had we, spite of the most unpromising antecedents, and the most commonplace constitution, been pitchforked to an elevation which was extraordinary, however little extraordinary we ourselves were : should we have been so much the better for it ? Would our life have been evenly joyous, though purple-clad flunkies continually addressed us as *Your Grace* : or though half-savage iron-workers earned for us four hundred thousand a year ? I think we should soon have got accustomed to it. Some of us would have been ashamed of it.

Let it here be suggested that what mild consolation is to be proposed in these pages is not meant for the hapless few who have utterly spoiled their life. That may be done. We have all seen it done, only too often. But one may

say, as a rule, it is done only by wrong-doing : by grievous wrong-doing. For to do what is wrong is always a mistake : and there is nothing to be said on the other side here. No doubt very many of those most wretched ones who have sunk to the depths of shame and degradation, never had a chance of anything better : and the awful phenomenon of Luck never seems so awful as when it bids poor men and women to be morally evil here ; and then, as some would have it, go to be worse and more miserable elsewhere. But though the plea may be put forward that some were born and educated into wrong and wretchedness, the consolation is not forthcoming in this case that it is no great matter, and that things are nearly as well as they are. Then, besides wrong-doing, it is to be remembered that all life may be blighted by folly. But it is generally by specially perverse and obstinate folly : as when a spoiled young woman marries a blackguard against all warning : and very speedily finds she has made a miserable and irremediable mistake. Even for such cases there is hope : the case of no mortal is desperate. But such cases must go up for more potent treatment : and though something can be made of them, it will not be here. To fairly wipe off the stain, and be delivered from the misery, such human beings will have to begin again, far away. Here they will have to walk apart, to walk softly : the face can never be unabashed, as once : the heart can never be light as in innocence. Farther than Australia, far further, is the country where a fresh start will be given to such as threw away their single chance here. My patients must be those who can be more simply treated : and for whom infinitely less drastic remedies will avail : those who chafe under the inconveniences of their way of life : regret their choice of a profession : think they might have accepted that pretty country parish with a small living which was offered last year but declined : wish they had not fixed their home in a region where the east wind very commonly blows : lament that they turned aside from a career in which their associates would have been people of culture, to abide among folk who without evil intentions rub them hourly against the

grain : pine for green trees and grassy paths while it is in fact given them to continually walk upon paving-stones : possibly cherish the delusive belief that if they had married some one not seen for five - and - twenty years, their lives would have been all sunshine and music and romance.

Let it be admitted, to begin with, that probably no man, living or departed, ever made one of the great choices of his life, without finding out, as time went on, that manifold cares and troubles came of the choice he made. And, under the vain illusion that if one did but choose wisely, there need be no cares nor troubles, but that we might live happily ever after, the man who has met this disappointing experience fancies he would have been all right had he taken the other turn where the path diverged—gone into a different profession, married another woman, selected another life-work, dwelt among other scenes, lived in a cathedral close instead of a Scotch parish, worshipped habitually at Wells instead of in the parish kirk of Drumsleekie. I think I know men, more than two or three, who make themselves very unhappy upon many days, lamenting what they esteem as the mistaken choices they have made, possibly many a year ago, whose consequences will never be escaped in this world. And I am quite sure such would be much the better for being reminded of this very plain truth and fact, very generally forgotten. Many men hasten to conclude that a thing was a mistake, and ought not to have been done, whenever they find that trouble comes of it : even inevitable trouble, which might have been foreseen and should have been allowed for : such men forgetting altogether that ten times or fifty times as much trouble would certainly have followed if they had not done that thing. They forget that in nearly every worldly choice, there is a choice of evils. You escape toothache by going through the pain of having a tooth pulled out. I behold, oftentimes, a statue of white marble, a kneeling figure, on whose head an angel is setting the golden crown of the martyr. It was a friendly view of the case to represent that good man as such : but even the friends who thus represented his great reward exhibit, in

relief below the calm image, a truculent little party engaged (they took three quarters of an hour about it) in shooting, stabbing, and beating down to death the poor old sufferer. You could not have that grand crown unless by going through these experiences first. Then, further : there are few choices in this world where all the reasons are on one side. Sometimes there may be fourteen reasons for doing a thing, and fifteen for not doing it : and the reasons must not merely be counted, which is hard ; but *weighed*, which is infinitely harder. It does not follow at all that you made a mistake in life when you took that course which has landed you in many anxieties and sorrows. Far more and greater might have found you, had you taken any other course which was in fact open to you. It is a very plain counsel of homely sense, but it is not a whit the less a counsel most needful to many : Think when you are unhappy because you turned to the Right, how things would have been had you gone to the Left. The result will very likely be that you will find you have been repenting, accusing yourself, and bemoaning your folly, with very little reason. Think, too, that the evils which are present to you are keenly felt : the evils which do not touch you are lightly regarded. The thorn, which has stuck itself into your hand, is a much more real and serious matter than a much bigger thorn which you merely look at, having been desired to consider how you would like it stuck into you.

A good many men live under the conviction that they made a sad mistake when they chose their profession. Sometimes this conviction comes through finding or fancying that their abilities, such as they are, would have had a better field elsewhere. Sometimes it comes of nothing more serious than that they see some other walk of life which has greater worldly attractions or advantages. And it is to be admitted that it is hard for any mortal to feel himself condemned to spend his days in doing work which he dislikes, and which he does badly, while there is work to be done in which he would delight and which he might do well. There are misplaced men ; lamely doing uncongenial duty, who had it in them to do something else

excellently. And I do not know any man more to be envied than one who, in advancing years, when the realities are known by much experience, yet feels that were the choice to be made again he would select his life-work, with all its disadvantages and cares, more resolutely than even when he chose it with all the enthusiasm of youth. It was touching to read in the biography of one whose place in life was anything but what is generally esteemed an enviable one, how on one of his last days he said to a friend who was by, "Man, don't you know what it is to like your work, and to wish to be at it?" Yet even that man, though thus liking his work, did not hesitate to say to such as knew him well, that if he had to begin life again he would give himself indeed to the same work, but amid quite different surroundings and under a wholly different commission. I know a walk in life which numbers among the men who have to pursue it a very considerable number of persons of high ability and culture. It is a singular and sad fact that nearly all the best among them regret that they are there. They are profoundly dissatisfied. I know nearly every man of mark among them: many a time have I heard the words, "If I had to begin my life again, it would not be here." And it is a hard thing to be thoroughly out of sympathy with the system and the personnel amid which you live. Further, a system is in a bad way which to conciliate the stupidest and sourest of its supporters alienates all its best and worthiest sons. Yet I often think that the persons I have in view are (most of them) entirely mistaken in thinking they made a mistake in their choice of life. With all its drawbacks, the system under which they live has given them room to grow as probably no other would have done. They are much bigger men there than they would be in a certain locality to which they sometimes look with longing eyes. I remember, in my youth, hearing a man of gentle and refined genius, a graceful poet, who had to give himself to the squabbles of local politics, say, very sadly: "I have missed stays in life." In fact, you could hardly have found a better niche for him. The political views he had to maintain were those

which he heartily believed to be true: they did not take up very much of his time: and from the poor strifes of the little burgh the gentle poet turned with inexpressible delight to the sanctuary of noble thoughts, his own and others, of which he kept the key. He was just as well placed in life as a man so exceptional could be. Even so is it, I am quite sure, with certain whom I will not name; who fancy themselves sorrowfully misplaced. They are doing a good work. They have the sympathy of all whose sympathy they would value among the people they know. They are often abused and vilified by mortals incapable of understanding them; but that is a very mild martyrdom. For those abusive mortals can do them no harm. And assuredly, when the souls I have in view go to certain regions of this world, they meet a welcome there which is abundant recompense for a good deal of trouble at home. The very fact that they come from far, and are (in a sense) outsiders, gains for them a reception which otherwise they could not have had. On the whole, I do not in any way pity them. They have what may well suffice. In any case, they are (what schoolboys call) *In for it*: and they must make the best of things. They might not make the bargain if it were to make again. But it is by no means such a bad bargain.

I sometimes think that any man who is growing old, and to whom it has been appointed in this life to earn his own bread, ought to be thankful to find himself in any settled and fairly-creditable vocation. It tends to make one so, to look round upon those who started along with us, and to remark here and there the clever fellow who would not settle to steady work, who would not get into one of the recognized grooves of human affairs. Such clever fellows tend to be unsteady in another sense than lack of fixity of aim: and here, doubtless, is a main cause of their failure. But even where this is not so, you know the sorrowful upshot of not sticking to the track, not choosing a line and holding to it. The income is precarious: all incomes are precarious that are made up of scraps. Give us steady wages, whether little or great. You have known a brilliant man, with a hundred

times the brains of some wealthy mortal who wants to get into Parliament (with the single purpose of serving his country), thankful to earn a few pounds by doing election jobs, writing squibs and canvassing: and meekly bearing to be sworn at by the wealthy mortal in the hour of defeat. It is very sad, to find a man of true ability and eloquence, and content to work very hard, waiting, like a cab on the stand, for some one to hire his brains: for some one to get him to write on some subject in which he feels no interest, or to puff some doing which he sees to be contemptible. And such a man, living from hand to mouth, even if he has no one but himself to support, must many times look forward to the future with fear: thinking of days when the poor wearied brain and hand will not be able to work any more, and when there will no longer be the nerve to push himself forward amid younger and fresher competitors. Surely, thus meditating, and beholding how solid mortals who never had half his ability, and who never worked half so hard, but who got into one of the main grooves and kept to it, have distanced him in life—are judges, bishops, or at the least are thriving business men and rosy country parsons, filling recognized positions, and not without the confidence thence arising—the brilliant Bohemian that never would run steadily in harness must feel that he has made a mistake in his choice of life.

People smile, and fancy you are passing into romantic regions, when you make mention of the mistakes made by men and women in the choice of a partner in life. But there is nothing romantic here: it is the most prosaic truth that this choice utterly blights many lives: converts others into a succession of petty irritations and humiliations: pulls down some soaring souls to a realm of sordid details: disappoints and disillusion human beings as nothing else can: and would eventuate in very frequent repentance but for the blessed power which is in decent folk of reconciling themselves to the inevitable, and of making the best of a bad bargain. Yet one has known a man to whom the bitter mistake meant that he should never know a light heart any more. One has known a poor girl, when little more than a child (not indeed without

great folly in those who should have been her guides), hopelessly ruin all her life. One wonders, thinking how such choices are made, that in many cases they turn out so well. With a large class, one sees this indissoluble engagement formed between young men and women who know next to nothing of one another. And one remembers that not merely principle and a good life, but likewise temper, temperament, likings and antipathies, habits and tendencies, make or mar the peace of domestic life. A morose, secretive man: a vain, extravagant woman, who cannot understand Money: a feeble creature, who contentedly drives up to the railway half an hour after the train is gone: an *untruthful* husband or wife: I do not even name the frightful possibilities of drunkenness or unfaithfulness, though one has seen them too often: what but a sorrowful resignation to the inevitable can there be where such things are? I remember, many a year ago, a homely old man addressing a young man, lately married, in the downright words, "I am glad to hear that your wife has good health; for *a delicate wife is a great plague!*" Those who heard the words knew that the good old man spoke from most adequate experience. It must be hard to compose a historical dissertation, or the like, in a house of small extent, in which dwells a woman of the noblest sentiments, but at the present hour in violent hysterics. "What is life without sentiment?" was the almost unanswerable question once addressed to my friend Smith. But doubtless there are things even more indispensable. As I wrote these last words, I was told that Mrs. Somebody waited without, wishing to see me. I went: and beheld a young face which should have been pretty, but was haggard: and heard the words, "Will you give me something for the children to-night? He's a very thoughtless man and has sent me nothing." It is my duty to know all about everybody in this place, and I knew the story was true. It was a sad comment on what was in my mind: one who might have been a well-to-do maidservant of five-and-twenty, as well lodged and fed as her mistress, but who would marry an idle scapegrace; and so had to come to-night begging for her two little chil-

drawn. And the little incident brought back to me, over many years, the stern and worn face of an aging man, whom I met in a lonely place, looking just as miserable as man could look. He was earning a large income, but his slatternly idiot of a wife muddled it away: the house was untidy and comfortless: and the gloom of care never lifted. In such cases you cannot go back, blot out the error, and begin anew. There is no second chance. And repentance, though very deep, will not take away the consequences of that fatal mistake. One has known instances, more than one or two, where all that was possible was to be thankful for that Place, far distant, where those who have failed, irremediably, in this world, may make a fresh start, with the experience of this life, and with all its lessons. You may remember a striking passage in which John Stuart Mill says that one who had enjoyed a fair share of the blessings of this life might (in his judgment) feel that the time had come to contentedly lie down to the eternal rest of nothingness: the hard thing would be for one to have to go out of this life who had never truly lived at all. And certainly, if one believed there was nothing beyond this world, it is hard to know what comfort could be suggested to those who have, by a mistaken choice, involved themselves in troubles to which not even long habit can in any measure reconcile; and to whom this life, if this life be all, must be unmingled bitterness. The consolations of religion are the only consolations which avail here. And if there be no future life, there are no consolations of religion.

It is to be confessed that now and then one has found an old man who profoundly believed that all that stood between him and being infinitely happier and better through all his years on earth, was his having failed to marry some special angel of all perfection. To the last, such have thought how different life might have been. But if it has happened to you to make the acquaintance of the woman thus glorified in the old gentleman's remembrance, your feeling, I venture to say, was one of simple astonishment. The old gentleman was under a profound illusion. It was the well-known phenomenon of the mirage.

Many fairly-educated persons are not familiar with the writings of Milton or of Bacon, but are well-read in Dickens. Wherefore, an instance may be taken from that most charming author. You remember what he esteemed as his best work: what certainly contains a good deal of his own history: "David Copperfield." You remember how Copperfield, apparently with the entire approval of his delineator, seems to suppose that if he had but married rightly, he would have been perfectly happy. He tells us that a vague general dissatisfaction ran through all his life with Dora: a blank sense of something lacking, which might have been continually present, and which would have entirely satisfied his spiritual nature. Greater delusion never was. The sense of something lacking: the vague dissatisfaction: is in fact the imperfection, the dissatisfaction, which must be in this mortal life: which has been in it since Solomon's days and before them; which found its expression in the unforgettable "Vanitas Vanitatum": which hard work and immediate anxiety can crowd out for a little while; but which can be escaped by no one for whom the immediate necessities are so supplied that he has leisure to look up, and take in the general scope of all this life. Copperfield's philosophy really comes to this: that for a man to marry the right person is the same thing as to go to heaven: and further, that a man has made a mess of his life unless he has succeeded in being evenly and perfectly happy. Of course this is absurd. No skill or prudence can make life that: and though a good and wise wife is certainly the greatest of all worldly blessings, to find such is not equal to getting into Paradise. This world and its cares must still spread around you: innumerable anxieties and troubles will get at you: and the shadow of Parting hangs over, always. You are not carried away to a residence

In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away—no strife to heal,
The past unsigh'd for, and the future sure.

That, briefly and beautifully stated, is what we all want: and, as plain fact, it is not to be had here. Copperfield had forgot his Ecclesiastes. And in all likelihood, he had never read a certain fa-

mous sentence which occurs within the first ten lines of the "Confessions of St. Augustine," and which is quite familiar to very many who have never read any more in the very unequal writings of that singular Saint.

The sum of what counsel I venture to address to the reader, is simple. Yet it is needed by human beings beyond numbering, both old and young. What we need is, in short, to take in and find out for ourselves the truth of the most worn commonplaces. The counsel is, briefly, Reconcile yourself (if you are to remain in this world at all) to the conditions of your being : do not vex yourself, and break your heart, struggling against what is Irremediable. Do not look to find here what is not to be found. Do not fancy that wiser and luckier folk have found it, and that you would have found it too but for some unhappy mistake you made at a critical turning in your life. The mistakes you have made, if you be an ordinary mortal living an ordinary life, have not, in fact, done your life much harm. You are making just about as much of things in this world as it was in you to make at all. Make the best of the bargain you have made, in this or that. Doubtless you see it was not a perfectly wise bargain. You would not make it again. Had you been considerably wiser than Solomon you might never have made it at all. But you are in for it now. Make the best of things, in good-nature and cheerfulness. Do not mope, and keep thinking, thinking, how much better you might have done, and (like Mr. Bumble) how cheap you went. So doing, you will be making the very worst of things. You will be deliberately blackening the sky under which you must live if you are to live at all : you will grow into a curse to yourself and a nuisance to your neighbors. There is plenty for you to do : Go and do it. There are people a thousand times worse off than you : Try and help them. And for any sake, do not be always thinking about yourself. Get away from that unsatisfactory subject of contemplation. And be quite sure that if you have told your special friends, about ten times each, how unhappy you are and how many blunders you have made,

they are by this time most uncommonly sick both of you and them.

Being what you are, it is quite certain that if you had not done the foolish things you did, you would have done something else as bad or worse. You married early, when you could not afford it : you had some anxious years : days have been when it seemed the poor head was to go under water altogether. Well, but it did not. You have lived through these anxieties : Why recall them ? You have got upon firm ground : Be thankful : It is far more and better than you deserve. And the burden which lay on you so heavily may have saved you from making an inexpressible fool of yourself. A man of sixty dangling after some silly girl of five-and-twenty is an amazing and humbling object of contemplation. Even he suspects himself to be a fool : everybody around knows it. Now you, with your seven grown-up sons, and with your masterful wife, are safe not to make a fool of yourself in that particular way. Other ways are open to you. But not one which leads to manifestations quite so deplorable and contemptible. It is likely enough you would advise a friend not to take the turning you did. A man who has a mother-in-law will generally counsel any mortal to marry an orphan. But this comes of your knowing the evils you have, and being unaware of those which are waiting round the corner, and from which no earthly lot is free. You must take all things here, your profession, your wife, your house, your horses, your servants, your native country with its climate, all your environment, for Better for Worse. A friend worries you by little weaknesses : but he is better than no friend at all. He may be likened to a gift of a thousand pounds, subject to a deduction of two hundred and fifty. It is a disadvantage about a locomotive engine that it gets so hot. But you must accept the engine under that deduction. For it will not go unless it be so hot. If you, being a human being living in this imperfect system of things, will break away from everything which has its inconveniences, you will leave yourself without any possessions or surroundings whatsoever.

To speak gravely : One remarks, in

these advancing years, that the great anxiety and care of worthy men and women, growing old, are about their children : the lesser ones, still going to school : the bigger ones, for whom you are seeking an aim in life, or who have gone far away. No doubt, if you had no children, you would be free from many anxious thoughts. The income would go much farther. The furniture and the painting of your house would last much longer. You could indulge in many luxuries, now impossible. You might buy books without stint, and cross the Alps yearly. But you would not have these selfish indulgences at the price. It is a cheerless thing, a childless home. No one will bear with you in the last fretfulness, and smooth the last steps of your way, like your own boy or girl. If there be in you any good at all, it has been brought out mainly by the continual presence and charge of your children. And you have had gleams of a pure and unselfish happiness, which are unknown in a lonely life. Had you kept clear of the responsibilities of life, and given no hostages to fortune, you would, no doubt, have presented a narrow mark to the shafts of care. But, unless you were a very poor creature indeed, every time you heard the laughter of the little ones, and watched their winsome ways, their thoughtless merriment, you would have felt that you had missed the best happiness of this life. And to do that of your own free will is surely the greatest of all mistakes. Your library may be full of beautifully-bound volumes : your carpets unworn, your walls unmarked by little fingers : no sudden noises may jar your nerves : no eager little face look in when you are in the very middle of a complicated sentence, and break the tenor of your thoughts. And you never yet saw the childish eyes close upon this world : nor received the last kiss from lips that were growing cold : when Somebody (as of old) "called to Himself a little child." You never knew that terrible trial, which no faith and no hope could make anything other. But neither did you ever see the bright looks

lighted up when you return from a brief absence : nor did little pattering feet run to meet you. You never were earnestly questioned as to what you had brought : having earnestly considered London shop-windows in the search for something to bring. You may have been told, but you do not know, as you might, that these little creatures (coming from where Wordsworth tells us), whether abiding with you here or gone on before you, are the instruments in the Best Hand to bring out the very best that can be made of His creatures here. All that good is worth having, even at what it costs. A great deal has to be paid for it, no doubt. But unless in morbid and transient moods you would not wish to have done without it.

Let the teaching of these pages be briefly summed up in a closing word. There is a great deal of margin in human nature, and a great power of recovering itself after it has gone wrong. You have eaten and drunk many things that were bad for you, yet not been much the worse for it. And if your lot have been an average one, you need not fancy that you have materially spoiled your life, though you see now that you have made a vast number of sad mistakes. There is comfort to many now getting far on in the pilgrimage in the thought that, though there has been an infinity of follies and blunders, only too well remembered, yet in the upshot things are just about as well with you as (your nature and surroundings being what they are) they could have been ; and it was not in you to do much more than, in fact, you have done.

Therefore, instead of moaning over days past, with their opportunities missed, and their idiotic sayings and doings, we shall all set ourselves to do the best we can in the days which yet remain. And if there be blots on the page which can never be rubbed out where we are, there is the supreme consolation that some day we may hope to turn over a quite new leaf, and to make a quite fresh start, far away.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

COUNTRY LIFE IN ITALY.

PART II.

THE PEASANTS.

IT has always seemed to me that the well-to-do Italian peasant must think that the world, or at least the world he sees, was made on purpose for him. The soil, with its rich harvests, is peculiarly his own. The fairs supply all his wants in the way of clothes, ornaments, and utensils; the "padrone" is there all ready to be cheated; the priest to look after his soul; processions and "festas" amuse him "par excellence." When prosperous he knows no unsatisfied desire, and is so thoroughly contented with his lot that he seldom seeks to rise a degree in the social scale. However rich he may become, his habits, manners, and ideas undergo no change. Reading and writing are arts which he despises, and never wishes his children to learn. The women are sometimes gorgeous in velvet and silk and gold ornaments; but their costume is still strictly the peasant costume. The houses are often large; for many branches of a family will dwell together in a sort of clan, and I have known seven brothers, all with wives and children, live under the same roof. These dwellings of brick with tiled roofs are long and low, with very small unglazed windows, the staircase and oven outside, and the ground floor devoted to the accommodation of the live stock. There is no attempt at adornment inside or out; more unattractive abodes can scarcely be imagined. One of the brothers (not always the eldest) is called the "vergaro," and his wife the "vergara." This couple takes the command, and directs operations. The cultivation of the soil is of course the chief business; every season has its harvest. The corn is cut in June; Indian corn in August. Early in October is the vintage, and the olives are gathered and pressed at the end of the year. After this, and when the sowing is finished, comes a time of repose from agricultural labor, and then the women are hard at work in the manufacture of clothes for the family. These they literally grow themselves, spinning, weaving, and dyeing their own

flax; the men, if industriously disposed, make baskets and straw hats. The children are set to guard the sheep and the pigs at a very early age. As for the baby, it is tied into its cradle and left to squall to its heart's content. The interior of the house is neither clean nor comfortable, but it has a certain picturesqueness. From the low-raftered ceiling hangs a goodly array of hams, and the wooden ledge along the wall is ornamented with rows of cheeses made of ewe's milk, and loaves of Indian corn bread. A happy family of dogs, cats, hens, chickens, and perhaps a pig of domestic habits, make themselves at home on the stone floor. At the loom by the window one of the women may be seen weaving; and the grandmother will be spinning or knitting by the open hearth, on which an oak branch, leaves and all, crackles and blazes. Under a large iron stewpan, where the "erba" or the "polenta" is cooking, a watchdog lies stretched his lazy length at the "nonna's" feet, and with him an imp, rising two, will be sharing a yellow loaf. These watch-dogs perform their duty so zealously as to make country walks dangerous to the unwary stranger. On passing a cottage, it is the custom to possess one's self of a good-sized stone ready to throw at the animal, who is sure to spring out upon you with yells; the next proceeding is to call loudly to the peasant inside to see to his dog. He thereupon beats and curses the poor animal who is doing his duty according to his lights, and informs "vostra signoria" that there is nothing to be feared—"non dice mai niente" (he never says anything); a statement which strikes one by its audacity when made to an accompaniment of Bow-wow-wow-wow. At harvest time there is feasting and rejoicing. Ham, eggs, and wine are consumed in great quantities. During "mietitura," scarcely any one stays at home, and all other work is neglected. The harvest home is usually celebrated by a dance, and it is at this time that marriages are chiefly arranged. The vintage is a quieter proceeding, for

although the soil is favorable to the vine, it is not so extensively cultivated as corn. For some time before the grape-gathering, peasants, chiefly women and girls, may be seen guarding their vines, and forming picturesque groups beneath the festooned trees. Were it not for this precaution, all those fine clusters of grapes would disappear as if by magic—respect for their neighbors' property not being among the virtues of these Arcadians. After the gathering, wagon-loads of grapes, some as fine as any in hot-houses, are to be met, drawn by the slow oxen along the roads, on their way to be deposited in a vat with a hole in the bottom. This is placed on the top of a cask, and on it mounts a man or a boy who begins treading the grapes, the juice of which falls into the receptacle beneath. This is hard and very unpleasant work; for a swarm of wasps follow the grapes, and severely sting the naked feet which tread upon them. The sight of the muddy feet increased my distaste for the wine of the country so much, that in deference to my prejudices our wine-treaders were made to wash their feet before beginning their work—a ceremony they considered superfluous.

The feasts of the Church are strictly observed by the peasants. They are full of superstitions fostered by the priests, whose influence, fast diminishing with the upper classes, is still paramount with the peasantry. The respect is for the office—the man himself is often the object of abuse and scorn. To one whose birth is involved in mystery (and there are many), the insinuation that he is "*figlio di prete*" is a favorite taunt, and is resented as a cruel insult. I have heard of a priest being waylaid by two brothers, who felt themselves in need of spiritual succor. "Absolve us from our sins," they commanded; and the holy man, at first refusing to do so, was beaten until he complied. A print of the Madonna is to be seen in every peasant's bedroom; none are without some charm concealed about their persons; and scarcely one but has made a pilgrimage to Loreto to behold the house of the Virgin, miraculously transported thither by angels from the coast of Dalmatia. Every peasant returns thence with arms plentifully tattooed in memory of the

consecrated spot. In all corn-fields various little wooden crosses are dotted about in order that the divine blessing may rest upon the harvest. You cannot walk a mile along a high road without coming upon a shrine erected to the Virgin, and no peasant passes the half-effaced daub without making the sign of the cross, and seldom without stopping to kneel and pray.

Babies and animals are great sufferers from the prevalent superstitions. Babies are branded at the back of the neck, and dogs on the forehead, to keep them from harm. When I remonstrated with a "*contadina*" for keeping her dog without water, using the only argument I thought likely to have any weight with her—that it might probably go mad—"Oh! there is no fear," she replied; "he has been branded with the '*ferro di S. Antonio*,' so no harm can come near him;" showing me an ugly scar on the poor brute's forehead. The utter indifference to the sufferings of animals displayed by all classes of Italians seems an anomaly in such a kind-hearted race. It does not proceed from any love of cruelty, but from mere thoughtlessness.

The feelings of the peasants are not often deep or refined. The loss of money or of money's worth is thought more of than the loss of children, of parents, or of friends. Many a time that I have passed a cottage and asked after a little child I had seen playing at the door, the mother has replied in a cheerful voice, "It has gone to Paradise;" but if one of the huge, sleek oxen should come to an untimely end, oh! then the grief is most noisy and overwhelming—men, women, and children throw themselves on the ground, tear their hair, beat their breasts, and howl as if possessed. I once came upon a peasant of my acquaintance weeping by the roadside. "I have had a terrible loss, signora," sobbed he. I, remembering that his daughter had lately died of fever, began to express my sympathy. "*Ma che-la friga!*" he exclaimed impatiently ("*friga*" in that dialect means a girl); "it was a cow!" as if I must surely understand what a much greater misfortune that was. Still there is a kindly feeling among them. I know a young woman who sold her beautiful hair in order to buy a pair of shoes for

her mother, and a young man who married an old woman out of gratitude. He was a foundling whom she had tended from his babyhood. He grew a fine young man, and she an ugly, wrinkled old woman. The pair seemed ill-assorted, but there was much true affection between them. I took the mother of a family to England for six months in the capacity of wet-nurse. There in the enjoyment of every luxury, and, what Italians prize most of all, an idle life, she pined to return to her poverty-stricken home where food was scarce and incessant labor incumbent upon her. When near the end of our homeward journey I asked her if she did not expect her husband and children to be at our house to greet her after such a long absence. "Ah, no!" she replied with a sigh; "the 'contadini' are not like 'vossignorie.'" But she was agreeably surprised by the sight of all her family on our first arrival, and the scene was affecting. Even a brother had walked twenty miles to be assured that she was still alive after a sojourn in our barbarous country, as a rumor had spread that she had succumbed to the hardships of foreign travel. They are a civil-spoken people, and I never met one in my walks who did not greet me with "Buon passaggio, Signora Marchesa," or "Principessa," as the fit may take them, for they are liberal with their titles. On meeting a little child, it always is "Ogninocia," which is elliptical for "May all harm be warded off from it!" They are ready enough to enter into conversation, and often display curiosity about that strange country, Inghilterra, where they have heard everybody is rich. "What a fertile country it must be!" they reflect. "Surely, Signora, there can be no tree without a vine in your country!" When they hear that there are neither vines nor olives, their perplexity is extreme. "Where, then, do all the riches come from?" The dialect takes some time to master; but when you know that B's and V's, R's and L's, O's and U's are convertible letters, some clew is obtained. It must also be remembered that long tails are tacked on to the shortest and simplest words: "poco" is lengthened into "poconcino," and for common use again shortened into "conci;" "cosi" is spun out

into "cosintra;" "si" into "shine;" "no" into "nonni." Their conversation among themselves is chiefly agricultural; the state of the crops, and the health of the live stock, not including the children, form the staple of it. No one is ever called by his or her proper surname; one family will be nicknamed "Gobbo," another "Zoppo," a third "Matto," for no ostensible reason, as the peculiarities indicated by their nicknames may not be observable in any one of them. Coming once upon a large party of laborers at work upon a hillside, I inquired, "Who may you be?" "Siamo Cico," was the reply, as with one voice; but the real name of the Cicos I have never been able to discover, nor is there any clew to the origin of the nickname, unless it were invented to rhyme with Trico, the appellation of a flourishing family who live in the same neighborhood, and whose real name is Biancucci. The men have discarded their once picturesque costume. On working days they wear a white smock, and on Sundays home-manufactured coats and trousers of an exceedingly awkward shape. The earrings, and the red sashes round their waists, with sometimes a knife peeping out of their folds, are all that remain greatly to distinguish them from the English rustic. But the women's attire is picturesque enough, especially in summer, when they have uncovered their stays and white chemises. The stays, sometimes of black velvet, but oftener of some more ordinary material, are laced up the back with white or colored braids. The skirt, either blue, or striped blue and red, is turned up and looped behind over one or more very short petticoats. A narrow apron of some different color from that of the skirt is always worn out of doors; indoors it is not considered necessary. Gay kerchiefs are worn across the shoulders, and folded square on the head. Enormous gold earrings and a coral necklace are considered proper adjuncts. For the height of summer a broad straw hat surmounts the kerchief, and the feet and legs are bare. On "festa" days they swell out their hips with an enormous number of stiff petticoats; I have heard of as many as eighteen being worn on a grand occasion. The skirt is let down, the chemise

is covered with an ill-fitting loose jacket, shoes and stockings are put on, and the "contadina" looks as ungainly as, before, she looked graceful. The practice of carrying all weights on the head gives a very peculiar swinging walk. A cloth rolled round in a circle is first placed on the head, and on the top of it the basket or pitcher, frequently quite askew; but it never falls, and a hand is never raised to support it. I have seen women stoop to pick up something from the ground without disturbing the balance of their basket.

Land is generally cultivated on the system here called "sistema colonica;" the proprietor supplies capital, the "coloni" labor, and the profits are supposed to be shared equally; but, as a matter of fact, the "padrone" seldom gets his legitimate half, because it is perfectly easy for peasants to secretly dispose of a great portion of the produce before the division is made, especially as the landlords in general exercise little or no superintendence over their farms, but intrust that task to their "fattore," or steward. This worthy is usually as fond of a quiet life as his master, and he and the peasants have a general understanding, which is at once profitable to both sides and conducive to peace. This may partly account for the number of ruined proprietors and of prosperous peasants. It has been said that the "casa colonica" often joins on to the "casino" of the proprietor. Sometimes it all forms one establishment, and the peasants are made useful as servants. It fell to my lot at one time to live thus in close quarters with my peasants. The family consisted of two brothers with their wives and children, and their grandfather, who, in consideration of his savings, was housed and fed. I had every opportunity of observing their manners and customs, and did not find them attractive. The women would sit on the doorsteps every Sunday morning, combing their hair and that of the children. This performance *only* took place on Sunday. It was more elaborate in operation than agreeable as a spectacle. I inquired whether they could not make it convenient to keep their heads a little cleaner. To this the "vergara" replied that she did not know what would be thought of her were she to be so fastidi-

ous; she was a respectable woman, not given to frequent dressing of the hair and such like coquettishness. The killing of the pig was considered such an agreeable and enlivening spectacle that it took place (I suppose out of compliment to me) opposite the front door. Two famished dogs continually found the means of emptying the contents of my larder, which there was always a difficulty in replenishing, as no eatable food could be found within ten miles. No one in the villages round indulged in meat unless some ox or sheep had come to an untimely end. The old grandfather was in our eyes the flower of the flock. He worked as hard as his failing strength would allow; and one day my husband, struck with compassion at his famished appearance, and touched by a way the old man had of saluting him respectfully, desired the servants to ask him in to breakfast. "Nonno," quite overwhelmed by the honor, got himself into a clean smock and a pair of boots, and, seated at our kitchen table, relieved his overburdened heart. His grandchildren, he said, treated him in a most unfeeling manner; not only was he made to work hard and not given enough to eat, but when he alluded to his savings, he was reminded that they would come in handy for his funeral expenses. It was long since he had had such a good meal, and he was much obliged to the "padrone." Our relations with this interesting family ended by mutual consent, and never do I remember experiencing a greater sense of relief than on their departure. This was not the only class of peasants with whom we could not manage to get on. We found our "coloni" apparently humble even to servility, but in reality unmanageable. It was in vain that my husband endeavored to introduce improved methods of farming; they were strenuously resisted. The oxen had always trodden out the corn, and it got done in the course of the summer; so why use the threshing machine? Vines had always been trained up trees grown in the midst of corn-fields; and although the corn round the tree did not ripen, and the tree itself sucked up the moisture necessary to the free growth of the vine, it was still maintained that such vineyards were the most economical. The

grapes had always been gathered before they were ripe, and the wine had always been sour; but they liked it so. The cattle could work even when half-starved; therefore why waste your substance in giving them enough to eat? The principal farmer on the property was the most obstinate, and his resistance was at last carried to a pitch which made a termination of his tenancy indispensable.

One day when my husband went down to the farm of this troublesome tenant, to assure himself that some orders he had given respecting the feeding of cattle had been executed, all the male portion of the family (eleven) confronted him in a menacing attitude, each armed with a pitchfork. A. was alone and unarmed, but going up to the foremost he snatched the pitchfork from his hand; the rest then dropped their weapons, and fled. After this the family was, of course, given notice to quit. They were rich, and had land of their own, therefore their ejection caused them no pecuniary embarrassment; but many generations had lived and died in that house, and it was not without a certain feeling of commiseration that I saw the long procession of men, women, and children, with all their flocks and their herds, their wagons and their asses, laden with goods and chattels, wend their way slowly toward another home, reminding me vaguely of a scriptural exodus. We did not replace the peasants who left, but hired laborers and cultivated these farms ourselves. This system was troublesome, but so much more remunerative than the former that we have no reason to regret having been forced into it; and it is a significant fact that we obtained the next year, not double, but *four* times the produce that had come to our share the year before. Something, of course, may have been due to better cultivation; but an improved system could scarcely, in one year, have effected such extraordinary results. Labor is cheap; for seventy-five "centesimi" a man, and for forty-five a woman, will work from sunrise to sunset through a long summer day, and many will come from villages several miles off, and return when their work is done. One hour for repose and food was demanded, and humanity induced

us to prolong it during the extreme heat to two. The dinner of our laborers consisted of a loaf of Indian corn bread, and any fruit which might happen to be in season—an apple, a pear, or a bunch of grapes; this was all. Wine is a rare luxury with the poorer class of peasants, and meat or eggs rarer still. Between these wretched day laborers, who live from hand to mouth, and those prosperous peasants who have land of their own, there is a great distinction, and a "contadino grasso" who marries one of the indigent of his own class is held to have made a *mésalliance*. I was walking once with a "contadina" whose husband was part proprietor with ourselves, and who enjoyed the proud title of "vergara." We passed a woman who claimed acquaintance with her. This "contadina" wore a magnificent coral necklace and massive gold earrings, but her chemise was patched and her petticoat in rags. Annunziata was moved to tears at the sight of her old friend so come down in the world. This unfortunate person was the daughter of a "contadino grasso," and had married beneath her—a poor fellow who kept one pig, and inhabited a mud cottage! Many of the poorest of the peasantry eke out their living by taking care of foundlings, for whom a charitable institution provides. These "bastardi" abound, and the mystery of their origin forms the basis of many a romantic story. They are kept out at nurse until the age of twelve, when the institution occupies itself with their education and settlement in the world; sometimes they are adopted by their foster-parents for good and all. I have not described the looks of our peasants. They are seldom well made; the bodies being long, and the legs short and often bandy, in consequence, I believe, of the "fascia." But some very pleasant, pretty faces may be seen among them. Blue eyes and flaxen hair are not at all uncommon—traces, I suppose, of their northern conquerors—but the "occhi branchi," as all light-colored eyes are called, are not prized as in most southern climes; they are lamented as an imperfection. The prevalence of such names as "Ermenegilda," "Elminia," "Geltrude," seem also to tell of mixture with a Teutonic race.

AMUSEMENTS.

Although there is no attempt at anything which we should call society, no dinner or tea parties, no archery, no picnics—none, in fact, of our ways for “bringing people together”—yet our neighbors manage to meet and amuse themselves after their own fashion. It is a more hearty fashion than ours, and far more economical; for eating and drinking is not that necessary element in amusement with Italians that it is with us. There is always a band, often very good; and there is generally a theatre where, during the Carnival, some sort of dramatic representation takes place, and this theatre serves also for a ball-room; then there are the fairs, which make a rendezvous for all classes; and, at the risk of appearing irreverent, I must include processions among the entertainments. Italian amateur actors are infinitely better than English. To simulate emotion, to speak distinctly, to suit the action to the word—all this comes naturally to them. A great many are born actors and actresses, and display their talents freely off the stage; for the exhibition of feeling is thought so proper and becoming that they feign it where they have it not. To weep at every parting, even with the most casual acquaintance, is thought a point of etiquette, and the art of pumping up tears at will is one of the first to be acquired. Knowing the amount of labor and rehearsing necessary to getting up private theatricals in England with any success, I was surprised at the facility with which the dullest and most uneducated Italian would learn and recite his part, and with what grace and effect each point would be given. He never mumbles or gabbles, or looks as if he didn't know what to do with his arms and legs, or appears to be wondering why he is making such a ridiculous fool of himself, as is the way of the English amateur. The balls are not select; even the peasants are included; and the price of admission is but one *sou*. There is every variety of class and costume. Some of the ladies will appear masked; others in what they fondly imagine to be the height of the fashion; some in evening and some in morning dress, and some in a happy mixture of both. One will wear a low

gown and her best bonnet; another will carry, in addition to fan and smelling-bottle, her muff. The band plays on a raised scaffolding. Musicians and dancers cannot always agree. “Do you know what it is your are playing?” is occasionally shouted from below. “Do you know what it is you are dancing?” is the *tu quoque* from above. More lively banter follows, ending, perhaps, in a quarrel. The musicians strike work; the dancers reply that does not matter; but it ends in a reconciliation, and all goes on as before. The peasants prefer dancing in the open air. The only dance known to them in these parts is the “*salterello*.” The man and woman dance opposite one another, she looking as if she must fall forward, and he backward. Hands are sometimes joined; but this is thought bad form by the peasant aristocracy. Two or three fiddlers play a monotonous, bagpipe-like tune, which is occasionally enlivened by a shout and a gust of song. Then an “*improvisatore*” will be inspired by his muse, and, like some clergymen who preach extempore, has a difficulty in leaving off. The energy which the peasants display after a hard day's reaping under a burning sun, seems amazing; but Italians, though sometimes averse to work, never tire of their amusements. The band plays an important part in all festivities. During a wedding it will play operatic music inside the church; it brings up the rear in all processions; it celebrates the “*Befana*” (Epiphany) by going about, much as our “waits” do, from house to house, and, like the “waits,” it is apt to become a nuisance. On occasions such as a birth, or a christening, or an electoral triumph, or the return from a journey, we have suffered much from the midnight serenade of a particularly zealous band belonging to a neighboring village.

Fairs are in force all the year round, and to them flock an immense crowd, of all classes and of all ages. The peasants are mostly bent on business. They may be seen, early in the morning, leading their cow, or their pig, or their donkey to sell to the highest bidder; and, late in the evening, they return with some newly-acquired treasure. The fine folks will go later, neither to buy nor to sell, but to meet one another, and amuse the

children, who will be given "soldi" to exchange for sugar-plums and toys. The fair is not always held in the market place of the village, but in any open space that may be found available, sometimes far from any village. At a distance, what strikes the eye is a heaving, surging sea of white ox backs; on nearer approach, many other objects become visible—mules, donkeys, pigs, sheep, goats, fowls, pots and pans, and earthen utensils, fruit and vegetables. Booths are decked out with gay-colored stuffs, with kerchiefs, necklaces, and earrings, with cheap toys and sugar-plums—in short, all articles of use or luxury that the peasantry can require. The noise is indescribable. What with the lowing, braying, grunting, and cackling of the various animals—the greeting, bargaining, and quarrelling of their owners—the disorder and confusion that prevail make the threading of one's way through the crowd a difficult and dangerous exploit. Having passed with trepidation by the heels of a mule of vicious aspect, you find yourself in danger of impalement on the horns of a bull who is trying to break away from his keepers. In terror you step back upon a set of cups and saucers, whose owner does not let you escape without paying your damages three times over. Of course no seller dreams of offering his wares at less than double the price he intends to take, and the buyer would be thought a simpleton indeed were he to offer at first more than half what he means to give. Bargaining, therefore, is a long business; it begins soon after dawn, and ends at sunset. Sometimes a few recreations relieve this stern business. I was once taken to a fair where an enterprising attempt at horse-racing had been made. There had arisen "un po'd'imbroglia," which was explained to us on our arrival at the scene of action. Two jockeys were in vain endeavoring to get started. One steed stood still and kicked; another presently bolted off in the opposite direction from the goal; and, far ahead, the winning horse was indeed galloping at full speed, but with an empty saddle, leaving behind him a cloud of dust, from which his rider was seen to emerge and straightway follow in pursuit. The game of bowls, or "boc-

cie," is a very favorite amusement, but is often forbidden by the authorities, on account of the danger to passers-by, who have to dodge these wooden balls as they fly from one side of the road to the other. Of that most immoral amusement (if amusement it can be called) the lottery, it is not my province to speak at length. I believe it is a great source of revenue to the government, and I know it is a great source of misery and crime to the people, in illustration of which I will tell an anecdote, which, strange as it may seem, is absolutely true.

A lady took her little boy to a neighboring fair. He was a lovely child, with flaxen hair, blue eyes, and a dazzlingly fair complexion. To this pair a well-dressed woman of the middle class, fascinated apparently by the extraordinary beauty of the child, approached. "I have a carriage here," said she to the mother; "may I take your boy for a little drive? I will bring him back almost immediately." The lady was young and unsuspecting; the child eager to go. He was carried off, and in vain the mother waited and watched. The stranger woman never brought back her child. The kidnapper was not a native of those parts. No one there knew who she was, whence she came, or whither she had gone. There seemed no clue to the mystery. The poor mother went more than half distracted; but the father, a man of energy and shrewd sense, succeeded in tracking his child to a village far south. Accompanied by "carabinieri," he discovered his son in a loft, and rescued him only just in time from an awful fate. He was about to be murdered, and an altar had been erected on which the victim's blood was to spurt. The motive of the intended crime was to insure his murderess a prize in the lottery; for a soothsayer had recommended for this purpose the sacrifice of a fair and rosy child. The ghastly plot was invented by a priest, for what end I do not know. The priest escaped; the woman was put in prison, where she shortly died. She had not borne a bad character, and the dreadful guilt she meditated appears to have been the result of a sort of madness which the fascination of the lottery

is said to bring upon its victims. Perhaps it is fair to add that this happened many years ago.

Processions, such as mark certain feasts of the Church all over Italy, have been described so often that I will confine myself to an account of one now nearly obsolete, which takes place once in three years, in a few remote villages. It is on Good Friday. At the morning function in church the whole scene of Christ's crucifixion is gone through. A life-sized pasteboard figure is seen nailed to the cross, and is taken down amid the sobs and groans of the audience. The preacher explains and dilates upon the crucifixion in a sensational manner, gesticulating and raving in a way which seems more adapted for a theatre than a church. After sunset, the streets are all illuminated with Chinese lanterns, hung in festoons across the street, and the procession forms. The first figures are draped in long gray cloaks with hoods over their faces. Some of these drag long and heavy chains attached to their feet; others flagellate themselves over the left shoulder with chains; these are *incognito*, having some terrible sin to expiate. Stories are told of great but not good signori arriving in the dead of night from their distant palaces, in the greatest secrecy, in order to do penance in this procession. Having flogged themselves three times round the town, they return to their homes before the village has discovered how great a personage thus humiliated himself. After these come a less weird procession in white gowns, and blue or red cloaks—all carry long tapers. Then come little children in spangled dresses, with wings fastened to their shoulders, burning incense before a hearse draped with black velvet, and surmounted by a crown, on which is laid the pasteboard figure of Christ. The hearse is followed by a procession of pasteboard figures, all life-size, borne upright on wooden stands. First the Madonna in black, with her handkerchief to her eyes; then St. John, stretching forth his hands toward her; the Magdalen; and, finally, St. Veronica, displaying the handkerchief on which is impressed the face of Christ. These life-sized figures borne aloft, and tottering on their stands, have a ghastly effect. After having paraded three

times round the town, the procession enters the church, where the crucifix is now brilliantly illuminated. They range themselves around it, and another dramatic sermon takes place. On leaving the church the population proceeds to view various little shows representing phases of Christ's passion and crucifixion—Christ in the garden, a pasteboard figure kneeling, and surrounded by plants, well lighted up; Christ scourged, etc. The next morning, early, men go about hammering bits of wood, and crying out, "Come to Mass, in memory of Christ's death." This is called the "Tric a Trac."

COURTSHIP.

Courtship and marriage go on of course in remote Italian villages as elsewhere; and it has been incumbent on me to assist at many weddings, and to listen to many confidences as to how it all came about; the efforts made to get settled, and the difficulties encountered, being told on both sides with engaging candor. The *pros* and *cons* are discussed openly; friends and acquaintances are asked if they will kindly look out for a young lady with a handsome *dot* for Antonio, or if they will just mention all the excellent qualities of Maria to the parents of an eligible young man. The relations on both sides haggle and bargain until each side thinks it has "done" the other pretty completely. When all the preliminaries are settled, but on no account before, the young couple are introduced to one another and told to fall in love. A young lady of my acquaintance came to me for my congratulations on her approaching marriage. I gave them heartily, as she had previously confided to me that having spared no pains with her trousseau, and having it all complete, and tied up with blue ribbons, it was annoying that the "*sposo*" should alone be wanting, especially as her younger sister was always having offers which she could not accept; for the father was a methodical man, and would on no account have a daughter married out of her turn. Having offered the proper felicitations, "Well, and what is his name?" I inquired. "Oh, I don't know! Papa has not yet told me that," answered the bride elect.

The necessity of giving wedding presents is imposed only upon the near relations of the bride. Odes are cheaper, and many a poet unknown to fame will rhyme industriously when any young lady of his acquaintance gets married. He will then have his effusions printed on ornamental paper, and on the wedding-day the tables are strewn with original poems, some sentimental, others facetious, and many what we English are supposed to think "shoking" (always without the *c*), and which are indeed calculated to startle one brought up according to our ideas of decorum. These improprieties are especially observable in the odes written by priests. It is thought correct to endow the bride in these compositions with every virtue and grace, but more emphatically that particular virtue or grace in which she is most deficient. Thus an ugly girl will be extolled for her amazing beauty, a stupid one for her extraordinary talents, and an ill-tempered one for her angelic meekness of disposition. The mother and sisters of the bridegroom do not go to the wedding—they sit at home to receive the pair, who do not immediately start on their honeymoon, but betake themselves first to the bride's new home, where some relations of her own will perhaps accompany her, and stay until the next morning.

A young man is but little consulted

about the choice of his partner in life, and a girl is seldom allowed any voice at all in the matter. A father who said that he would not marry his daughter without her own consent, created quite a sensation by the declaration. The daughter in question exclaimed: "Now, isn't that good of papa? Perhaps it is because mama 'poveretta' had never seen him till she married, and at first she didn't like him at all."

The peasants have a freer choice in marriage; a pretty peasant girl will change her betrothal a good many times before she finds one to her mind. "Well, and when are you going to marry Pasquale?" one inquires of Assunta, who replies: "Oh, I have got tired of Pasquale; he beat me the other day, so I have broken with him, and now I am going to see how Giacomo will suit me." By the time she does marry, neither Pasquale nor Giacomo, but Arigo, she will be very proud of the number of pairs of ear-rings of which she has despoiled her discarded suitors. See, too, has been working at her "corredo" from an early age, and will have an oaken chest full of linen for the house and for herself. She returns home after the marriage ceremony and remains with her parents for two or three days; the bridegroom then comes to fetch her home, and it is at his house that the "festa" takes place.

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DANGERS FROM COMETS.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THE appearance of two large comets this year, and the discovery of several telescopic comets announced in scientific journals (as I write another large comet is announced), have led many to ask whether these objects may be regarded as portents, while others, not quite so ill-informed, have yet fancied that there may be some connection between the comets and the exceptionally warm weather experienced during a portion of the summer. I propose to consider briefly here the ideas commonly entertained respecting the possible influence of comets on terrestrial weather, touching only in passing on the belief,

which ought long since to have died a natural death, that comets are sent as signs of approaching misfortunes to the human race.

With regard to the last-mentioned superstition, I should in the first place notice that in former times the belief was natural enough. If we consider the way in which men in past ages regarded the heavenly bodies, we see that whether they considered comets to be members of the heavenly host or to be appearances in the upper air, they had good reasons for regarding them as portentous. Perceiving that the sun and moon, two of the seven planets of their astronomy, exer-

cised very important influences on the earth, the moon ruling the tides and measuring the night, while the changes as well of the circling year with its seasons as of the day with its hours of morning, noon, and evening, were manifestly dependent on the sun's apparent motions, it was natural that they should regard the other planets as similarly influential, though they were not equally well able to ascertain what special effects each planet produced. Hence arose the system of astrology, a system whose importance to the men of past ages is seldom fully appreciated. In that system the fixed stars found necessarily their place, so that all the heavenly bodies ordinarily seen—sun, moon, planets, and stars—were regarded as of extreme importance to the human race, because in their ever-varying positions those bodies were supposed to exert ever-varying influences. If comets were to be looked upon (as by the Chaldeans, whose doctrine was later advocated by Seneca and others) as heavenly bodies, moving like the planets in regular paths, it was natural that to them should be assigned an influence of a special kind, corresponding to the special character of comets in all respects, in their motion, in their appearance, and in their changes of aspect. If, on the other hand, while the heavenly bodies were regarded as above or in the firmament,* the comets were

regarded as below it, and, in fact, as suspended in and moving through our own air, it was natural that to bodies thus specially formed in a region nearer to the earth than that of the planets, either a more effective influence should be assigned because of their proximity, or else a specially portentous character. As bodies set in or placed outside the firmament, the planets and fixed stars might have other offices, men would suppose, than to influence or indicate the fates and fortunes of terrestrial races; but bodies specially fashioned below the firmament which separated the earth from the celestial regions could have no other purpose than to warn the human race of approaching dangers, even if they did not actually themselves bring the troubles—plagues, pestilence, famine, flood, or desolating wars—by the noxious influences which they spread through the environing air.

It was in this way no doubt that comets were originally regarded. They were messengers of the gods to those nations who believed in many gods, angels of the Lord to monotheistic nations. It is noteworthy, by the way, that neither in Assyrian tablets nor in the Bible do we find any reference to comets as among the heavenly bodies known to men in those days. This is especially remarkable when we consider that the writers of the tablets, as of the earlier books of the Bible, manifestly believed in stellar and planetary influences. In the Fifth Tablet of the Babylonian Creation legend we read: "Stars, their appearance in figures of animals (constellations) he arranged. To fix the year through the observation of their constellations, twelve months (or signs) of stars in three rows he arranged, from the day when the year commences unto the close. He marked the position of the wandering stars (planets) to shine in their courses, that they may not do injury, and may not trouble any one; . . . the God Uru (the moon) he caused to rise out, the night he overshadowed, to fix it also for the light of the night,

* I am satisfied that the doctrine of a firmament—a doctrine which almost all primitive or barbaric science recognizes—occupies a most important position in the astrological beliefs with which we find it associated. This belief, Tylor well remarks, arises naturally in the minds of children, and, in accordance with the simplest childlike thought, the cosmologies of the North American Indians and the South Sea Islanders describe their flat earth arched over by the solid vault of heaven. Like thoughts are to be traced on through such details as the Zulu idea that the blue heaven is a rock encircling the earth, inside which are the sun, moon, and stars, and outside which dwell the people of heaven; the modern negro's belief that there is a firmament stretched above like a cloth or web; the Finnish poem which tells how Ilmarinen forged the firmament of finest steel and set in it the moon and stars. The New Zealander, with his notion of a solid firmament, through which the waters can be let down on earth through a crack or hole from the reservoir of rain above, could well explain the passage in Herodotus concerning that place in North Africa where, as the Libyans said, the sky is pierced, as well as the ancient Jewish

conception of a firmament of heaven, "strong as a molten mirror, with its windows through which the rain pours down in deluge from the reservoirs above, windows which late Rabbinical literature tells us were made by taking out two stars."

until the shining of the day, that the month might not be broken, and in its amount be regular. . . . The God Shamas (the sun) in the horizon of the east . . . to the orbit was perfected." No word about comets, any more than in the corresponding description in the first chapter of Genesis: "God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs" (their primary office in all astrological systems), "and for seasons, and for days, and years: and let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth: and it was so. And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night; He made the stars also. And God set them in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth, and to rule over the day and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness." Manifestly comets were not regarded as among those bodies which God "set in the firmament of heaven." Yet they must repeatedly have been seen in those times, and could not have failed to attract the same sort of attention then as now. It seems possible that there may really be a reference to comets in some Bible passages which have been otherwise understood. For instance, when we remember the way in which comets have been compared, even in our own day, with swords threatening nations with punishment, it seems not unlikely that a comet may be referred to in 1 Chronicles 21, verses 14, 15, etc.: "So the Lord sent pestilence upon Israel; and there fell of Israel seventy thousand men. And God sent an angel unto Jerusalem to destroy it: and as he was destroying the Lord beheld, and he repented him of the evil, and said to the angel that destroyed, It is enough, stay now thine hand. And the angel of the Lord stood by the threshing-floor of Ornan the Jebusite. And David lifted up his eyes, and saw the angel of the Lord stand between the earth and the heaven, having a drawn sword in his hand stretched out over Jerusalem. Then David and the elders of Israel, who were clothed in sackcloth, fell upon their faces. . . . And the Lord commanded the angel; and he put up his sword again into the sheath thereof."

The whole account from verse 14 to the end of the chapter (the last sixteen verses) is worth studying in this connection. Compare with it the following passage from Defoe's "Plague of London": "In the first place a blazing star or comet appeared for several months before the plague, as there did, the year after, another, a little before the fire. The old women and the phlegmatic hypochondriacal part of the other sex, whom I could almost call old women too, remarked especially afterward, though not till both those judgments were over, that those two comets *passed directly over the city*, and that so very near the houses, that it was plain they imported something peculiar to the city alone; and the comet before the pestilence was of a faint, dull, languid color, and its motion very heavy, solemn, and slow; but that the comet before the fire was bright and sparkling, or, as others said, flaming, and its motion swift and furious, and that accordingly one foretold a heavy judgment, but slow and severe, terrible and frightful, as was the plague; but the other foretold a stroke sudden, swift, and fiery, as was the conflagration. Nay, so particular some people were, that as they looked upon that comet preceding the fire, they fancied that they not only saw it pass swiftly and fiercely, and could perceive the motion with their eye, but even they heard it, that it made a rushing mighty noise, fierce and terrible, though at a distance, and but just perceivable. I saw both these stars, and I must confess had had so much of the common notion of such things in my head, that I was apt to look upon them as the forerunners and warnings of God's judgments, and especially, when the plague had followed the first, I yet saw another of the like kind, I could not but say, God had not yet sufficiently scourged the city." *

* Defoe adds some instructive remarks indicating the tendency of men at times of great trouble to be oppressed by superstitious terrors: "The apprehensions of the people," he says, "were likewise strangely increased by the error of the times, in which I think the people, from what principle I cannot imagine, were more addicted to prophecies and astrological conjurations, dreams, and old wives' tales, than ever they were before or since. Whether this unhappy temper was originally raised by the follies of some people who got money by it,

We may thus find a reference to comets in other places where angels are mentioned. When the Psalmist says, "He maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flaming fire," he may perhaps have had in his thoughts those mysterious celestial visitants, which came he knew not whence, and went he knew not whither. Certain it is that a people like the Jews would not have been likely to overlook the strangest and most impressive of all the objects visible in the heavens. Nor is it at all likely that among so many historical narratives as we find in the Old Testament there would be no reference to some of those brilliant comets which were, we know, regarded by contemporary nations as strange and terrible portents. On the other hand, if the Jew regarded comets as angels and ministers of God's wrath, we can very well understand that he would speak always as with bated breath and by names implying their sacred and terrible office. Such at least would be the way with a Jew of religious tendencies. Others would regard comets with indifference. Indeed, Josephus remarks of his fellow-countrymen that they were not easily impressed by signs from heaven. "When they were at any time premonished," he says, "from the lips of truth itself, by prodigies and other premonitory signs, of their approaching ruin, they had neither eyes nor ears nor understanding to make a right use of them, but passed them over without heeding or so much as thinking of them; as, for example, what shall we say of the comet in the form of a sword that hung over Jerusalem for a whole year?"

Of the feeling with which other nations regarded comets it is hardly necessary to speak, so strongly were they possessed with the belief that these objects portended trouble to mankind. But, as I have said, it was natural that they should think thus, nay, it was impossible that they could believe otherwise, so long

that is to say, by printing predictions and prognostications, I know not; but certain it is, books frightened them terribly, such as 'Lilly's Almanac,' 'Gadbury's Astrological Predictions,' 'Poor Robin's Almanac,' and the like; also several pretended religious books, one entitled, 'Come out of her, my People, lest ye be partaker of her Plagues;' another called 'Fair Warning,' another 'Britain's Remembrancer,' and many such."

as they held that the heavenly bodies are for signs to men. Even Seneca, who was so far in advance of the philosophers of his day as to maintain that comets like planets travel in fixed orbits, considered that comets were naturally regarded as tokens of divine wrath. "The host of heavenly constellations," he said, "beneath the vault of heaven, whose beauty they adorn, attract no attention; but if any unusual appearance be noticed among them, at once all eyes are turned heavenward. The sun is only looked on with interest when he is undergoing eclipse. Men observe the moon only under like condition. The like is true of comets. When one of these fiery bodies of unusual form appears, every one is eager to know what it means; men forget other object to inquire about the new arrival; they knew not whether to wonder or to tremble; for many spread fear on all sides, drawing from the phenomenon most grave prognostics."

It would be well if our own times were free from these idle fears, for it would imply that men were freer from the debasing effects of ignorance and superstition. But I do not propose to consider here the unwisdom of the belief that bodies travelling uniformly in definite paths under the influence of the law of gravity should be regarded as special ministers warning men either of evil or of good approaching them. A man who could believe that Halley's comet, whose return was predicted within four weeks in 1759, and within a few hours (so greatly had the knowledge of the planets and of their attracting power increased), in 1835, was a messenger specially sent from heaven on these occasions (or, by parity of reasoning, in its earlier visits to our neighborhood), would believe anything; reasoning would be thrown away on such a one. But there is a belief, erroneous no doubt, but not altogether unreasonable, which merits such attention as is implied by refutation. I refer to the belief that comets during their approach to the earth's neighborhood or to the sun's may modify terrestrial weather either directly or by their action on the sun. To this belief, which by some is regarded as worthy to be called a theory, I now propose to apply some of the tests which science

employs for the purpose of ascertaining the truth or falsity of an hypothesis.

And first it is to be noticed that this theory as originally maintained was based on the old Aristotelian doctrine respecting comets, that they are generated in the upper regions of the air from a hot and dry exhalation, and so consumed. In a book which attracted great attention in the earlier part of the present century, Forster's "Illustrations of the Atmospheric Origin of Epidemic Diseases," the author maintains that every unhealthy year since the Christian era has been marked by the appearance of a great comet, and that no great comet has ever appeared in a healthy year: manifestly believing, with the ancients, that comets act malefically by their direct influence on the air.

So soon as it was shown that the paths of comets do not carry them within millions of miles of the earth, or even of the outermost fringe of the earth's atmosphere, this faith in direct cometary action became untenable. Yet many still maintained the theory that a comet acts directly upon the earth, because they supposed that the malefic influence of comets had been thoroughly established by observation, although the manner in which this influence is exerted had been misunderstood.

There was indeed one occasion when apparently men had some reason for their fears. It is somewhat amusing, now that the fate of Biela's comet has been tolerably well ascertained, to think of the terror which that comet excited in 1832. Littrow, Professor of Astronomy at Vienna, was at the pains to publish a treatise explaining that these fears were unfounded. It had been announced that on October 29th, 1832, the comet would only be about twenty thousand miles from the earth's path; and it was stated that if the earth were within twenty or thirty thousand miles of the comet's centre, "such effects might be felt from the comet or from the enormous mass of vapor composing it (computed to be more than one hundred and fifty times greater than the mass of the earth)* as to destroy all animal and

vegetable life." But there would have been in reality nothing very alarming in the statement unless it had been also stated that the earth would be at the point of her orbit thus nearly approached by the comet, at the same time that the comet was passing. And as a matter of fact astronomers knew that the earth would not pass the point of nearest approach till November 30th, no less than thirty-two days after the comet had gone by there. On October 29th, the earth was about fifty millions of miles distant from the place where the two orbits are nearest to each other.

As to the danger of approach on other occasions Littrow wrote as follows at that time (and even his cautious utterances read strangely in the light of what is now known about the comet): "We have already stated," he said, "that Biela's comet can only come near the earth when it is at its least distance from the sun, in the latter part of December. But since this proximity of the comet to the sun may just as well happen on *every other day* of the year as in December, and since its period is six years two hundred and seventy days, or about two thousand five hundred days, after a lapse of two thousand five hundred years a near *approach* (not an actual collision) to the comet is *probable*. I say merely *probable*, from which it must not be concluded that such an event actually will take place in two thousand five hundred years. This results merely means that a man might bet two thousand five hundred to ten or to one hundred that the comet will not come near the earth for the next ten or one hundred years. At the end of two thousand five hundred years there will be an equal chance that the comet will make this next approach, or that it will not. And after two thousand five hundred years the chance of its approaching the earth will go on increasing, but at so slow a rate that many thousands of years must elapse before the comet can be *really* expected." *

the mass of the comet did not approach this amount. Nor did the astronomers of 1832 make any such mistake as might be inferred from the passage quoted.

* One does not quite see the force of this reasoning; or, rather, why a mathematician of Von Littrow's force should content himself with anything so vague. What he means is prob-

* This is quoted from a periodical of the day, viz., the *Penny Magazine* for October 20th, 1832. It is hardly necessary to say that

Since that time Biela's comet has made seven revolutions, and although it has not come near the earth (so far at least as its head is concerned), yet the comet has undergone dissolution, how produced is not known, but probably by solar action. In 1872 the earth passed through the comet's train of meteoric attendants, but some twelve weeks after the comet itself had passed the place where the earth thus traversed the family of bodies following along the comet's orbit. There was a beautiful display of falling stars, but the earth passed on wholly uninjured.

This was not, as it has been described, a passage of the earth through the tail of a comet; for the meteoric train and the tail are entirely distinct appendages, occupying very different regions in space. It is worthy of notice, however, that the earth has passed through the tail of a comet also without serious consequences. This happened in the case of the famous comet of 1861, one of the most magnificent ever seen, though the nature of its path was such that the comet was not observed by many except astronomers. During that night, when, according to the calculations of Mr. Hind, superintendent of the "Nautical Almanac," the earth was passing through the tail of this comet, but at a great distance from the head, it was noticed by some observers that the sky was full of what was described as a phosphorescent light. Whether this observation was trustworthy or not, it is certain that if the phenomenon had any real existence it was by no means striking. It is equally certain that no other effect was observed, and that the earth experienced no manner of mischief during its passage through that great comet's tail.

So far as we can judge there is no danger whatever for the earth from the passage through a comet's train of meteoric attendants, or through the tail.

ably this: Roughly the earth's period and the comet's contain respectively 365 and 2500 days, so that a period of 365 times 2500 days contains each period a certain number of times exactly, viz., 2500 earth periods and 2500 comet periods; hence at the end of this long period the two bodies will have returned pretty nearly to the position they had had at the beginning, and all possible variations in the manner of the two bodies' mutual approach will—speaking roughly—have been gone through.

Whether the passage of the earth directly through a comet's head would cause any mischief is as yet doubtful. From what we know of cometic structure, however, it seems unlikely that any serious harm could happen to the earth, even if she came into direct conflict with the nucleus of the largest comet. Assuming that the nucleus of a large comet consists partly of vapor, but in the main of meteoric masses such as form the train, only more closely set, there might be a downfall of large aerolites during the encounter; and if tens of thousands fell, as in the November star shower tens of thousands of smaller bodies fall, it might well happen that here and there a life would be lost. But the earth has a large surface. She exposes a hundred million square miles to a flight of bodies reaching her in any given direction; so that even though a hundred million meteoric masses struck her, that would be but one per square mile. The chances against any meteoric mass striking a human being would be enormous, even if a meteoric shower contained many hundreds of millions of masses large enough to penetrate through the atmospheric armor of the earth.

Taking next the question whether a comet may in some other way influence the earth, as by its light, or heat, or some other emanation, science simply asks another question in reply, viz., how can such influence be produced? We can measure the light which comes from a comet, even the brightest, and we find that it is exceedingly small by comparison with the light we get from the full moon. We cannot measure a comet's heat, simply because no instrument hitherto devised is delicate enough even to afford any indication of heat from a comet. As for other forms of emanation, science knows of none which can come from a comet more than from the planets or from the moon, which are certainly not regarded as sources of deleterious emanations. In point of fact science not only has no *à priori* reasons for supposing that a comet could produce any recognizable effects on the earth by its light, heat, or other qualities, but has every reason of that kind for believing that a comet is absolutely powerless to produce any effect, good, bad, or indifferent, on the earth or other planets.

Of course, it might well be that *a posteriori* reasons might exist for regarding comets as mischievous or dangerous. If, for instance, it had been found that the appearance of a comet was always or generally followed by certain effects, as by excessive heat, plague, or pestilence, or the like, we should hardly be able perhaps to regard the coincidence as accidental. In that case, however unlikely it might appear antecedently to the student of science that comets could mischievously affect the earth, he would be bound to inquire further, in order to see whether the connection apparently existing between comets and bad years of such and such kinds were real or not. It would require, let it be at once admitted, a great weight of evidence to force any one really acquainted with what has been discovered respecting comets to believe that any such connection exists. This is commonly misunderstood. Many think that students of science have come to a foregone conclusion in the matter, as in the corresponding case of supposed planetary influences. In reality it is simply because the student of science recognizes the enormous antecedent improbability of the popular ideas about cometary effects upon the earth, that he pays very little attention to the evidence which many persons think they find in favor of these ideas. He knows, also, better than those who have not studied the subject, what an enormous mass of facts has been gathered together, from among which by due selection what would seem like overwhelming evidence could be found in favor of almost any theory. It could be proved to the perfect satisfaction of all, except those who have studied the subject, that comets produce heat or cold, health or pestilence, wars and famines, or periods of peace and plenty. When we take the entire evidence we find, as we might expect, that it is fairly balanced for all these contradictory influences, or, in other words, that there is no evidence at all in favor of cometary effects on weather, or on health, or on the relations of men and nations among each other.

This is, of course, no new discovery. Ever since modern science began—by which I mean science depending on systematic observation—it has been known

that the idea of cometary influences has had no support in observed facts. Not to go so far back, the questions which have been asked during the past few months were asked half a century ago, and then received the same reply which science gives to them now. Thus Von Littrow, writing in 1831 about the belief that comets make our seasons warmer, said: "In reply to this assertion I give the years from 1632 to 1785, which were remarkable for the unusual temperature either of their winter or their summer, and were likewise distinguished by the appearance of comets:

Comet years.	Tempera- ture.	Comet years.	Tempera- ture.
1632	<i>Hot summer.</i>	1718	Severe winter.
1665	Severe winter.	1723	<i>Hot summer.</i>
1680	Severe winter.	1729	Severe winter.
1682	<i>Warm winter.</i>	1737	<i>Hot summer.</i>
1683	Cold summer.	1744	Severe winter.
1683	Severe winter.	1748	<i>Hot summer.</i>
1684	Cold summer.	1764	<i>Warm winter.</i>
1689	<i>Warm winter.</i>	1766	Severe winter.
1695	Cold summer.	1769	<i>Warm winter.</i>
1699	Severe winter.	1771	Severe winter.
1701	<i>Hot summer.</i>	1774	<i>Hot summer.</i>
1702	<i>Hot summer.</i>	1781	<i>Hot summer.</i>
1702	<i>Warm winter.</i>	1783	<i>Warm winter.</i>
1706	Severe winter.	1784	Severe winter.
1718	<i>Hot summer.</i>	1785	Severe winter.

Here are thirty cases, and it happens that in exactly half (the italicized cases) the effect which would be attributed to the comet, if the comet had any effect on temperature at all, would be an increase of heat, while in the other half such effect would be a diminution of heat. It is clear, then, so far as the evidence goes, that a comet produces no effect one way or the other."

Perhaps some reader, noticing that in twenty-two cases out of thirty the list shows either a hot summer or a severe winter, will suggest that a comet appears in general to cause either an excess of warmth in summer or of cold in winter. To this the reply simply is that cool summers and warm winters are not such noteworthy phenomenon as hot summers and severe winters, and hence more of the two latter would of course be noticed and tabulated than of the two former. Indeed, if it would require a great weight of evidence to satisfy a student of cometic science that comets had any effect at all on temperature, it would require much stronger evidence (indeed, evidence quite overwhelming) to satisfy

him that comets could produce opposite effects, making summer hotter and winter colder.

But though such evidence as the above was given half a century ago, and was old even then, we still find the question mooted as almost a new one, whether comets affect the weather. We had some exceptionally warm weather last July, and because a comet was visible, the blame was thrown on that celestial visitant. Another comet came, and during its visibility the weather was exceptionally cold, yet few seem to think that this evidence in one direction should be regarded as negating the supposed evidence in the contrary direction; while some threw out the startling (and it need hardly be said utterly unscientific) notion, that one comet caused an increase of heat, being of the warm sort, while the other, being a cold one, caused the temperature to fall. It still remains to be seen what effect the comet reported (as I write) from America will produce on the weather.

Are we then to conclude that comets bring with them no changes, to our earth or other members of the solar system? It appears to me we cannot altogether infer this, though the only form of danger which seems to exist is fortunately not very marked.

Though comets can neither injure the earth by falling on her surface or by the conflict of their trains or tails with her globe, nor by the action of their light, heat, or other such influence upon her inhabitants, they might do mischief, possibly, by their indirect action. It was long since pointed out by Newton that if a comet were to fall directly upon the sun, his heat might be so increased after the comet's downfall as to destroy every trace of life on the surface of the earth. In Newton's day the cause of the solar heat was not well understood. The sun was regarded as a gigantic fire; and the only way in which Newton, or any of his contemporaries, could imagine that a comet could increase the sun's heat was by bringing fuel to this monstrous fire. We know now that if any great quantity of combustible matter could simply be placed upon the sun's surface, his heat would be for a while diminished rather than increased, as it would be in part occupied in raising the

newly arrived matter to the sun's own temperature.

But in another way than Newton had in his thoughts, a comet reaching the sun from outer space would cause an increase of solar heat; not as fuel feeding the solar fires, but as moving matter adding to the sun's activity by virtue of its motion. A comet, if of sufficient mass, might so far increase the solar heat as to do mischief to the earth and other planets, even though the actual accession of energy might be very small indeed compared with the sun's normal activity.

Rightly to apprehend the nature of this special danger, the reader should compare the statement that a comet falling on the sun might do mischief with my former statement that a comet falling on the earth would probably do no mischief at all, or very little. It might seem at a first view that the direct mischief which a comet might cause by falling directly on the earth must be far greater than the indirect mischief which it could cause the earth by falling on the sun. The reason why this is not so is that the body fallen upon has a part in the mischief-causing work, indeed, in one case produces the whole effect from which mischief may follow. A body forming part of a comet (head, tail, or train) which fell on the earth would be moving with a certain velocity when first its course brought it near enough to the earth to have its motion measurably affected by the earth's attraction. During the remainder of its course its velocity would be increased by the last-named influence, and when finally it struck the earth (supposing it able to break its way through the resistance of the atmosphere) a portion of its striking velocity would be earth-born. But in the majority of cases this portion would be small relatively as well as absolutely, and in every case it would be absolutely small. The greatest possible effect the earth could produce on a body reaching her from without would be that which she could produce if she were the only orb in the universe, and the body started from rest toward her, moving from a very great distance. Then she would give to the body a velocity of seven miles per second; that is, the body would strike her surface with that velocity. The velocity seems enormous, and is indeed some

thirty times greater than the velocity of a cannon-ball. But even though thousands, or hundreds of thousands, or millions of such bodies as form the meteoric train or nucleus of a comet reached the earth with this velocity, the total effect on the earth would be insignificant (to say nothing of the protective effect of the atmosphere). As a matter of fact, the earth, not being the only orb in the universe, never can give this velocity, or a velocity nearly so great, to a body approaching her from without. Every such body is, and has been for a long time before reaching her, under the much greater attractive influence of the sun, and by far the greater part of the velocity which any such body has is sun-born. Yet even with the velocities generated by the sun *at the earth's distance*, bodies following in the train of a comet, or forming part of a comet's head or nucleus, could do little harm to the earth. It is because bodies falling on the sun are acted on by him much more effectively, that they might do harm, more harm indirectly than bodies falling on the earth itself could do directly. They cannot reach him without having been acted on by him over those parts of the planetary system which lie within the earth's orbit or nearer to him than the earth, nearer than Venus, nearer than Mercury, nearer than any planets (if such there are) which travel between him and Mercury. Not only may they be acted upon up to his very surface as we see it, but it may very well be, nay, it almost certainly is the case, that his real surface lies far below that apparent surface; and if this is so, a body reaching his actual surface is exposed to the yet mightier influence which his giant orb must exert within that surface below which no telescope penetrates. Even at that surface a body reaching the sun from far remote space, under his own attractive influence only, would travel at the rate of 360 miles per second. The heat generated when a body moving at this rate was brought to rest would be enormous, even though the body itself were of small mass. When we remember the enormous size of the sun, that the surface turned at any instant toward a flight of bodies approaching from without is about 2,350,000,000,000 square miles, we see that if a comet's nucleus were of

the larger sort, and contained many millions of millions of rocky masses much larger than those which astronomy recognizes as probably forming the nucleus of Tempel's comet (the November meteor), the capture within a short time-interval of all those masses could not fail to result in a tremendous temporary accession of heat by the solar mass. For a short time, it might be for a few days only, or for a few hours even, the emission of solar heat would be greatly increased. Without any very inordinate conceptions as to the total mass of the destroyed comet, we can see that the solar heat might for a day or two be doubled or even increased in much greater degree. He would return presently to his usual condition, but in the meantime the earth's inhabitants would have suffered greatly, even if they had not been (as they well might be) destroyed altogether by excess of heat.

But, it may be said, the dangers here described are wholly imaginary. No comet of the larger sort ever has fallen, or ever can fall, on the sun. We know that thousands of comets have appeared in our skies without any such ill effects. We know also that our sun is one of many thousands of suns, all of which we must assume are equally exposed to the dangers described; yet all shine steadfastly in the heavens. Neither the comets which science has observed and studied, nor the stars whose lustre has been determined and watched, tell us anything to confirm the dismal anticipations suggested by the above considerations.

It so happens, however, that comets and stars have agreed in showing that the danger exists, though they agree in indicating that it is small and remote. Or rather the evidence given by the stars, if it really bears on the danger we are considering, shows that the chance of mischief is small, but that should the mischief occur it would be very great, if not absolutely destructive. First as to the evidence given by comets.

Most comets travel on paths which nowhere approach within many millions of miles of the solar orb. The effects mentioned this year as likely to have been produced by cometic action on the sun could never have been imagined by any except those utterly ignorant of nat-

ters astronomical ; where persons not so ignorant suggested dangers, it was with the intention of acting upon public credulity in such matters. Every astronomer knows that not one of the comets of the present year could have produced the slightest measurable effect upon the sun.

But there have been comets which have approached so near to the sun's surface as to suggest unmistakably the possibility that a comet may one day be absorbed by the sun. Such was the comet of 1668, which, according to the rough observations of Goa, in India, passed within 40,000 or 50,000 miles of the sun's surface. The comet of 1843 passed within 190,000 miles of the sun's surface according to some estimates, but according to others went nearer. When we consider that these estimates refer to the centre of the comet's head, and that a comet is not a point but a very large object, while we know that outside the visible surface of the sun the prominence region extends many thousands of miles, we see that such comets as the above-named may be regarded as having to all intents and purposes absolutely grazed the surface of the sun.

But this is far from being all. In February, 1880, a comet appeared whose path was very similar to that pursued by the comet of 1843. Mr. Hind, the superintendent of the "Nautical Almanac," examining the observations made by Dr. Gould at Cordoba, and by Mr. Ellery at Melbourne, as well as the places noted by Mr. Gill, of Cape Town Observatory, obtained in each case for the comet of February, 1880, a path sensibly the same as that of the comet of 1843. Professor Weiss, of Vienna, was led to a similar conclusion ; while we learn that Professor Winnecke, judging from a comparison of the orbit of the great comet of 1843 with Gould's position on February 4th, and Gill's later rough ones, is of opinion that the identity of the comets of 1843 and 1880 hardly admits of a doubt.

Now the comet of 1843 was not expected to return so soon as 1880. Professor Hubbard, of Washington, assigned to it a period of revolution of 533 years. He showed, indeed, that a period of 200, or 175, or even 150 years, might be reconciled with the observations ; and

Mr. Gould has shown that the period of thirty-seven years, which would correspond with the return of the comet in 1880, involves no very important correction of any single observation made on the comet of 1843. Still there is this great difference between the interpretation of the comet's observed motions with the longer and the shorter periods. Where the longer periods are used the discrepancies are pretty equally distributed in different directions—one observation sets the comet slightly in advance of the position calculated from the assumed period, another sets the comet slightly behind its calculated place ; one sets it slightly on one side, another slightly on the other side of its computed orbit. But when one of the shorter periods is employed this is no longer the case. The discrepancies, though slight, are all in one direction. Every astronomer recognizes the importance of this difference.

Assuming, then, that one of the longer periods, say a period certainly exceeding 100 years, must most probably be assigned to the comet of 1843, while yet we cannot reject the evidence showing the identity of the comets of 1843 and 1880, we are led to the conclusion that from some cause or another the period of the comet has undergone a remarkable diminution. We can hardly imagine that there are two different comets travelling in the same track. It is true we find meteoric flights travelling in the same tracks after a comet, but we have nothing which seems to render it likely, or indeed conceivable, that two comets would be associated in this way. We seem forced to accept as at any rate far more probable the conclusion that the comets of 1843 and 1880 are really one and the same object, but that the period, formerly much larger, has been reduced to thirty-seven years.

But there is only one way in which a comet's period can be reduced so greatly, viz., by a cause diminishing the comet's velocity at some point of its orbit. Moreover, the place where the velocity is thus affected must lie in or near that part of the comet's orbit which remains almost unchanged. The track pursued by the comet of 1880 during its visibility was almost precisely the same as that pursued by the comet of 1843. Hence

the comet of 1843 must have been disturbed somewhere along that part of its track which thirty-seven years later was traversed by the comet of 1880. In the very midst of this part of the track lies the point where either track approaches nearest to the sun—the perihelion of the orbit as it is technically called. Somewhere near this point, most probably at this very point, the velocity of the comet of 1843 must have been reduced. Now we have seen that at this part of its path the comet was very close indeed to the sun, so close that even the centre of the head must have passed through the surface of the sun. We can understand then that the comet may here have been retarded by the resistance of the matter forming the solar appendages (the prominences and the corona), even if not still more effectively retarded by resistance experienced at the actual surface of the sun. If so retarded in 1843 the comet must have been still further retarded in 1880, and its period still further reduced. If so, it will probably return before the end of the present century, then again after a shorter interval, and so after gradually shortening intervals until before very long the comet will be finally absorbed by the sun.

Now all this implies no great danger either for the sun or the earth. If we assume that our conclusion is absolutely correct, and that the comet will before long—say in less than a century—be absorbed by the sun, still there are abundant reasons for believing that the mischief which could possibly accrue to the earth can be but small. The comet, according to our assumption, was effectively retarded in 1843. At that time no inconsiderable portion of its motion must have been transformed into solar heat. Yet we know that there was no such accession of solar heat as could be felt by all, none even that science could measure. Nor was there any such accession of solar heat in 1880, when the comet must have been still further retarded. There is then every reason to believe that whatever danger some comets may bring to the solar system, the comet of 1843 is not one of the very dangerous ones. Its course brings it menacingly near to the solar orb, but its mass and constitution appear to be such that its final absorption by the sun will not in-

volve any serious danger to the solar system by increase of the sun's heat.

When we consider, however, how vastly the comet of 1843 has been exceeded in volume and presumably in mass by other known comets, and the wide range of disparity in splendor among comets already observed (showing that probably even the largest observed may be but small compared with some comets which exist but have not yet been seen), we see that the kind of danger shown by the motions of the comet of 1843 to be real enough, may in the case of other and much larger comets be not only real but great. Such a comet, for instance, as that of 1811, which, though it never approached the sun within 90,000,000 miles, yet displayed greater splendor and greater cometic development than comets which have all but grazed the solar surface, would be a very dangerous visitor if its course chanced to be so directed as to carry it straight toward the sun. And there may well be comets as far exceeding that of 1811 as this exceeded the comet of 1843, while the course of any comet may well chance to be so directed as to carry it straight toward the very centre of the sun instead of passing grazingly by his orb as did the comet of 1843. Of course the chance of a very large comet visiting the solar system on just such a course is exceedingly minute. Still the event is altogether possible. There can scarcely be a doubt that if the event occurred the result would be disastrous for the present inhabitants of the solar system. The downfall of millions of millions of masses, each weighing many tons (a fair supposition as to the average weight of the meteoric attendants on so large a comet as we are considering), at the rate of 350 or 360 miles per second, upon the sun's orb, could not fail to be an enormous, though short-lasting, accession of solar splendor and of solar heat, a change which could not but prove destructive to every form of life existing on the earth or any other inhabited planet.

The chance of such a catastrophe is small. It is so small that not one sun in millions might be expected to suffer in this way during thousands of years. (For we must remember that our sun is one of a very large family of suns, and

that whatever danger he is exposed to, threatens presumably each member of that family.) May we not in this way test at once the reality and the extent of the danger? If any sun among the millions, the tens, nay, the hundreds of millions,* visible in the telescope should sustain the direct impact of a very large comet, and should thereby for a short time increase greatly in heat and lustre, that sun would that time be visible without telescopic aid. Probably even the faintest star which the most powerful telescope can just show us, would become visible to the naked eye during such an outburst of light and heat.

Turning to the stars to see what evidence they have given, we find that there have been occasionally just such changes among the stars as we should be led to expect from what the comets have taught us. We find that on the one hand some

* It is commonly stated that within the range of the gauging telescopes of the Herschels as many as twenty million suns are visible. This estimate, due to the French astronomer Chacornac, falls far short of the truth. Argelander was able, with a telescope less than three inches in diameter, to chart more than 300,000 stars in the northern skies. From observations of my own I am satisfied that if the survey with that instrument had been carried on only upon the darkest and clearest nights at least 500,000 stars would have been seen in the northern hemisphere, or a million stars in the entire heavens, or more than 150 times as many as are visible to the naked eye. Now, at a most moderate computation, the Herschelian eighteen-inch gauging telescopes have twenty-five times the light-gathering power of the puny instrument used by Argelander. A star which would be just visible with the eighteen-inch telescope would be five times as far away as one which would be just visible with the 2½-inch one. The stellar domain ranged over by the larger telescope would therefore be 5 times 5 times 5 times or 125 times as large as that surveyed by the smaller. Apart then from any extinction of light in its passage through space, and assuming an equal distribution of stars within the range of the larger telescope, 125 times more stars would be shown by the larger than by the smaller instrument. Now, allowing the fullest weight to the elder Struve's theory of extinction, or rather to the evidence on which it is based (which will equally well be explained by a diminishing richness of star distribution at great distance), we yet cannot suppose that the total number of stars within range of the great gauging telescopes would be reduced from 125 to barely 20 millions. Probably there are at least a hundred millions of stars within the range of that telescope, and a thousand millions within the range of the great telescope of Lord Rosse.

stars have suddenly increased in lustre so greatly as to pass from absolute invisibility to great brightness (in one or two cases even to a brightness exceeding that of a first magnitude star), while on the other hand these cases have been so few when the enormous number of stars is taken into account, as to show that the danger in the case of any given star is exceedingly small. Among all the hundreds of millions of suns working steadily at their task of ruling and nourishing the worlds that circle around them, not one in a million has during the last three thousand years met with an accident of the kind considered, even if we assume that every appearance of a so-called "new star" is to be regarded as in reality a case of solar outburst, and has been in reality brought about by cometic or meteoric downfall. Considering that of two such cases submitted to spectroscopic investigation (the so-called new star seen in Cygnus in November, 1876), one proved to be no new star at all, while in the other (the new star seen in Corona in May, 1869), though it was undoubtedly a case in which a sun blazed for a time with several hundred times its normal splendor, the change may possibly have resulted from some other cause of danger to which our sun may not be exposed, we see that, so far as probabilities are concerned, the danger that the solar system may be ruined by a solar outburst of some sort is exceedingly small. The only kind of danger to which, so far as we can judge, our sun is exposed, that from cometic downfall upon this globe, has not yet been proved to be serious in itself; while assuming that such a cause might produce a great increase of solar light and heat for a while, we learn from the stars that the actual cases of such change among all the stars from all causes are very few in number, considering the enormous number of the stars. The chances are certainly not one in a million that our sun will undergo any change of the kind considered during the next ten thousand years, even if the sun be supposed to be antecedently as much exposed to such change as those other suns which appear to have undergone it. But the constancy of the solar light and heat during the past five thousand years, and even (judging from the geologic record) dur-

ing hundreds of thousands of years, affords in reality strong evidence that he is less exposed than some at any rate among the suns to dangers of this kind. Indeed, it is worthy of notice that almost all the so-called new stars, that is, if our views are correct, almost all the suns that have undergone a change destructive of life on their dependent

worlds occupy a certain definite region of the heavens lying near the edge of the Milky Way. Taking this into account, it may be said, in fine, that the danger of our earth's destruction by fire, the elements dissolving under the fervent heat of the comet-struck sun, is so small, that it may to all intents be valued at "almost naked nothing."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

RECENT PHASES OF JUDÆOPHOBIA.

BY DR. HERMANN ADLER.

IN the October number of this review, Professor Goldwin Smith renews his onslaughts upon Jews and Judaism with an acerbity and virulence which I may be permitted to term Hamanic. Each sentence is a barbed arrow; each barb is tipped with venom. I do not propose to traverse the ground already covered by my former replies to the professor's attacks,* but shall mainly confine myself to the task of examining *sine ira et studio* the new charges which he brings forward, and of exposing his distortions of Judaism and his perversions of Jewish history.

The main argument, stripped of its side issues, is contained in a narrow compass. Mr. Goldwin Smith discusses the anti-Jewish agitation prevalent in Germany, and justifies it on various grounds. He attributes the persecutions of the Hebrew, past and present, in the first instance to the tribal exclusiveness of the Jewish people. According to him the Jew makes a religious idol of his tribe. "All the other races profess at least allegiance to humanity; they all look forward, however vaguely, to a day of universal brotherhood. The Jew alone regards his race as superior to humanity, and looks forward, not to its ultimate union with other races, but to its triumph over them all, and to its final ascendancy under the leadership of a tribal Messiah." I maintain that these statements are entirely opposed to fact. The great bond which unites Israel is not one of race, but the bond of a common religion. We regard all mankind as brethren. We consider ourselves

citizens of the country in which we dwell, in the highest and fullest sense of the term, and esteem it our dearest privilege and duty to labor for its welfare. Is there aught incompatible with our devotion to humanity and with our patriotism, if, at the same time, we feel sympathy for those who profess the same religious faith and practise the same religious ordinances, whether they inhabit this country or other lands? If the bond which unites the Jew were, in truth, tribal, it would be a matter of perfect indifference to us what might be the religious belief or practice of our brethren in race. But the bare fact that we regard as apostates those of our fellow-Jews who abandon their faith, is proof sufficient that religion is the main bond. So Mr. Goldwin Smith proposes, as his panacea, that the Israelite should abandon his tribalism, and "all that separates him socially from the people among whom he dwells." This means that he should give up his separate church, his religious rites and prayers, his seventh-day Sabbath, and that in Turkey he should conform to Islam, in Russia to Greek orthodoxy—in other words, that he should cease to be a Jew; and in spite of this, the professor claims that he upholds religious toleration and liberty of conscience. "I will tolerate you Jews," he would say, "when you cease to be Jews; I will tolerate your religion when you reject it."

Yet he himself demonstrates the worthlessness of his suggested remedy. For one would have thought that the late Lord Beaconsfield, who adopted the dominant faith of this country, and married out of the pale of his tribe, would

* *Nineteenth Century*, April and July, 1878.

have been a Jew after Mr. Goldwin Smith's own heart. Yet the ire of the historian pursues the statesman whose memory all England honors, and whose loss all Europe deploras, as though the author of "Lothair" had been a "hard-shell" Sarmatian. In Berlin, the headquarters of anti-Semitism, are numbers of Jews, who, according to the new nomenclature, would be classed among the Mollusks—men who have discarded every trace of tribalism and intermarried freely with the general population. But against these, even more loudly than against the consistent, observant, "hard-shell" Jew, the modern "Hep! Hep!" is raised.

I emphatically contest the position that our objection to mixed marriages is the outcome of tribal exclusiveness. It is essentially a matter of religion. It is an indispensable condition of domestic peace and happiness, that two persons who have entered into a compact to pass their lives together should fairly agree in their views on religion, which, to those who possess any religion at all, is a paramount concern of life. Hence statistics shows that in all religious denominations the parties who contract marriage usually belong to the same faith, and that, for example, alliances between Churchmen and Catholics are comparatively rare. Alliances between Christians and Hindoos, between Christians and Mohammedans, between Greek Christians and Protestants are still more rare, and probably in every case must practically (and especially for reasons connected with the religious education of the offspring) be attended with renunciation of faith by one of the parties to the marriage. Why, then, should the Jew specially be taunted and blamed for refusing intermarriage, seeing that it would practically necessitate the abandonment of a faith which he has ever felt dearer to him than life itself?

Next, our opponent taunts us with practising the rite of circumcision, as Apion in the days of Josephus did; for there is a strange coincidence of argument between the anti-Semites, old and new. He calls it a savage custom; though the pain of the operation is probably not equal to that produced by the barbarous custom of piercing children's ears, and certainly not more dangerous

than the highly salutary operation of vaccination. Nay, most medical men agree that the practice of this rite is positively conducive to health. And what distortion of fact does it indicate to brand the accomplishment of this rite as a tribal mark! We initiate our sons into the covenant of Abraham not because we desire to indicate that we belong to the same tribe, but because we are thereby obeying what we believe to be a Divine behest. Does not Milton himself, first among sacred Christian poets, characterize this ordinance as "that great covenant which we still transgress"?*

The allegation that we hope for a Messianic age not of universal brotherhood is altogether without foundation. All the predictions of our inspired seers point to precisely the opposite view. They prophesy, indeed, that Israel will be restored to his land, and that a wise and pious king of David's lineage will there rule over him. But this is not to be the crowning climax of that golden age. Not a tribal Messiah will govern the world, but the Lord will be King over all the earth! "And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." "Then will I turn to the people a pure language, that they may all call upon the name of the Lord, to serve him with one consent."† This, it may perhaps be argued, was the spiritual teaching of prophets holding transcendental views, which, however, took no root among the mass of the people. Turn we then to the recognized liturgy of the Hebrews. At the period when the article on "the Jewish Question" appeared we were celebrating the most solemn festivals of the year. And the burden of our chief prayer was: "Inspire, O Lord our God, all thy creatures with the reverence of thee, that they may unitedly perform thy will. Speed the time when the dominion of tyranny will be removed from the earth, when all iniquity shall be dumb, all wickedness vanish like

* Milton's "Ode upon the Circumcision."

† Isaiah 11:4; Zephaniah 3:9.

smoke." At the conclusion of each one of our daily services throughout the year we supplicate the Lord "that he may cause us speedily to behold the time when all flesh shall invoke his name, when all the inhabitants of the world shall know and acknowledge him, so that unto him every knee shall bow, every tongue swear fealty." Does this look as if we believe in "a tribal God"? So, too, all the authorized expositors of our law agree in declaring that the supreme boon of the Messianic days will consist herein, that their blessings are not to be reserved unto us, but will be diffused throughout the earth, that those truths for which we have bled and suffered will be recognized by mankind, that racial antipathy will come to an end, that all religious hatred will cease, that all men will feel and consider themselves as brethren and will think and act as brethren, that one language will be spoken—the language of truth, mercy, and love.* What aspirations can be nobler than these? Can there be an acknowledgment ampler than this, of hope and expectation of universal brotherhood in the days to come?

Mr. Goldwin Smith proceeds further to trace the persecutions of the Jews not to any religious fanaticism on the part of the oppressors, but to the peculiar character, habits, and position of the Jewish people. He stigmatizes them as a wandering and parasitic race, without a country, avoiding ordinary labor, spreading over the world to live on the labor of others by means of usury and other equally discreditable pursuits. And he does not stay to investigate whether he may not be guilty of the crying injustice of making a whole community responsible for the wrong-doings of its black sheep. He does not stop to inquire whether any of these failings may not be due to a long-continued system of persecution unparalleled in the annals of humanity. No; he asserts that they are characteristics inherent in the Hebrew branch of the Semitic stock. "Otherwise the Jews would not have adopted as a typical hero the man who takes advantage of his brother's hunger to buy him out of his birthright with a

mess of pottage, or they would not record with exultation how they had spoiled the Egyptians by borrowing their jewels on a feigned pretext." This is all that the professor has to say in respect to the place occupied by the Jewish nation and the Jewish Scripture in the development of mankind, and such *suppressio veri* may well justify the indignation with which a gifted writer* laments the abysmal ignorance prevailing concerning our people.

Has the Jew indeed done nothing for the world but to live on the labor of others? I address myself to the great body of my English countrymen and countrywomen whose hearts will beat responsively to the noble reply once given by our queen to an African prince. The prince sent an embassy with costly presents, and asked her to tell him, in return, the secret of England's greatness and glory. She sent him not the number of her fleet, not the details of the inexhaustible wealth of her country; but, handing the envoy a copy of the Bible, she said: "Tell the prince that this is the secret of England's greatness." Need I state that three fourths of this volume consists of the Old Testament, which, in the words of Professor Leathes—and, I may add, by common consent of Christian theologians—contains the germ and nucleus of the New? And it is the Hebrew who has written down, preserved, and treasured his Sacred Scriptures. In the words of an eloquent divine:† "They have influenced, taught, pervaded mankind. Their sacred book is the sacred book of humanity; their religious ideas are becoming more and more the religious ideas of the race."

I am well aware that Mr. Goldwin Smith will not assent to this position.

* George Eliot in "The Impressions of Theophrastus Such."

† General Introduction to the Old Testament, by Canon Farrar in the "Pulpit Commentary." The words spoken by the new Dean of Westminster in his inaugural sermon may also be fitly quoted here: "If it pleases some prejudiced critics of our day to speak of the Jews as a *caste*, it is none the less a fact that that *caste*, a nation without a square yard of territory, have survived their national and political dispersion eighteen centuries, and have still influenced the religious thought of mankind."

* See Maimonides, "Jad Hachasaka," the concluding chapter of the work.

To him the records of the Hebrew Scriptures are not more hallowed than any other boulder of a primæval world. To us it is something far different. To us, Jews and Christians alike, it has been a guide, a solace, and a friend during long centuries of darkness; to our philosophers a never-failing well of profound thought; to our poets a rich mine of beauteous imagery; to our moralists a source of purity, love, mercy, and justice. When, then, our opponent attacks the Bible, the genius of which he fails to appreciate because it is a "plain, unvarnished tale," without that excrescent padding that disfigures the productions of modern historians, he attacks Jews and Christians alike. With a well-assumed horror, he reviles the Bible because he finds in it the command to exterminate the Canaanites. Surely it is sufficiently clear from the narrative that they were doomed on account of those abominable crimes which "caused the land to spew them out." He makes the Bible responsible for the cruel murder of half-witted women reputed to be witches. Yet it is an undoubted fact that its command was directed not against the half-witted, but against those criminals who practised witchcraft in its most mischievous forms, and often with fatal results, by playing upon the superstitious fears of the ignorant, and arrogating to themselves a divine power. The British Government, even in our day, sentenced to death the Obeah men of the West Indies, who pretended to supernatural power in order to foment rebellion.* But, amid all this criticism, we fail to see one word of generous acknowledgment of the sublime truth of monotheism which our Bible proclaims, the lofty morality which it preaches, the tenderness which it enjoins to the slave,†

* Edwards's "History of the British Colonies in the West Indies," vol. ii. p. 106.

† Mr. Smith makes the assertion that in the early Middle Ages Jews were the great slaveholders. I do not know the slightest warrant for this statement. It may not be out of place to mention here that "since, according to the Mosaic law, it was an act punishable by death to steal a human being, slavery such as we understand it, such as existed until lately in some parts of America, and such as still exists in certain Spanish possessions and in parts of Asia and Africa, never could have existed in Palestine." (Joseph's "Religion, Natural and Revealed" p. 142).

the emphasis with which it insists on the rights of the poor, the intensity with which it admonishes us to love God and to love our neighbors, the fervor with which it commends the duty of purity and forgiveness, honesty and truth, not forgetful even of the right of the brute to our compassion and help. Again and again he holds up his gargoyle, the massacre of the Canaanites, as the justifying cause of every mediæval act of bigotry and intolerance. Mr. Lecky* has more philosophically traced these acts to the unanimous belief of the early Church that all who were external to Christianity were doomed to eternal damnation. But the Bible is certainly in no sense responsible for religious intolerance. It presents to us the beautiful picture of Abraham interceding for the sinners of Sodom. It teaches again and again, "And if a stranger sojourn with thee in your land, ye shall not vex him. The stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself."†

To all these liberal features in our Bible the professor is blind. He sees there nothing but the failings of the "base Judæan." How can it be otherwise, he asks, than that the Jew should follow mean and hateful trades, when he adopts "as a typical hero the man who buys his brother out of his birthright with a mess of pottage?" It has been remarked that the Bible is more read, but that it is also more *misread*, than any other book, and this charge aptly illustrates the statement. There is no word in the Bible to justify the assertion that the dealings of Jacob with Esau are deemed praiseworthy, and that if the former is held up as the typical hero of the race—a position which may well be contested—it is on the score of an act of trickery and craft. The narrative in Genesis is as a grand epic, which moves majestically along in its even, steady flow of fact, stating the events, as they happen, with the faithfulness of the true historian. For the writer of the sacred narrative had not, like the modern history-maker, to fill so many pages with wordy retrospects, or moral reflections, or clever theories, or imaginative

* "Rationalism in Europe."

† Leviticus 19: 33, 34.

pictures of the may be or might be. He had to tell a tale and told it, leaving the reader to form his own estimate of character and fact. The Bible conceals nothing, extenuates no fault, writes for us no history of saints and angels unapproachable by man; but tells of human beings like ourselves, with faults like our own. Indeed, if we do not confine ourselves to one single episode in the life of the Patriarch, but dispassionately examine his whole career, we shall find that he atones for the wrong of earlier years by the sufferings of a life, until, having been educated and purified by severe discipline, he is transformed from Jacob (*Hebr.* a Supplanter) into Israel (*Hebr.* a Prince of God).

The statement that the Hebrews spoiled the Egyptians by borrowing their jewels on a feigned pretext, will also, upon examination, be found incorrect. The professor pleads for a more critical reading of the Old Testament, and thinks this incomparably more urgent than a biblical revision. Yet had he been able to refer either to the original Hebrew text or to a revised version of the Hebrew Scriptures, he would have escaped falling into so egregious an error. Biblical scholars are agreed that *Vayishalu* should not be rendered "they borrowed," but "they asked." The Israelites had served their taskmasters for a long series of years, and therefore, when they were about to quit the land of bondage, they were told that they had a right to demand some remuneration for long service, and a compensation for cruel wrongs. We are expressly informed that the Egyptians readily *gave* (not *lent*) what was asked for. It is then utterly absurd to speak of a "feigned pretext." There are no grounds whatever for assuming that the Egyptians were led to expect that the presents would be returned to them.*

I have dealt with the professor's misreadings of Scripture, but I find that he has not been less unfortunate in his treatment of Jewish history. He maintains that it is inherent in the character of the Hebrew to shirk honorable labor,

to prefer to live by the work of his head rather than by that of his hand. I will not now stay to discuss the question whether it be not at least as honorable to eat one's bread earned by the sweat of the brain as to eat that earned by the sweat of the brow, but will at once show that it is entirely at variance with fact to make rabbinism responsible for the transformation of the Jewish agriculturist and handicraftsman into a money-lender and hawker. For while Aristotle declared that mechanics should not be admitted to the rights of citizenship in his ideal republic, and, indeed, maintained that only slaves should practise handicraft, the text-book of rabbinism speaks enthusiastically of the dignity of manual labor. "Great is work; it honoreth him who is engaged in it." "Love work. Though a famine last seven years, it will not enter the house of a mechanic." The Jewish sages declared it a duty incumbent upon every father to teach his son a mechanical trade; and, with something of Oriental hyperbole, they continue, "And if he fail to teach his son, it is as though he encouraged him to robbery." Such admonitions had the desired effect; for there is hardly one art or handicraft practised in those days, of which we do not find able representatives among our people. It would seem, also, as though these different trades associated themselves in guilds; for there existed in Jerusalem a synagogue of the copper-smiths, a street of the bakers, the gate of the carpenters, a quarter of the city exclusively inhabited by potters. In the grand basilica Synagogue of Alexandria, separate portions of the building were assigned to the silversmiths, weavers, and other trades; and when a foreign operative came to that city, he seated himself next the members of his craft, and was supported by them until he had obtained employment. The rabbins, the authorized expounders of the law, deemed it derogatory to receive any reward for the exercise of their spiritual, doctrinal, and judicial functions, and maintained themselves by the labor of their hands. And thus in the Talmud we meet in curious juxtaposition the rabbi and his trade in such phrases as these: "It was taught by Rabbi Jochanan, the shoemaker."

* For the philological justification of this exegesis see the "Speaker's Commentary" and Dr. Kalisch's "Historical and Critical Commentary on the Old Testament" on Exodus 3:22 and 12:35, 36.

"This tradition was handed down by Jose ben Chalafta, the tanner." Every one admires the simple character of Cincinnatus, who, when offered the Dictatorship of Rome, was found driving the plough. Yet we meet with no less striking, though perhaps less famous, counterparts in the records of Rabbinism. When the treasurer of the Temple went to announce to Phineas that he had been chosen High Priest, he found him polishing stones. When Gamaliel, the president of the Sanhedrin, went to Rabbi Joshua to crave his pardon for some slight that had been offered him, he found him amid the grimy surroundings of his smithy.*

Hence Josephus in his treatise against Apion was able to say truly of his contemporaries, that they applied themselves exclusively to mechanical occupations, and to tilling the soil of their fruitful country. Nor is there any trace in Roman literature and in the decrees of the Emperors to show that the Jews in those days followed commerce or devoted themselves to money-lending. History declares it as a positive fact, and Professor Döllinger† insists on it with all emphasis, "that the Jews did not embrace trade and commerce until they were actually compelled to do so, until they were excluded from following mechanical occupations by the establishment of guilds, and it was made absolutely impossible for them to practise agriculture, because they were not allowed to hold land."

A very trustworthy evidence of the fact that the Jews are not by nature averse to mechanical labor is afforded by our knowledge of the pursuits in which many thousands of the Jews in Russia are engaged—a matter to which I shall advert anon. A few words must suffice with respect to those who inhabit

the countries outside Europe. Sir A. H. Layard met with Jewish shepherds in Kurdistan, who pastured their flocks on the hills of Baschkala, as their fathers had done before them. In South Arabia the chief mechanical trades, such as those of armorers, masons, weavers, dyers, smiths, and metal workers, are entirely in their hands, since the Moslem inhabitants despise artisans, and look upon handicraft as a pursuit unworthy of the free Bedouins.* The same holds good of the Jews in Persia, who are silk spinners, glass polishers, and manufacturers of chemicals, and who, it may be added, also practise in large numbers as physicians.†

The question will naturally be asked, How is it that in those countries where all restrictions have been removed, the Jew does not devote himself with greater eagerness to mechanical occupations? One reason is to be found in the circumstance that children preferentially follow the calling of their parents. But the main cause is probably that, being obliged by the dictates of his religion to rest on the seventh day, the Jew is practically debarred from entering upon those occupations in which journeymen are employed. He is compelled to resort to trades in which piece-work is possible, and in which he can take his work home with him, so that on the Sunday he may make up for the lost Saturday. This accounts for the preponderating number of Jewish tailors, cap and shoemakers, such trades permitting piece-work, and not being necessarily associative. On referring to the reports of the Board of Guardians for the Relief of Jewish Poor, it will be seen how strenuously the managers of that institution labor to wean the working classes from hawking and costermongering; and, as a matter of fact, large numbers of youths are being continually apprenticed to every available form of handicraft.‡

* For further illustrations on this subject the reader is referred to "Handwerkerleben zur Zeit Jesu," by Dr. Delitzsch; "Arbeit und Handwerk im Talmud," by Dr. S. Meyer; the articles "Besitz und Arbeitsfähigkeit der Juden," by Kohn; "Handwerk unter den Juden," by Rappoport and Wolf in Wertheimer's "Jahrbuch für Israeliten," Vienna, 1856; and the articles "Ackerbau" and "Handwerk" in Hamburger's "Real-Encyclopädie für Bibel und Talmud."

† In his lecture delivered before the Academy of Sciences in Munich on the 25th of July last.

* Maltzen's "Südarabien," pp. 173 seq.

† Polak's "Persien."

‡ During the last six months the Jewish Board of Guardians has apprenticed boys to the following trades, exhibiting rather a wide range of industry: Bag-makers, bedding manufacturers, bookbinders, cabinet-makers, copperplate printers and engravers, diamond setters, furriers, fretworkers, gasfitters, plumbers, harness-makers, ivory and hardware

But the list of indictments against us is not yet exhausted. Our opponent taunts us with being a vagrant race, with leading a wandering life, a homeless existence. Was ever more heartless gibe flung at a defenceless race? What is our mediæval history other than a mournful record of our banishment and expatriation?—measures which the professor seeks to justify. And yet he reproaches us—driven to wander—with being wanderers. Should, then, all our ancestors have thrust the dagger into their breast, or plunged themselves into the foaming waves? Or should they have betrayed their holiest trust and hypocritically avowed their acquiescence in a faith to which their heart and intellect refused credence? The fact remains that the Jew, where he is degraded, owes his degradation to the acts of his oppressors. The usurer who became one by being excluded from every honorable occupation, might well retort upon his revilers :

"The villainy you teach me I will execute." *

Can we be surprised that the Jew addicted himself to commercial pursuits when this was the only mode of maintaining wife and children; that he became over-fond of amassing wealth, when gold became the only means by which he could buy safety and toleration? Can it be a matter of wonder to us, that in many instances he did become abject and cringing, when the iron hand of bigotry tried to crush all his attempts at mental and social elevation, when the soul-chilling venom of contempt, the "oppression that maketh the wise man mad," gnawed at his heart and cowed his nobler nature? And even then he was not altogether crushed. He strove manfully, and strove not in vain, to preserve those lofty aspirations that were inseparable from the memory of his former greatness. Even then he remained very different from what his oppressors labored to render him and his detractors would fain make him appear. Even then he was distinguished by many virtues to which impartial writers have borne a not unwilling tribute. Professor

turners, jewellers, lithographic draughtsmen, printers in colors, scientific instrument makers tinplate workers, upholsterers, wood engravers.

* "Merchant of Venice," act iii. sc. 1.

Döllinger, in the lecture already cited, lays great stress upon the fact that the results of vital statistics are in the highest degree favorable to the Israelites. He adds, that in most countries the number of criminals among them is altogether disproportionate. Their ancient virtues, industry and thrift, temperance and continence, and their consequent well-ordered and affectionate family life, the reverence of children for their parents, and their tender help to the poor—all these lovable traits, which contributed so largely to save the people from utter destruction in the bitter days of the Middle Ages, have happily not yet departed from them. And while warning his contemporaries against the dangers of blind hatred, which is twice cursed, degrading him who fosters it, and embittering him against whom it is directed, he proclaims as his motto the words of Antigone :

"My nature leads to love where others love,
Not hate where others hate."

But the nature of the writer with whom I am at present dealing is cast in a sterner mould. He can see naught in the Jews but what is blameworthy. He places them on a par with the Cahorsins* and the Gipsies. Gipsies they possibly would have become had it not been for the saving effect of their faith, their Bible, and their literature. But unfortunately Mr. Goldwin Smith, instead of preparing himself for writing on the Jewish question by a diligent perusal of the works of Zunz, Graetz, Kayserling, and others, as did the author of "Daniel Deronda," drew his inspiration from some of the anti-Semitic pamphlets which have flooded Germany, fastened on some expression hastily jotted down by a traveller in his diary, or treated as sober fact the glowing fancies of an enthusiast. Had he made the needful preparatory studies, he would probably not have penned the ludicrous assertion that the character of Nathan der Weise is as fictitious as that of the Eastern Sages of

* An illustration of the strange perversity which urges some writers to identify all money-lenders with Jews is to be found in Dr. Brewer's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," who says, s. v. Cahors, "In the thirteenth century there was a colony of Jewish money-lenders settled at Cahors." This assertion is quite unfounded.

Voltaire. Nathan der Weise fictitious ! Who that has read aught of German literature does not know that in this character Lessing strove to depict his bosom friend, the Jew, Moses Mendelssohn, and that the original far transcended in beauty of character his dramatic portraiture ?

He might also perhaps have paused ere he quoted approvingly the remark of M. Renan, that the Jew wished to enjoy the advantages of nationality without being a member of the nation or bearing his share of national burdens. One need scarcely expose the unhistorical character of this statement, as it is sufficiently well known that the Jews have never set up a league in defiance of national law, nor refused to pay taxes, nor refrained from entering military service when permitted to do so. But it may not be out of place to quote one or two passages written by M. Renan on the subject conceived in a very different spirit.

"Le peuple juif n'a point d'égal, quand il s'agit de donner l'accent et le charme à un idéal de justice et de vertus domestiques. . . . Il n'est pas d'esprit élevé qui ne doive éprouver une haute sympathie pour une race dont le rôle en ce monde a été si extraordinaire, qu'on ne peut en aucune façon concevoir ce qu'eût été l'histoire de l'espèce humaine si un hasard eût arrêté les destinées de cette petite tribu." *

Similarly, it would not be difficult to quote authorities in opposition to Mr. Goldwin Smith's views, and in support of the view taken by Mr. Lucien Wolf, of the Crusades ; that is to say, of the brutal acts which disgraced many of those who engaged in these expeditions, however high the motives may have been which inspired the leaders at the outset. Mr. L. O. Pike is not "a Jew of the Talmud and the Stock Exchange ;" yet he writes as follows concerning the Crusades :

"The forces which had received a plenary indulgence for all crimes, and which had been excited to more than ordinary ferocity by the language of preachers, commonly displayed the cruelty without the discipline of brigands. If they had devoted themselves to the service of God, they convinced the inhabitants of the towns on their line of march that they had ceased to respect the laws of man. They considered themselves privileged to gratify every wish and every lust as it arose. They recog-

nized no rights of property, they felt no gratitude for hospitality, and they possessed no sense of honor. They violated the wives and daughters of their hosts when they were kindly treated, they devastated the lands of friends whom they had converted into enemies, they resorted to wanton robbery and destruction in revenge for calamities which they had brought upon themselves. They believed that they proved their superiority to Mahomedans by slaughtering the defenceless Jews ; and this was the only exploit in which the first divisions of the Crusaders could boast of success." *

The professor justifies the terrible outbreaks which took place throughout the country at the coronation of the first Richard on the ground that some wealthy Hebrews had been guilty of intruding into Westminster Abbey. To this it may be rejoined that two contemporary chroniclers, and a Jewish authority, Rabbi Ephraim of Bonn, assign the rising to another cause—to the insult passed upon the Jews by Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, who directed that the deputation that had come to the palace to do homage to the king should not be admitted.† But, granted that some of the Jews incautiously ventured into the Abbey contrary to royal command, surely such an indiscretion cannot palliate the terrible barbarities that ensued.

The "Chronicle of Jocelin de Brakelond" is quoted to give an illustration of the prodigious usance by which the debt of a Hebrew money-lender might grow, and the unwary reader is left to infer that Jews alone sinned as exacting money-lenders. Yet on the second page of the "Chronicle" we meet with the statement, "Unde contigit quod quilibet obedientarius, . . . debito se obligaret *tam Judeis quam Christianis* pro voluntate sua." Carlyle, too, who in his "Past and Present" so picturesquely reproduces the old monk's note-book, mentions repeatedly that Abbot Samson sought to be delivered from the ravensing flight of Jew and *Christian creditors* that were about him, and quotes the words, "You cannot stir abroad but Jews and Christians pounce upon you with unsettled bonds."

The expulsion of the Jews in 1290 is justified by the professor by the state-

* "History of Crime in England," by Luke Owen Pike, vol. i., p. 104.

† See Graetz's "Geschichte der Juden," vol. xi., p. 259.

* "L'Eglise chrétienne." Paris, 1879, pp. 237 and 256.

ment that the English people had never invited the Jews to England. I fail to perceive how this plea extenuates the guilt of the banishment, seeing that as "the king's chattels" they had been specially assured of royal protection; and, as Mr. J. R. Green proves in his "History of the English People," they had, at all events, in the earlier period of their settlement been beneficial to the nation at large. Nor does a word of sympathy escape the writer for the Jews of Spain, who endured the sore pang of banishment rather than abandon their faith. In a far different spirit does Prescott write of this extraordinary act of self-devotion by a whole people for conscience' sake.

"They were to go forth as exiles from the land of their birth; the land where all whom they ever loved had lived or died; the land, not so much of their adoption, as of inheritance: which had been the home of their ancestors for centuries, and with whose prosperity and glory they were of course as intimately associated as was any ancient Spaniard. They were to be cast out helpless and defenceless, with a brand of infamy set on them, among nations who had always held them in derision and hatred." *

The professor is altogether at fault when he deals with contemporaneous history. With his characteristic love of paradox he lays down the startling proposition that the number of Jews in any country is nearly in an inverse ratio to national well-being. I may at once refer to the instance of the country just named, and inquire whether it is not notorious that Spain even to this day suffers from the loss of the intelligence, mechanical skill, and general resources of its Jewish subjects. Hence, those statesmen most solicitous for its welfare are now promoting the re-introduction of the Hebrew element into the Peninsula. It is quite true that our people abound in Hungary. But we have yet to learn that the Transleithan monarchy is in a state of wretchedness caused by its Jewish inhabitants. On the contrary, Franz von Löher† states that, without them, landed property would be entirely depreciated in value and industry paralyzed. Ireland, unhappily, cannot be described as one of the sound-

est and healthiest of communities, yet it numbers very few Jews—fewer than Scotland. Holland is passed over in discreet silence; yet in this prosperous and well-ordered country the Jews bear as large a proportion to the general population as in Germany. These instances will surely suffice to show that the proposition laid down by Mr. Goldwin Smith is a glaring illustration of the logical fallacy, *non causa pro causâ*.

I have yet to advert to the Judæophobia existing among certain sections of the population of Germany. Professor G. Smith traces this antipathy to the re-awakening of national life. Professor Mommsen, who assuredly speaks with greater authority on this theme, brands it as "a monster bred of national feeling run wild" ("eine Missgeburt des irregeleiteten nationalen Gefühls"). The sentiment is probably due to a variety of causes. When cherished by the agnostic or atheist, it may probably be attributed to the fact that Judaism is the archetype of the religious principle which he abhors. Thus the Jew of Germany has, in our day, to bear the brunt not only of the *odium theologicum*, but also of the *odium anti-theologicum*. But there is also the economic cause. The bureaucrat of Germany whose salary is a mere pittance; the *Junker* who regards commerce and industry with disdain, and who eats up his patrimony in the morning of life; the small trader who, through lack of energy and industry, misses his chance—all these are filled with envy at the Jew, who by his self-denying thrift when young, his inexhaustible energy, his capacity for work, and his commercial skill, achieves success, and is enabled in the evening of life to live on a scale of luxury which to them is unattainable. Now, I will readily admit that the Jews of Germany (and possibly of other countries) are not free from a certain love of ostentation and fondness for superfluous finery. Yet purse-pride and money-arrogance are characteristics of the *parvenu* of every creed, whether he be a Sir Gorgius Midas or a gentleman of Semitic extraction. It takes time for the gold fresh from the fiery furnace of success to quiet down to the sober beauty of *vieil or*. It would, however, be a monstrous injustice to assert that it is only in the race

* Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella," vol. ii. p. 124.

† "Die Magyaren und andre Ungarn," p. 201.

for wealth that the Jew seeks to compete with his Christian neighbor. The most rabid Judæophobe will readily admit that there is hardly one small town in Germany without its Jewish physician, and that there is no university which has not more than its due proportion of professorial chairs occupied by Hebrews. Nor can he deny the services rendered by that high-minded politician Lasker, the value of the contributions of Traube to medical science, the importance of the studies of Benfey, one of Germany's best Sanskrit scholars, and the profound learning of such men as Bernays, Steinthal, and Lazarus. The solution of the Jewish question in Germany may then with safety be left to be worked out by the intelligence and good sense of the men of light and leading among the great Teutonic nation. The Christian, finding that the Jew has gained his position by his superior diligence, skill, and energy, will, instead of sneering at work and trade, seek to labor with equal diligence, equal skill, and equal energy, and while competing with him in every field, commercial, professional, and political, will yet live with him (as is happily the case in England, France, Austria, and Holland) on terms of amity and good fellow-citizenship. And the time is probably not far distant when Germany will regard the Jew-baiting as a hideous nightmare, which, during a period of political dentition, disturbed her for a brief while; when she will subscribe to the scathing verdict passed upon it by her future emperor, that it is a blot and stain upon the nineteenth century.

But it is impossible to speak with equal hopefulness concerning the anti-Jewish agitation which during the past seven months has been raging in Russia. Adverting to the persecutions which the hapless Jews endured in England and Spain during the Middle Ages, Mr. Goldwin Smith says complacently, "All these horrors now belong completely to the past." Would that it were so! Some few scanty notices have occasionally appeared in the public press respecting certain outrages perpetrated upon the Jews of Southern Russia. But I am certain that the general public has but the dimmest conception, if any, of the magnitude and intensity

of the barbarities recently inflicted by an infuriated mob upon an unoffending population. I would fain not dwell at length upon, and yet cannot pass over in silence, the heart-rending atrocities enacted, between April and July last, in Kieff, Elizabethgrad, Ekaterinoslaw, Alexanderowsk, and numerous other towns and villages, when defenceless men were killed or dangerously wounded, tender women outraged by vile ruffians, infants flung from the casements into the streets below. In Kieff twenty-two married women and three maidens were dishonored by savage troops; ten women died from the effects of fright and outrage; four men were killed. At Smiela twelve men were killed, and twenty-two wounded. In Elizabethgrad whole streets of houses in the Jewish quarter were literally razed to the ground, all the Jewish residences were sacked, all the shops plundered; and these scenes were repeated throughout a great part of the towns of Southern Russia where Jews reside. But a few weeks since the riots were renewed in Balbiri-shok, in the government of Suwalk. During these one man was killed and twenty seriously wounded; the synagogue and school were demolished; shops destroyed and pillaged.* In fact, the various riots were accompanied by murders, foul, strange, and unnatural, by an utter disregard for sex and age, by such abominable acts of lust and lawlessness that I am justified in regarding them as a counterpart of the Bulgarian atrocities. Nor can these barbarous persecutions be considered as only local outbreaks. The Hebrews resident in Western Russia have also suffered from the wholesale burning of their houses and property, the work of incendiaries. In Minsk nearly 8000 inhabitants have lost their all. In Koretz thirty people perished in the flames, and 800 families have been rendered homeless. The extent of misery caused by these disasters cannot easily be gauged. Newspapers and private correspondents tell us of the misery endured by many thousands of families during the summer months in consequence of the want of food, cloth-

* The above facts have been collected from the reports in the daily and Jewish newspapers, and are corroborated by private letters received from trustworthy correspondents.

ing, and shelter. What, then, will be their sufferings during the rigors of a Russian winter? Authentic information has been received from an eye-witness, now in London, that at a short distance from the Russian frontier, in Austrian Brody, 10,000 refugees are now, as I write, huddled in cellars and in the snow-covered streets, imploring to be sent to more hospitable lands. The Jews of Great Britain and other countries have, as a matter of course, bestirred themselves to relieve the immediate necessities of the victims; but all efforts are insignificant in the face of such gigantic evils, though in this work they have been and are still being humanely aided by their Christian brethren. This, however, is but a mere temporary palliative. The condition of the Jews of Russia is still grave in the extreme, as they are in continual apprehension of a recurrence of these outrages. We will not, we cannot, but believe that the Russian Government regards these riots with disapproval. Indeed, in many instances the ringleaders have been punished, and Commissions have been appointed to inquire into the origin of the outbreaks, which those best acquainted with the subject believe to be due to the restrictive laws and legislative disabilities that make the Jews as Pariahs and targets for every manner of insult and injury.

As might have been anticipated, a portion of the Russian press has defended these persecutions on the ground that the Jews ply trades injurious to the rest of the population. The value of this defence might easily be tested by a reference to statistics. It is well known that in many of the provinces of Central Russia Jews are not allowed to settle. Yet it will be found that, for example, among the Mujiks in the government of Suradow, where there are only sixty-four Jews among a population of 1,725,478, there is no less wretchedness, no less dram-drinking, than in the provinces of Grodno and Mohilew, where the Jews form respectively thirteen and fifteen per cent of the entire population.* It is quite contrary to fact to state that the Jews of Russia are exclusively pedlers,

hawkers, and money-lenders. Among five hundred refugees from Brody who recently passed through Liverpool on their way to the United States, there was not a single money-lender. The majority of them were blacksmiths, bricklayers, masons, joiners, saddlers, tinkers, locksmiths, plumbers, painters, shoemakers, tailors, and agricultural laborers; about twenty per cent were petty traders, and ten per cent broken-down shopkeepers and merchants who had lost their all.* Near Gulaipol there is a Jewish agricultural colony comprising about five hundred families; and though these poor tillers of the soil could surely not be charged with exploitation, yet they were not allowed to escape unscathed.† At Kischinew (the principal town of Bessarabia) there is a flourishing trade school, where Hebrew lads are trained to be carpenters, blacksmiths, machinists, and cabinet-makers. Russia has its Brassey in the Israelite Poliakoff, the well-known railway contractor; its Titus Salt in the Jew Brodsky, the largest cultivator of the beetroot and the largest sugar refiner. Such men add to the wealth of the country, and stimulate industrial energy.

I do not mean to assert that the Jews of Russia are immaculate, that instances do not occur in which they seek to evade the restrictive laws which hamper them on all sides. In 1846, when stringent ukases had been issued against them, Sir Moses Montefiore went to St. Petersburg and besought the Emperor Nicholas to extend to them the Imperial protection. "They shall have it if they resemble you," was the Czar's characteristic reply. Can it be expected that a people exposed to every kind of degradation for centuries can grow in a day or even in a generation into a community of Montefiores?

The wretched condition of the Jewish population of Russia, numbering above three million souls, and the inability of their brethren here and throughout Europe to help them efficiently, is a striking commentary on the powerful political influence with which the Jews of

* My authority for these figures is Petermann's "Mittheilungen," 1877.

* *Jewish Chronicle*, November 11, 1881.

† An interesting account of this colony is given in the *Jewish World* of September 16 and 23, 1881.

Europe are credited in certain quarters. We can only appeal to the sense of justice and humanity which we hope animates the Russian Government, and without which it can never aspire to maintain a position in the concert of civilized States. We can only implore the Czar to abrogate every restrictive measure by which his loyal Jewish subjects are hampered, to repeal every oppressive law which interferes with the freedom of domicile and hinders them from earning an honest subsistence. We can but call upon our own countrymen to influence public opinion in Russia. The Russian people is powerfully swayed by the utterances of free England. Only a few weeks since, the *Nouve Vremya* reproduced Mr. Goldwin Smith's view of the Jewish question, and pointed out exultingly that England shared its anti-Jewish proclivities. I am certain

that every right-minded Englishman will indignantly repudiate such an assertion. How was the great heart of Britain stirred to its depth, when our present prime minister recounted the sufferings of the Neapolitan prisoners and the woes of the Bulgarian victims! Surely her sorrow and sympathy will be none the less keen because the ruin and dishonor, the misery and the terror, have now fallen upon the Jew! Among the noblest qualities of England is her intense love of fair play, the generosity with which she has ever championed the cause of the persecuted and oppressed of every race and creed. And this may be averred without exaggeration, that no community has ever stood in greater need of sympathy and justice than the poor, downtrodden, panic-stricken, helpless Jews of Russia.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

WORDS OF WISDOM FROM GOETHE.

RULE OF LIFE.

WOULDST thou be a happy liver,
 Let the past be past for ever!
 Fret not, when prigs and pedants bore you;
 Enjoy the good that's set before you;
 But chiefly hate no man; the rest
 Leave thou to God, who knows what's best.

LIFE THE SCHOOL OF MANHOOD.

A noble man may to a narrow sphere
 Not owe his training. In his country he
 And in the world must learn to be at home,
 And bear both praise and blame, and by long proof
 Of contest and collision nicely know
 Himself and others,—not in solitude,
 Cradling his soul in dreams of fair conceit.
 A foe will not, a true friend dare not, spare him;
 And thus in strife of well-tried powers he grows,
 Feels what he is, and feels himself a man.

KNOWLEDGE OF MEN.

No man fears men, but he who knows them not;
 And he who shuns them may not hope to know them.

THE WISDOM OF LIFE.

Use well the moment; what the hour
 Brings for thy use is in thy power;
 And what thou best canst understand,
 Is just the thing lies nearest to thy hand.

PATIENCE.

Nay, don't lose heart ; small men and mighty nations,
Have learned a great deal when they practise patience.

LIES.

Would you tell lies to cheat the people ? No !
I'm a plain man, and tell you plainly—No !
But if you will tell lies, cut a broad slice
With a free hand, and don't be over-nice !

THE GOLDEN AGE.

My friend, your golden age is gone,
But good men still can bring it back again ;
Rather, if I must speak the truth, I'll say
The golden age of which the poet sings
In flattering phrase, this age at no time was
On Earth one whit more than it is to-day ;
And, if it ever was, 'twas only so,
As all good men can bring it back to-morrow.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

'Tis no doubt pleasant
Ourselves with our own selves to occupy,
Were but the profit equal to the pleasure.
Inwardly no man can his inmost self
Discern ; the gauge that from himself he takes
Measures him now too small, and now too great.
Only in man man knows himself, and only
Life teaches each man what each man is worth.

QUARRELS.

When two men quarrel, who owns the coolest head
Is most to blame.

GOOD SOCIETY.

Reader.

What means this rabble of low people here—
Quack doctor, juggler, beggar, gondolier ?
Hast seen no good society, that you
Should waste good verse on such uncultured crew ?

Poet.

Oh yes ! your good society, in the mint
Of courts 'tis coined, and very well I know it ;
So fine and featureless, it leaves no hint
For smallest touch of nature to a poet.

SELF-LIMITATION.

The smallest man may be complete, if he confine his activity within the natural range of his capacities and dexterities ; but even superior talents will be obscured, defeated, and destroyed, if this indispensable instinct of self-limitation is wanting. Mistakes arising from this defect will come more and more to the front in modern times ; for who shall be able to satisfy the demands of an age, living under the stimulus of a constant high pressure, and the excitement of a hot-spurred progression ?

THE WORLD, AND HOW TO USE IT.

Live with the world whoso has nerve
 To make the world his purpose serve ;
 But, if you leave your lofty level
 To do the world's vile command,
 You were as well to let the devil
 Keep all your gear in hand.

CONSCIENCE AND ACTION.

The man of action has no conscience in the moment of action ; only the observer passes a severe judgment.

PROPHETS.

Who spouts his message to the wilderness
 Lightens his soul, and feels one burden less :
 But to the people preach, and you will find
 They'll pay you back with thanks ill to your mind.

MONUMENTS.

The marble bears his name, and tells his story.
 But you'll forgive me, if I hint the truth :
 You gild the monument in honest sooth,
 Not for his honor, but for your own glory.

ENVY.

Envy must be : e'en let her feed her grudge !
 Truth will shine out, when time shall be the judge ;
 'Tis an old use that hath been, and will be,
 That where the sun his liberal light may throw,
 The heat comes with it, and the grass will grow.

YOUTH.

Who may be proud ? the young : for why ? the pride
 Of life is theirs, and Time is on their side.

DIVIDE ET IMPERA.

Divide and rule, the politician cries ;
 Unite and lead, is watchword of the wise.

SLANDER.

Go north and south on German ground,
 Eastward and westward wander,
 Two nasty things you'll find abound—
 Tobacco-smoke, and slander.

UTOPIA.

Your lazy loon, if dainty pigeons
 Up to his mouth well roasted flew,
 He would not taste them, no, not he,
 Unless well carved and served up too !

PERVERSITY.

An ill-starred devil is the man,
Who will not do the thing he can ;
And what he can't, with blind ambition
Will do, and works his own perdition.

TO-DAY.

To-day, to-day, only show valiant face,
And you have gained a hundred days of grace.

SOLITUDE AND SOCIETY.

In still retreat a thoughtful talent thrives,
But in the stream and current of the world
The character grows strong.

SECRECY.

Your purpose told to others, is your own
No longer ; with your will once set at large
Blind accident will sport. Who would command
Mankind must hold them fast by swift surprise.
Nay, more ; even with the strongest will we fail
To do great things, crossed by a thousand wills
With petty contradiction.

RICHES.

Every one who knows to use the wealth which he possesses, has enough : to
be wealthy is a cumbrous business, unless you know how to use your resources.

GOD. INNATE IDEAS.

There is a universe within,
The world we call the soul, the mind :
And in that world what best we find
We stammer forth, and think no sin
To call it God, and our God, and
Give heaven and earth into His hand,
And fear His power, and search His plan
Darkly, and love Him, when we can.

THE INFINITE.

Wouldst thou with thy bounded sight
Make survey of the Infinite,
Look right and left, and everywhere,
Into the finite—you'll find it there.

TOLERATION.

The *Pater noster* is a goodly prayer,
That helped poor sinners out of many a scrape :
And if one prays it *noster Pater*,
Well, let it help him in that shape !

FREEDOM.

Man was not born to say—*I will be free* ;
 No higher good a noble man may wish,
 Than with a loyal heart to serve a prince
 Whom he respects and honors.

OBEDIENCE.

A noble master all may well obey
 Whose word convinces, where his will commands.

ORIGINALITY.

You're a disciple of no school,
 And own no living master's rule ;
 Nor have dead men in Greece or Rome
 Taught you things better learned at home ;
 This means, if I am not mistaking—
 You're a prime fool of your own making.

GOD.

No ! such a God my worship may not win,
 Who lets the world about his finger spin
 A thing extern : my God must rule within,
 And whom I own for Father, God, Creator,
 Holds nature in himself, himself in nature :
 And in his kindly arms embraced, the Whole
 Doth live and move by his pervading soul.

THE DIVINE PROCEDURE.

How ?—when ?—and where ?—the gods give no reply ;
 What they will do, they do : nor heed your Why ?

THE BIBLE.

I am persuaded that the Bible will always appear to us more beautiful, the more it is understood—that is to say, the more we comprehend that every word in it which we take up in its universal significance, and apply to our own case, had always an immediate and peculiar application connected with the circumstances out of which it arose.

CHANCE.

That which in the enterprises of human beings transcends all calculation, and which is apt to show its power most precisely when human nature is lifting itself most proudly—what men call CHANCE—this is just GOD, who in this incomprehensible way invades our little sphere with His omnipotence, and disturbs our grandest plans, by the intrusion of what to us is a mere trifle, but to Him is part of an all-embracing bond.

GENUS IRRITABILE VATUM.

I know him well ; not hard is he to know,
 Too proud to mask himself. You see him sink
 Into himself, as if he held the world
 In his sole bosom, in himself complete
 A compact world, and all around him else
 Vanished in blank indifference. It may rise

Or fall or float at large, no whit cares he—
 When lo ! all in a minute, as when a mine
 Fires at a spark, at touch of joy or sorrow,
 Anger or whim, he breaks into a flame :
 And then what he would grasp must own his hold,
 And all things be that he thinks ought to be,
 And in a moment to his wish must rise
 What for long years in the slow womb of time
 Needs silent preparation. From himself,
 He with ingenious wilfulness demands
 The impossible, that he may have a right
 To ask the same from others. He would bind
 The two ends of all things with hasty bond
 In his soul, a task which in a million men
 One may achieve—and *he* is not the man ;
 But, clutching madly at the stars, he falls
 Back to the earth, no bigger than before.

LIMITS OF HUMANITY.

When the eternal
 Father of gods and men
 Soweth with kindly hand
 Forth from the rolling clouds
 Lightnings of blessing
 Over the fields of Earth,
 Humbly, then, I the last
 Hem of his garment kiss,
 With the love and the fear
 Of a child in my breast.

For with the gods
 May no son of man compare :
 If upward he soareth,
 Touching with head sublime
 Stars that eternal shine,
 Nowhere he finds there
 Place for his foot to stand,
 And with him freely
 Sport there the birds and clouds.

When he with strong
 And marrowy bones stands
 On the well-grounded
 Base of the solid earth,
 Not even then
 He dares with the oak compare,
 Or with the vine
 That clammers around its trunk.

Say what distinguisheth
 Gods from the sons of men ?
 They are as waves
 That rolling-on waves flow
 In an eternal stream :
 Us the wave lifteth,
 Us the wave whelmeth,
 And we are seen no more.

Small is the ring
That claspeth our life round ;
And generations
On generations
Coming and going,
Add link to link
Of an infinite chain.

THE VOCATION OF MAN.

Noble be man,
Friendly and good,
For goodness alone
Stamps him diverse
From all the creatures
That walk the earth.

Hail to the unknown
Mightier beings
Whom we anticipate !
What in the human
Typed we behold
Leads to a faith
In the primal Divine.

For NATURE knows
No feeling for man ;
The sun doth shine
On the bad and the good ;
On fair and on foul
With indifferent eye
Look moon and stars.

Wind and water,
Thunder and hail,
Rush on their path,
And with hasty clutch
They seize as they pass
This one and that.

Even so FORTUNE
Blindly seizes
Now the light locks
Of innocent boyhood,
Now the bald crown
Of the hoary offender.

Bound by eternal
All-embracing
Iron decrees,
We must accomplish
Each man his fated
Circle of being.

But in the human
Range of his action
MAN, like a god,
May achieve the impossible ;

He distinguishes,
Chooses and judges,
And gives to the moment
The stamp of endurance.

He alone
Rewardeth the good,
Chastiseth the bad,
And all extravagant
Random endeavors
Binds with the bond
Of a common design.

And we wisely
Adore the Immortals,
Deeming them brothered
With what is most human,
In the great cosmos,
Willing and working
What in their small lives
Men may achieve.

The noble man
Be friendly and good,
Shaping unwearied
The useful, the right,
Planting before us
A sensible type
Of those beings unseen
Whom by faith we divine !

Blackwood's Magazine.

GEORGE COLMAN, ELDER AND YOUNGER.

BY H. BARTOR BAKER.

' I HAVE met George Colman occasionally, and thought him extremely pleasant and convivial. Sheridan's humor, or rather wit, was always saturnine, and sometimes savage ; he never laughed (at least, that I saw—and I watched him), but Colman did. If I had to *choose*, and could not have both at a time, I should say, ' Let me begin the evening with Sheridan, and finish it with Colman.' Sheridan for dinner, Colman for supper ; Sheridan for claret or port, but Colman for everything, from the Madeira and champagne at dinner, the claret, with *a layer of port* between the glasses, up to the punch of the night, and down to the grog or gin and water of daybreak ; all these I have threaded with both the same. Sheridan was a grenadier company of life guards, but

Colman a whole regiment of *light infantry*, to be sure, but still a regiment." So wrote Byron of the younger Colman, whose wit, however, was hereditary ; for there was a certain George Colman the elder, the author of the best comedy, after the *School for Scandal*, of the second half of the eighteenth century, of whom we must first give some account.

He was born in 1733. His father, Francis Colman, was minister at Vienna in the reign of the First George, and plenipotentiary at the court of Florence at the time of his son's birth. He survived that event only one year. He appears to have been a gentleman of polished manners, and contemporaries speak highly of his affability and his fine taste in music, literature, and the drama. The orphan boy was now adopted by the

famous William Pulteney, who had married Mrs. Colman's sister. Scandal imputed this benevolence to a paternal instead of to an avuncular affection, and George considered it necessary, in a fragment of autobiography, many years afterward, to take up the imputation, and to demonstrate that, as his mother had resided in Florence four or five years previous to his birth, and as his uncle during that period had not quitted England, it was impossible that such a relationship could exist. The truth or falsehood of such a report matters very little now, and the old scandal was scarcely worth repeating. George was sent to Westminster, and was afterward entered as a student at Oxford, in 1751.

On January 30th, 1754, he, in conjunction with Bonnell Thornton, started the *Connoisseur*, a periodical after the style of the *Spectator*. Thornton had been his chum both at school and college. He was the son of a rich apothecary of Maiden Lane, and was intended for a doctor, but neither work nor application of any kind being to his taste, he set up for a wit and a scribbler. A story that has furnished more than one dramatist with a situation more comic than probable, is related as a fact in connection with this young scapegrace. One night, while he was supposed to be studying hard at Christ Church, upon entering the boxes of Drury Lane he found himself face to face with his father. After eyeing him for a moment, the old gentleman proceeded to express his indignation at the rencontre in very strong terms. Knowing the stern temper of his parent, and fearing that some pecuniary inconvenience might result to him from this escapade, he, with the cool effrontery of a comedy hero, assured his interlocutor that he was mistaken in supposing him to be his son, and upon the father persisting, assumed a tone of highly offended dignity, objugated "old Wigsby's" impudence, and quitted the box. He now rushed away to a livery-keeper, hired a post chaise, dashed off to Oxford as fast as horses could take him, and arrived there in time for chapel the next morning. When, an hour or two afterward, the elder Thornton arrived, he found young Hopeful in morning gown and slippers, surrounded by medical works, writing a

dissertation on cramp. Still not quite satisfied, he waited upon the dean, who informed him that his son had certainly attended divine worship that morning. This information completely dissipated his doubts, and, very much ashamed of having wronged so studious a young man, he made him a handsome present and departed. Bonnell was no more diligent in his literary undertakings than he had been in his graver studies, and when it was his turn to supply the number of the *Connoisseur* he was seldom ready. Frequently, when Colman called upon him for the copy of the essay that was to appear the next morning, not even the subject had been thought of. "Sit down, Colman," he would say; "we must give the blockheads something;" and while his collaborateur was scribbling away in desperation, he would walk up and down the room sipping brandy and water, taking snuff, but never troubling himself to offer a suggestion, except to bid his friend write away. For those who love to catch glimpses of the time—in its habit as it lived—of its manners, follies, modes of thought, there is still pleasant reading to be found in the pages of the *Connoisseur*. Goldsmith highly praised it in the *Monthly Review*. "He is the first writer," says the doctor, "since Bickerstaff, who has been perfectly satirical, yet perfectly good-natured; and who never, for the sake of declamation, represents simple folly as absolutely criminal. He has solidity to please the grave, and humor and wit to allure the gay."

At the desire of his uncle Pulteney, Colman selected the law as a profession; but he had no more love for Blackstone than had Thornton for Galen, and was more frequently to be found in the theatres and coffee-houses than in his chambers poring over parchment and leather. Pulteney, who was now Earl of Bath, was continually writing him letters upon the subject. "When you take your bachelor's degree," he says in one, "I promise to take you from the university and place you in some chambers in Lincoln's Inn, of which society you have been sometime a member. When you are there, I tell you beforehand, I will have you closely watched, and be constantly informed how you employ

your time. I must have no running to playhouses or other places of public diversion ; but your whole time must be given up to attend the courts of Westminster Hall during their sittings in the mornings, and your evenings must be employed at home in your own chambers in assiduous application and study, until you have fitted yourself to make a figure at the bar."

Colman took his M.A. degree in 1758, after which he quitted the university and went on circuit. The only incident connected with his very brief legal career which has been recorded is his saving two scoundrels from being hanged at Oxford, upon which his uncle Pulteney wrote him a letter of congratulation. At the end of the term we find him again in London, scraping an acquaintance with Garrick by means of a pamphlet entitled "A Letter of Abuse to David Garrick," in which, under pretence of taking up the cause of Garrick's rivals, he held them up to ridicule, and insinuated some very delicate flattery to the great actor. This procured him an introduction to Roscius, who never neglected any person who praised him ; and in a little time Colman was in so much estimation at Drury Lane that Murphy, when negotiating for the production of his farce *The Upholsterer*, considered his good opinion a recommendation worth quoting ; and in the long dispute over the same author's play, *The Orphan of China*, Colman was chosen for umpire. A young gentleman with an itch for scribbling could not possibly remain long in such close connection with the drama without trying his hand at that most enticing form of composition ; and in 1760 he produced a farcical piece in one act, entitled *Polly Honeycombe*, in which the novel-reading propensities of the young ladies of the age were good-humoredly satirized. Honeycombe was the pseudonym of the editor of the *Royal Female Magazine*, which was chiefly made up of the silliest and most vapid sentimental novels. The skit was a complete success ; but the author, on account of his relations with his uncle Bath, did not consider it prudent to declare himself. Early in the ensuing year he placed *The Jealous Wife* in Garrick's hands ; the underplot and the characters of Russet, Charles,

Lord Trinket, and Lady Freelove were borrowed from "Tom Jones," but Mr. and Mrs. Oakley and the Major are original creations. Probably the absurd side of jealousy has never been more felicitously ridiculed than in the best scenes of this comedy ; but it appears to have gone through much revision, pruning, and condensation from the manager's pen before it assumed its present shape. Garrick himself played Oakley, but he was not much at home in the part, and its success on the first night, which during the earlier part of the performance seemed rather doubtful, was ascribed entirely to Mrs. Pritchard's fine acting as the wife. The comedy is still familiar to old playgoers, and perhaps the two leading characters were never more admirably performed than they were some few years ago at Drury Lane by Phelps and Mrs. Hermann Vezin. Uncle Bath was now let into the secret, and, although the probabilities are that he would have closed his doors against an unsuccessful dramatist, who had neglected his injunctions and disobeyed his commands about running to play-houses, he very warmly congratulated the successful one.

Colman now very soon threw aside wig and gown forever, and devoted himself entirely to literature. He started the *St. James's Chronicle*, a capital periodical full of literary gossip, in collaboration with Garrick and Thornton ; wrote more farces, *The Musical Lady* and *The Deuce is in Him* ; produced alterations of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster* ; and during Garrick's long visits to the Continent in 1763 he was installed as part manager with Lacy and George Garrick at Drury Lane.

From the favor which the earl had always shown him he had cherished hopes that a large share of his uncle's enormous wealth would descend to him ; but Colman's great expectations descended to the very moderate reality of an annuity of nine hundred guineas and the succession to a fine estate ; the latter, however, was subject to the approbation of the next heir, General Pulteney. The general was quite as mean and avaricious as his brother, and had a great dislike to Colman's theatrical connections, more especially to a

certain Miss Ford, an actress by whom George had a son, and whom he afterward married. This honorable act, and his purchase of a fourth share of the Covent Garden patent with six thousand pounds left him by his mother, completed his rich relation's disgust, and lost him the approbation upon which his estate depended. This was in 1767. In the previous year he had produced in conjunction with Garrick, his most famous comedy, *The Clandestine Marriage*. His first sketch of Lord Ogleby, suggested by the proud lord in the first picture of the "Marriage à la Mode," was modified by his collaborateur into the delicious, vain, decrepit, impecunious old fop, as we at present know him; the fine last act, in which the old noble so suddenly but naturally throws off his follies, and meannesses, and rises to the true gentleman, is said to be the work of the same skilful hand. Thus the finest part of the comedy must be assigned to Garrick; but to Colman still remain the admirable portraits of the purseproud citizen Stirling, his vulgar sister Mrs. Heidelberg, the equally vulgar daughter; Canton, the Swiss, and the remaining characters, together with the general arrangement of the plot and incidents. The *School for Scandal*, the *Clandestine Marriage*, and *She Stoops to Conquer* are the three comedies of the second half of the eighteenth century, and none written since can compare with them. Colman intended Lord Ogleby for Garrick, and was highly offended when the great actor resigned the character to King; but probably the play rather gained than lost by the exchange, for a more consummate performance than King's was never witnessed. The elder Farren, who had seen the original, was his successor in the part, and that fine artist, Mr. Phelps, brought down the tradition to within the memory of young playgoers.

The breach just referred to between Garrick and Colman was greatly widened by the latter joining the management of the rival house. Some time afterward they met at the dinner-table of a mutual friend at Bath, and a reconciliation was patched up, but the old cordial relations were never re-established. Colman's first production at Covent Garden was an adaptation of Voltaire's *L'Ecossoise*,

which he called *The English Merchant*. It was successful in its day, but is now quite forgotten. It was followed by *The Man of Business*, upon which the same epitaph may be pronounced.

The four lessees of the Covent Garden patent, Harris, Powell, Rutherford, and Colman, who were nicknamed the four kings of Brentford, did not form an amicable brotherhood, for there was scarcely a business arrangement that they did not quarrel over; and at length, in 1774, Colman grew weary of this perpetual war, and, disposing of his share to his three partners, laid down his managerial crown of thorns, and retired. Two years afterward he purchased the little theatre in the Haymarket from Foote for an annuity of sixteen hundred pounds, which proved a very good investment, as Foote only lived to receive two quarters' payment. In order that it might not interfere with the great winter theatres, the Haymarket license extended only from March 30th to September 30th; but this restriction was not without its advantages, since it enabled the manager to take his pick from the company of the winter houses, and many of the best actors were glad to fill up the summer at reduced salaries; and hither came country actors who aspired to metropolitan honors, and some of the most famous London favorites made their *début* upon this stage.

So great was the success of Colman's first season, that he determined to reconstruct the theatre before commencing his second. The house had been built in 1720, upon the site of the King's Head Inn, at an entire cost, including scenery and dresses, of £1500; Foote made some alterations and renovations to it, but by the year 1778 it must have fallen into a very shabby and dilapidated condition. "The house was new roofed," writes George Colman (the younger), "the ceiling brightened, the slips, sidelong appendages in the olden times to the upper gallery, were turned into a third tier of front boxes; and an approach of a few feet wide and fewer deep, dignified by the name of a lobby, was made to the boxes, whereas in Foote's days there was scarcely any space between them and the street; so that the attention of the audience in this part of the theatre was frequently distracted

by post horns and the out-of-doors cry of 'Extraordinary News from France,' while the modern Aristophanes was threatening French invaders with peppering their flat-bottomed boats in the character of Major Sturgeon. But after all, the avenues to the side boxes were so narrow that two stout gentlemen could scarcely pass one another, and I often thought it would be better to furnish my side-box customers with a bell to tie round their necks at the pay-door to give warning of their approach and prevent jostling."

The next few years of Colman's life seem to have been easy and prosperous. Under his management many of the future stars of the theatrical firmament made their first bows to a London audience, notably Miss Farren, Henderson, and Edwin. He continued to write new pieces, and make alterations of old ones—all of which have long since passed into oblivion—until 1785, when he was suddenly seized with paralysis, the result of suppressed gout; from that time until 1789, when he sank into a state of utter imbecility, he daily grew more and more feeble in body and mind. In this melancholy condition he survived until 1794.

To the Haymarket throne succeeded his son George, who had long since reigned as regent. George was born about 1762. In his "Random Recollections" he gives some amusing sketches of his own life and of the celebrities who came to his father's house. One of the first that he encountered was no less a person than Samuel Johnson. It was at a dinner party—the first to which he had been admitted. Upon entering the drawing-room, he and his father found a very big gentleman, attired in rusty brown and black worsted stockings, seated upon a fauteuil of rose-colored satin, from which he did not deign to rise at their entrance. "During a pause in the conversation, my father took me by the hand, and said, 'Doctor Johnson, this is little Colman.' The doctor bestowed a slight ungracious glance upon me, and, continuing the rotatory movement of his head, renewed the conversation. Again there was a pause; again the anxious father, who had failed in his first effort, seized the opportunity of pushing his progeny with, 'This is

my son, Dr. Johnson.' The great man's contempt for me was now roused to wrath; and knitting his brows, he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, 'I see him sir!' He then fell back in his fauteuil, as if giving himself up to meditation, implying that he would not be further plagued with an old fool or a young one." Much more pleasant had been his earlier experiences of Goldsmith, whose comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer* his father, after many snubs and delays, had brought out at Covent Garden. Goldy used to amuse him and pet him, and one day the little mischievous imp hit the poet such a slap upon the face that he left the mark of his fingers there. For this naughtiness he was locked up in a dark room, from which, however, he was very soon released by the good-natured doctor, who fondled him, and soothed his sobs, and performed conjuring tricks to make him forget his disgrace.

Like his father, George was educated at Westminster and Oxford; but so wild were his courses, and so great was his predilection for the theatre, that his father removed him from Oxford to Aberdeen. But the young scapegrace preferred scribbling bad plays and poetry to poring over classics and mathematics, and as far as learning went, his sojourn at these different seats of learning was not profitable. One of his dramatic productions, written during his stay in the north, *The Female Dramatist*, was brought out anonymously at the Haymarket, and was, he tells us, "uncommonly hissed." Upon his return from Aberdeen, his father entered him as a student at Lincoln's Inn, and took chambers for him in King's Bench Walk, in the Temple. But eating oysters for a few terms was about all the progress he made in legal qualifications.* About this time he fell in love with one of the Haymarket actresses,

* R. B. Peake, the biographer of the Colmans, says: "The students of Lincoln's Inn keep term by dining, or pretending to dine, in the hall during term time. Those who feed there are accommodated with wooden trenchers instead of plates, and previously to the dinner oysters are served up by way of prologue to the play. Eating the oysters, or going into the hall without eating them, if you please, and then departing elsewhere, is quite sufficient for their keeping."

Miss Catherine Morris, and his father packed him off to Switzerland in the hope that absence would cure the fever ; but it seems only to have increased it, for the first thing he did upon his return to England was to elope with the lady to Gretna Green. His father's illness, which occurred soon afterward, placed him in an independent condition. Somehow or other, the affairs of the theatre, although every season had been highly successful, were rather embarrassed at this time, and it was to his son's pen that the elder Colman was indebted for freedom from pecuniary troubles during the last years of his life. Between 1785 and 1795 young George wrote *Turk and no Turk, Inle and Yarico, Ways and Means*, the once famous melodrama of *The Mountaineers*—in which, as the love-mad Octavian, Kemble, Kean, Elliston, and so many of their successors achieved great triumphs—and several others that it would be useless to name, since they are now quite forgotten. In 1796, he wrote for Drury Lane the drama of the *Iron Chest*, which was so elaborately revived by Mr. Irving during the Lyceum season of 1879. This work is remarkable as being, probably, the one solitary instance of a play unequivocally condemned upon its first representation, and throughout its first brief run, afterward becoming a decided success, and holding a foremost place among stock pieces in town and country for upward of half a century. The idea of the plot was taken from Godwin's "Caleb Williams," but there is very little affinity between that strangely powerful novel and its dramatic offspring, except in the character of Sir Edward Mortimer, which is an exact transcript of the Falkland of the story. The cast embraced some of the most famous actors of the day : John Kemble was the hero ; Bannister was Wilford ; Dodd, Adam Winterton ; Wroughton, Fitzhardinge ; Barrymore, Rawbold ; Suett, Sampson ; Miss Farren was Helen, Signora Storace, Barbara, etc. As originally written, it was half drama, half opera ; only one of the many pieces of music—solos, duets, concerted pieces—was retained by Mr. Irving. In the famous preface affixed to the first edition of *The Iron Chest* Colman lays the entire blame of its failure upon Kemble. He begins by

complaining that there was never any proper rehearsal of the play. Kemble was ill at the time, and attended only the last two or three. When the night came, he says that he found Kemble in his dressing-room, very weak and taking opium pills, a medicine he used very largely. When the scene drew off and discovered him seated in his library, "gloom and desolation sat upon his brow, and he was habited, from the wig to the shoe-string, with the most studied exactness. Had one of King Charles the First's portraits walked out of its frame upon the boards of the theatre, it could not have afforded a truer representation of ancient melancholy dignity. . . . But the spectators, who gaped with expectation at his first appearance, yawned with lassitude before his first exit." He refused to make an apology for his indisposition. "One-third of the play only was yet performed, and I was to pursue my journey through two stages more, upon a broken down poster, on whose back lay all the baggage of my expedition. Miserably and most heavily in hand did the poster proceed ! He groaned, he lagged, he coughed, he winced, he wheezed. Never was seen so sorry a jade ! The audience grew completely soured." A week elapsed between the first and second performance, but Kemble, according to the author, was even worse on the second night than he had been on the first. In stage parlance, he walked through the part. "His emotions and passions were so rare," continues the preface, "and so feeble, that they seasoned his general insipidity like a single grain of wretched pepper thrown into the largest dose of water gruel that ever was administered to an invalid. For the most part, he toiled on line after line, in a dull current of undiversified sound, which stole upon the ear far more drowsily than the distant murmurings of Lethe ; with no attempt to break the lulling stream, or check its steep inviting course. Frogs in a marsh, flies in a bottle, wind in a crevice, a preacher in a field, the drone of a bagpipe, all, all yielded to the imitable and soporific monotony of Mr. Kemble !" This is doubtless an exaggerated description, and it was afterward greatly modified, but Colman was very sore upon the failure of a piece for

which he was to have received a large sum ; and notwithstanding the judgment of press and public, he resolved to give it another trial. Elliston made his first appearance in London upon the Haymarket stage during that year, and, having achieved a marked success, Colman determined that he should essay the part of Sir Edward Mortimer. To appear in a character that Kemble had failed in was an honor that the young actor would have fain declined, but the manager insisted, and on August 29th, six months after the fiasco at Drury Lane, the *Iron Chest* was revived at the Haymarket, with a success as distinct as had been its previous failure. Years afterward Edmund Keen electrified the town in the part of the gloomy hero. But such genius as his alone could give vitality to the turgid, stilted stuff. Colman always protested that Kemble's failure was purposed and malicious on account of an offence he had given him. As soon as the play was completed, he had invited Kemble to dine with him to have it read. Kemble became very gloomy, and the reading was suspended frequently to pass the bottle ; the whole of that night they sat together drinking, and the whole of the following day and the next night. At about four o'clock in the second morning both awoke simultaneously out of a doze, and stared at each other. "What are you staring at?" cried Colman nervously ; "your eyes are on fire ! By —, Kemble, I believe you are the devil incarnate." Colman used to express his belief that the actor never forgave those words, and revenged himself upon the play.

In 1797 Colman produced, at the Haymarket, the first of that series of sterling comedies by which his name is now chiefly remembered, *The Heir-at-Law*. *The Poor Gentleman* followed in 1800, and *John Bull* at Covent Garden in 1803.

It is upon these three works that Colman's claim to be ranked among the great English dramatic writers entirely rests. Comedies they are not, but rather plays in which the humorous and serious elements are about equally mingled ; they have much in common with the sentimental comedy of Holcroft and Cumberland, but they yet more closely resemble the domestic drama of low life

so popular upon the stage until within these last ten or twenty years, and still performed at East End and suburban theatres. Holcroft, Cumberland, and Mrs. Inchbald loved to depict troubles and struggles and virtuous poverty ; but it was always genteel poverty, chiefly that of earls' daughters discarded by stony-hearted parents for marrying poor officers of superhuman virtue. Colman was one of the first who drew our sympathies to the woes of the lowly born ; he may be said to have created the virtuous peasant, who was always lugging out his small stock of money to give his last shilling to any one who told a pitiful tale, who spouted sentiment and morality by the yard, was as ready with his fists as with his tongue, and who invariably expressed joy by stamping his hob-nailed boots and singing " Ri ti tol de iddity, tol de iddity," etc. This noble creature, after being the idol of pit and gallery for some sixty years, was barbarously murdered in the burlesques of one H. J. Byron, some fifteen to twenty years ago. The simple rustic maiden whose wardrobe was contained within a cotton pocket-handkerchief, who trusted and believed in everybody, and wept with everybody, and was as innocent of London ways as one of her own lambs ; the forlorn damsel who had loved " not wisely, but too well," and the lowly but proud and rigidly virtuous father, who seemed to pretty equally divide his time between praying, cursing, and apostrophizing his white hairs, were also popularized by the same pen. While the *School for Scandal* and *The Rivals* still delight us by their pictures of men and manners of a past age, and their delightful wit and brilliant repartee, *The Heir-at-Law*, *The Poor Gentleman*, and *John Bull*, when resuscitated by some favorite actor, produce only weariness and disappointment. The most original character in *The Heir-at-Law*, Doctor Pangloss, which Mr. J. S. Clarke has rendered so familiar to playgoers of the present day, was named after Voltaire's famous optimist, and is said to have been taken bodily from *Fortune in Her Wits*, a translation of Cowley's Latin comedy, *Naufragium Jocularis* ; but the character and its wit are obsolete, and exclusively the creation of a state of society that has long since

passed away. There is some fun in the retired tallow-chandler and his wife who have been raised by mistake to aristocratic dignity, but it is so old-fashioned, so threadbare, and the jokes are so stale, that it bores rather than amuses; while the rustics Zekiel and Cicely Homespun, the sentimental Caroline and her lover, and the terribly didactic Steadfast and Kenrick, are altogether of that artificial and superhuman race of theatrical beings, waxwork figures whose outward semblances are shifted to please the taste of each new generation. Much of the dialogue is humorous if it be not brilliant, the incidents are lively, and were amusing a couple of generations ago; and the whole is arranged by a master of stage-craft; and that is all the praise that can be honestly accorded to a work which was regarded by our grandfathers as a masterpiece. But at the same time we must remember that this play was interpreted by a company of comedians that could scarcely be paralleled in any other dramatic era. Suett was Daniel Dowlas; Munden was Zekiel Homespun; Fawcett, Dr. Pangloss; Irish Johnstone, Kenrick; and these men were as exactly fitted to these parts as were the Prince of Wales's company to Robertson's characters; while future generations will as much fail to discover the charm that drew audiences hundreds of nights to witness *Caste* or *School*, as we do to appreciate the encomiums of our grandfathers upon *The Heir-at-Law*.

One glimpse of how these old lay-figures might be vivified into flesh and blood was given to modern playgoers by the late Mr. Phelps's noble performance of Job Thornberry; in the mouth of that fine artist, the turgid sentiment and stilted language became humanized, and as appropriate as when it was delivered by the original Fawcett. But *John Bull* is Colman's masterpiece, and both in the serious and comic scenes very much superior to any other of his works. Sturdy Job Thornberry is a well-drawn character which has been imitated by many succeeding dramatists. Dennis Brulgrudery and Dan in the hands of Johnstone and Emery, must have been highly diverting; while Lewis as the Hon. Tom Shuffleton, the fast man of the period, would have made a finished

picture out of what change of manners has reduced to a very conventional figure. But the hero, Peregrine, is probably the most exaggerated type of the sentimental school that the legitimate drama retains. Conceive any human being addressing a girl in this fashion: "When ages, indeed, are nearly equal, nature is prone to breathe so warmly on the blossoms of a friendship between the sexes, that the fruit is desire; but Time, fair one, is scattering snow on my temples, while Hebe waves her freshest ringlets over yours. Rely, then, on one who has numbered years sufficient to correct his passions; who has encountered difficulties enough to teach him sympathy; and who would stretch forth his hand to a wandering female, and shelter her like a father. . . . Come, do not droop. The cause of your distress, perhaps, is trifling; but light gales of adversity will make women weep. A woman's tear falls like the dew that zephyrs shake from roses. . . . Genuine nature and unsophisticated morality, that turn disgusted from the rooted adepts in vice, have now a reclaiming tear to shed over the children of error. Then, let the sterner virtues, that allow no plea for human frailty, stalk on to Paradise without me. The mild associate of my journey shall be charity; and my pilgrimage to the shrine of mercy will not, I trust, be worse performed for having aided the weak, on my way, who have stumbled in their progress."

In 1803, when *John Bull* was first produced, this was considered the acme of fine writing; it was the age of toasts and sentiments, when a man could not raise a glass to his lips without prefacing the draught with moral platitudes. The reaction from the brazen vice of the first half of the eighteenth century, the influence of Richardson's and Rousseau's novels, and above all that of the French Revolution, which exalted the poor and the humble, and rendered their wrongs and their woes subjects of universal interest and sympathy, had each its share in the production of this curious and stilted literature. *A propos* of *John Bull*, there is a good story told by Fawcett, in Genest's "History of the Stage:" "We got *John Bull* from Colman, act by act, as he wanted money,

but the last act did not come, and Harris (one of the managers) refused to make any further advances; at last necessity drove Colman to make a finish, and he wrote the fifth act in one night on separate pieces of paper—as he filled one piece after the other, he threw them on the floor, and, finishing his liquor, went to bed. Harris, who impatiently expected the *dénouement* of the play, according to promise, sent Fawcett to Colman, whom he found in bed. By his direction, Fawcett picked up the scraps and brought them to the theatre. *John Bull* ran forty-seven nights, a great run in those days, and Colman netted £1200 by it.*

As Foote had done before him, he almost entirely monopolized the Haymarket stage with his own productions. He was intensely jealous of every contemporary dramatist, and considered himself to be superior even to Sheridan himself. In conversation we have Byron's authority for believing that the two famous wits were pretty equally matched. Lord William Lennox, in "Celebrities I Have Known," says: "Colman was in his fifty-fifth year when I first met him, but he was as playful and lively as a kitten, and never ceased from the moment we sat down until the hour of departure, which was not an early one, to keep the table in a roar." Some of his good things which have been handed down to us are worth repeating as specimens of his humor. A musical fanatic was boring a company with his ecstasies over some new ballad. "Whenever I hear it, it quite carries me away!" he exclaimed. "Can anybody whistle it?" inquired Colman. A melodrama, entitled *The Mysteries of the Castle* was being played to very bad houses. "I suppose it is owing to the war," remarked one of the actors. "No, it is owing to the *piece*," retorted the manager. Quite as severe was his comment upon a *débutant* who was making a miserable failure in *Octavian*, and who, when he came to the line "I shall weep soon, and then I shall be better,"

was answered *sotto voce* by the author, who was fidgeting in the wings, with, "I'll be d—d if you will, if you weep your eyes out." One day, while dining with Lord Erskine, the ex-Chancellor was boasting that he owned nearly one thousand sheep. "I perceive, then, that your lordship has still an eye to the woolsack," said Colman. "Have any bills been stuck up?" he inquired of the messenger who brought him word that an actress of his company named Wall was just dead. "No, sir; why?" asked the man. "They usually stick up bills on a *dead wall* don't they?" was the retort. While on a visit to Lord North, he and some others were being conducted through the picture-gallery, when they came upon a portrait of a late lord with a white wand in his hand. "What does that mean?" inquired one of the party. "Oh, I suppose it represents the *North Pole*," rejoined the wit. Like Foote, he was no respecter of persons, and would raise a laugh at the expense even of royalty, as soon as he would at that of more humble folks. In 1826 George the Fourth appointed him to the post of Lieutenant of His Majesty's Yeomen of the Guard. "Your uniform is not well made, George," remarked the king the first time he appeared before him in his official dress, "and I don't see the hooks and eyes." "Here are my eyes; where are yours?" retorted the wit, unhooking his coat. "Why, Colman, you are older than I am," said the prince regent one day. "Oh no, sir. I could never have taken the liberty to come into the world before your Royal Highness," was the quick reply. Sometimes his wit degenerated into ill breeding, as a specimen of which Peake relates the following story: In the year 1811, when he was in the King's Bench, the Duke of York, with whom he was a great favorite, obtained for him a day's liberty that he might dine at Carlton House. There were several guests, and the prince, who presided, took scarcely any notice of his theatrical visitor; Colman was annoyed, and when the wine began to circulate he inquired of the duke, who sat next to him, "Who is that fine-looking fellow at the head of the table?" "Hush, George," whispered his good-natured friend; "you'll get into a scrape." "No, no," Col-

* The usual payment for theatrical productions in those days was three hundred guineas for the first nine nights, one hundred on the twentieth night, and one hundred and fifty for the copyright.

man went on in a loud voice ; " I have come to enjoy myself, and I want to know who that fine, square-shouldered, magnificent fellow is at the head of the table ? " " Be quiet, George ; you know it is the prince," replied the duke. " Well, then," persisted Colman, " he is your elder brother : he doesn't look half your age. I remember the time when he sang a good song ; and as I am out for a lark for only one day, if he is the same fellow he used to be, he would not refuse an old playfellow." The prince, rather enjoying the joke, complied. " What a magnificent voice ! " exclaimed Colman ; " I have heard nothing like it for years. I'll be hanged if I don't engage him for my theatre."

His vanity and his desire to be talked about were inordinate. When in his later years he was in danger of being forgotten, he wrote anonymous abuse of himself to bring his name before the public again. As a manager he was jovial and pleasant ; but in his business transactions he was selfish and ungenerous. When poor O'Keefe, who had lost his sight, was preparing an edition of his dramatic works to be published by subscription, he applied to Colman for permission to reprint some farces which he had sold to his father for a mere trifle, and was refused.

His later managerial career was not prosperous. Early in the present century he had taken his brother-in-law Morris into partnership,* an act which brought upon him endless trouble and

litigation, and which in 1811 closed the Haymarket for an entire season, landed him in the King's Bench, and ultimately obliged him to give up his share of the management.

In 1824 he was appointed examiner of plays, and he exercised his powers with a despotism that rendered him the bugbear of actors and managers. All " damns " and " demmes," the words " Providence," " heaven," " hell," and even " oh lud," were expunged from all mss. submitted to him. " It would make you laugh," writes Gerald Griffin in one of his letters, " to see the passages to which the gentleman (in his office of deputy licensee) objected as immoral and improper. For instance, he will have no expressions of piety, no appeal to Providence in situations of distress, allowed upon the stage ; a hymn that I introduced was ordered to the right about, a little prayer put into the mouth of my heroine—the word ' paradise,' as applied to a beautiful country, and other matters of that kind." And his avarice was equal to his purism. He would not permit a song or a glee to be introduced, or even an address to be spoken on the stage, until it had first passed through his hands, and left there a two-guinea fee. He even attempted, but unsuccessfully, to bring oratorios and Mathews's " At Home " under his jurisdiction.

He died on October 17th, 1836, and was buried with his father in Kensington Church.—*Belgravia Magazine*.

THE "ECCENTRICITIES" OF THE RICH.

THE account of Welbeck published in the *Times* of Tuesday bears curious evidence to the strength of one English popular impression. So deep is the belief in this country in the sensibleness and, as it were, the righteousness of the usual mode of life, that any one who departs from it, even if he be a duke and a tenfold millionaire, is liable to be suspected of being slightly insane. The late Duke of Portland was, from many

points of view, a man whom most Englishmen would consider creditable to his order. Inheriting very large estates and a great London property, he managed both with perfect success, with great judgment, and with most unusual and right-minded liberality. We have heard that in Nottinghamshire he never voluntarily evicted a tenant, and in London he absolutely refused to avail himself of the extreme rights he possessed, and renewed leases on terms which made holdings under him valuable properties, and at one time produced quite a crop of speculators in " remnants " of leases

* His first wife's brother. His second wife, whom he married in 1809, was Mrs. Gibbs, a celebrated actress in her day.

on the Portland estate. Had he pushed his rights over his vast property, as the Duke of Bedford, for example, is now pushing his, he might have added fifty thousand a year to his income; but he always refused, contenting himself as leases fell in with insisting on slight improvements, usually beneficial, and a most moderate addition to his ground-rent. The surplus of his income, which was large—for, although he had not, as the *Times* says, £400,000 a year, we can trace in Domesday Book, in our own collection of wills, and in other sources, more than £250,000 per annum—he invested in landed estates, usually in the far North, where capitalists like him can still buy land in large blocks, and where improvements in the way of communication directly increase possible rentals. He read much, built much, planted much, and was so far from being without ordinary intellectual interests, that he had made a study of his family history, knew where most of its manuscript archives were, and would put himself entirely out of his way, even break his rule of seclusion, to supply materials for lives of relatives, like Lord W. Bentinck the Viceroy, or Lord George Bentinck the politician. Nevertheless, he had "ways," and these were so unusual that half the people who heard of them set down the Duke as insane; and the obvious preoccupation of the *Times* reporter at Welbeck is to show that he was only "eccentric." We should doubt if he was even that, or if, but for the scale on which the Duke did things—a scale by no means preposterous, as was shown by the state of his fortune at his death—the idea would ever have been started. The chief proof of his insanity was that he did not love gregariousness as most Englishmen do, but had a love for seclusion such as a few other Englishmen have. Whether, as the world believed, he was liable to attacks of eczema which made him fancy himself repulsive, whether he disliked the society of equals—the commonest of foibles—or whether he had lived through some painful history, the world did not know, and it is of no matter to the question. What is certain is that he liked a secluded life, hated to be addressed, thought the presence of servants worrying, and, so far as he could, lived exclusively

among people who were interested in carrying out the enterprises which interested himself. There was nothing preposterous in those enterprises, though their vastness of scale made men doubt if their designer could be sane. If a retired tradesman from Regent Street, with £10,000 a year and a passion for seclusion, had done the same things in a suburban villa with twenty acres of ground, nobody would have wondered very much. People would have thought him foolish and whimsical, but that is all. The subterranean covered ways at Welbeck are vast and expensive, and therefore "eccentric;" but they are the same in idea as the thick, close hedges with which scores of amateur gardeners "plant out" their private walks. They want to be unobserved. The huge structures—library, riding-school, winter garden, and so on—which perplex the visitor to Welbeck are nothing in their essence but the whims of a rich man, with the "passion for bricks and mortar" strongly on him, and a desire to put into his buildings an element of the weirdly original, which the Duke secured by making them subterranean. The passion for seclusion can hardly have been the motive for that, for seclusion can be obtained above ground, by admitting light through clerestories, as perfectly as under the earth. The Duke of Portland must have loved eerie effects, just as the builders of the hundred "Follies" round London love heavy, or light, or Japanese effects; or, in one case we recollect, an effect as of blue porcelain. There was no madness in that, but only wilfulness, and perhaps something of perverted taste, such as we see constantly among collectors. As much light was required, a subterranean library was a structure involving a new difficulty, and the difficulty was part of the pleasure. Anybody can have grapes in October. The immense scale of the expenditure makes its result striking, but the Duke did not ruin himself, as one Irish Peer is said to have done in building a park wall; and income for income, probably threw away less than many a cit who makes his family miserable for years with hordes of workmen, and then muddles away money on forcing-houses which no successor will keep up for a day. Sydney Smith's father

passed his whole life in such work, making and abandoning nineteen places, and remained as sane as his son, who was the sanest of mankind, and used *his* constructive energies to build cheaply. There is a gentleman alive now upon whose track it is good-fortune to come, for he buys a house in a pretty scene, spends £20,000 upon making it the perfection of comfort, and then flits, selling the place, if needful, at its original cost price. A far greater proof of insanity is the fact, if it be a fact, recorded by the *Times*, that the Duke had daily four quarts of malt liquor drawn for himself, and never drank any; but then one would like to know where that beer went. Was it an old perquisite, which the Duke, out of kindliness, would not disturb? or was it the very ale used, as the reporter mentions, to soak the oak-en floors till they attained a special shade of color. The whole belief of the public about the Duke was, in fact, due to the unusualness of the desire for seclusion among persons of great rank, and the scale on which the Duke gratified his tastes, as compared with the scale on which men with a hundredth part of his income would have gratified theirs.

The wonder about millionaires is, not that they should be sometimes eccentric, but that they are usually so ordinary. Power turns all heads more or less, and the absence of resistance develops wilfulness, till, as we often see in the East, it becomes monstrous caprice. Now, there is no power in modern times which is so like executive volition as that of the millionaire—of the man, we mean, with a really great fortune to use outside his usual wants. He has only to will strongly enough to draw his cheque and all mankind is eager to carry out his wishes. Architects, builders, gardeners in hundreds, workmen in tribes, are only too glad that he has been graciously pleased to will. If he is a European, there is hardly anything he cannot obtain, and even time may, with adequate expenditure, be made to give way. It is supposed that the one thing unattainable is a park if there are no trees; but Louis XIV. created a park in a bare plain, with old trees and verdure and silent glades, in a few weeks, though at

a cost which, it is said, daunted even him. The very rich man must know this quite well, must be aware that there is in him a potentiality of patronage greater than that of most Ministers, must recognize his own capacity for sudden and unexplained acquisition; yet millionaires very rarely do anything which at all interests the world, or rouses its horror of the unusual. They are a little obstinate, sometimes, about "making" places. They will spend unheard-of sums in perfecting an interior, which would be far more perfect were much less money wasted. They will collect, at great cost, something which, when collected, interests no one but themselves. But they very rarely do anything that is striking or magnificent, or even exceptionally odd. Nobody in our days feeds horses out of gold, as Nero did; though one man did build a set of pigsties of polished mahogany—and kept them polished, too. There is, we believe, one noble in Europe whose daily dinner is served in Spain as if he were present, though he is absent in Russia; but that, though it seems so bizarre, is not really exceptional. Scores of men keep up places in such a condition that if they arrived without notice all would be ready, though they know, as well as they know anything, that they are not going there. The readiness gratifies some internal desire to be free upon the subject of going or not, and the money is not regarded. Such freaks pass unnoticed, unless the whim costs something which men with ordinary incomes think great, and then the spenders are pronounced half-cracked. Some of our readers know what it costs to keep a steam yacht in harbor in such a condition that on receipt of a telegram steam can be got up, yet that is done in more than one or two cases. It is or may be atrocious waste, but it no more indicates mental aberration than the boat of the retired tradesman which is always painted, and washed, and ready, though nothing would induce its proprietor to enter it. The pressure of the Usual, is felt by the millionaire as much as by everybody else, perhaps more so, because they have in our modern society such a dislike to be conspicuous, and such a self-distrust

of their own capability to be original. It will be from America, where fortunes are vast and individuality respected, that we shall before long import million-aires with genuinely savage wills, whose caprices in brick and mortar will make those of the Duke of Portland seem very tame.—*London Spectator*.

LA CHUTE DES FEUILLES.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF MILLEVOYE.)

SERE autumn had bestrewn the ground
 With spoils of many a ruined dell ;
 And from the copse no shadow fell,
 And from the nightingale no sound.
 Forlorn, and stricken ere his prime,
 A dying lover paced once more
 The wilderness where many a time
 His childish feet had roamed of yore.
 "Farewell, belovèd grove," he cries,—
 "In thy decay my doom is writ !
 In every withered leaf that flies
 I read my sentence, and submit.
 From fateful lips the stern decree
 Hath sped, that I should live to see
 Once more thy glory's swift decline,
 Once, only once ; and then, ah me !
 That my brief hour should close with thine,
 And as thy leaf's, my fall should be.
 Out of the north a frozen breath
 Hath blown upon me, wafting death ;
 And lo ! the pleasure and the pride,
 And promise of my sweet spring-tide
 Are as a dream that vanisheth.
 Fall, oh fall, quick-fading leaf !
 Conceal this track from every eye ;
 And this lone spot where I must lie
 Oh, hide it from a mother's grief !
 But thro' the solitary glade,
 Should my fair mistress, desolate,
 Come weeping when the day shall fade,
 Let your faint rustling rouse my shade
 And leave it less disconsolate !"
 So spake he mournfully, and passed,
 Never again to tread these ways ;
 Thick fell the leaves, and with the last
 Was told the measure of his days.

They buried him beneath the bare
 Spread branches of his favorite oak ;
 But ne'er a dead leaf's message woke
 His lonely wraith, nor journeyed there,
 As daylight waned, his mistress fair.
 No footfall, save the shepherd's, broke
 The stillness of his sepulchre.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

KITH AND KIN.

BY JESSIE FOTHERGILL, AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE."

JULY, more than three years later ; the scene, one of the front rooms at the Nurses' Home, Fence Street, Irkford ; the persons, a man and a woman, alone—he, standing on the hearthrug, where he had been waiting some two or three minutes ; she, just closing the door behind her as she came in.

The man was Dr. Hugh Wentworth ; the woman, Judith Conisbrough.

He was a young-looking man—even surprisingly young when one considered the high position he had, and the really vast responsibilities which devolved upon him. But on looking more closely, one saw that if he were young in years, yet he was one of those men who are born with master-minds. One forgot entirely that he was young, and handsome, and pleasant to look upon, so much were these advantages outweighed by the intellectual ones—by the fire that dwelt in the deep eyes, by the grand sweep of the magnificent forehead, the mental power expressed in every line and every feature.

Till Judith entered, he had been leaning against the mantelpiece with his hands clasped behind him, and his eyes raised to the dingy-looking ceiling above, and he heaved a sigh. Even those two or three moments of sorely-needed leisure of waiting and inaction, were hardly spared and much grudged.

He had not been kept waiting very long. In that establishment punctuality and alertness were laws as immutable as those of the Medes and Persians. There was she whom he sought, walking into the room, looking different from her old self, as you, reader, have known her, because she had a white cap on her head, a black gown, a white apron of lawn with a stomacher, all edged with little plaited frills of the same material.

"Good-afternoon, nurse," he observed, holding out his hand.

"Good-afternoon. We meet for the first time to-day, I think?"

"Yes. There is a small matter of

business which I wish to discuss with you," said he, and paused.

She had moved nearer to the window, and now stood beside it, looking at him. Then, when the broader light fell upon her, one saw that the cap and apron, the badges of her order, were not the only things to distinguish her from the Judith Conisbrough of three years ago. She looked, if anything, a little taller, possibly a very little stouter, and her carriage, if not more stately, was a little more decided than of yore.

She looked a queenly woman now, in her garb of nursing sister, just as she had formerly looked a queenly woman in her shabby old gowns—in her sorrow, her poverty, her bitter unhappiness at Yoresett House, when the curse of enforced idleness, and the grip of a forbidden love, were upon her. But her face was changed. It had altered in the way in which the faces of women do alter, in whom heart is as strong as head.

No acute or even intelligent observer would have dared to say that that face wore an altogether happy, or peaceful, or satisfied expression : the faces of those who aim high and feel deeply, seldom, if ever, do look perfectly placid. There was a calm and settled power in it, not inferior, in its way, to that which dwelt in the countenance of Dr. Wentworth himself. The eyes were steady, scrutinizing, and critical. It was the mouth which betrayed, more than anything else, the touch of sadness and dissatisfaction. It was when the face was in entire repose that the lips took that curve which makes one feel as if a sigh had either just left, or was on the point of leaving them.

For the rest, one could see that she was in every way developed. She had more ease as well as more dignity of manner. She was more beautiful than before, as well as older ; her face and form now more than ever were such as the most heedless could not fail to observe.

Neither she nor Dr. Wentworth sat down. Each knew the time of the other to be precious.

"You go home for your holiday to-morrow?" he said half-inquiringly.

"Yes. A fortnight among the Yorkshire hills will not be unpleasant."

"I wish you would take a month," was his abrupt remark.

"A month—why?" Her eyes opened a little, as she looked at him in some surprise. "Not because I look ill, surely—for I never felt better in my life."

"No; but because I wish you on your return to take a great deal more responsibility on your shoulders, and you will require some thorough rest and setting up before you undertake it."

"Indeed. And what is it you wish me to do?"

"My wife," said he, smiling, "charged me to tell you that you were to do as I wished, on pain of forfeiting her friendship. Now, before I explain, let me tell you it is an onerous post I wish you to take. Little rest, and much care and anxiety. Perhaps few friends, and lots of enemies. That for the disagreeable part of it. For the more agreeable: it ought to gratify that ambition of yours, to which you have never yet owned, though it is as patent to me as the sun in a sky without clouds—it ought to gratify that ambition, because it is a post of authority and consequence, and is well remunerated. I want you to become the matron of the new hospital at Ridgeford."

She raised her head quickly; her lips parted, and she looked at him in astonishment for a moment. Then her face flushed deeply, and she turned her eyes to the prospect outside.

Dr. Wentworth watched her unobtrusively, but with the keenest and liveliest interest. He had been her stanch friend ever since the evening he had first seen her, in this very room, standing before him in her bonnet and cloak, to be inspected, when she had said, with a naïveté which had amused him, and an earnestness which had gratified him:

"I do not know what you can give me to do, but I beg you will give me something. If it is only sweeping and dusting, let me have it: do not send me back."

He had not sent her back, for he had correctly discerned (which even genius

does not always succeed in doing) that she was one of those tools which will work well, and he had from the first let her see that he expected a great deal from her. He had not been disappointed, and he had been charmed, like inferior men, to find his own prophetic verdict so thoroughly realized.

The more he asked of work, or study, or observation, or, as he would say in moments of expansiveness to the wife of his bosom, "of general all-round perfection in her work and her behavior," the more she had seemed ready and willing to give him.

Under his influence and by his advice, she had received training, not only in nursing, but in some branches of medicine and surgery as well. He had said little to her during her studies in these subjects, but had one day not long ago, surprised her by proposing to her that she should study medicine thoroughly, and adopt it as a profession, adding that she had nothing to fear, and would make her way.

He had calculated on that ambition, in which he now told her he still believed; but it had not answered to the call. Judith had declined, saying she had no vocation. Mingled motives, so delicately shaded and complicated that she could not possibly have explained their whence or wherefore, had led her to this refusal. He had been as nearly angry with her as possible, saying in remonstrance:

"Scores of women, who really have no vocation for it, who want notoriety, or are curious about things they don't understand, or who want to make a living, and think they have fewer rivals in the medical line than in the schoolmistress one—they all rush into it, pushing to the front, and making themselves a spectacle for gods and men. Here are you—the very sort we want as a pioneer for women-doctors—high-minded and high-hearted, with a pure reverence for science and humanity, with every qualification, mental, moral, and physical. And you will not. You ought to lead the way, to be one of the pioneers on that road where the women who follow after you will some day be great."

Judith had shaken her head, smiling.

"You are quite mistaken," she said. "I lay no claims to a 'pure reverence

for science and humanity,' as you call it. I know nothing about them, except that the one is really great, and the other is thought so by some people. Do you suppose I became a nurse because I wished to do so? Not at all, and I never would have done it if I could have had a happier lot. I 'took to it,' as they say, because I was miserable, and wanted relief from my wretchedness; I did not like it then, and I do not like it now. You may think me a poor-spirited creature; but I would rather stay here and do as you tell me, and act under orders, than be the first and cleverest woman-doctor of all time."

"You are trying to cajole me by flattery."

"I am speaking the simple, unvarnished truth."

"My wife says indignantly—as if it were my fault—that if she had had your qualifications I should never have got her to marry me."

"Oh, how could she say such a thing? It is almost wicked of her," Judith had said, and she had remained immovable. Yes, she thought it a glorious profession, she said, the noblest that existed—

"Bar the clerical one," he had suggested, with a malicious smile.

"Bar none," had been Judith's emphatic retort; and she would honor a really clever medical woman and would be quite ready to darn her stockings and do her drudgery. The position, itself, of a medical woman, she declined. This refusal, and their dispute about it, was in Dr. Wentworth's mind now, as he observed her keenly and noted every change that passed over her face.

"I shall think you wish to be unfriendly to me, if you refuse me this," he said. "You are familiar with all the details of the scheme; you have heard them discussed at my house often enough. You know what the duties will be; the salary will be three hundred a year. Now, where is your 'Yes?'"

"'Yes' is sometimes a very hard word to say, Dr. Wentworth."

"It ought not to be so, when duty cries for it so very loudly, as in this case."

"You are the chief of the council, and the real head of it, are you not?"

"I am."

"And would you always give me your friendship, your counsel, and your advice?"

"You may depend upon them entirely."

"It would be a very useful sphere?" she said musingly.

"You, as well as I, know *how* useful. In that place you will be an influence, and a beneficent one, on hundreds. My dear friend," he took her hand, "apart from all other considerations, the woman who worthily fills that office, as it will be when it is developed, and as you will fill it—with its trials and its difficulties, its powers and its opportunities for doing good—that woman may, if the right spirit animate her, attain to the rank of the other good women whose names ought to stand opposite saints' days in men's and women's hearts."

"Then I cannot be worthy of it," said she, moved.

"And I say you are; and I say that if you will not take it, I know not where to put my hand on any other woman qualified as you are qualified for it."

"If I took it, I should have to make up my mind that it would be for the rest of my life?"

"You would."

A long pause. He did not interrupt her, nor press her for an answer, for precious as the time of both was, these moments of reflection and turning-over were absolutely necessary. He leaned against the mantelpiece in silence, and she stood by the window, equally silent, seeing, without heeding them, all the throng of men and vehicles which streamed incessantly up and down the noisy thoroughfare.

What visions did she tear to shreds, he wondered, as he watched her without letting her see his observation—what hopes did she finally immolate? what bright illusions of girlhood did she lock out from her heart for ever? Could he have known, he would have been aware that she had never had any youth, and that she even now inwardly expostulated with her destiny, which had led her up through five-and-twenty years of life without that youth. Though he and she had grown fast friends, though she and his wife had become almost like sisters, no word had ever passed her lips which could give any clue to the story of sorrow

and hopelessness which had driven her forth from her home at twenty-two, a sad, unhelpful woman, and had first led her to them. That there was a story, he was persuaded; persuaded, too, that she went over it in her mind as she stood looking out of the window then, before she answered him—some story connected with her home in that green dale which he had never seen, but of which she had once or twice spoken in words which, though simple, had been full of life and fire.

At last her answer came:

"I will do as you wish, Dr. Wentworth. I will go to Ridgeford."

In the joy and relief of his heart, he stepped forward and shook both her hands.

"I do thank you—from my heart I thank you! With you at its head, Ridgeford shall be the first place of its kind in England—that I swear!"

He laughed with satisfaction. Judith only looked very grave, and then he said:

"But have you no curiosity to know what my great and special reason was for wishing you to go?"

"What was it?"

"Just this. I don't want you to be lost to suffering humanity and the medical profession, whether as a member of it, or a servant of it. Once safe in that post, you are safe for life; but, until you are installed there, I have a consuming dread, which haunts me like a ghost, of your breaking away from us, and getting married."

"You certainly need not fear that," said Judith, after a moment's pause, as she looked at him. "It is the one contingency in my life which I am absolutely certain will never occur. Therefore be reassured."

"To think of you married," pursued the fanatic, "devoted to one miserable man and his tiresome family, is to think of something monstrous. Well, good-bye. You'll see my wife to-morrow, before setting off. And stay at home a month, while you have the chance."

He wrung her hand again, and departed.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE WAY NOT CLEAR.

ONCE more Judith alighted at the well-known station at Hawes, and was met, as of old, by mine host of the

King's Arms at Yoresett, and driven home by him. It was the third holiday she had had since first going to her work, but it was now more than a year since she had last been at home. To Judith these home-comings had their terror as well as their joy. Her love of her home, and of every spot of ground for miles around it, was a thing of a deep and ineradicable growth. Therefore there was always a certain delight in returning and beholding the familiar scenes and objects. But the desolation within was so great as almost entirely to counterbalance this joy. Since she had left home no word of leaving Yoresett had ever been spoken either by Delphine or by Mrs. Conisbrough. Each time that she returned it seemed to Judith that Delphine looked more shadowy, more exquisitely lovely, and more unearthly in her fragility. She was particularly struck with that look when she alighted on this occasion, and her sister came forward to welcome her. She formed a striking contrast to the splendid handsomeness of the youngest girl, now a tall and well-developed young lady of nineteen, as full of health, of life, and fire, as Delphine seemed shadowy and ghost-like in her beauty.

They welcomed her—Delphine very quietly, Roda enthusiastically. Judith had been visited often by a torturing suspicion that Delphine had never regarded her with the same feelings since that afternoon when she had found her in her painting-room, and had told her old Martha Paley's tale. She fancied that Delphine regarded her sometimes with a strangely cold and alien glance, as if she suddenly recollected the mortal blow which Judith's hand had dealt to her happiness, and shivered and feared at the remembrance of it. The idea was almost intolerably painful, and she had never dared to put it into words. Where would have been the use? Delphine could not order her feelings and expression to be exactly that which was most pleasing to others.

Rhoda's cry now, as of old, was for news:

"What's your news, Judith? Surely you have some news?"

"Yes, I have, this time. But I shall not tell it you till I can tell it to mamma as well."

"She is upstairs," observed Delphine, "but I fancy she will come down before long."

They were in the parlor, and while Judith sat down and rested, Delphine remarked :

"Judith, I think you will find mamma looking a good deal changed—I am afraid so. But don't seem to notice it, for there is nothing she dislikes more than for people to make remarks about it."

"Why, do you mean she is ill, or—our failing, or anything?"

"I don't know, I am sure. She is very much changed—I can hardly describe to you in what way."

She had scarcely finished speaking when Mrs. Conisbrough came into the room. Judith could not but agree with her sister's words. Their mother looked haggard, worn, and aged, and all these things had greatly increased upon her since Judith had last seen her.

Judith advanced, and greeted her with tender affection ; but Mrs. Conisbrough received her coldly. It was one of the girl's heaviest trials, and one which, she felt, was not likely to cease while her mother lived.

Judith had been desperate when she had taken that extreme step of speaking to her mother of the wrong she had done ; but she had spoken of it, and as a simple matter of fact Mrs. Conisbrough had never forgiven her for it. They had never been very sympathetic, but that episode had created a breach between them—not very noticeable on the outside, but deep—deep as the respective bases of their own characters.

Judith always felt as if she hardly dared lift her eyes to her mother's face. She always felt as if she were the culprit, and as if she were for ever laboring under the ban of a parent's heavy and merited displeasure. These feelings are settled for us, and arise within us, not at the dictates of reason and justice but in obedience to inherited traditions, whose beginning has its source somewhere in the dim vista of our ancestors' habits, countless generations back ; in obedience, too, to certain instincts in our own individual natures. Such instincts as these it was which made Judith Conisbrough morally cast ashes upon her own head for ever having dared to

speak to her mother of her sin ; which made her feel almost as if that mother were justified in treating her with the distant and ceremonious coldness which she had observed to her ever since the first moments of the silence with which she had received her daughter's words.

Delphine also knew the miserable secret, but it did not appear to have caused the same breach between her and her mother. Mrs. Conisbrough spoke almost genially to her, and called her "my love !" It was three years, Judith reflected, her heart rent with anguish, since that term of endearment, or any like it, had been bestowed upon her. She waited until the evening meal was over, and they were all seated together in the familiar parlor. She had noticed her mother's slight and failing appetite, and how she turned away in distaste from almost everything they tried to tempt her with. Though it was July, there was a small fire, and Mrs. Conisbrough took her place beside it when tea was over. Judith took her position on a stool at her mother's feet, and clasping her hands on her knee, looked up into her face, and said :

"Mother, I have something to tell you."

"Indeed," was the listless reply.

"Yes. You know all about Dr. Wentworth now. You have often heard of him from me, and I am sure you have heard his praises sounded by the Malle-sons."

"Oh yes ! I suppose he is a very great man. I know he seems to have the art of making people slave for him without giving them much remuneration."

"It is not always he who decides what the remuneration shall be. He called upon me yesterday. He wants me to take a month's holiday instead of only a fortnight, and then he wants me to undertake a very serious responsibility."

"Has he any thoughts of paying you for the responsibility ?"

"The payment is in the hands of a committee, and it is very liberal. He wants me to be the matron of the new hospital at Ridgeford, near Irkford."

"You ?" said Mrs. Conisbrough, looking at her curiously, as if she could not take the idea in. "Matron of a hospital—and what did you say ?"

He begged me to go," said Judith, looking into her mother's face with a great longing. "He is to be the head of the council, and really the master of it all, and he promised to be my faithful friend if I undertook it. It is an almost terribly responsible post."

"Ah, indeed! And pray, what did you decide? I should have felt myself too young and inexperienced had I been in your place," said Mrs. Conisbrough almost coldly; while Delphine, with a sudden rush of surprise and sympathy exclaimed:

"Why, Judith, it will be an immense work. It will want a woman of great power in every way—a woman like you, and I am sure I think Dr. Wentworth hit upon the right person when he chose you for it."

"He would not allow me to decline, or to urge any objections," said Judith, turning to Delphine, almost choked with grief at the manner in which her news was received. Was it not the turning-point of her whole life? Did not her mother know well its full significance? And had she nothing warmer, nothing more sympathetic to say to it than this? "I have had great difficulty in believing that I ought to accept it," Judith went on, "but at least I felt that I must at least try, and I accepted."

She turned to her mother again, and said:

"The salary is a good one, mother; it is three hundred a year."

"Dear me! That is certainly an improvement. The walk in life which you have chosen is not one which would have recommended itself to me; but, since you *have* chosen it, I congratulate you on being successful in it."

Judith said no more. She had communicated the news somewhat as one does a disagreeable duty, but she had not expected it to be received thus. When Mrs. Conisbrough retired, which she did early, Delphine went with her to her room, and thus Judith and Rhoda were left alone.

"Why didn't you tell me about mamma?" said the former. "She ought to have a first-rate physician to see her, even if we had to send to London for him. I am perfectly certain she is very seriously out of health. You should not have kept me in the dark, Rhoda."

"It was Delphine, Judith. She said you had care and trouble enough, without having that added to them. Poor Del! She has been longing for you to come. She has had a dismal time of it with mamma."

"Why, has mamma been cross?"

"Dreadful! She can't help it, poor thing. I can often see that it is not because she feels unkind or spiteful, but because she is miserable. Uncle Aglionby has a great deal to answer for, and I hope he *will* have to answer for it. I don't despair of *seeing* him brought to account some time. Meantime it is not very agreeable for us here below. I don't know how Delphine bears it as she does, but mamma has never let her alone about having refused Mr. Danesdale."

"Rhoda!"

"You cannot imagine what I have felt sometimes, when I have had to watch Delphine being literally tortured. Of course I don't pretend to understand the facts of the case, or why Delphine refused Mr. Danesdale, but I do know that she adores him, and that her heart is breaking."

"Oh, Rhoda, it is what I have feared, and what has haunted me again and again, while I have been away. She is one of those who never complain, and *never* get over a thing of that kind. Poor child! But it must not go on. Does she ever see Mr. Danesdale?"

"Oh, at church, sometimes. She never looks at him, but I have seen him look at her with a look I cannot understand. I don't think she has ever spoken to him since that ball you went to. Sir Gabriel has not been well, and they say he is very anxious for Mr. Danesdale to be married, and that he will be soon."

"Ah! To whom? Do they say that too?"

"Some people talk about Miss Bird. They say she has refused no end of men for his sake."

"I don't believe it. She is a sweet little thing, but I don't believe she cares, or ever did care, a straw for Randulf Danesdale. No; depend upon it, if he marries, to oblige his father, it will be a different sort of woman—one who will put as little heart into the affair as he will himself. *Poor fellow!*"

"I know nothing about that. I

know they say he is going to be married, and if he does marry I believe it will kill Delphine. She says he is quite right—she told mamma so. She says he must marry, but it will kill her all the same.”

Judith sat silent, her heart wrung; and Rhoda, who was, for her, exceedingly subdued, did not enlarge upon the situation. Presently Delphine came downstairs, looking, as Judith's eyes, sharpened by pity and fear, observed, almost transparent in her fragility.

The girls talked about their mother, and Judith found her sisters as anxious as herself to have advice. She said she would write to Dr. Wentworth, and ask his advice, and request him to tell them whom they ought to consult.

Later, when Judith and Rhoda again happened to be alone, the latter said :

“Mr. Danesdale has been abroad for ever so long with Mr. Aglionby.”

“Has he?”

“Yes; they are most tremendous friends. People call them Orestes and Pylades. Whenever Mr. Aglionby is at home, Mr. Danesdale is with him, or he is with Mr. Danesdale. But our cousin doesn't spend much of his time at Scar Foot. He's there just now though, and nobody says anything about his getting married. His aunt lives with him and keeps house for him, and some people seem to like him. The Malleasons do. I've seen him there once or twice, and he is fearfully grave and dignified. I can't hate the man, though I should like to.”

Judith was saved from the necessity of a reply, by the entrance of Delphine. She pondered upon all she had heard, and in her mind the situation resolved itself into this—that her mother would not live long. Her eye, now practised in reading the signs of most kinds of disease, beheld the beginning of the end written very plainly in Mrs. Conisbrough's appearance and expression. With her would die her secret and all chance of its becoming known; and for them, in their youth and loneliness, would remain nothing in the world but to work out, as best they could, the sad behest :

“Work, be unhappy, but bear life, my son.”

For herself she could answer. She felt within her strength to meet her fate

and master it. She thought she could answer for Rhoda too. No doubt the struggles would be desperate, the torture keen, before conquest was hers, but it would be hers in the end, she felt sure. But for her best-beloved, to whom she was powerless to give hope on the one hand, or callous indifference on the other, or, yet again, the resolve that rides triumphant over death—what remained for her? She dared not attempt to look forward or to answer the question honestly. She had resolution to face most possibilities, but not the one which carried Delphine out of her life.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

“WAIT TILL YOU HEAR FROM ME.”

It was a little more than a week after Judith Conisbrough's return, a sultry afternoon at the end of July. At Scar Foot all was quiet except the rooks, which wheeled and cawed noisily in the trees. The windows were all open, now that the sun had left the house, after being closed all morning, with the blinds down, to keep the said sun out. In the dining-room the luncheon table was spread, with Aglionby and Mrs. Bryce at the head and foot of it, and Randulf, as guest, at one side.

The meal was just over as Aglionby observed :

“You look tired, aunt. Is it the heat?”

“I suppose so. I think it is going to thunder. I generally know by my nerves when it is, and they prognosticate a storm now.”

“Just like Philippa,” said Randulf, with the air of one who has made an interesting discovery. “She says she always knows when there's going to be a thunderstorm.”

“You don't look too brilliant yourself, Bernard,” observed Mrs. Bryce, laughing. “Does he, Mr. Danesdale?”

“N—no. A bit thundery (like the weather), as usual, when he doesn't get enough of his own way. I should take no notice of him : he'll come round.”

“Who would not, after hearing such soothing comments passed upon his looks and the causes of them?” said Aglionby, who had been looking, as a matter of fact, pale, but darkly handsome, as usual, but across whose gravity

there now flashed a smile, transforming his whole face. He pushed his chair away as he spoke, and opened the door for Mrs. Bryce, saying :

"I really would go and rest, aunt, if I were you ; or you'll be having one of your headaches."

"I think I shall," said Mrs. Bryce, going away.

"Where shall we go?" said Aglionby to his friend, "for I'm at your disposal this afternoon."

"Wherever it's coolest, and wherever it takes least exertion to get to," was the characteristic reply.

"That's my den, then, across the house-place," said Bernard, leading the way.

Randulf flung himself at full length on a settee, and began, with the usual promptitude of action which contrasted so oddly with his drawling speech :

"Can you guess what it is I want to have over with you?"

"I suppose you are really thinking of getting married?"

"Yes, more's the bad luck, I am. I want you to give me some advice as to a suitable lady."

"Me—surely you know best yourself."

"Not I! My father is anything but well, you know, so he wasn't sorry for the excuse to leave town, and I don't think Philippa minded much. She has got a fancy that he is really failing, and I can see that he is just miserable till I decide upon something. He has sacrificed an awful lot for me ; it is right that I should sacrifice something for him, so I told him I was willing to oblige him."

"You told me at the time" (they both seemed to know what this rather vague expression meant) "that he had told you to wait five years if you liked ; but that you should do nothing of the sort."

"Ah ; I fancied my powers of getting over troubles were greater than they turn out to be. To make a clean breast of it, I care for that girl as much to-day as I did the day she refused me—ay, and ten times more. I never shall care for another girl. My father says I talk cynically. Philippa, poor lass ! turns her eyes toward heaven, and says she wonders how I *can*"—he laughed. "She knows nothing about it. I am going to

do it, but I'll never utter one word of pretence in the whole matter ; I won't have 'love' so much as mentioned. Therefore, my dear fellow, think of money, beauty, rank, cleverness, discretion, dignity, suitability, as much as you please ; but for God's sake don't ask me to marry any girl whom I should have pretend to care for, or who would pretend to care for me."

"You talk as if I could lay my finger on the proper person at a moment's notice."

"So you can, if you choose."

"It's plain to see, from that, that you know perfectly well who is to be the victim of your despair, or the accomplice of your heartless project—which-ever you like to call it. You mean Miss Askam, I suppose?"

"Well, she is well known to be the most heartless, ambitious, worldly, self-seeking little monkey in the North Riding."

"So I believe."

"I thought of her instantly. But I had a scruple."

"What was that?"

"Some one told me that you admired her."

"I? Good Lord ! Set your mind at rest, I beg ; and if my services can be of the least help to you in the matter, command them. But I would like to give you a word of advice."

"Well."

"You would do better to look for some one else. I know that Dorothy Askam appears to be exactly what you have said. I don't believe she knows she has got a heart, but I also believe that if you made love to her, she would find it out, and that very soon."

"Then she won't do. I must have some one to whom I shall not have to pretend even to make love. Make love!" he added, bitterly. "Make *love*! after seeing *her* last Sunday, and her drooping looks ! I know this—I must not see her again if I can help before it's all over or I shall funk it at the very last. It's hideous—hideous ! I've often heard of girls selling themselves, and seen them do it, too, with smiling faces, and take any amount of spooning from fellows whom they may almost loathe ; but I never knew what it must feel like till now."

"Poor innocent victim! Poor unsheltered lamb!" was the soothing reply.

"Ah, your sympathy was always of the robust kind," grumbled Randulf. "A stroke on the back with one hand, and a cut of the whip from the other."

"If you drop the whip for long in commiserating either your friend's grief or your own, you find yourself wreathed with weeping willow before long, and blown out with sentimental sighs," retorted Aglionby.

"Well, will you think it over, and let me have the result of your meditations?"

"I will."

"Do you ever hear anything of Miss Vane 'that was,' as they say, now?"

"I have seen her more than once since her marriage, and her husband says that sometimes she tells him what prospects she gave up for his sake. I go over and see them when I want to be reminded that once upon a time I was made a great fool of, all the time that I thought myself a person of the greatest penetration."

A pause ensued, which was broken by the entrance of a servant with a note for Aglionby.

"The messenger is waiting for an answer, sir."

He read it through—it was very short—got up, and without making the slightest observation, scribbled off an answer as short as the note, gave it to the servant, and said:

"Tell William I want Egyptian—he must saddle him at once."

"Are you mad?" murmured Randulf.

"To ride—on an afternoon like this."

"It's a summons," said Aglionby, "which may mean a great deal, or perhaps nothing at all. Hark to me, Randulf. Establish yourself here for the night. I can't tell when I may return, but it will be some time to-night, and I may have news for you."

"News—about what?"

"Don't press me! It is but a chance. But stay—to oblige me, old fellow. And, for heaven's sake, don't write and propose to Miss Askam, or Miss Anyone, while I am out."

Randulf shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, to please you. And what am I to say to Mrs. Bryce?"

"That I was called off on business, and will be back to-night."

When Egyptian was announced as being ready, Randulf Danesdale, despite the heat, followed his friend into the yard, and stood bareheaded while he mounted, followed him to the gate, and leaned upon it long, watching while Aglionby rode out in the blazing sun, along the road to Yoresett.

"Perhaps the riddle is going to be solved at last," he said to himself, as he returned to the house.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CONFESSION, OR EXPLANATION.

AGLIONBY rode swiftly under the scorching sun, along the high, wild road to Yoresett. He went up the village street, and dismounted at the inn, where it was customary for the visitors of all degrees to leave their horses while they transacted their business in the town, and then he walked down the street again to Yoresett House, pulled the bell, and asked to see Mrs. Conisbrough.

The servant seemed to understand that he was expected, for she said, "Yes, sir," with some alacrity, and admitted him at once, ushering him into the parlor at the left hand of the hall—the one room of that house which he had ever been in. The light in it was somewhat dim after the blaze of sunshine outside, for the blinds were half-down, and Bernard, as he entered and looked around him, appeared very tall and pale, and rather gaunt, as he had grown to look of late. He had deluded himself lately into the idea that he was "getting over" his disappointment about Judith, and that he was becoming reconciled to the position to which she had relegated him; but he was mistaken, as this afternoon and its occurrences had made him feel. The mere knowledge that Judith was at home, that he might meet and see her, had excited him; he could have echoed, with regard to her, all that Randulf had said about Delphine. Then Mrs. Conisbrough's note coming had made the emotion deeper, and, as it were, given a significance to their conversation.

He found Mrs. Conisbrough alone, and he was shocked to see what an invalid, what a wreck she had become. She leaned back in her chair, with a

white fleecy shawl round her shoulders, and close beside a small fire, even on this fiery July afternoon. Her cheeks were wasted; her eyes were hollow. He had not Judith's practical experience to go upon, but he instinctively felt that he was in the presence of one whose feet were hastening to her grave; whose spirit must soon say farewell to this life, to its griefs and joys, and hopes and fears. She looked at him long and steadily, and in silence. There was an expression upon her face which he did not quite understand—a look of coldness, of something like defiance. He laid down his hat, bent over her, and said:

"You sent for me, Mrs. Conisbrough."

"Yes. I happen to be quite alone to-day, and as I felt a little stronger and wished to speak to you, I sent for you. I hope I have not inconvenienced you."

"Your summons would have been obeyed at whatever inconvenience, but, as it happens, it caused me none at all."

"Pray be seated, Mr. Aglionby. We have not seen much of you since my uncle's death. It is long since I even saw you. I have been a great invalid of late, and have not left my house for many months."

"I heard you had been in ill-health, and was sorry to learn it. I hope there is no cause for any real uneasiness."

"Not uneasiness," she replied with a peculiar smile, which chilled him, he knew not why. "Oh, no! I have nothing—it is long since I had anything left to be uneasy about. My daughters were uneasy, and last Sunday Judith's great friend Dr. Wentworth of Irksford came to see me."

"Yes."

"They did not tell me that he had come just for that: and they imagine that I did not know it. He professed to be staying at the Mallesons', and to have called casually to see Judith on some business; and then he pretended to think me looking ill, and offered to examine my heart. They think I did not guess it all, and I have not deceived them. He tired me dreadfully with his stethoscopes and instruments and poking about. I had no breath left in me when he had done. Such things are very trying in a heart-complaint."

"They must be, indeed," he said gravely. "I hope—"

"Oh, he told them what I could have told him without all that fuss—that I have not long to live. I have known that for some time now, but they don't tell me, for fear of upsetting me."

"It is a most natural feeling. And perhaps, after all—"

"Oh no!" She smiled in the same chill and weary manner. "My days are numbered. I am going to die. Death has come to my bedside day and night, as I lay awake, and has taken my hand, and said to me, 'Very soon I shall come and bid you arise, and then you will have to get up and follow me, willing or unwilling.' As it happens, I am willing—very willing. And knowing that—I have sent for you."

Aglionby was dumb; and made no answer to her. She spoke with perfect calmness, but he realized the entire and unvarnished truth of all she said. There is no mistaking the mien of those who have, as she had, held daily communion with death, and got to look upon him as a friend; to wait for his final coming with eagerness, and who have but one thing to reproach him with—that of not fulfilling his warnings with greater promptitude.

"I have something to say to you," she went on presently. "For a wonder the girls are all out. They are spending a long day with the Mallesons at Kumer in Swaledale. Mr. Malleson is taking the clergyman's duty there."

"Yes, I have been to see them once or twice since they went."

"They will not be back till quite late, as Mr. Malleson is going to drive them over. So I was free to carry out my purpose. I want to explain to you how it was that your grandfather left all his money to you instead of to me and my girls. You must have wondered about it many times, have you not?"

"Naturally. And perhaps you on your part have thought me grasping and hard, to—"

"No. I did once think so, and expressed an opinion of the kind, but Judith explained. She told me it was not your fault, but hers. She would not allow you to act differently."

"She would not allow me to speak to you, and I obeyed her."

"Yes, I know. It is the fashion now to make all your confidences to strangers, and to obey any one rather than your parents. And yet, had you come to me, I could have explained it all, as no one else can. In order to make you understand, I shall have to go back a long way, but I will be as quick as I can about it. I was left an orphan very early, and almost penniless too. I was brought up by my uncle at Scar Foot, with my cousin Ralph, your father. If my uncle had had a daughter, he would have expected blind obedience from her; so you may imagine what he exacted from me, a niece, and his dependent. He did not mean to be unkind, but no power on earth would ever have convinced him that he did not know people's wants, and wishes too, far better than they did themselves.

"As a rule I managed to get on with him, but I was an Aglionby as well as he—his sister's child—and I had some of the Aglionby spirit in me. There were times when I revolted in secret, but I was afraid of him—I always have been afraid of brute force; what they call the superiority of sex.

"Sometimes I succeeded in gaining my own ends in opposition to his, but if I did it was by means of subterfuge. I am not going to apologize for that, and I do not feel in the least ashamed of it. I read the other day that that 'superiority of sex' argument must always be unanswerable in the hands of a coalheaver. Quite true; and the man who chooses to treat a woman to arguments of the coalheaver kind, transformed from the physical to the moral side, that man deserves to be cheated, and he may expect to be cheated. I cheated my uncle many a time, in order to obtain things which a generous-minded man would never have needed asking for. I am glad that I did it," she added slowly, and with cold and concentrated bitterness, while Aglionby sat silent, astounded, and almost aghast at the psychological problem that was gradually being laid bare to him. "I just explain this to you to show that with me to deceive him when he oppressed me beyond bounds with his tyranny, had grown into a habit, which I first excused to myself, then justified, and presently realized that it required

no justification—it was right. I cheated him as a matter of course when I should have behaved with transparent honesty to any one else.

"Ralph was better able to get his own way openly, but he had recourse to subterfuge many and many a time. Often and often have we combined to circumvent the plans of his father, when they were odious to us. We were very good friends, Ralph and I—brother and sister, you understand; but I cared more for him than he did for me, till the wretched day came on which my uncle took it into his head that we should be married.

"No sooner said that done," was his motto. He told Ralph privately what he desired, and bade him propose to me. Ralph did not want me, and said so openly—which I did not know till later. It was the first time he had boldly opposed his father, and when he saw the storm of wrath that ensued, he said, by way of excuse, that he was sure I did not wish it either, and that I would not have him if he asked me.

"Now, mark, when he wanted his own way, my uncle could flatter and dissimulate. It was not that he had thought we cared for each other, or that we had struck him as being exceedingly well suited to one another. He wished it, and it should be. He came to me, and said he had reason to think Ralph cared for me—would I marry him if he wished it? And then he painted the future—how he would provide for us, how one day Scar Foot was to be ours, and so on.

"Ralph was agreeable to me; I was tired to death of being treated as a child without will, or an idiot without reason. I foresaw freedom and independence, and an indulgent young husband instead of a tyrannical old uncle. I said yes, I would consent. This news was communicated to Ralph, who, for all answer said that he had given way in many things, but that, as to choosing a wife, he could do that for himself, and that he was not going to marry a woman whom he looked upon as his sister, especially when she did not care two straws for him, nor he for her.

"That answer touched my vanity. I never forgave Ralph for saying it. I was furious at having seemed willing to

marry him, even though I had been told he wished me to do so, and I hated my uncle, for having put me into such a position, with a hatred I cannot describe. To gratify his own imbecile self-will and love of power, I was to be made cheap—to profess myself willing to be forced in marriage upon a man who would not have me.

"Still my uncle would not give up his scheme. He threw us together; his favorite plan was to send us out for walks in the summer evenings. I remember it well—we used to go, one on one side of the lane, and the other on the other; he used to switch off the tops of the flowers and weeds with his cane, and I used to pout, and pluck the grasses, and pull the seeds off, saying, 'This year, next year—sometime never.' That was to see when I should be married—not to Ralph.

"We became the talk of the neighborhood, of course. People laughed at us. My uncle raged; my cousin was sullenly obstinate, as weak characters are when they get a fixed idea into their heads. I was miserable and furious, and we were all three unspeakably ridiculous.

"At last an opportunity came, which even my uncle hailed with delight, of sending Ralph away for a few months.

"There was some business in London to be attended to. All would have been well if Ralph had been allowed to go in peace; but his father, with his usual insane spirit of self-assertion, told him, threateningly, that he expected him to come to his senses while he was away, and to return home prepared to obey. It was just a threat—bravado—meant to show that he was the master which he was not, with all his blustering. Ralph chose to take it in earnest. In London he met Bernarda Long, and the next thing we knew was, that he had married her. He simply sent the news to his father, leaving him to receive it as he chose. I conjectured that your mother's high and resolute character had for the moment inspired him, and rendered him regardless of consequences. He suffered for marrying her, but I think he did well to marry her, and I do not believe he ever really repented having done so.

"I need not go into the details of my

uncle's rage when he heard the news. You have heard about it; how he vowed to disinherit Ralph, and said he would never own him. He took possession of me in a savage kind of way—not because he really loved me much, or desired to benefit me, but to make me the instrument of his revenge on Ralph. He made my life a burden to me. Men are brutes—that is all I know about them. I had to bear the brunt of his displeasure; I had to listen to all his useless railings and ravings. I hated the Aglionbys', father and son, and nothing will ever make me see that I had done anything to deserve my lot at that time. Two selfish, headstrong men, who when they could not subdue one another, poured the vials of their wrath upon a poor woman over whom they have fallen out, and who would have asked nothing better than never to see them or hear of them again.

"My uncle made a will in my favor, and told me he had done so, and never lost any opportunity of impressing upon me that he had done it out of no superfluous goodwill to me, but out of hatred to Ralph. That was soothing to my feelings, as you may suppose. I got to look forward to his death, and to the distant future, as to the time of my release and my salvation, and to the possession of the money, as my just indemnification for what I had gone through; and I see it still in that light.

"I did not marry immediately after Ralph. I lived at Scar Foot for two long years after that, and went through trouble and humiliation enough, I can tell you. It hardened me. Two years after Ralph's marriage I married Mr. Conisbrough, who was the incumbent of this place, which you know is in the parish of Stanniforth. When you were six years old, your father died. My first child died an infant. Judith, when Ralph died, was a little infant. When the news of your father's death came, it struck my uncle to the ground; but he was not tamed even then. He knew, though, that he had done wrong—he had always known it. The news of his son's death came like a revelation to him, I suppose. He thought about it, and remembered you. He imagined that if he could get you into his hands he could mould you to his will, and then,

after all, an Aglionby, flesh of his flesh, and all that, would have Scar Foot. No sooner planned than he set about executing his scheme. I was nothing; I was a woman. I had been his dependent; he had always felt that he might dispose of me much as if I had been a bale of goods. He had made a will in my favor and in favor of my children; but what did that matter? A will can always be altered while a man is in his right mind, and while he is able to hold a pen and sign his name. His will should be altered. And with the delicate consideration which had always distinguished his treatment of me, I was the fortunate person whom he selected to be the instrument of his purpose. I had the honor of being ordered to go to Irkford, where Ralph had settled, and where your mother and you were then living. He would have gone himself, but he hated your mother so that he would hold no personal interview with her, and it never occurred to him that Marion could resent; that Marion could question his will; she would go and invite another woman to practically step into her place; she would go and use every effort to secure to the child of the man who had scorned her—for Ralph did scorn me—all the advantages which had been promised to her, and which had been earned hardly enough, in all conscience, if they had been ten times as great.

"What a fool he was! What a great, selfish, blundering fool! Men *are* fools. The great mystery to me is how they, with their consummate stupidity, have yet managed to gain the mastery over us. Brute force again, I suppose, is the only answer to the question. I went to Irkford. I had to take my nurse and baby with me, of course. My commission was to tell your mother that your grandfather was wishful to provide for you as if nothing had ever happened, and, finally, to leave you his estate and property, as he would have done in the natural course of things. The conditions attached to this proposal were, that you were to live with your grandfather eleven months in the year, and one with your mother, and that no direct communication was to pass between your mother and your grandfather. On these conditions she also was to be

suitably provided for, and was to be free as air to follow her own course in the future—even to marry again, if she chose to do so.

"You perceive that this proposal was susceptible of being made either openly insulting, or, at any rate, fair and politic, just according to the way in which the messenger delivered it. I was in no mood to make it smooth, or to deliver it pleasantly. When I saw your mother, also, I am bound to say that she received me with a coldness and a haughtiness which were by no means conciliating. Smarting under my wrongs and insults, and indignant at her reception of me, I felt a savage pleasure in delivering the message as rudely and abruptly as possible. I did not for a moment suppose she would refuse my overtures. I told her that Mr. Aglionby, of Scar Foot, wished to have the guardianship of his grandchild, and that he was willing to provide for him on condition that the mother contented herself with seeing him one month in each year, and that she never, under any pretext, sought a personal interview with Mr. Aglionby, or wrote a direct letter to him. All this I told her as if it were a matter of the profoundest indifference to me what course she took, or what became of her and the child.

"You will please understand that I was faithful to the letter of my instructions. I said exactly what my uncle had said, but I said it in a certain way. The effect of it surprised me. Your mother rose up and almost ordered me from her house.

"'Tell him,' she said, 'that I would rather beg my bread and my child's bread through the streets, than hand him into the power of a man who can behave as he has done. He ruined his own son; he shall not ruin mine; nor shall he insult me with impunity. And you,' she added, 'how could you, a woman, a mother with a baby at her breast, come and offer such terms to another mother, one who is widowed; one who has *nothing* but her child to make this life worth a moment's purchase to her?'

"I shrugged my shoulders—how was it likely that she could understand? I took her answer; I came away; I left Irkford. I was not sorry that she had

answered me as she had done ; it would be a blow to my uncle ; it would humble his pride. They would both have to humble themselves—the proud man and the proud woman too if they were ever to come to anything like an understanding. I had been staying at Scar Foot, when I had been sent to Irkford. I returned straight there.

"Your mother had said to me that she was not so utterly destitute as I seemed to imagine ; that she yet possessed a relation or two, who, even if she died, would not let her child starve. I told this to your grandfather ; I said her relations would provide for you rather than that you should get into his hands, and I was happy in saying it."

(Here Mrs. Conisbrough related the scene which had taken place on her return to Scar Foot, and her narrative agreed in every particular with that given by old Martha to Judith, except that she omitted to mention her own excessive agitation at the time.)

"At times, after that," she went on, "I used to amuse myself by thinking that I, if I chose, could bring about a reconciliation—I alone. But I am not so sure now that I should have been able to do so, had I tried. Then my own troubles began, and I gave over thinking of you and your mother.

"Soon after Rhoda's birth, my husband died, and with him, of course the greater part of my means of subsistence. I was more in the power of my uncle than ever, and that fact hardened me as nothing else could have done. Sordid, grinding poverty oppressed me, forced self-interest ruthlessly to the front, and induced me to keep silence.

"All went well—what I called well—for twenty-two years. Just fancy what a length of time in which to live as I did ! But you cannot understand it—men never can understand women's lives and women's trials—it would be as absurd to ask the sea to understand a stagnant pond. Then my uncle went to Irkford, three years ago—simply on a matter of amusement—to attend a political meeting in a town he had once known, and took my daughter Judith with him, 'for a change,' he said. She had always been his favorite—so far as he had a favorite.

"The day after his return, he came

here, and told me that he had seen you, and how deceived he must have been about those relations of your mother's. I knew that my day was over—I do not say I knew I was found out—for I do not see that there was anything to be found out. I had told no lies ; I had kept to the letter of my message. But my day was over, of course. It was my ill-luck. I have been an unlucky woman all my life. He sent for Mr. Whaley that night, and made the will which left everything to you. As to the rest, you know it all."

She stopped.

Aglionby, his elbows on the table, his chin in his hands, was intently staring at her, honestly but vainly endeavoring to put himself in her place. He did not speak, and by-and-by she went on :

"Different reasons make me wish to tell you this. Not that I am afraid of anything that you can do to me. Do not suppose it for a moment ! Partly, I wish you to understand that it was not out of any sudden affection for you that your grandfather altered his will—it was because I had been too true to him, and he wished to be revenged upon me. He was true to his character to the last : 'the ruling passion strong in death' was exemplified in him, if ever it was in any one.

"When you leaned over the table that day at Scar Foot, and looked at me, you were so strangely like your mother, and your father, and even your grandfather, that I was frightened ; it was as if I had seen three ghosts at once—spectres that I hated, all of them. I could not bear it.

"Next, there is one person who in life believed in me, and was good to me—good as a kind angel. If he had stayed with me, I should have been a better woman ; I should have confessed my wrong, and he would have forgiven me. It is he alone whom I am afraid to meet. That one is my husband.

"I fear neither my uncle nor my cousin, nor my cousin's wife. They made me what I was. But I fear lest my husband should turn away from me. You must know that he was the purest and best and gentlest man that ever lived—he was like Delphine, only a man. I am in hopes that his spirit hears me now, and that when I die it is he who

will be sent to lead me into the next life—whatever that may be. Therefore, because I feel that he would approve of it, I say, will you forgive me? I shall soon be out of the way. Perhaps that may make it easier to you."

"But your daughters—do you not see that it is they whom you have injured irreparably?" he said almost breathlessly.

"My daughters," said Mrs. Conisbrough, her face hardening, "have behaved unnaturally. They condemned me unheard—at least Judith did; and Delphine believes in Judith as if she were God—so she condemns me too. They do not know what you know now, yet they condemned me. That is all I have to say about them. I was born to be wretched, and most faithfully has my destiny been carried out."

Aglionby started up, and began to pace about the room, distracted how to answer her. He wanted, with the instinct of a reasoning animal, to account for her conduct; to assign some central motive—some ruling idea as the origin and motive-power of her actions during her life. He could find none. He had yet to learn that Mrs. Conisbrough, like many another woman and man who sins, sinned very greatly in consequence of having no ruling motive in her life. That "commanding voice, which it is our truest life to hear and to obey," had been absent with her; as it is with millions of her fellow-creatures, Christians and sceptics alike.

Ruling motives are not so common as the romance-writer in general would have us believe. It would be much easier correctly to portray human nature, and what the author of "Caleb Williams" calls "things as they are," if they were. A man or woman with a ruling motive, a supreme passion regulating all his actions, is a fine conception. Provide the ruling motive; let it be good or bad, according as the romance-writer feels well and cheerful, or bilious and gloomy; only make quite sure that all else is well-subordinated to it, and hey, presto! your character is bare before you, as plain to read as the roads and mountains in an ordnance map, and you have nothing to do but take a clean sheet of paper, and a new pen, so that your flow of language be not

interrupted by scratches and splutterings, and write it down. A pleasing idea for lessening the toils of the scribbler, but unfortunately one which is simply useless to the artist; since chaos oftener than order rules the majority of commonplace lives, anarchy, not law, is God. A high emotion here, a low one there, predominates; now the soul draws us upward; now the senses drag us downward—it is one long game of pull devil, pull baker, between the higher and the lower nature; sometimes the one has it, sometimes the other; seldom does either hold undisputed sway for long. The "ruling idea" retires discreetly into the background, and places itself modestly upon the golden throne which many generations of enthusiastic but deluded story-tellers have combined to erect for it. The "ruling motive" is, so far as the millions are concerned, a beautiful figment of the imagination; perhaps, in the case of some scores, or more probably tens, it may become a reality, to be embraced and obeyed.

Aglionby, with the ingenuousness of youth, for he was young, and he was ingenuous, as surely all his actions heretofore must have proved—Aglionby, then, had a vague, youthful belief in the "ruling motive" hypothesis. The flat contradiction given by Mrs. Conisbrough to his preconceived notions staggered him. We often are staggered when we are confronted in others by the results of principles of which we are ourselves living illustrations.

"Well," she suddenly broke in upon him, "you have come off the victor, as I might have known you would, you being a man, and I a woman. It is always the way. Since you have conquered, surely you can manage to forgive."

He stopped abruptly before her.

"No, I cannot," he said curtly. "At least, not yet. I must first know something which *you* cannot tell me, however much you desired to do so. You must excuse me a short time. I have heard you; you seem only able to see things from one point of view; but you must allow me to see them from one or two others. I trust I may be able to extend my hand to you this very night, and say, 'Let us forgive and forget.' I hope so. But there *is* a contingency—if it occurs,

I cannot—no, by heaven, I cannot and will not forgive you !”

The answer was not what she had expected. The idea that perhaps this forgiveness which she had, as it were, rather demanded than begged, might be refused after all, startled and alarmed her.

“ Oh, you must, you must,” she exclaimed, in agitation. “ You must not let me die unforgiven. If I did wrong for it, see how I have suffered—every day, every hour of my life has been a privation, a disappointment, a mortification.”

“ That may be,” he said coldly. “ But until I am satisfied on one point, I cannot promise forgiveness. I am human—I am flesh and blood, and not made of wood, or cast-iron. I never even pretended to think any man ought to offer his right cheek to him that has smitten his left. You shall know to-night—before the sun sets, I hope. There are others whom you have wronged even more than you have wronged me ; and it is to them I must first appeal. But you shall know before to-day is out.”

He picked up his hat, walked out of the room, and left her.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ON YORESETT MOOR.

JUDITH had gone unwillingly with her sisters to the Malleasons' temporary home in Swaledale. They had driven there. It was only some four miles distant from Yoresett, but the road was a mountain-pass, going first sheer up, and then sheer down a steep hill, with glorious views of moor and mountain on every side. The Malleasons made much of the girls, and were heartily delighted to see them. Delphine and Rhoda were pleased and touched by this kindness ; so, too, was Judith, but she could not shake off the weight which oppressed her spirits. The cause of her unhappiness was not far to seek. It was the wretched breach between herself and her mother which took the pleasure from her life at this time. That breach had only grown deeper during the week she had been at home, certainly not from any wish of Judith's. But all her submissiveness, all her eager wish to please, only

seemed to irritate Mrs. Conisbrough further and further against her daughter. She had parted from her with marked coldness that morning, and the remembrance of her alien glance, and of the hard and unfriendly ring of her voice, lay like a leaden weight at Judith's heart.

All morning the sense of unhappiness had been growing, until the idea suddenly darted into her mind that her mother was alone this afternoon. What if she were to return home, and taking advantage of this solitude, were to plead for forgiveness—though for what fault she could not have told—were to assure her mother of her deep and unchanging love for her, and beg her no longer to be so cold and severe with her ?

The desire to act upon this impulse became stronger and stronger, until at last, as she and Mr. Malleeson, to whom she had been talking about Dr. Wentworth, sat alone upon a garden-bench when lunch was over, and while her sisters and Mrs. Malleeson were equipping the children for a donkey-ride to a well-known waterfall, where they were to have a gipsy-tea, she suddenly said :

“ Mr. Malleeson, will you do me a favor ?”

“ With pleasure, if I can.”

“ Let me go home now, and if the others seem surprised, say I did not like to leave mamma alone all day, but that they are not on any account to follow me—will you ?”

“ But, my dear Miss Conisbrough, the heat, the long walk over the hill—”

“ I am as strong as ever I was. Listen, Mr. Malleeson. I have offended my mother ; I want to make my peace with her. I must have behaved wrongly in some way—been too proud or too stiff, or something. She will forgive me, I am sure, if I beg her to do so. She is alone, and I shall have the better chance.”

“ In that case, go, by all means, and take my best wishes with you. I will explain what is necessary to the others.”

“ Thank you—thank you,” said she, shaking his hand, and adding, with a rather feeble smile, “ I will come to see you and Paulina again before I return to Irkford. You may depend upon me.”

With which, picking up her sunshade, she left him, and set her face towards the hill, in the direction of Danesdale. Her heart was beating with one of those

sudden terrors which assail us sometimes, without much cause, perhaps, but none the less potently on that account.

Dr. Wentworth had said her mother was not likely to die at once, or even very suddenly; but, he had added, she might do so; there was always the possibility of such a thing.

Judith wondered almost wildly why they had consented all to leave her. Who knew what might happen during their absence? It was just at such times that things—by which she meant calamities—so often did happen. And at any rate she must make an effort to put an end to this unnatural hostility between herself and her mother. If the latter were to die without having forgiven her?—her heart came to her throat at the mere idea of it.

It had been nearly four when she left the Mallesons' house. The climb to the top of the ridge from Swaledale was a steep one. Then came a rough but more level road, where the moors spread around far and wide, and then the path quickly descended again into Danesdale, and being directly above the town, was known thereabouts as Yoresett Moor, or Common.

She met not a soul as she went up the hill—slowly, in spite of her heart's eagerness; she met not a soul, and she heard scarce a sound, save the melancholy call of the curlew, or the full-throated song of a lark. The shooting season had not begun, so that not even the crack of a sportsman's gun disturbed the quietness. It was almost awfully grand and beautiful to see the sweeping wastes of purple moor—to mark one huge hill-top after another raise itself into the blue ether, each like a great incorporate hymn of praise to That which had planned them "or ever the world began."

Judith was not a lover of towns, and it was therefore natural to her mind to institute a comparison—to think how miserable, beside this vast and imposing stillness and calm of eternal nature, appeared the clatter and rattle and bustle of little, fussy, noisy man, with his railways and his commerce, clamoring for his rights, and cheating his fellows, inspired apparently with the ardent desire to resemble a pike as nearly as possible,

and to find the rest of his race convenient gudgeons.

It all came home to Judith, whose love for *this* rather than for *that* was innate and hereditary, but it made less impression upon her than usual, because of the fever of her heart and the preoccupation of her mind.

She at last arrived almost at the top of the steep ascent. Here the view on either side was interrupted by high crags of gray limestone rock, rent and torn and tossed, while the herbage could scarce find a place amid the chaos of huge stones and boulders which lay up and down, like the balls with which giants or demons had been playing some Titanic game. By looking back she could see down into dark Swaledale, from which she had ascended. Many hundreds of feet it lay below her, and looked like a narrow little passage enough, walled in by big black fells, some of the "greate hilles where they dygge leade," spoken of by the chronicler, while the "right noble ryuer, the Swale," forced its way boisterously through it. This prospect was to the left. To the right there was so abrupt a turn in the road that only a few yards of it were to be seen, and then the crags of limestone shut it in. Just here was the green and mossy source of a little dancing rivulet, which came trickling out of the rock with a murmur of endless, low-voiced contentment, at having come safely from the dark womb that bore it, and being free to run into the gay sunshine and over the broad moors. It was at this point that Judith perforce sat down to rest a few moments before taking her way down the hill to Yoresett, a descent of two full miles, which was almost more fatiguing than the ascent. The great boulders strewed about offered an abundance of resting-places. She seated herself upon one of them, fixed her eyes upon the little murmuring rill, and waited awhile. The sun had gone behind one of the crags; a fresh, delicate breeze played upon her face; she was literally enjoying the shelter of "a great rock in a weary land."

The rocks were so immense, and the bend in the road to the right so sharp, that she neither saw nor heard anything until she suddenly became conscious that a rider was pulling up his horse at her

very side. She looked up and half rose with a smothered cry, as she saw Bernard Aglionby.

"Ha, Judith! This is greater luck than I expected," said he dismounting, and without further ado throwing the bridle over a tall stone pillar which stood hard by. He came to her side, and said abruptly: "I heard that you and your sisters were with the Mallesons to-day, and I was on my way there."

"Indeed!"

"But it was you whom I wanted to see," he added; and there was a strangely breathless and excited look about him which excited her also, and made her wonder, with a vague alarm, what was coming.

He seated himself beside her, but he had not asked her how she did, nor offered to shake hands with her.

"So you are at home for your holiday?"

"Yes."

"Do they loose your chain for long? How soon have you to be back in prison?"

"I have a month's holiday."

"Marvellous! And then, back you must go, to nurse a lot of sick men and women, whether you like it or not?"

"I am not going to nurse any more myself. I am going to be a matron, and look after the nurses," she said, essaying a feeble jest.

"Matron!" echoed he, laughing sarcastically. "And going back, are you? I suppose that doctor counts upon you much as we count upon sunrise following sunset?"

"He certainly expects me back."

"You *have* been nursing sick people, though, for three years, have you not?"

"Yes, I have."

"And you delight in it, I suppose?"

"No; I do not."

"You are wretched in it, then?"

"Oh, no! You are quite mistaken."

"Humph! Neither happy nor miserable. That's an odd state of things. At any rate, you are glad to be at home, and you are happy there."

"It is just there that I am not happy. If I were, I should not need to go away."

"An admission at last! And why are you not happy at home?"

"That is my affair," she replied concisely.

"And mine."

The answer followed quick as the peal of thunder on the flash of lightning. She scarcely had time to look at him, startled, when he said:

"I know why you are unhappy. Because, twenty-five years ago, your mother told a lie, or acted one, which comes to the same thing, and you have committed the crime of finding her out."

"Ah—h!" she exclaimed, with a kind of long sigh, as if some great strain or terrible suspense had come to an end; and then, as though remembering herself, she added quickly: "I don't know what you mean."

"Oh yes, you do," replied Aglionby, smiling, and the accent of his voice belied the accusation contained in his words; he brought the impeachment against her, which he had been conning over a hundred times during his ride up the hill. "You know well what I mean. You discovered this wrong that had been done; you found that you and yours had just escaped profiting by it. The narrowness of the escape made you hard and uncompromising. You told me that the justice I wished to do you would *scorch* you—yes, benefits from my hand were to scorch you; I have not forgotten, you see. The word scorched me, I assure you. And you found my weak points—you found you could twist and turn me to your will; so, instead of trusting me, instead of giving me one moment's credit for a grain of generosity or manly feeling, you tortured me, and banished me, and befooled me, and held me at arm's length, and devoted yourself to a martyrdom to expiate the sin. And, above all, you were determined that I should never know it—oh, never! Hard, pitiless wretch that I was, you would never give me the chance of using the blessed privilege of forgiveness. What do you say? I do not hear you."

His voice had sunk to a whisper as he bent nearer to her, and thought he distinguished something like:

"You did not believe in forgiveness."

"Nor you either, it appears," he said tenderly, though he went on with his accusations. "You used your power over me—for you had unbounded power over me—from the time you became my

kinswoman and my guest ; and I believe you knew it ; you used that power to keep me away from your mother, who could have explained. Ah ! she has a tale to tell. I was to suffer, and you were to suffer ; Randolph Danesdale, and your sister—you did not mind how many of us suffered—”

“ Did not *mind*—oh ! ”

“ We were all to suffer, and I was to remain ignorant. Your plans were well laid, but they were not quite flawless : they have been frustrated, for Mrs. Conisbrough sent for me this afternoon, and told me all about it. She wished to vindicate herself, and to humble me.”

Her face had sunk into her hands, but he could see between her fingers the scarlet flame that covered it. To his last words she made no reply. She gave no sign. Was it shame, or joy, or terror, that overcame her ? He bent over towards her, and said softly :

“ Judith ! ”

She only turned aside in silence, and he said :

“ All this you have inflicted upon me, and I love you the better for it. It shows me that you thought much of me, or you would not have taken the trouble to do it. I love you the better for it, I say—and I love the pride, and the purity, and the simplicity that dictated your course—and the high-mindedness that carried you through it all—and I shall love them the better when my love has tamed their savageness, for there is something of the savage in the way in which you have treated me—is there not ? But not enough of it to repulse me *now*. Your mother asked for my forgiveness, and I, before I could give it to her, had to see you.”

He took her hands gently from before her face, and looked into it feeling as if he had never known what rejoicing was before—looked into it with eyes which claimed as his own every scorching blush, and all the anguish of fear and shame and delight which struggled there.

“ You have suffered,” he said. “ It has been my fate to see your wretchedness. It is you who can forgive. What do you say ? ”

“ Do not ask me. I—it is not I. It is you who have been wronged. It is between you and her.”

“ It is between you and me,” he re-

plied emphatically. “ From the time I came to Scar Foot, it has been between you and me. Think of the last three years, and tell me, if you dare, that it is not between you and me. Three such years ! But I believe this is worth it, after all. If you had wanted to make the possession of you even more precious than it must in any case have been, you could not have succeeded better. It needs a man to win you—I have found that out long ago—a very man ; but, you may believe me, he sits beside you, and holds your hands at this moment.”

He paused an instant, looking at her, and she gave him a glance which made his heart beat more wildly, so exquisite was it to him in its trembling mixture of pride, love, and supplication. He stepped forward, and kissed her parted lips. “ So it was for that, for *that*, that you have mistrusted me, and tortured me ” he said, with almost angry tenderness ; “ oh, I hope and trust you have tortured yourself as well, you ‘ most delicate fiend,’ or all my sufferings will have gone for nothing, and I must have my revenge.”

There was triumph in his tenderness, and she tried in vain to release a hand, to hide her face, to shelter her grief and her rapture somewhere—for it was rapture she experienced at his imperious wooing, and not distrust ; she knew the love of which it was the almost uncouth expression, and she knew too that he was right : the man to win her was himself, and no other.

“ You cannot escape, my well-beloved cousin,” he said, “ till you have answered my question. Tell me—am I to go home with you to your mother, and thank her as well as forgive her ? or am I to ride back to Scar Foot, unreconciled still ? You only can decide.”

“ You mean—you will do—as I wish ? ” she stammered.

“ On one condition.”

She was silent.

“ Of course you know what it is,” he went on, with the same little smile of triumph which he could not quite repress. “ Three words—you know what they are”—he bent over her, and whispered, for the delight of whispering.

“ Your mother has asked my forgiveness. She knows she has acted wrongly, though she says she has not. But I

care not whether she were wrong or right. I say that if you will give yourself to me for ever, I will forgive her, fifty times over. If you will not—I never will."

"Never?"

"No, never."

"Then—I must," she returned, yielding, as he saw, only inch by inch, but yielding. "I suppose I must," she repeated, casting a wavering glance at him, and then suddenly hiding her face upon his shoulder—"I must, if you wish it, Bernard. You have made me wish what you wished from the first moment I knew you."

"It is well to bow to necessity," he said, in a voice which was not quite steady, as he folded her in his arms, with a sensation of the deepest, profoundest peace and contentment. "And," he whispered, with a half-laugh, "nothing will give me greater joy than to impress that fact upon your friend Dr. Wentworth."

She pressed his shoulder, as if exhorting, and he said:

"Don't grudge me that bit of malice. No doubt he is worth a thousand of me. I know he is. But, Heaven be praised, it isn't only the first-rate men who can get good women to love them—a cross-grained carle like me, even, has his stroke of luck sometimes, and can induce a woman more or less like you to take him in hand."

"When he has left her no choice, because of his goodness and generosity to those who have wronged him—churl that he is!" she replied; and he, looking through her eyes into her very heart, saw there—his own image.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

GOOD-NIGHT.

"Noch eenmal lat uns spräken.
Goden Abend, gode Nacht.
Di Maand schient up de Däken,
Uns Herrgott hält de Wacht."

RANDULF kept his promise to his friend, established himself at Scar Foot for the night, and waited for Aglionby's return. He and Mrs. Bryce dined *tête-à-tête*, and he told her that Aglionby had been called off to Yoresett on business, but was to return that night, some time.

It gradually grew apparent that the

"some time," whenever it came, would be late. The evening drew on, and darkness fell, and still he had not come. Mrs. Bryce, who still felt languid from the heat, and from her recent headache, went to bed early. Randolph merely said he would have a smoke, and wait for Aglionby—the servants need not sit up; and presently all the household had retired. It grew so late that he knew he must be the only person waking beneath that roof. He sat in the house-place beside the open door, for the night was balmy as night could be, and the moon flooded the earth with her radiance.

Randulf for the most part lay back in his easy-chair, his hands clasped behind his head, content to be silent and to dream. Once or twice he got up, and paced about the garden, and found his way down to the water's edge; looked across the motionless lake, and raised his eyes to where, at the foot of it, Adleborough, like a grim sentinel, kept watch. It was very beautiful, but there was also something inexpressibly weird in it, and he realized this, as he reflected upon the calm peace and homely shelter of this spot, and then recalled all the waste of wild, unearthly moors, savage fells, desolate fastnesses, which spread on every side—all full of the glamor and mystery of the summer night. A wild land, and the race that dwelt in it had something of its own sternness in their nature—especially, he thought, with a slight smile, that very family under whose roof he was sojourning this night. As he stood, motionless, leaning on a rail, he could hear in the dead silence of the night the murmur of rushing waters borne by the faintest breeze to his ear, from the inmost recesses of the hills in which they sprang—cascades which rush forever, and forever tell their tale, whether any be there to listen or no. He heard the voices of the night—those weird voices which it would be well for many of us to hear oftener—and they told an old story to him.

"Many voices spake—
The river to the lake;
The iron-ribbed sky was talking to the sea:
And every starry spark
Made music with the dark.

* * * * *

When the day had ended,
And the night descended,

I heard the sound of streamlets that I heard
 not in the day,
 And every peak afar
 Was ready for a star,
 And they climbed and rolled about until the
 morning gray."

"And I am ready for my star," thought Randolph, "if she would but arise for me."

He did not know how long he had been there; he was not sleepy, and he was not weary. He did not know that it was nearly half-past one in the morning, when at last, a very long way off, in the stillness he heard hoof-strokes. Not another sound interfered to hinder them from being carried to him.

Having once caught the sound of them, he listened lazily, at first amusing himself by speculating as to whether the rider were in good or bad humor—glad or sorry—excited or depressed. He guessed it to be Aglionby returning. No doubt the turnings and windings of the road, its ups and downs, had something to do with the fact that occasionally the sounds ceased entirely, or again died away into faintness, or seemed to be travelling in exactly the opposite direction. Be that as it may, they came irregularly; and as he listened, his mood, which had at first been simply one of idle speculation, grew into one of excitement. He threw his cigar down, stood up, and listened with a gradually increasing anxiety, which presently grew quite breathless.

What news did this rider bring—what cheer? Sorrow or joy—laughter or tears? It was the strangest sensation he had ever had. Nearer came the hoof-strokes, and nearer: slowly, as the horse breasted the rise; quickly, as it descended the hill. Randolph at this point made his way quickly round the house into the courtyard. A light was burning in the stables, but the men had gone to bed, as he had desired them to do.

Nearer and nearer those hoof-strokes—loud, hollow, and slowly, through the dark, shaded lane at the back of the house—then Aglionby rode into the yard, drew rein, and flung himself off his horse.

Randulf looked at him, and saw that he was very pale and very grave, but that in his eyes and about his mouth

there was a look of wonderful softness, contentment, even sweetness.

"You have sat up for me, old fellow," he said; "you expected some news?"

"That tells me that you bring some. Is it good or bad?"

"For me it is good. I know that much. For you—that is as you and your father decide. Just let me give Egyptian a shake-down, and I will tell you all about it."

A few moments sufficed to attend to the horse, and then they went into the house again.

"You have been long in coming. I had no idea it was all that time," said Randolph, casting his eyes toward the clock, as they entered the house-place.

"I have. I could not come away before. Randolph, I told you that some day those girls should find out that I was their kinsman, and should treat me as such."

"And they have done so?"

"They have done so. It's a strange story. But I know all now, and what the blight was that hung over them—or, rather, what they chose to make into a blight. It is all gone now" . . . he paused . . . "their mother is dead."

"Their mother!"

Young Danesdale was thunderstruck. No suspicion that Mrs. Conisbrough had anything to do with the proceedings or the fate of her daughters had ever entered his mind.

Aglionby sat down.

"I must own that once or twice lately I have had an inkling that she was at the bottom of it," he said. Then he told Randolph everything that had passed between him and Mrs. Conisbrough, and dwelt strongly upon the view which she herself had taken of her act. "Nothing seemed to make her understand," he went on, "the significance of what she had done. She is a regular Aglionby with a weaker stock grafted on her, but she has all our hardness and bitter strength of resentment. I thank Heaven for my mother; she gave me a spirit of another sort to counterbalance that one. Well, she seemed unable to comprehend that she had almost ruined her daughters' lives; and there our family spirit crops out again, Randolph—in their conduct, I mean. Who else would have looked upon such a thing as an insuper-

able bar to allowing themselves to be happy, or to be loved, or to be married? Ridiculous! But I love them the better for it. We are kindred spirits in that as well as in some other things. Mrs. Conisbrough seemed mad with resentment against my grandfather; she had cherished her wrongs till she could see nothing else, poor woman! But she could not utterly blind herself. It was a secret conviction of her sin which had made her send for me, in the first instance. The truth would out, for, with all her fierceness, she was not strong—she dared not die with that burden upon her soul. She waited awhile, as if expecting me to say something. As I didn't, she had to speak. She asked me to forgive her; but it was a demand, rather than a petition. I said I must hear another verdict before I could do that. I felt I must see Judith. I was sorry for the woman, but I felt obliged to make her understand that I did not exonerate her, that I knew she had sinned. I said something, I don't remember what, and rushed off to the inn, got my horse, and set off for Swaledale. I met Judith on Yoresett Moor; she had felt uneasy about her mother, and was returning to see how she was. I stopped, and had it out with her then and there. I told her how simple she had been, and how I loved her for it; that kind of simplicity is a refreshing thing to meet. I won my cause; in mind and body we two shall never wander far apart again. We walked back to Yoresett, and found Mrs. Conisbrough looking much as she had done when I left her; but I suppose she must have been brooding, and got more excited than appeared on the outside. At any rate, when she saw us, her face changed very much. She got up from her chair and cried out: 'I *have* sinned: I have sinned against you all.' She held out her hands to us, and Judith caught hold of her, crying, 'But it is all forgiven, mother; he forgives you freely.' I managed to make her understand that it was so, and that if she would have told me all, at the very beginning, I would have forgiven her then, and condoned it; for though I know I have this hateful hardness which belongs to my race, I believe I had it in me, even then, to have forgiven her—"

"Of course you had. Well?"

"As I say, I managed to make her understand this, and soon afterward she complained of a terrible pain in her side. It was getting dark then. We laid her on the sofa; even at that moment I felt that the right I had to be with them made up for everything we had gone through, and had yet to endure. Judith sent off for the doctor, and her mother presently went off into a kind of stupor. She scarcely roused again after that. She recognized the others when they came. Malleeson was with them, you know—he brought them back—and she asked to be left alone with him for a few minutes. Of course we don't know what she said. I suppose it must have been a sort of confession. It was close upon twelve when she died. She called me to her again, and looked at me and said: 'So you love Judith?' I answered, 'Yes;' and she said, 'Ah, you are kindred spirits. I cannot understand either of you; but your forgiveness—are you *quite sure*?' I knew what she meant, and said, 'Yes, quite.' It was directly after that that she died."

They were both silent for a little time till Aglionby said:—

"As I rode home, it suddenly flashed upon me—I had had no time to realize it before—what a miracle it was that I should at last know all! Mrs. Conisbrough vacillated for ever so long before she decided to send me that note, bidding me to go to her. Suppose she had decided not to do it! My last chance would have gone, for those girls would never have confessed. There is a kind of touch-and-go in the whole business which is horrible to me. I feel as if I had escaped being drowned, or tumbling over a precipice, by a hair's breadth."

"Ay," responded Randolph absently.

"With me, that sin of Mrs. Conisbrough's weighs nothing—now," Aglionby went on. "But it was a sin, all the same. I once had a conversation with Judith, in which I maintained that there is no such thing as forgiveness of sins—and I was right in a way. I meant, that the penalty has to be borne for them by some one. I suppose I expressed myself with my usual ungracious hardness. She took it to mean that I should consider

myself justified in punishing any one who had sinned against me, and that helped to make her see this affair in a morbid light. When she is my wife, I will try to show her that there is another side to my nature. As for you and your father, being both of you what you are, I think I know which way it will go."

"So do I," said Randolph. "I think that before long my father will ride over

to Yoresett House again. Perhaps I shall go with him this time, and I believe we shall have a better measure of success. Poor little girl! Well might she droop, while trying to strain her gentle nature to hard thoughts and harder deeds. As for you," he added, looking with a smile at Aglionby, "all I can say is, you've had a hard day of it; therefore I'll leave you, and say, *felicissima notte*."—*Temple Bar*.

A DAY AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM READING-ROOM.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD.

ONE of the genuine "sights" in the metropolis, and the one most certain to please and astonish strangers, is the great Reading Rotunda, devised by the clever Italian director whose bust looks down from over the entrance door. The visitor suddenly introduced can hardly conceal his wonder and gratification as he gazes round at the enormous chamber, so lofty, airy, and vast; so still, and yet so crowded; so comfortable and warm, like any private library. The decoration, too, is most suitable: the books, which line it all round to a height of some forty or fifty feet, make excellent wall-toned bits of coloring; while the ribs of the huge circular roof converging to a centre, and covered with painted cloth, have by time displayed their outlines on that material, and unintentionally added a not ineffective detail. In the centre is seen the raised circular enclosure, where the officials and directors sit and carry on the business of the room, commanding a good and perfect view of all that goes on; while from it radiate the desks, where readers or writers—for there are far more of the latter than of the former—sit and work. Many are walking about; many standing at the shelves and consulting the reference volumes; many are conversing; while the attendants are hurrying to and fro, carrying the ordered volumes to the proper desk. There are small wagons laden with a dozen unwieldy volumes of the *Times*, which a truly hungry reader is trundling to his seat, yet without the least noise, for the wheels are cased with india-rub-

ber. This rapacious individual is a type of a large class from whom the nation and readers suffer. The searching a single volume of his *Times* might absorb a morning or mornings, but, with the true rapaciousness of a *helluo librorum*, he wishes to have all at his hand, though he cannot use them. His fellow of the same kidney will write up for a dozen or more octavos, and rear around him whole fortifications of volumes which he will never glance at—but it is a sort of ownership.

The reader's desk is almost too luxurious. Nothing more complete or thoughtfully devised could be conceived. There is a choice of three kinds of chairs: stuffed leathern, cane-bottomed, or highly polished mahogany; so the most *difficile* as to this nice matter may suit themselves. The constant student and diligent author should choose the second; they will thank me for this valuable and precious hint, given by the late Mr. Dickens, and enforced solemnly from his own experience.

The height of the desk is carefully calculated. Below, there is a place for "stowing away" the hat; in front, to the right, the reader lets down a small padded shelf, on which he can put away his books for consultation; to the left, a book-stand comes out, ingeniously contrived to move in any direction on a swivel or axis, to rise or fall at any angle, with a rack. In the centre is an ink-stand, with a steel pen and two quills; there is also a paper-cutter, a blotting-pad, and a heavy press-weight to keep the book open. Surely this is

all *de luxe*, and many a scribbling being is not nearly so well provided at home.

The ticket on which the description of the work wanted is written is of this pattern:

Permission to use the Reading-Room will be withdrawn from any person who shall write or make marks on any part of a printed book, manuscript, or map belonging to the Museum.

Press Mark.	Name of Author, or other Heading of Work wanted.	Place.	Date.	Size.
	<div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; width: 100%;"></div> <div style="border-bottom: 1px solid black; width: 100%; text-align: center;">Title.</div>			

(Date) _____ (Signature).

_____ (No. of the Reader's Seat).

Please to restore each Volume of the Catalogue to its place as soon as done with.

On the other side are the following directions :

READERS ARE PARTICULARLY REQUIRED

1. Not to ask for more than *one work* on the same ticket.
 2. To transcribe from the Catalogues all the particulars necessary for the identification of the Work wanted.
 3. To write in a plain, clear hand, in order to avoid delay and mistakes.
 4. To indicate in the proper place on each ticket the number of the seat occupied.
 5. To bear in mind that no Books will be left at the seat indicated on the ticket unless the Reader who asks for them is there to receive them.
 6. When any case for complaint arises, to apply at once to the Superintendent of the Reading-Room.
 7. Before leaving the Room, to return each Book, or set of Books, to an attendant at the centre counter, and obtain the corresponding ticket, the READER BEING RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BOOKS SO LONG AS THE TICKET REMAINS UNCANCELLED.
 8. To replace on the shelves of the Reading-Room, as soon as done with, such Books of Reference as they may have had occasion to remove for the purpose of consultation.
- N.B.—Readers are not, under any circumstances, to take a Book, ms., or Map out of the Reading-Room.

These slips are used profusely, and by wanton readers with the most reckless waste. The amount consumed in a day must be enormous. Numbers are

wasted or torn up; many are convenient for making notes on, and thus save the expense of paper. Many readers copy out a vast number of entries from the catalogue on these slips, which they mean to use at some future period. In short, the consumption of paper by the end of a year—and each slip is on paper of fine quality and nearly the size of half a sheet of "note"—must be enormous, and represent a considerable sum. It more or less encourages the useless, vacant reader, who delights in filling up as many as he can. A reform might certainly be made here, analogous to that in the Money Order Office, when the little simple slips now in use were substituted for the old complicated and larger ones. A small scrap of the size of such a post-office form, leaving out the directions, which are never read, would make everything shorter and clearer. A piece of paper three inches by two, ruled in three divisions, would serve.

Press Mark.	
Name of Book, Date, etc.	
Name of Reader.	

Further, there are little handy book-cases standing apart, filled with reference indexes to reviews and magazines—with that wonderful one to the *Times*, which the industrious Samuel Palmer slaves at untiringly, working his way at double tides, backward as well as forward, through the old as well as through the current numbers. I have noticed this patient workman and his assistant at their drudging but useful work.

The next step is to consult the catalogue—a library in itself, whose folios are disposed on two deep shelves near the ground, and fitted into the circular enclosure or table which forms the central ring. Here is the whole alphabet,

as found disposed in nearly six hundred ms. folio volumes, bound in whole purple calf, and yet being perpetually rebound, the corners being tipped with metal to protect them against wear and tear. But these wonderful volumes have a strange power of expanding, that must be the despair of the binders, save that they are well accustomed to the routine. Never was the system of guards so drawn upon ; at almost every page these are found. At the close of each day one is sure to encounter assistants carrying off a number of the ponderous volumes for this revision ; for by the end of each day a vast number of new titles have been written out in the neat museum round-hand, and duly lithographed on slips ; and these have to be fitted in in their *proper* place, mark ! that is, in their strict alphabetical hierarchy. Thus, for the new novel by Meddle there is but the one fitting place, say between Mecca and Meddlicott, which two titles, however, may be squeezed close together, and, as if in the crowded row of a pit, cannot "move down." A new sheet has therefore to be introduced and fitted to the guard, and the entries moved on. When the "guards" have been filled and the volume begins to bulge, it is taken to pieces and re-bound, or perhaps divided into two. By the new system of printed entries the space taken up is far less, and the necessity for shifting is much reduced. It should have been mentioned that all the titles of the new books as they come out are duly printed in volumes, which are placed in stands for reference ; and, the type being kept standing, these are used for the entries. But, indeed, catalogue arrangement is an art in itself, as can be seen from the Parliamentary report on the subject. No one can conceive the difficulties of classification, cross-references, etc. Another perplexing matter was to find a system of letters and numbers for noting each volume, that should not be exhaustible nor too cumbrous.

A careful examination of the catalogue would of itself result in many curiosities. The authors rejoicing in the name of SMITH fill three or four of the folio volumes. The "*John Smiths*" fill many bewildering pages, which you must go through before finding your own John

Smith ; but even here our compilers give every shred that may distinguish, and they will mark him conspicuously as a divine "D. D.," or even of "Stoke Pogis," if he have written a respectable number of volumes. Popular writers or classical fill half a volume, or innumerable pages, as the case may be. Thus with Sir Richard Steele, and particularly Boswell's Johnson, Milton. England has a couple of volumes to itself, in which we find all the kings in their order, and all that concerns each. So with France. Periodical publications, "P. P." in the notation, have quite a catalogue of their own. All these and more are here found gathered together to the number of some twenty volumes or so. They are ordered alphabetically according to cities—Antwerp, Berlin, Calcutta, etc. ; the Antwerp magazines and journals being again put alphabetically. To help those who know a magazine by its name but not its country, a general index in some fresh volumes is given. London, however, has a set of volumes to itself. Newspapers are not catalogued under numbers or letters, but it is enough to write the name of the paper wanted. Shakespeare, it may be conceived, has a large amount of space to himself, though, indeed, this is scarcely a mark of merit, as there are many industrious editors and book-makers who stand this test even better. It was stated the other day in a literary journal, as evidence of claims of this description, that the works of the admirable veteran novelist, Harrison Ainsworth, "filled forty pages of the museum catalogue."

There is, besides, what is known as the "Old Museum Catalogue," in about fifty volumes ; which is formed of a printed catalogue made more than half a century ago, and supplemented by ms. entries. There is some awkwardness in this double accommodation, as some works are enrolled in one which are not in the other. The entries are in old and indifferent penmanship, squeezed in at every space and corner ; but in its day, like Mercutio's wound, it "served." It suggests the catalogue of the fine library at a certain university, where, by a strange economy, a Bodleian catalogue thus supplemented, and with due erasures and additions, is made to do duty as the authorized list.

There is also a wonderful music catalogue, extending to some thirty or forty folio volumes, and a marvellous so-called "catalogue" of the prints, which has now reached to four or five volumes, arranged chronologically. It is, in truth, an elaborate treatise, explaining fully the subject of every plate—often, as in the case of Hogarth, enigmatical enough—showing the meaning of each figure, and quoting from contemporary writers: a wonderful monument, in short, of patient industry. In addition, there are "Publishers' Circulars" for forty or fifty years back, and two big volumes of a "Newspaper Index." In this land of catalogues, we of course meet those of the "mss." There are some half a dozen printed volumes, and some in ms. Of these the most curious are Mr. Cole's, an old antiquary of the last century, who in beautiful handwriting, black, clear as print, and upright, made diligent "collections," copying every curious inscription, letter, and bit of poetry, what not. These he illustrated with rude but truly effective pen-and-ink sketches. For the whole he drew up these wonderful indexes. His eyes and his industry must have been equally valuable to him. There is even a catalogue for the Persian mss. In short, every help is provided. The next operation is to obtain the book. Now, in the room itself, on the shelves running within helping reach, is disposed a very fine library, of a rather unique kind, for it consists of what may be called consultation books; everything that will furnish general information on any subject—such as law, medicine, languages, science, history. For each department there are the standard works on each, all brought together; all the "Histories of England"—Freeman, Green, Froude, Lingard, Hume, Walpole—all the "Calendars of State Papers," "Parliamentary Reports," etc. So with French and German. The collection of encyclopædias, it may be conceived, is extraordinary, for here are all the foreign as well as English, to the great "Dictionary of Conversation;" peerages without number; directories, almanacs of all the leading countries, journals like *Notes and Queries* and *The Gentleman's Magazine*, your true "book-maker's" friends.

Having found his work, our reader fills up his ticket, leaves it in a little open basket with a number of others, whence it is presently carried off. It then goes on its travels, sometimes afar off, through vast chambers and corridors, up flights of stairs, iron and stone, perhaps for a quarter of a mile, for thus do the shelves ramble away: thence to return to the wedge-shaped enclosure in the great room, where the assistants copy the particulars into their books. When thus "controlled," the ticket is placed between the leaves, the assistant in the room takes it to the reader's desk, and brings away the ticket to the central desk, where it is deposited in a little zinc compartment alphabetically labelled. The time consumed in this process should not be more than ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. Formerly half an hour and longer was the time a book had to be waited for; but the real cause of any delay is the waiting its turn, as there are so many to be served. When the reader has finished with his book, and would restore it, he goes to the desk, hands in his book, and receives back his ticket. Till this receipt is given, he is held accountable. The men within then check off their entries by the books, which are once more in their possession. Thus much for the catalogue.

The museum reader is a special type. Certainly three fourths are genuine workers—book-makers, copyists. One is amazed at the hodman-like patience and diligence shown—especially in the wearisome duty of collating, carried on with an unflinching conscientiousness by some wizened Dryasdust, who comes week after week, and goes through the great folio line by line. There are fair "damosels," who work like any copying-clerks, and whose appearance is antagonistic to their drudgery. They have a volume of old letters before them, which they copy out fair for some literary man who has cash and position. Then there are families of copyists—husband, wife, and daughter. As any one engaged in literary work well knows, that copying—on any serious scale—is a costly business, though it is reasonable for the executant; while the writing is beautifully neat and clear, it spreads out to an alarming extent. Copying,

indeed, does not pay, save in the case of mss. otherwise not procurable. The literary man even at his desk, with text-book from which he is quoting though it be a passage of only a dozen lines, will find it far cheaper to sacrifice the printed book, cut out the bit and paste it in, than to spend a quarter of an hour writing it out. I have known many literary men whose books are cut up in this fashion. The wise and knowing take care to purchase some damaged copy for the special purpose. Many, however, hold it profane to cut and slash a book in this style—holding that you are taking its life—there being but a certain number of that edition in the world.

Every year the crowd of readers increases, while the Reading - Room, in spite of rearrangement, remains pretty much the same after twenty years or so. When all the scholars of the new schools and universities are in full work, the pressure will become serious. Yet, there never can be found any real remedy ; and no room, of whatever size, could be found sufficient to hold the " readers of the nation." The theory, it seems to me, is a false one, that every reader in the kingdom is entitled to find luxurious accommodation, attendance, pen and ink, with books which he wears out in the reading as though they were his own. The utmost the state can do is to entertain the eye. That causes no wear and tear, and needs little accommodation. Pictures, museums, prints, statues, are all legitimate. This is manageable, and may be seen by thousands. But to supply servants to fetch and carry for hundreds, and to wait on them, hunt up for them, aid them in their researches, bind books for them—all this service, in the case of thousands of persons, must soon break down. We might as well have state workshops. The theory is therefore an unsound one ; and if carried out, it is at least the right of the nation to limit it as it pleases.

It may choose to confer the favor on those who have some claim to it, and, instead of a Reading - Room, make it a " Student's Room,"—that is, for those who have work or business to do : a matter that should be regularly guaranteed. Even in their case, there should be a limit to the large number of vol-

umes that rapacity requires to have around it. This should not be tolerated, save for special cause shown. It might be urged that all novel and poetry-readers might content themselves with what is found on the shelves of the room ; but this would not serve the demand, there being only one or two copies kept. The reform should extend to the limitation of persons as well as to that of the use of books. As regards the latter, the serious objection lies in the physical exertion necessary in bringing great volumes, and collections of great volumes, to the reader's desk. The idea, indeed, is that the reader should go to the books, and not the books go to him ; and the fact that great folios have to be borne on carriages many hundred yards away, and brought back again, must add seriously to the wear and tear. The first principle, therefore, is to limit this transport. As already pointed out, it seems ridiculous to find a small wagon laden with a dozen volumes of the *Times* rolling on its way to a reader's desk, all for the benefit of some attorney's clerk who is looking for a birth, death, or marriage. It is clear that the time and physical labor involved in this process is not what the nation should pay for. Here is the true principle—for all newspapers, magazines, reviews, and " P. P." generally, there should be one great room, to which those who wish to consult such works should be admitted, and there help themselves. It is astonishing what an amount of labor and attendance this would at once abridge. This, with the reform as to the number of books called for, would lighten the labors of the attendants to an extraordinary degree. I fancy much aid could be gained by a development of the Consultation Library actually in the room. This could be vastly extended by taking in additional shelves, abolishing many of the technical works on medicine and such subjects, and adding others on general literature.

There are a few desks set apart, like compartments in a railway train, " for ladies only," and one of the standing jests of the place—perfectly supported, too, by experience—is, that these are left solitary and untenanted. There are some curious contrasts ; some ancient,

shrivelled dame, imprinting delicate pot-hooks and hangers on official paper, while a fair and fresh young creature is seen grappling earnestly and laboriously with some mouldy and illegible ms. There are strange old ladies to be seen, somewhat shrunk and withered, for whom the place seems to have an attraction that will be strong even to death. A more piteous sight still is the decayed "hack"—ill-fed, ill-kept, in a state of decay, and who has some little "job" with which to "keep body and soul together."

Now, I believe, books are seldom stolen; indeed, a museum book is so ingeniously stamped on the title-page and on certain pages that it becomes worthless for other purposes, and cannot be offered for sale without certain detection. Every print in every volume is thus stamped—it may be conceived what a labor this must be, in these days of copious illustrations. Without this precaution, they would to a certainty be cut out.

The work of all this machinery is helped by the unwearied, never-flagging, never-failing courtesy of the officials—notably of Mr. R. Garnett, and his brethren—who aid with their knowledge the anxious, troublesome, and often unreasonable inquirers. There is a class of querulous beings who delight in convicting the establishment of deficiencies. Their joy is to discover that some book "is not in the library," or, better still, "not to be found, or misdescribed, in the catalogue." They go triumphantly to the chief official with their mare's-nest, and wait calmly while he, with patience and good humor, sends for the proper volume, and, running his fingers down the entries, at last points to it,

duly registered in its proper place. There is sometimes show of plausibility in the complaint, or in the positive declarations of the claimant "that he has had the book in his hand," that "it is in every other library;" and the chiefs grow a little nervous. A long search has to be made; assistants are sent on exploring expeditions in many directions, and at last it is discovered that there is no such work, or that it is by another author or on another subject, and that the careless inquirer is, as usual, wrong.

From a long experience, it may be asserted that in almost every instance the presumptuous fault-finder is himself in fault. A common specimen of carelessness is presented in the filling-up of forms for works that are actually "in the room," only a few yards away from the writer's desk. Sometimes, indeed, a book may have been put back out of its place, or a pamphlet of a few leaves, bound up with a score of others in a volume—the volume itself one of many scores—may have been overlooked or wrongly described. But, after due search and some delay, it is to a certainty recovered and placed before the impatient student, who glances at it carelessly, and finds it was not so important now that it is found. "So you see, sir," said, on an occasion of the kind, Dr. Johnson, "when it was lost, it was of immense consequence; and when found, it was no matter at all."

Such is the best specimen in the world of "Reading made easy;" by every kind of convenience and unbounded courtesy extended with prodigality even to the working literary man, as no one so well as the present writer can testify. —*Belgravia Magazine*.

A SELF-HELP SOCIETY.

"ANNUAL income twenty pounds," was Micawber's advice from the King's Bench Prison, "annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six—result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six—result misery; the blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the god of day goes down upon the dreary scene, and

—and in short you are forever flooded!" Now, in most cases, the sixpence cannot be kept upon the right side of the account, and there is risk, if not of being "flooded," at least of falling very low in anxiety and discomfort, if there be not thrift in the management of the annual—figurative—twenty pounds; and thrift is not among the good qualities

of the English people. In the highest classes there is extravagance, which however unwise, can in their case be afforded; in the middle classes, the craze of keeping up appearances, and living up to or beyond the income; in the lower classes, bad management in buying and living, and lack of the power of saving a provision for times of scarcity and for old age.

It is among the middle classes and the less educated, that thrift is not only a virtue but a necessity; and a society was founded not long ago, with the aim of furthering the welfare of all the bread-winning classes by teaching them to make the most of their winnings. Situated in Finsbury Circus, London, E.C., this excellent institution goes by the name of the National Thrift Society. Its object is none other than to make thrift a national habit, as it is already in France, Belgium, Germany, and Austria; and as the society is not a mere body for holding meetings and proclaiming theories, but a thoroughly practical body, only content when it is reducing its principles to action, it may be interesting to glance at the plans of such a society, and the means it employs "to make regular and systematic thrift a national habit."

The Thrift Society starts from the principles, that the best possible assistance is helping people to help themselves; that a habit of economy is most easily acquired in early life, and therefore thrift-teaching, theoretical and practical, should be part of the instruction given in schools; and that by preaching Thrift they mean, "not that shabby savings should accumulate into sums that would minister to selfish abundance, but that every one should endeavor to husband his resources, and at the same time use them to the best possible advantage not for himself alone, but for the good of his fellow-men." The working classes, and especially the poorest of them, are those who fall most within reach of the efforts of thrift-promoters; and by benefiting first those easily reached classes, it is hoped that the movement will spread upward through others where there is equal waste and where there might be easier saving.

The principal means adopted by the

society for doing its work may be counted as seven—the establishment of Penny Banks, the drawing of popular attention to the post-office and trustee savings-banks, the explanation and arrangement of life assurance and annuities, the opening of provident dispensaries and medical clubs, the supervision of the system of friendly societies, the deliverance of popular thrift lectures, the holding of conferences, and the broadcast free distribution of thrift literature in the form of "leaflets," cards, and pamphlets.

To speak first of the penny banks. The society will only be satisfied when there is one of them attached to every elementary school in the kingdom, and to all workmen's clubs or institutes, factories, and temperance societies; and to make the opening of these banks more easy, printed forms of application are issued, upon the receipt of which from any district, the requisite books, trustee forms, notices and rules are forwarded ready to set the business in order. Several penny banks have been established in London—quite distinct from the national penny bank, which is a commercial undertaking, while the Thrift Society's work is one of disinterested benevolence—and many others have been opened in provincial towns, and even in villages far and wide throughout the country, from Nether Compton in Dorsetshire or Hersham in Surrey, away north to Auchencairn in Scotland. Several of these banks have more than a thousand depositors. When those in poor districts of London were opened, the rush on the first night proved how desirous many working people are to save the "littles" that make a "mickle," if they are but shown easy and safe means of laying them by. At one place the depositors numbered five hundred in the first two hours, and eight hundred names of men, women, and children were on the books before the end of the month; at another, there was among the crowd a mother who had come to make a deposit *in her baby's name*—an example of the depth of popular pleasure and interest in the movement. A similar good work is being done in their own provinces by savings-bank associations in Glasgow (by which board school banks were successfully

opened in 1877), Liverpool, and Manchester. There are also, elsewhere, districts where the penny bank movement is already well established—for instance, there are fifty in one manufacturing district of Bedfordshire. But the National Thrift Society is too honest and earnest, to know anything of the too common blemish of jealousy among fellow-laborers. Its object is purely to help the working classes to make the best use of their earnings, and to save; to teach them to help themselves; and to set others helping them. If others are already helping, so far good—the object being to make the system universal.

To establish penny banks in elementary schools is the society's foremost aim at present. The district banks benefit many, but chiefly those who are desirous of receiving the benefit—those who are already inclined to save. The school banks would do more: they would form practically, at the most plastic period of life, the inclination to save and the habit of saving. The head of the Education Department has recently given his approval to a plan of the Thrift Society for establishing a penny bank for the children of every board school in the metropolis, if the consent of the school boards, who are already favorable to the scheme, could be formally obtained. Once London board schools had accepted the banking system, those of the provinces would follow. In many elementary schools the society has already tried the plan, and the teachers everywhere give the same testimony—that it is beneficial to the children and to the school, and that it forms a new link of good-will between the school and the parents. The business is very simple; the money, chiefly in copper, is handed in, on Saturdays or Mondays, in the school-room; and when an account reaches a pound, it is transferred in the child's own name to a post-office, or to a trustee savings-bank. Sometimes bank-books with a small sum entered, by way of a nest-egg, are given to the children as prizes, and are greatly appreciated. This has been done largely in Belgium, where the system of school savings-banks is an immense success.

Thrift makes a very practical part of education in those countries where the system has been introduced. In Bel-

gium, legacies are sometimes left to be divided in the school bank-books even during so long a period as twenty years, to reward the thriftiest scholars. Ghent stands foremost in the movement; five thousand pounds have been laid by in one year, by ten thousand children out of the sixteen thousand that attend its schools. Belgium has also its Thrift Society, called "*The Société Callier for the Moral Improvement of the Laboring Classes by Means of Saving*," its object being further explained as that of "spreading among working people the spirit of order and economy, and thereby improving their condition both moral and material." In France there is a similar society, having for its object to encourage the already existing provident institutions, and to found others. In 1874 the school bank movement began there, and now more than eight thousand savings-banks are attached to French schools. It is worthy of note that the amount deposited in French savings-banks, which had greatly diminished after the last war, rose again with a regular increase of no less than a hundred million francs a year, since 1874. This is attributed to the founding of the school bank system, for it is well known that the savings of children are an incentive to their parents to begin saving too.

The French schools have before now proved in the most practical manner that thrift does not mean selfishness. In 1876 the schools of Bordeaux had some of the most prosperous of the banks established by the *Société des Institutions de Prévoyance*; and when the disastrous floods of that summer swept over the south of France, the children of Bordeaux came forward with four hundred pounds of their own money for the relief of the sufferers.

We have enumerated as the second means of thrift-teaching, the directing popular attention to the post-office and trustee savings-banks. It is desired that investments in government funds should be reduced to five pounds or lower, as the present ten-pound limit fails to benefit the class for whom the last reduction was intended. But it is very difficult to get the uneducated to understand anything about government investments. As a fact, when consols

are suggested, it has been asked if con-sols are a kind of coals, or "something new in the way of eatables." It is easier to make the simple post-office system acceptable, and yet few understand how valuable is the whole system of saving. It would be news to most working-men to hear—as the Thrift Society tells us—that the sixpence a day, which many a well-paid artisan spends upon glasses of beer, if saved and put by at compound interest from his twentieth year, would face him in his seventieth year as the goodly sum of one thousand pounds.

As a third means of working, the Thrift Society advocates life assurance and the obtaining of annuities. Through their efforts, arrangements have been made by which insurers can obtain policies in certain life assurance offices at a reduction of premiums, and can also purchase annuities on easy terms. Great as the extravagance of the middle classes may be in living up to or beyond their income for appearance' sake, there is still a vast amount of providence in paying for life assurances; and this is a hopeful sign of the spread of thrift. Where such insurance is not made, there are frequently those cases of the death of the bread-winner and the sudden destitution of the family, which are among the saddest fruits of the modern universal sacrifice to appearances.

A fourth method of promoting thrift is the establishment of medical clubs and provident dispensaries; and several of these have been already opened. Though staunchly advocating the grand virtue of self-help in every condition of life, we should be far from desiring to lessen the tide of charity to those who really need it, or of lessening those medical charities which are the special outlet of human tenderness and the glory of the civilized world. There will be always the poor, the deserving poor, to whom all charities, and especially the charities of healing and sheltering the sick, must open their resources wide and free, and still have scarcely resource enough to satisfy misery on the one hand or compassion on the other. But there are also large classes—as in former articles we have insisted—who could well afford with a little prudence to partly or even wholly defray the expense

of their times of sickness. The provident dispensaries are a welcome boon to those who are honorably wishful at least to pay something for their medical attendance; and if the system could be extended, and families induced to make their trifling weekly or monthly payments, it would benefit the hospitals and free dispensaries by relieving them of a great strain on their funds, besides encouraging people to have recourse in good time to medical aid that they had already entitled themselves to receive. But, once again, the provident dispensaries are not intended to take the place of medical charities. There will always be thousands who must have free aid freely given; there will always be the neighbor found fallen by the wayside of life, with the necessity laid upon us not only of giving healing remedies for his ills, but of ourselves paying the provident fee that care may be taken of him when we are gone.

The supervision of the system of friendly societies is another and a very necessary work taken up by the National Thrift Society. Notoriously unthrifty as the English people are, their working-men's associations are a proof that somewhere in the national character there is a strong bias of prudence; and therefore the forming of the nation to systematic habits of thrift, though a long labor, is no impossibility. The registered friendly societies of the kingdom are no less than twenty-five thousand in number; one of them has five hundred thousand members, and another nearly as many; the amount invested in them is close upon eleven millions sterling, and the money paid out by them annually is about two millions. These are large figures, and honorable statistics too, when we remember that these associations have been founded and carried on by the enterprise and good management of the working classes. Beside these, there are existing unregistered societies; and whatever be their "club," the majority of well-employed working-men will be found to have some "club" to call their own, or at some period of their life to have paid into one. The generality of these societies are sound, and admirably managed; as an instance of good business management, we could name one of the largest, that, finding

itself a few years ago with an enormous deficit, readjusted its rates by mutual agreement, surmounted the difficulty, and now boasts that instead of a deficit, it finds some trouble in dealing with the swelling amount of its surplus. But there are other societies that are helplessly unsound. They often exist in towns, but more commonly they are clubs in country villages; and so badly are some of these managed, that a case has been known where a village club kept its money in a box with three locks, not even putting it out to interest, but trusting in some vague way for its ultimate increase.

Without such special study of the subject as the National Thrift Society has made, no one can know the amount of misery that is wrought among the poor by these rotten societies. In most of the workhouses a large percentage of the old and destitute have at some period of their lives subscribed to a friendly society; and statistics show that of this number, a third, after subscribing their hard earnings for years, have been left to the dreaded "house" in old age, through the failure of the society in which they trusted. In London workhouses, there are men who have thus saved and subscribed for as much as thirty-five years, and who in their hour of need, when they were past work, saw their savings gone and beggary before them, through the breaking of the club. The sufferings of the poor in this respect have a heart-rending voice even through dry statistics; and herein is shown the beneficent character of the National Thrift Society, which, undismayed by the usual jealousy of interference shown by workmen's associations, has fearlessly taken in hand the duty of watching over the savings of the poor. It desires that there be further legislation on the subject, to supplement the act which was passed in 1875 after the long investigation by royal commission; and it is to be hoped that the society will not rest until it is impossible for foolhardy speculators, whether themselves working-men or not, to stake, in a huge game of finance, the earnings saved by work-worn hands for times of sickness, sorrow, and old age.

The sixth method of work needs no explanation. The thrift lectures are en-

tertaining as well as practical, and the conferences are not dinner-eating celebrations, but practical meetings of those who are specially concerned with the ways and welfare of the laboring classes.

Of the thrift leaflets we have more to say. They are plain and friendly in language. Some are meant for the young, others for female servants, for cottagers, for workmen of various kinds, and for perusal in households. Their good advice and sensible reasoning teach housekeeping economy, saving little by little, and the much-neglected virtue of temperance. They are issued by hundreds and thousands for gratuitous distribution; some zealous workers, send them by post in colored envelopes, and freighted with good wishes; they are given out at the penny banks at various meetings, and in such centres of work and poverty as the London knot of close poor streets known as the Seven Dials. Sometimes the quantity asked for is enormous; in answer to one request, ten thousand were sent to a district in the East End of London, for distribution on an Easter Monday and bank holiday.

Many voluntary subscriptions are of course necessary to carry on all this manifold work, and the society has certainly to begin at home its lesson of thrift while it is striving to gather funds for its fast multiplying labors. It has before it a noble work; for with thrift come many blessings and household virtues, foremost among them temperance, and the spirit of honest industry. The moral condition of the mass of the laboring population would improve, as their social condition became better, through self-help. They would live better, dress more suitably, enjoy homes of more real comfort. The Home of Taste, which Ebenezer Elliott dreamed of, would then be a possibility. The earnest-souled poet of the poor wrought commonest things into poetry when he told of Saturday's work done by loving hands for the sake of "the proud mechanic—rich as a king, and less a slave—throned in his elbow-chair." He sang of beaten carpets and white-scoured floors and polished grates, the weather-glass beside the cupboard door, the neatly-mended sofa-arm, the warm house when autumn winds were blowing, the snow-white cur-

tain strung with pink tape, the musical glasses and songs, the table full of books, the fresh flowers in the vase. The poet

called it the Home of Taste ; but still more was it the Home of Thrift.—*Chambers's Journal.*

SOCIAL PLAGUES.—JABBER.

BY PROF. NICHOL.

DESPITE kindly official reminders, I have, not without excuse, long delayed my appendix to the "Anatomy of Noise." During the last six months, scribbling England has been interviewing on paper a great man dead ; and I have taken refuge in the golden silence about which he, through twenty volumes, magnificently thunders. Let us now return to some inadequately denounced offences of the tongue against the repose of soul and body which everything in this age conspires to "abolish or destroy." Chief of these are *talking mischievously, talking too loud, and talking too much.* We have not here to do with famous criminals, venomous preachers of charity, uproarious advocates of calm, incontinent apostles of self-restraint. Slander, figured among the Greeks as Argus with the eyes, by Virgil as the lying Fame, immortalized in the days of Elizabeth as the hunt of Sir Caledore, is too dread a monster for our homely prose. "Few and weary," says Macaulay, "are they who are in at the death of the blatant beast." "None are they," respond the more faithful Spenserians, for, in troth, he never dies, but finds, when chased from court to camp, a last refuge—and here the old poet himself grows libellous—among the clergy. So vast, so various, so well-worn a theme we resign to the epics and master satirists from Homer to Thackeray.

"Tenui musam meditamur avenâ."

Vanish from our thoughts Thersites, Iachimo, Iago, Spartan Ephors, Spanish Inquisitors, Hyperborean priests "writ large," jealousies of ministers or minstrels, or queens with daggers and poisoned fangs—our concern is with the petty pests, the thorns and nettles of life, from which nor stainless orthodoxy, nor Alpine morals, nor the most irreproachable dulness, can set us free.

There is a principle of "practical rea-

son"—as momentous as any set forth from Königsberg—that the air by which we breathe and hear is no man's property, but a public heritage ; to be used, as the Roman state *jugera*, or any other park or "common," under restrictions, and abused "under penalties." We have no more right to mess it by discordant sounds than to defile it by evil odors ; and taking too large a share of it is a usurpation. But the unwritten laws of the air, unlike the written laws of the land and water, are constantly violated with impunity. Incapable of rhetoric on so grave a matter, I cling to logical divisions. Robbery of the atmosphere assumes two forms ; the vibrations we make in it may be too rapid, *i.e., we may talk too loud*, or they may be too continuous, *i.e., we may talk too much.*

I. Custom — mostly foolish — has drawn a line on the first head, which is theoretically indefensible. No ordinary single man or solitary woman would be allowed to stand, in any public street or square, and roar like a bull, or howl like a dog at the moon, without being summarily consigned to an asylum or a penitentiary. Yet a child may do this, or an adult pretending to sing, and human beings, passing from place to place in troops, may, without a thought of "compensation," make almost any amount of disturbance. Witness a nocturnal gathering of Scotch students in the state and stage at which they ask their "trusty friens" to gie them a han' ; or a band of Burschen—be it three or more—illustrated by cuts, coming over the Rhine, and bellowing, with every mark of atrocious hilarity—

"Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten
Dass ich so traurig bin ;"

or half-a-dozen Berlin bagmen, on the ascent of a wood one hundred feet high, imitating the Swiss "jodel," their great hearts inspired by the Panteutonic faith,

"über allen Gipfeln ist Bier." Vainly we seek to escape from these tortures by a practice of what the old English texts, with which we are pelted by "nests of minnies" called societies, expressively term "stay-at-homitiveness:" for they besiege our windows and waylay our thresholds; nor in flight, for, like care, they pursue us over land and sea. "Adsum qui patior." I am here, during my yearly fruitless summer quest of a month's serenity, in a little "bad" place, called Wittekind, where there are no apparent distractions to study and meditation and the life-work of the analysis of "social plagues;" none without, but the earliest pipe of terribly wide awakened birds, and the morning mutterings of a third-rate band. I have fled from the neighboring camp and college, from torch processions, from sang-vercins, from the rushing to and fro of kellers with raw ham and kraut, from the beating of clothes to death, at five P.M. in the hotel garden, and the rumbling in front of interminable wagons over intolerable stones, from the detestable tramp of infantry and the hideous clatter of cavalry, to what seemed a little earthly paradise. I have, and at a reasonable rate, pleasant rooms, neat, clean, looking over trees and greenery, far from the yelp of dog or poultry's scream. The air is good, the table sufficient. What more would I have? On either side of my "himmel-ruhig zimmer," so designated by a most respectable landlord, there are indelicately delicate doors, through which, if I chose to listen, I could hear my neighbors brush their hair. To the right there is comparative peace, for the bachelor invalid on that side gives no supper parties, and only his cough is troublesome; but leftward, to my undoing, are ensconced a frau and two frauleins, with lung-power such as, in their sex, is only found in this country. The Germans are a great people, and they know it, and they let you know that they know it. I do not gainsay it; have never, with our immaculate *Spectator*, begrudged the fruit of their victories "after Sedan," and would not take shares in any stock of "revanche" for single-handed France. But they want to be told, from a friendly source, a few home truths—*e.g.*, that they should

spend a little less money on their cannon and more on their drains; that they should cease to label red vinegar with the names of the choicest vintages of Bordeaux; that about Shakespeare they have published nonsense enough; and that, to be agreeable, their language requires to be spoken softly. The North Germans do not speak it softly. Lord Byron's somewhat exacting desire never to see women eat would, in these parts, have been defensible; he might have added a wish never to hear them talk. We must, of course, believe in all the poets say. I never question the self-abnegation of Goethe or the realism of Schiller, and have always fought for Heinrich Heine as the purest of lyrists and the truest of friends. Undoubtedly, Gretchen is still somewhere warbling at her wheel, and Otilie paddling in her lake, and Amalia lingering in her grove, and the fischermädchen bringing her boat to land. But a malign influence has stood between me and those "creatures of the element," my unhappy experience having more often suggested the virago of the Niebelungen Lied, who, when her bridegroom threatened to be refractory, swung him up in a manner to satisfy Miss Becker herself, on a peg on the wall. My leftward friends have voices neither "low nor sweet," more like the rattle of needle-guns around Metz than "winds in summer sighing." At table they use their knives for forks, and their toothpicks lavishly; but I am thought a brute for saying they shriek like wood cats, yelp like spoiled poodles, and laugh like demented apes. They begin soon, and end late. I do not rise with the lark; they do. I have no objection to lie down with the lamb; they have; and for the last three days my favorite sleep is away in the "Ewigkeit." It is broken, at six, by the clatter of spoons, "ach gott," "ach so," "natürlich," "schön," "dazu," "unglaublich," "aber nein," etc., and a constant crescendo, through every false note of the gamut, of ja, ja, JA. 'Tis the ugliest word in Europe, and I cannot conceive any circumstance under which it can be seductive. "Then lay your hand in mine, dear, and gently whisper JA!" When their conversation—which I am compelled to pronounce deficient in

substantial variety—flags, they take to reading aloud their national literature, from some German Hannah More, hitting the final *abs* as with a first, or exploding them as from a revolver. In the Curhaus there is a notice, "Children who cannot play are forbidden to play on these pianos." Why should people who cannot read aloud be allowed to do it? I have tried to stifle them by reciting the most objectionable verses of Heine's "Deutschland." They don't understand it. I shall be driven to try the adventures of Herr Schnabelwopski. The German women may be the most virtuous in the world, but they are the noisiest, and I am scarce in love with them.

II. The *cacoethes scribendi*, it has been remarked, is a spirit that will not forth even by prayer and fasting—on the part of the readers. The *cacoethes loquendi* is worse. Readers *can* fast. What is it to me that every hour emits a sloshy sermon, tract, or speech; that every day brings forth a lady novelist with the same old plot, sentimental passion, and stale morality, and every week another neo-Oxford poet with a new meaningless jingle of equally jaded and often happily incredible immoralities? I know that everything worth saying, permitted to be said in English, has been said a hundred times; and, save for information, am resolved to read no more. But when my friend calls I cannot always be "from home." If I am dining, or bathing, or merely "out," he will wait till I am ready, or return; he "wants to have a talk," *i.e.*, he is resolved for three stricken hours to make me listen to him, and succeeds in destroying my whole day's work. I fidget on my chair; he is glued to his, he has actually scooped it out. I pace the room like a hyena, he follows me up and down. I assent to every platitude or paradox, profess my ignorance of politics and art, my utter indifference to the "welfare of the people." 'Tis idle; he *will* inform me. I have a headache—a talk will do me good. I am busy—he affects to move, but returns from the doorway, hat in hand, to renew his tale.

Of much speaking there are, of course, many sorts: serious, silly, pedantic, vacuous, on a hobby or acrobatic. The least fatiguing of incessant speakers are

perhaps those who talk mere nonsense, for you can abstract your thoughts from their babble, and, in the last extremity, they can without loss be somewhat rudely dismissed. To this class belong Jacks of all trades; poetasters; people who scamp their work, quit their posts and run screeching over the country; privileged buffoons at more than with whom audiences laugh. Persons of this description do not wait for invitations. They invite themselves. If you are a timid man, leave the house; if you have heart, for future peace, say, point blank, you won't have them. Hobby-riders have been such frequent butts that they require few words. Most of them are amusing, sometimes instructive, for a day, intolerable for a year. The subspecies are various; ranging from metaphysicians, grammarians, men of science, and specialists who have made one author "the study of their lives," down to philanthropists, among whom advocates of "the Higher Education of Women," sanitary reformers, and teetotalers are the worst. I have known one whose whole being centred on an article of household furniture represented by the initials of a great London district; another, who found himself sent into the world to prove that the wines of Scripture were unfermented. One must not blame these people; they are no more responsible for their disease than for color-blindness; but they are unprofitable, and, however hard it may seem, must be sternly cut.

Far more formidable and difficult to deal with is the accomplished and able friend who has been bitten by the tarantula of talk, who speaks well, nay even brilliantly, but will never cease. With him you cannot dream, for he is as sharp as a needle, and will haul you up with a question. You *must* listen, and it is the most exhausting process in the world. His conversation, so to miscall it, where you have rarely one word in ten, is a continuous cataract of intelligence; his company a tension of all the nerves. He knows most things, and is a caustic critic of all he knows. Start a subject on which you can get the wind of him, he will adroitly waive it, and spring on any one of half-a-dozen others on which he can bowl you out. When he visits, he announces his advent by

half a page before he has paid the cab-fare. When he invites, you must be prepared to be pumped upon at meals ; while he eats, as a mere by-play, by intermittent mouthfuls. He has no hobbies and no vices, his master passion, like that of a confirmed drunkard, devours the rest. Sober, steadfast, and inexorable, he is a glutton only of speech, a dipsomaniac of his own wit. To live with him is to undergo a perpetual humiliation, as of one being examined without being allowed to answer. He hovers about you like a midge, and weaves webs around you like a spider. A walk together is no relief ; march you ever so fast, he turns sideways and syringes your ears with sound, till to the reeling brain the very trees seem to have St. Vitus's dance. If on a sunset evening, you become exasperated and exclaim, "Yes, *yes*, YES, but be quiet and look at these hills," you have done yourself a lasting injury, for he is a

friend to be relied on to see to your estate, when you come to the premature decay he is unconsciously accelerating. There is no escape from this talker but in prevention ; by posting scouts at the windows to warn of his approach, when you must bolt through the back door, and leap over stone walls or ditches, or anything, for an hour of peace.

Finally, let us venture to remark that what was a forgivable flaw in Ben Jonson and Samuel Johnson (in so many respects strangely allied), in Coleridge, and Macaulay, and Carlyle, is in ordinary mortals an unpardonable sin, an offence against the elements of manners ; that we are no more entitled to seize our neighbor's share of an afternoon than his share of a good dish at a table d'hôte ; that all civilized conversation demands reciprocity, the capacity to listen as well as to speak, and a respect for the laws of the game.—*Good Words.*

THREE BURDENS.

BY H. SOMERSET.

The burden of Life.—Hours of pain,
Strong struggles for victories vain,
Dull doom of dust to dust again,
A ship of insecurity
On stormy sea.

The burden of Love.—A bright morn,
That looks its loveliest at its dawn.
Ah, better had it ne'er been born !
For soon drive mists of misery
O'er darkened sea.

The burden of Christ.—Blinding tears,
A longing and love through long years,
A firm, faithful front to all fears—
Then glorious eternity
Of golden sea ! *Good Words.*

THE ADVENTURES OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT.

PERSONAL modesty is perhaps the most remarkable quality of the modern war correspondent. Exclusively attached to the interests of the journal by which he is employed, and anxious only

faithfully to chronicle the splendid achievements of the general and officers upon whom he depends largely for his comfort, he feels instinctively that to narrate his own deeds of daring, his

hair-breadth escapes and thrilling adventures, would be altogether out of place, while they would have no interest for the public. Excepting in the rare cases when his personal popularity is so great as to warrant the familiarity of a nickname in the highest circles, or when the extraordinary toughness of his epidermis, and overwhelming devotion to the interests of his journal, induce him to undertake rides of fabulous length and incredible hazard, his very name is unknown ; and the thoughtless public, reading a graphic description of hot encounters and fierce cavalry charges, are only too apt to consider the narrator a mere writing-machine, impervious to bullets, and devoid of a stomach. After the lapse of more than ten years, I will venture to break through the reserve which the extreme delicacy of my feelings imposed upon me at the time, and recount a few personal experiences of a campaign during the late Franco-German war, which may illustrate the vicissitudes of a war correspondent's life, and show the public what they lose through the restraints imposed by the etiquette of journalism.

In November 1870, I was one of a numerous fraternity of war correspondents at Versailles. It is needless to allude to the organ of public opinion which I represented, or to the source from which I derived the information, that if I started for Orleans without an hour's delay, I might be in time for a battle. At the moment I was not equipped for campaigning. I had just arrived from another part of Europe, and was fitting myself out leisurely. I had picked up a servant at Frankfort, and was negotiating for the purchase of horses, when this disturbing piece of intelligence reached me. It is under these circumstances that the war correspondent comes out strong. To rush to the nearest *fiacre* stand, and hire one on the spot, was the work of a few moments. When the driver asked me where he was to drive to, and I mildly replied Orleans, he naturally objected. Even under the severe rule of the Prussians, he thought he was entitled to resist a *course* of seventy-two miles in length ; so I told him to drive me to his own stables. There I conversed with him in the language of common-sense, which all the world over means the language of hard

cash. In half an hour he had engaged to become my coachman by the month, and to buy me a carriage and a pair of horses ; and an hour later I was driving triumphantly out of Versailles with my servant on the box, and my scanty luggage inside, on the road to Orleans. Notwithstanding the promptitude of my movements, I was too late for the battle of Coulmiers, which was the more annoying as no English correspondent witnessed it, and it proved one of the most interesting episodes of the war, as being the only defeat which the Germans sustained, and which, if it had been promptly followed up by General d'Aurelles de Paladines, would have forced them to raise the siege of Paris. I can certify to the fact that the road was perfectly open, as from the moment I left the investing army, to the moment of my joining General von der Tann at Toury, I had not passed a German soldier. The Bavarian force, who had fought more than four times their number at Coulmiers, were so exhausted with the battle and the subsequent retreat, that had D'Aurelles de Paladines fallen upon them at the hour of my arrival, as General von der Tann momentarily expected him to do, they would have been quite unable to offer any resistance, and there would have been nothing to prevent the French army of seventy thousand men taking them all prisoners, and four days later attacking the besieging Germans at Paris. Those who were at Versailles at this juncture will remember the preparations which took place for raising the siege. However, I alluded to all this at the time in the columns of my "organ." What I did not mention was, that I hardly found myself within the German lines when my servant was arrested as a spy, and, to my horror, compromising documents were found upon him, which not only rendered all attempts to release him hopeless, but indiscreet, as likely to involve me in the same suspicious category. Indeed, for some days afterwards, in spite of my own papers being in order, I felt myself under a cloud. I had left Versailles in such a hurry that I had come unprovided with letters of introduction, and I now found myself not merely without acquaintances, but with no one except a French "cabby," who regarded every soul he met with mingled

feelings of fear and aversion, and who, of course, could not speak a word of German, to act as a servant. In one respect this was fortunate, for nearly all the provisions in the village had been exhausted; and had it not been for my coachman's influence as a compatriot, neither he nor his horses nor I should have had anything to eat. Not being attached formally to this particular *corps d'armée*, I had neither lodging nor rations provided for me, but had to scramble for both. Under these circumstances, I was not sorry to stumble upon a German colleague in like distress; and after giving him some of my dinners, I offered him a share in a room I had secured in the house of a peasant, and a seat in my carriage for the rest of the campaign.

This commenced three days afterwards, on the arrival of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg with 30,000 men. I found myself the only English correspondent with this army, and we made a most enjoyable three weeks' march, through some of the loveliest scenery in France, in pursuit of an enemy who always vanished as we advanced, and whom, if he existed in force, we never overtook. Here again, D'Aurelles de Paladines lost his chance, for during the whole of these three weeks there was nothing to oppose his march to Paris. We had only two trifling skirmishes—one at Dreux, and the other at Bretoncelles; but the march was by no means devoid of personal incident. The course of procedure which was forced upon me in the earlier part of the campaign by my undefined position with the army, possessed this merit, that it led me into adventures, and procured me experiences which I should have missed had I been regularly attached to the headquarter staff. Having to look out for board and lodging for myself, I found that the only chance of obtaining either one or the other was to go in advance of the army, and hover upon that neutral ground which constantly exposed me to the chance of being taken prisoner. To start with the rest of the army, to follow in its wake with the baggage, and to arrive after it at the end of the day's march, to find every corner occupied, was to encounter an amount of fatigue, discomfort, and starvation for which

nothing could compensate. Whereas to penetrate the mystery overnight of the direction of our march next day, and by the aid of a good map to take circuitous roads, unhampered by troops—to arrive as soon or sooner than the quarter "makers," as the advanced guard is called, who go ahead to billet the troops for the night—to push on half-a-mile or so beyond them, and select my own quarters, combined a certain amount of risk with a considerable degree of comfort. By these means I succeeded in sleeping between clean sheets every night during the campaign. My horses never wanted for forage, and my dinners were sometimes quite artistic in their excellence. There was a constant excitement in the uncertainty attending this hunt for night quarters, and my most varied and amusing experiences arose from this source. My German companion did not quite approve of this method of procedure, as he was constantly haunted by the fear of being taken prisoner, and as a German he would probably have fared worse than I should. On the other hand, his nationality often proved of the greatest service to me, on occasions when our night quarters were beaten up by Uhlans, and we were regarded as suspicious characters, in consequence of our being so isolated from the rest of the army. He was also great friends with the postal officials connected with the force, and used to take my letters to the rear with his own, when it was inconvenient to me to leave the front. On the other hand, as the enterprising journal he represented had not provided him with means sufficient to keep a horse, he was only too glad to be driven along the line of march in my carriage. So we were mutually useful to each other; and he was obliged to agree to the somewhat hazardous method of campaigning which I had adopted. Our first alarm took place two days after leaving Toury. There was a heavy fog, and we had been driving ever since the start on a road of our own choosing, quite unhampered by troops, and were congratulating ourselves on the rapidity of our progress, when, suddenly, we were startled by a horrible *fanfare* of French trumpets, issuing from a village scarcely a hundred yards distant on the left. At the same moment the fog lifted, and right in front

of us were a body of French cavalry, some forty or fifty in number, watering their horses at a pond by the roadside. Fortunately there was a haystack on the edge of a field to our right, and our coachman, who was more alarmed at the sight of his countrymen than we were, for he felt they would have no mercy upon him for hiring himself to his enemies, with great presence of mind rushed the carriage across the ditch and behind the stack before we were observed. Here we remained for some moments in a state of the utmost trepidation; the detestable trumpets seemed to be growing louder as they approached nearer, and we dreaded lest the fog should clear off altogether—for the prospect of a game of hide-and-seek with a carriage and a pair of horses round a haystack was by no means reassuring. Fortunately a fresh cloud of mist came driving over us, and after getting out of the carriage and peeping round the corner of the stack to see if the enemy were anywhere visible, I gave the word for a speedy retreat, and a moment afterwards we were galloping back over the road we had come. We had retraced our steps for nearly an hour before we came to the cross road which we should have taken, and not long afterwards we found ourselves among the baggage wagons of the German troops, and considerably startled the officer in command by our intelligence of the proximity of the enemy.

As, however, we heard nothing more of them, the probability is that, instead of trying to find us, they were in reality doing their utmost to get out of our way. Before nightfall we had made another divergence, and headed the troops, arriving at a small hamlet, consisting of about a dozen houses, which had been already visited by some Uhlans, but which we found quite deserted except by two decrepit old women. This was the only occasion upon which I found that the terror of our approach had frightened away the whole population. Near the hamlet, which was unusually squalid, was a brick-field, with a smart, newly-built house, evidently belonging to the proprietor of the brick-fields. Here we determined to quarter ourselves. Its owner had decamped after locking the door. We had no difficulty in breaking in at one of the win-

dows, and found abundant evidence that he had only just taken his departure. The milk, butter, and eggs in his well-stocked larder were quite fresh. There was an excellent cheese, some sausages, and some delicious *compôte*, with plenty of bread. After rummaging some time we found his wine and coffee. He was evidently a well-to-do man, and the sheets, towels, table-linen, etc., which we found in a press, which we were, unfortunately, obliged to break open, were of an excellent quality. In fact, nothing was wanting to make our stay agreeable. We made up two beds with clean sheets and good thick blankets; we boiled some potatoes; made an omelette, and a sago pudding; and this, with the addition of cheese and sausages, was very good camp fare. In the morning we had bread and butter and preserve with our *café au lait*. It is difficult to say wherein lies the peculiar charm of making free with what does not belong to one; but there can be little doubt that had the proprietor remained at home and treated us as hospitably as we treated ourselves, our visit would have been robbed of all its piquancy. We left a line on his table thanking him for the excellent fare which we had enjoyed at his expense, and expressing our regret that we had no other means of testifying our gratitude. I was sorry upon more than one occasion during this campaign to find a growing laxity in my ideas in the matter of *meum* and *tuum*—forced upon me no doubt by the stress of circumstances and the conventional war standard of morality. Thus one morning the coachman came with a long face to inform me that the horses and harness had been stolen. The army was already under way, and unless I could provide myself with fresh nags, there was nothing for it but to be left behind. As we were making a flying march, and the country was not going to be permanently occupied just then by German troops—being left behind meant falling into the hands of the French. In this dilemma, I applied to an officer with whom I had made friends for advice. His suggestion had the merit of simplicity. "Supply the horses and harness which have been stolen from you by stealing somebody else's horses and harness—only take them from the French,

not from us, or you will get into trouble." As my horses had certainly been taken by the Germans, this did not seem quite logical; but I was not in a position to discuss the matter, so I strolled about the little town with felonious intent. We were in La Perche, the province of horses, and presently I observed a large gray standing attached to the wheel of a wagon with no one near him. "There is just the horse for us," said the coachman, who quite entered into the spirit of the thing. "Untie him then as quickly as you can, and slip round the corner of the street with him." This was accomplished unobserved, but we failed to find another.

Meantime the town was clearing rapidly of troops, so we decided to look for harness. While we were about it, we thought it as well to take a double set; and it was some time before we found an empty stable containing one. Now it may be suggested that we might have managed, had we been strictly honest, to pay both for horse and harness; but, practically, it was not so. I strongly suspect the horse had just been requisitioned by the Germans, which gave additional zest to the capture, as the French owner, whom I did not know, was none the greater sufferer, and I wanted my revenge. I should have been delighted to pay for the harness, if I could have found any Frenchman with a set of double harness to dispose of; but most of the male population were absent, and I had no time to lose. I think it very possible the harness I did take had also been requisitioned. As we left the town with a single horse on one side of the pole, we looked somewhat as if we were taking a carriage to be repaired at the carriage maker's, and altogether presented such a humiliating appearance, that I determined to find a match for my gray without delay. We had not driven a couple of miles, before a fine young Percheron trotted up to the gate of a field opening upon the road, and, with pricked-up ears, looked inquiringly at my turn-out. I determined instantly to gratify his curiosity, and jumped out to scratch his nose, and offer him a piece of bread while I slipped a halter over his head. He was evidently quite new to harness, and the set I had did not fit him very well; but his temper was an-

gelic, and altogether I decidedly gained by the loss of my original pair. I confess I have been haunted ever since by the picture which my imagination presented of the grief of his owner.

Scarcely a day passed without my witnessing scenes, inseparable, doubtless, from a state of war, but rendered more painful by the emotional nature of the French peasant. I have even seen a well-to-do farmer burst into an agony of tears, because out of six farm-horses one was requisitioned from him. I have seen peasants blubbering, for the better part of a day, simply because they were required to accompany the army with their horse and cart for two days, without pay, after which they were allowed to go back to their homes. I think Frenchmen cry more fluently, if I may be allowed the expression, than Frenchwomen do. Indeed, the attitude of the latter, in the presence of an invading army, was always far more dignified than that of the men. The latter either decamped before our arrival, or would go out of their way to overwhelm one with civility and offers of service, their desire to propitiate their conquerors amounting sometimes to the most abject servility; while the women always showed their dislike most unreservedly. I soon found that in my position as "benevolent neutral," I was often less favored than my German colleague. This, however, was not always the case; and upon one occasion, when I was alone, I decidedly fared better than if he had been with me. It was in a large town; he had quarters for himself, and I had established by this time such good relations with headquarters, that I could get a billet, on applying for it, when I chose. On receiving my billet on this occasion, I went to the number and street indicated, and knocked long and loudly at the door of a small house, which seemed deserted. At last, just as I was making up my mind to break in, the door was opened a couple of inches, and a little old man, in a high and plaintive key, told me it was absolutely impossible for him to give me the required accommodation. I explained to him I should be the best judge of that on examining the premises, and reluctantly forced myself into the passage. He led me into a dirty stuffy little room, in

which there was nothing but an old horse-hair coach. "This," he said, "is my bed for the present; the one I usually occupy contains my only domestic, who is now in a dying state. The other two small rooms in the house have never been furnished, as I am very poor. Would monsieur like to look at my only domestic, and satisfy himself as to her desperate condition?" And he led me into a small darkened apartment, where an extremely pallid, wrinkled old woman was apparently breathing her last in short gasps. In fact, it seemed probable that if passed the night on the floor of his sitting-room, I should come in for a death-scene. "As for dinner," he said, "I have absolutely nothing to offer monsieur. Since Marie has been dying, I have taken my meals with a friend, and there is no food in the house."

The position was discouraging. It was seven in the evening. I had eaten nothing since mid-day, and to turn out and look for food and lodging in a town crowded with troops was a hopeless undertaking. Meantime the carriage and horses were standing at the door; the latter had to be provided with stabling and forage, and nothing could be done for them until I knew where I was to be quartered. I still felt very sceptical about the barrenness of the old gentleman's larder, and the absence of any other bed than that occupied by the sick woman, so I decided upon a last appeal. "My friend," I remarked, "I pity the fate that is in store for you. There is a whole regiment of Prussians still unprovided with billets; if I go and report that I have failed to get officers' quarters here, a dozen privates will be billeted upon you. Now I am not a Prussian, but an Englishman. I will not only give you as little trouble as possible, but I will protect you from the inroads of Uhlans and others who are beating up quarters for themselves." But I had scarcely got so far, when the little man interrupted. "Say no more," he said; "it is enough that you are an Englishman; why did you not tell me that at first? I am a retired surgeon in the navy, and in many parts of the world have found good comrades among Englishmen, to whom I am devoted. Hey, Marie, *lève toi*—jump out of bed, cook a good dinner, and get the bedroom up-

stairs ready for this English monsieur." In a moment the moribund old female was on her legs in full costume. She had hopped into bed just as she was, and feigned the death agony to perfection. There was no symptom of shortness of breath about her as she ran briskly upstairs and showed me a nicely furnished little bedroom, with a most inviting-looking bed. And in less than an hour I was eating a first-rate *bouillon*, followed by a *filet*, and washed down with a bottle of excellent Burgundy, my host meanwhile recalling the reminiscences of his naval career, and the names of English admirals and men-of-war. Then we diverged into politics, and sat smoking and talking till midnight. I was glad to have an opportunity of making good my words, for a party of soldiers came to look for quarters, and I was able to save my host from invasion by showing my billet, and telling them that I was attached to head quarters.

Upon another occasion I was billeted with my German colleague upon a retired opera-singer, called in my billet "lyric artist," who lived in a charming little suburban residence, and who received us with an air of profound disgust. He took no pains to conceal his aversion, so far as my companion was concerned, up to the end; but when he found I was an Englishman, his manner towards me entirely changed, and we became such great friends that he insisted upon my staying with him for two days after the army had left—not, however, extending his invitation to my colleague, who got a lift in an ambulance until I overtook him.

My host was a musical enthusiast, but had infused into his love for his art a spiritual theory which was original and interesting. In his view, the *timbre* of the voice, and the excellence of the execution, depended largely upon the moral condition of the performer; and the singer approached perfection in the degree in which he or she lost all self-consciousness or personal ambition, and sung only with the one object of bringing out the strong points of the voices of others. In other words, the quality of the voice was conditional on the utter unselfishness of the individual, on his purity of life and motive, and on the ex-

alted nature of his aspirations. My host said he had a living illustration of the excellence which might be thus attained, in the person of his own daughter, whom he had trained morally upon his system, and who, he averred, possessed an incomparable voice, which, however, she could not use professionally, because as the jealousy of all the other singers would be excited, her voice would be unable to retain its purity, and be overwhelmed by the passions which it roused. In fact, she could only sing alone or with some one whose nature was as lofty as her own; and he had only succeeded in instilling into one of his pupils sentiments sufficiently high to enable them to sing together. Unfortunately, on hearing the news of the approach of the German army, he had sent this interesting young lady to a place of safety, and could only show me her photograph; and I am bound to say I have seldom looked upon a face of more ideal loveliness, or had my imagination more powerfully excited in favor of a young lady, without seeing her, than upon this occasion. Since the conclusion of the war, I have several times regretted my inability to carry out my intention of paying another visit to my old operatic friend.

Variations of this sort in the course of a campaign are a relief from the more degrading interests which turn solely upon the slaughter of one's fellow-creatures; and I was more refreshed one night that I passed in a monastery of Franciscans, discussing theology until the small hours of the morning, than if I had spent the same time in the excellent bed which the good fathers had prepared for me. In fact, campaigning is pleasant enough with interesting and comfortable night-quarters, and no battles; but there is another side to the medal, which it is time to present to my readers. In due course our delightful military promenade ended, and, to the great disgust of the soldiers, they found themselves back at the spot from which they had started three weeks before, having accomplished nothing beyond wearing out the soles of their boots; but there was hot work in store for them. I passed a restless night in the little town of Janville, in anticipation of the fight which was to take place on the following

day, and at an early hour next morning we were *en route* for the front. The artillery had already begun to roar, and a drive of an hour brought us to the ambulances, and the first wounded men straggling back to them. Then we came across a French battery of artillery which had already been captured; and then, as the shells from the enemy's batteries began to crack overhead, it became time to look for a place of comparative safety, from which to see the progress of the battle. On a slight eminence, well out of the line of fire, stood a farm, flanked by two high towers, and occupied by 2000 men, under the command of General von der Tann's brother. It struck me that a good view of the battlefield, which was a slightly undulating plain, could be obtained from the summit of one of these towers; and after introducing myself to the general, and obtaining his permission to make the position he occupied my point of observation, I ascended one of them, where, in a small room at the very top, I found a number of soldiers, who had knocked loopholes in the walls, through which, and from a small window, I had an excellent view of the long line of German artillery, partially enveloped in its own smoke. Through the rifts in it, as it curled away to leeward, I could make out the whole position of the French, and see their regiments massed in order of battle in the extreme distance. We had the night before joined hands with the division of the Red Prince; and there could not have been less than 80,000 men engaged on either side. Though the forces equalled those at Waterloo, the public had been so satiated with battles on a large scale during the earlier periods of the war, that the battle of Patay, which I was now witnessing, created comparatively little sensation. In the letter which I sent to my "organ" at the time, I endeavored accurately to describe the movements of the troops, and the varied fortunes of the battle, as I looked down upon it mapped out on the plain at my feet. But I found myself abruptly compelled to bring my notes to a close by a turn of events for which I was utterly unable to account, and which converted my post of observation from one of comparative safety to one of the most extreme peril. How a whole

French division managed, without our observing them, almost to surround the farm, was evidently a matter of as much astonishment to the twenty or thirty soldiers who had been looking through the loopholes as it was to me—but in a moment all was noise and smoke. The bullets rained like hail upon the stone walls of our tower, and I was pushed away from the loopholes and window to make way for the barrels of the rifles which were pointed through them upon the closely packed ranks of the French below. Finding it impossible to see anything more, and half suffocated by the smoke, I ran hurriedly down to see how matters were progressing below. I found several men lying dead or wounded in the farmyard, which was surrounded by a low wall, behind which men were crouching and firing. I crept past them on my hands and knees to the sheds and stables, in which I observed the General and his aide-de-camp. Here there was a room already filled with wounded men. The balls were whizzing across the courtyard in every direction, and the fire was getting hotter every moment as the enemy pressed closer to the attack. They were evidently in such force that I ventured to ask the General whether he did not think he would be compelled to surrender. To my dismay he replied that this was out of the question; the farm had become the key of the position, upon which the whole battle might depend; and if it came to a hand-to-hand conflict, he was determined to fight it out to the last man.

It was only too clear that I had got into a sort of "La Haye Sainte,"—the very last place for a benevolent neutral to be found in by an exasperated enemy. I felt that my duty to the paper I represented, as well as to my country, required me to sacrifice any longing I might have to seize the rifle of a dead soldier, and fight with my back to the wall until I fell covered with wounds, and seriously to consider the question of my personal safety. It occurred to me that when it came to the last struggle, the safest place would be the tower I had evacuated, as, if the enemy took the farm down below, the men in the tower, even if they still remained in it, would be sure to surrender; and to surrender

gracefully and with dignity, was an act of warfare for which I felt myself fully qualified. In fact, I quite regretted that I had not a sword, instead of a pen, to hand, with a conciliatory and complimentary speech, to a French officer.

When I got back to the room in the tower, it was more sulphureous than ever. One man had been hit by a ball through the window, and seemed *in extremis*; the men were grimy with smoke; the balls were pattering more hotly than ever, and I had no desire to try and look out; so I squatted a few steps down the stairs from the doorway for air, and took more notes to distract my mind. Presently I heard a shout from the room above, and a renewed roar of musketry fire; then the pattering of balls ceased suddenly. I rushed to the window; the soldiers were laughing, and made way for me, and I saw one of those sights which remain fixed upon the memory for life. The Hessian brigade had suddenly taken the French in flank and poured in a withering fire; the latter had wavered and broken—the Germans rushed on; their bullets rained on the retreating masses. The whole field was strewn with dead and dying—the nearest French dead being within two hundreds yards from the farm buildings, which proves that they must have been almost in the act of attempting to storm it when relief thus opportunely arrived. It is probable that even had the French taken the farm, it would have been speedily retaken; but the slaughter on both occasions would have been fearful, and I shudder to think what would have become of me. As it was, I went instantly on to the corpse-strewn field, and did what I could for the wounded until the arrival of the ambulances an hour afterwards. My brandy flask was soon emptied; there was no water near; and all I could do was to change the positions of the wounded men, prop them up against trees where there were any near, try and make tourniquets of their own handkerchiefs when they had any, and so forth. The tide of battle rolled away in another direction, and I had to follow it; but all the rest that I saw on that day, is it not written in the columns of my "organ," in a military style which would do credit to the chief of the staff?

There was fighting again all next day, but the only personal incident which occurred to me was late in the evening. I have already stated that I was ready to encounter considerable personal risk in order to secure a good bed. If there is a thing I hate it is sleeping all night in an open carriage in the rain. And this seemed likely to be the alternative, if the result of the day's fighting did not take us into Orleans. From a little after daybreak we had been pushing the enemy slowly but steadily before us, and towards five in the afternoon the firing had slackened considerably. Upon one occasion already, in my hurry to push on, a shell had burst so close to the carriage, while I was feeling my way to the front on foot, that the coachman had turned tail and fled, giving me a hunt of an hour before I could find him, and he now reluctantly forced his way past the advancing troops. Everybody I asked told me the same story—that the advanced guard had entered Orleans. By the time I reached the suburbs of the town it was eight o'clock; the weather had cleared, and there was a bright full moon shining. The last German officer I had spoken to had assured me I might go on safely, although I seemed to have headed the army, and the road was clear. A little farther on I passed some cavalry, then all was silent, and I entered the town, which was perfectly still. The moon threw a dark shade over the right hand side of the first street, and I observed a German regiment drawn up in the shadow. As I got to the point where the street turned, an officer cried "halt," and I was just wondering whether the command was addressed to me, when a shower of bullets decided the coachman to prompt action. The French were in the street into which we were about to turn, and which was in the full blaze of moonlight, so they fired at the carriage the moment it appeared round the corner. How neither we nor the horses were hit was a marvel. One bullet struck the iron step, another crashed into one of the spokes of the hind wheel, but we were round the corner and out of shot before they could fire a second time; and after driving back a couple of hundred yards, I saw a closed restaurant in which I determined to quarter myself for the night. It was

some time before I could make the proprietor admit his existence, for every house seemed hermetically sealed. In quartering myself here, I took the risk of the Germans not being forced back the two hundred yards, which I now knew was the most advanced point they held; and as it afterwards turned out, my confidence was not misplaced. They steadily pressed on all through the night, the French so silently evacuating the town before them, that most of the inhabitants did not know that it had changed hands; and an English officer attached to the French headquarters was much surprised when he awoke in the morning to find himself a prisoner, with two German sentries at his door.

The Germans made eleven thousand prisoners on this occasion, and shut them up in the cathedral, where Zouaves might be heard playing polka airs on the organ; and a bed was made up on the altar, and camp-fires were lighted with the *prie-dieu* chairs, filling the whole of the vast edifice with smoke; and the noisy cooking and singing and rioting seemed to be as little in harmony with what one supposes prisoners to feel, as with the locality in which they gave vent to their spirits. The fact is, they were overjoyed at the prospect of being sent to Germany till the war was over, and having no more fighting to do. Their comrades, who were less lucky, had some rough days in store for them under the command of General Chanzy. We followed the *corps d'armée* led by this general, and had three days' hard fighting with it near Meung. The first day we were outnumbered by two to one, and were under the impression that we were beaten until we saw next day that the enemy had shifted his position to one in rear of that he had occupied the day before. It was during the combat of the second day that a personal incident, which might have terminated disagreeably, occurred. The battlefield on which three successive days' fighting took place was an almost level plain, over which were dotted villages, each one with its church and spire, and which, strongly occupied and loopholed, made formidable isolated positions, out of which the enemy had either to be shelled or forced at the point of the bayonet. I passed the greater part of

these three days seated amid the bells in the tops of the steeples. The position was safe and commanding, and enabled me to avoid unnecessary fatigue. As soon as a new village was captured with a good spire, I moved to it, and remained until it was left too far in rear to be useful. On this particular occasion I saw a steeple which, in addition to belonging to a church situated on a slight eminence, was in itself loftier than any other. My longing eyes had been often fixed upon its belfry, but, unfortunately, it had been from the first strongly held by the French; and little puffs of smoke were perpetually being vomited from the loopholed walls. For some time a very annoying battery of artillery had assailed us from its neighborhood. Meantime a change of locality had become necessary, and I descended from the steeple I was in to find another. I was making for a village nearer the front when I came across a Bavarian regiment, the colonel of which I knew. To him I expounded my *penchant* for steeples, and my regret that I did not see any chance of the one I particularly affected being at my disposal. While we were talking, an aide-de-camp arrived with an order that the colonel, and another regiment brigaded with his, should advance and storm the village in question. "Now," he said, with a disagreeable suspicion of irony in his voice—"now is your chance. You have only to keep at my side, and you will be in your steeple in ten minutes." The invitation was in the highest degree disagreeable. How I regretted I had said anything about wanting villages taken for my benefit. I was on the point of declining, when the sneering laugh of one or two officers, who had joined in our conversation, changed my decision. I had just time to shrug my shoulders with the *nonchalant* air of a man who passed his life in carrying villages at the point of the bayonet, when they were summoned to their duties. The regiment was put in motion, and I found myself leading it at the tail of the colonel's horse. It was simply sickening, and I don't know exactly what it did—I mean the regiment—when we got so near that the bullets began to ping all round us. It probably formed in columns of companies, or deployed on its pivot flank, or did something incompre-

hensible; but it had the excellent effect of enabling me to get well mixed up with it, so that when we all went on at a run, I got carried along and into the village, only drawing my breath at the door of the church, into which I bolted like a rabbit into a warren, and sat down for a moment on a chair to breathe, and listen to the straggling firing which still went on in the street. Then I went up to the belfry. All the churches were on pretty much the same model, and I had no difficulty in finding my way. I had just passed the organ-loft, and got a few steps up the stairs, when a shot was fired apparently within a few yards of me. I first jumped, and then reflected. I had not heard the sound of a ball, nor could I see from what point I could have been fired at. Still the noise was unpleasantly close. Certainly the sooner I attained an elevation the better. The bells were approached by a ladder at last, and there was a mere framework to stand upon, but there were splendid loopholes to look through, and the *coup d'œil* over the battlefield amply repaid me for all I had gone through to get there. I had just adjusted my field glass, and was beginning to take a deliberate survey, when I heard a shout, followed by a volley of German oaths, and looked down to see a huge Bavarian take a deliberate "pot" at me with his rifle, the bullet flattening itself against the corner of the loophole, not three inches from my nose, which I had drawn in with the rapidity of lightning. Why I should thus suddenly have become a target for one of my German friends was a mystery to me. I did not like to descend, for I was afraid of some more stray shooting near the organ-loft. I did not like to look out of the loophole again, for I felt that the big Bavarian was on the watch for another shot; so I sat down where I was, and waited the march of events. In a few moments I heard a great clattering on the steps leading up to the belfry, and soon a dozen or more soldiers, led by the big Bavarian, appeared at the bottom of the ladder, and simultaneously pointed their rifles at me, with loud commands to descend and surrender myself as a prisoner, on pain of being shot. I replied by imploring them not to fire, and all the time I was looking literally down the barrels of their rifles, and hoping that

one might not accidentally go off. I shouted energetically that I was unarmed; that I had that moment entered the village with them; and that I was a friend, if they would only believe me and not fire. Still I had to descend with all their rifles steadily aimed at me, as though they feared I should take wing and fly away through a loophole. It is not probable that any of my readers know from experience what it is to descend a rickety ladder backwards with twelve rifles pointed at one's most vulnerable extremity; I earnestly trust they may long be spared the sensation.

I was instantly seized roughly by the collar when I reached the bottom, and was again in the middle of explanations, when, most fortunately, there appeared one of the officers who had been present when the colonel asked me to take part in the assault on the village. He at once ordered my release; and on my stating that I had been first fired at and then captured by his own men, he demanded an explanation from the big Bavarian. This worthy asserted that he had been fired at out of the church—that the bullet had just grazed past him—and that, upon looking toward the steeple, he had seen me exactly in the position from which the report seemed to come. This was at once accounted for by the shot which I heard after passing the organ-loft, and I suggested to the officer that if we searched there we might find the man who had so narrowly missed the big Bavarian, as I had heard the shot proceed from it. We accordingly repaired thither, and there, crouched up in a corner, was a wretched Mobile. There was a general shout to him of "surrender;" but either through panic, or not understanding that he might save his life by throwing down his gun, he clutched it the more tightly, and even seemed about to bring it up to his shoulder, on which the big Bavarian rushed at him, wrenched it out of his hands, and, with one blow of the butt, literally scattered his brains over the floor. The whole episode was most painful; and when, a moment afterward, my would-be assassin slapped me familiarly on the shoulder, and laughed heartily at the idea of his nearly having blown out my brains by mistake, I failed altogether to see the point of the joke. This day's fighting

was so exciting at certain periods that I remained on the field until sundown, though I had a long way to drive back to reach my quarters at Meung. Crossing on foot from one part of the field to the other toward evening, I saw a village which I imagined was in German possession. I determined to go back that way, as it would be a short cut from the position in which I was, to where I had left the carriage. As I approached within a few hundred yards of it, it burst out into flame, and I paused and sat down, and contemplatively smoked a cigarette. Why should it burst into flame? There was no reason why the Germans should burn what might be a good night's shelter. What if it were burned by the French? In that case the Germans had not occupied it, as I supposed, but the French might have done so before abandoning it. *Allons voir.* I crept slowly and cautiously on in the growing dusk, stopping every now and then to listen for the sound of voices, but all was still except the crackling of the flames. At last I entered the village. It was entirely deserted. It had been evacuated by the French, but not yet occupied by the Germans. That was the second village I had taken in one day. The reflection soothed my vanity. I will wait here, I thought, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, till some Germans arrive, just to show them the military instinct and spirit of enterprise of the British journalist. I admit it was pure swagger, but I hoped I might have my revenge on the Bavarian regiment, if the fortune of war should lead it in this direction.

I waited half an hour watching the flames spreading, looking into all the houses to see if they were empty, moralizing over the strangeness of my position, alone in this burning village, with guns still flashing all round me in the growing darkness, as if loath to cease the carnage of the day. At last I heard the tramp of feet and sound of words of command, and a regiment of Hessians marched in. I now felt half inclined to sneak out without showing myself. The task of explaining who I was might prove difficult. Fortunately I was getting pretty well known in the army. My rattletrap old carriage with the pair of grays and the French coach-

man had got a reputation for pushing itself where it had no business to be ; and when fighting was going on, and I was poking about on foot in my plain clothes, I was recognized as being the companion of the German correspondent, who had been so long with the army that he was well known, though owing to some indiscreet criticisms he had now been obliged to leave it. So I thought I would risk it, and I walked up in a free and easy way to the colonel, and took off my hat to him as an old acquaintance, to that worthy's intense astonishment. " You ought to have been here half an hour ago when I came," I remarked ; " you could have given the enemy a tremendous slating." He took my chaff very good-naturedly, and said he could not be everywhere at once, like a newspaper correspondent ; and he set his men to put out the fire and house themselves for the night, offering to give me quarters with them ; but I had my letter to write and post, and this involved a five-mile drive by moonlight to the rear across the most ghastly field which can well be imagined. I had some trouble in finding my carriage. I had left it at a well-defined position on the battle-field of the day before, but to reach it I had to walk for more than a mile over a plain where the carcasses of men and horses were not merely thickly strewn but frozen into all sorts of fantastic attitudes. The thermometer had been 16° below the freezing-point on the previous night, and men only slightly wounded, who had not been able to crawl to their comrades, had been frozen to death. One man was stiff in a sitting position, with both his arms lifted straight above his head, as though his last moments had been spent in an invocation, and it gave one a shudder in the clear moonlight to approach him. Others were crumpled up in a death agony, and so frozen. In places, many together, French and Germans were mingled, not because they had been at close quarters, but because the same ground had first been occupied by one and then by the other, perhaps at an interval of half a day. I think I was more comfortable with bullets pinging in my ears, than walking amid the distorted shadows of these dead and stiffened men ; and it was quite a relief to see a

haystack on fire, and a regiment warming themselves at it, and my prudent coachman within comfortable distance of the ruddy blaze. Then comes the hard part of the correspondent's life. I had still to dine. I had lived since the morning's coffee on a loaf of bread, which I had been picking at all day ; then to write my letter—a good two hours' task ; then to see that it was safely posted, either that night or the next morning early, so as to give me time to get to the field for the third day's battle. And all this after having been on a strain of exertion and excitement since daylight ; and then the gentleman at ease in London reads it all in his arm-chair after breakfast for a penny, or, at the most, twopence-half-penny.

On the following night I had to change my quarters. The country was infested by the enemy, who were falling slowly back after their pertinacious resistance. We had been strongly reinforced, and I was compelled to abandon my plan of taking a line of my own, and obliged to keep with the army. The consequence was that, when the momentous question presented itself of finding a night's lodging, every hole and corner of the little village at which the headquarters were established was occupied. The Grand Duke was lodged in a most picturesque old chateau ; and every farm and cottage for miles round contained soldiers. My first duty, after finding a corner for myself, was to establish the carriage and horses safely, and provide forage for the latter—a difficult matter when it was not served out as part of the army rations. However, it was generally possible to buy this, if not from the French, from the Germans ; but the hour was usually late before I was free of this care, and able to make myself comfortable. Upon the night in question, I was in despair. For more than an hour did I wander in the darkness ; the night was bitterly cold ; it was snowing heavily ; and my dinner, for which I was famishing, was yet in the remote distance. After vainly passing door after door, only to find the chalk inscription denoting the officers or men who were lodged within, I stumbled, in a retired lane, upon a hovel rather than a cottage, consisting apparently of only one room, with

a window upon each side of a low door, upon which nothing was written. I determined, as it was locked, to break in here; but on the bare chance of there being inmates, although there was no glimmer of light, I first knocked loudly. I was just proceeding to more vigorous measures, when I heard a whispering, so I called out to those within to save me the trouble of bursting in the door by opening it. After a little delay I heard the key turn, and a woman's voice timidly inquire what I wanted. I said I would explain as soon as I was let in, and, pushing the door open, I found myself in a room lighted only by the dying embers of a fire. Striking a lucifer match, I became aware of the presence of two young women, aged eighteen or twenty, shivering with terror, one of them weeping bitterly. These I attempted to reassure by the most dulcet tones and pacific gestures. I explained my forlorn condition, expressed my willingness to sleep under a hedge rather than cause them one moment's uneasiness, painted in strong language the dangers which surrounded them in the absence of any protector, declared my willingness—nay, my anxiety—to constitute myself their protector, expatiated on my harmless and generally innocent disposition where the fair sex was concerned, and the lengths to which my chivalry was capable of carrying me when they were in peril, and finally, succeeded in extorting an invitation to become their guest. I declined to force myself upon them, and would only stay if asked. They said they had no male protectors; one of them was married, but her husband had left on the approach of the Germans, and the other was her sister; and they threw themselves upon my mercy. My mercy received them with the tenderness of a feather-bed. I asked them if they had any provisions in the house, but the supply was so small that, after chalking my designation on the door, to prevent the room being occupied in my absence, I started off to bring my traps from the carriage, and any provender I could lay my hands on. I came in for a slice of beef, while the distribution was being made to some soldiers, and was soon comfortably established by the side of a roaring fire broiling a steak,

and most eagerly waited upon by my two charming hostesses. I soon after won their complete confidence by turning off a rather noisy band of soldiers who came looking for quarters, and listened sympathetically to the long tale of sorrows which they poured into my ear. They were very poor, and there was literally only one room in the house. This contained two beds, one of which was usually occupied by the young married couple, while her sister slept in the other. They were hung with heavy blue curtains, which completely enveloped them. The sheets were coarse, but clean; and I had a good supply of my own rugs. When the cravings of my appetite had been appeased, I suggested in the most delicate manner that I should go to bed first, pull the curtains together, and put my head under the bed-clothes, while they went to rest in the bed appropriated to the married couple. This arrangement suited them perfectly; and I shortly afterward received a fresh mark of their confidence by hearing one of them snore. The weather was so boisterous on the following day, that it was impossible to continue the march, so I brought enough provisions to my hut for all three, and paid for my accommodation so liberally when I left the day after—as I felt it was an act of charity which would be highly applauded by the proprietors of the journal I served, and out of whose pockets it came—that I have every reason to hope that the two poor girls look back to the days when their village was occupied by the Germans as among the pleasantest and most profitable of their lives.

A couple of days after this we again found ourselves in the presence of the enemy. I had established myself in a low wine shop, which only contained one good bed; the husband, as usual, had decamped for fear of the Germans, and his wife was the solitary occupant. She found a nest for herself somewhere in a loft. I started off early to go to the front, telling her to expect me back late, and have dinner ready for me. This all but turned out quite an unnecessary order, and I was very nearly prevented by a serious accident from ever dining again in this world. The adventure happened in this wise. I had

as usual driven as near the front as was prudent, and had then got out to pursue my investigations on foot. I ultimately arrived at a farmhouse in a wood where a general of brigade and his staff had established themselves, whom I happened to know. While chatting with them on the chances of a skirmish before nightfall, and on the proximity of the enemy, a young officer came in saying that from a point he had just left he could look right down into a part of the French position. This point he described to me as occupied by half-a-dozen men, who had crept as far to the front as possible, and were now hiding behind an old ruined wall, and watching the enemy unobserved. As he was going back there, I offered to accompany him, and we crept through the brushwood, and then made a quick run across a piece of open, to a most picturesque fragment of ruin, which dominated the valley some three or four hundred feet below, in which is situated the village of Fréteval, then occupied, as well as the heights behind, by the French army. Peeping through the chinks of the ruin, I could see a French regiment marching along a road beneath us, within very comfortable rifle shot, apparently unaware of our proximity. I remained here jotting down notes for nearly an hour, and then, hearing some firing at a distance, determined to return to the carriage in order to go and see what it was. This I could either do by keeping in the woods all the time, which involved a long round, or by crossing an open ploughed field, which was a saving of half the distance. As everything seemed quiet where I was, I determined on this latter course, and was laboring through the soft land ankle-deep in mud, when bang came a round shot, apparently aimed at me, and buried itself about twenty yards in the rear. To say that I took to my heels is a figure of speech; I had no heels. I had two mountains of mud clinging to my feet, which rendered running almost impossible. However, I did my best; and in the agony of my effort I sprawled headlong on my face at the very moment when another shot, better aimed, covered me with dirt. For at least ten minutes more was my solitary figure a target for that miserable French battery.

I ceased to wonder that the French lost battles when they could waste valuable ammunition in this ridiculous way. I heard shouts of laughter proceed from a German regiment hidden in the wood for which I was making, as they saw my frantic efforts to increase my speed as each whistling, shrieking ball warned me not to dally. Once they actually expended a shell upon me, but it cracked in the air a hundred feet above me. At last, panting with fatigue, I scrambled into the wood, and I must say that I was most sympathetically and kindly received by the Germans as a return for the amusement I had afforded them. There was skirmishing after this till nightfall, but I kept at a discreet distance for the future; and hungry and tired as usual, I reached my humble lodging a little after dark—my imagination pleasantly toying with the prospect of the dinner which was in store for me. Alas! how vain one's anticipations often prove of pleasures to come! I found all dark, groped my way up-stairs to my bedroom, and was startled as I reached the threshold—I could see nothing—by the feeble pipe of an infant's wail, followed by the moan of a grown-up person, proceeding apparently from the direction of my bed. I struck a match, and there in my bed was my hostess, and by her side an infant that moment born! Not another soul was in the room. She explained in a feeble voice that, having no bed of her own, but only a miserable *grabat* in a loft, "she had taken the liberty to be confined in the bed of monsieur, and would I be so kind as to—" and here she proceeded to enlist my services. But I am travelling out of the legitimate functions of journalism. I only mention the incident to show what may at times be required of a war correspondent, and how careful editors should be to select men of varied acquirements and vast experience in all the walks of life.

The terror which the news of the approach of the Germans inspired, and which, in the case of the two girls with whom I lodged, and in the instance of the poor mother I have just narrated, induced the husbands to desert their wives, was by no means justified by the conduct of the invading army. Excepting in the case of requisition for trans-

port purposes, the people were nearly always paid for what was taken from them; and when we entered small towns, the *charcuterie* shops might invariably be seen filled with a crowd of soldiers paying across the counter for all they took. Many a tradesman lost the chance of making money by secreting his stores, locking up his shop, and decamping. One night I was a witness of a little episode in which something more dangerous than comestibles were being hidden away. I had arrived among the first in a small town, secured my quarters, and was looking out of the window of my room over a back garden belonging to an adjoining house. Presently I saw an old man emerge stealthily with a spade. With this he dug what appeared to be a grave behind some bushes. He then returned, and shortly after reappeared, accompanied by a younger man. Each was carrying at least half-a-dozen rifles. These they rapidly buried, taking great care afterward to replace the earth in such a manner as to show as little disturbance of the soil as possible; and both, profoundly unconscious that all their proceedings had been observed by one who, if he had given information, could have got them into trouble.

One of the most severe trials of the war correspondent is when his best letters fail to reach the journal to which they are addressed. This was the case on the occasion of my entry into Châteaudun. It was rapidly growing dark, and there was a nasty cold drizzle when I reached the advanced post of the army, and found, seated in a field near a camp fire the same general who had commanded in the farmhouse at the battle of Patay, and whom I had not seen since that occasion. I asked him where he intended to pass the night; he pointed to a small cottage by the roadside as his own quarters, and to the surrounding wet field as the bivouac-ground of his soldiers. At this point we were about four miles distant from Châteaudun. I asked him whether that town was still in the possession of the French. He replied that a squadron of cavalry had gone forward to reconnoitre, and that if I liked to take the chance of finding out for myself, there was a bare possibility of its having been already evacuated; but that there was no certainty on

the subject, and I must take the risk. This I determined to do. The prospect of sleeping in a good hotel was so much more tempting than passing the night in a wet field, that any momentary hesitation was speedily overcome. As I drove rapidly along, I asked the few people I saw if they had observed any German cavalry pass, and was by no means reassured by an invariable reply in the negative. In less than half-an-hour I found myself on the outskirts of the town; and with my Orleans experience fresh in my recollection, I determined to exercise the utmost caution. I therefore left the carriage and walked along like a private citizen, my plain clothes exciting no suspicion. The fact that the coachman was a Frenchman was an advantage on this occasion, as I could trust him, if he was cross-examined, to concoct a plausible story to account for his presence. The picturesque situation of Châteaudun, with its castle perched on an overhanging bluff under which my road passed, enhanced the romance of the scene—all was so still, so solemn and grand in the darkness, with now and then a gleam of moonlight breaking through the clouds, and dimly defining the rugged outline of the cliff. There was not a soul to be seen in the street, and I did not dare to knock at a door and ask if the French were in the town or not. At last I met a timid-looking wayfarer, who declared he knew nothing. He had apparently, from some cause or other, lost his head through fear. Then I met another, who told me the French had evacuated the town at least two hours before. On this intelligence I went back to the carriage, and drove briskly on. Then the coachman, who was in mortal fear lest he should drive into the arms of his own countrymen, came to a stop, and refused to go on until the matter was put beyond a doubt. Soon a man came running past us with consternation depicted on his countenance; him we hailed, and without waiting to hear what we had to say, he called out, in an agitated voice, "Les Prussiens sont entrés!" This was enough. In a few moments more we heard their bugles, and drove into the square, just as the cavalry was forming in it, and playing a *fanfare* of triumph, to announce the capture of the place.

It was a most exciting moment. They had come by another road, and hence we had made our entry into the town almost simultaneously.

I drove rapidly off to the best hotel, and as I sat down to my comfortable dinner in a warm room, waited upon in the most obsequious manner by the proprietor himself, I thought of the poor fellows camping out only four miles distant, and felt that, after all, the lot of a war correspondent in the field, and the independence he enjoyed, possessed advantages denied occasionally to a general of division. My campaign was now drawing to a close, and I have only one more adventure of interest to narrate. Experience had made me tolerably bold in the matter of forcing myself upon reluctant hosts, and claiming their hospitality. I had put up with well-to-do farmers, with humble peasants, with unprotected girls, with priests, with a lyric artist, with a retired naval surgeon, with shopkeepers, tavern keepers, citizens, and *bourgeois* of all grades, but I had not yet been a guest of the aristocracy. The army was quartered in a miserable village one night, when I ventured to push ahead and look for better accommodation than it afforded. I went for nearly a mile beyond the advanced outposts, and was just making up my mind to present myself at the door of a cottage when I observed a handsome and venerable pile of buildings to my right, a little off the road, and evidently the residence of a noble of high degree. Here I determined to risk a reception. Of course all the proprietor had to do, if he did not fancy my appearance, or approve of my occupation, was to make a prisoner of me, and forward me on without delay to the nearest French post. At the same time the Germans were not a mile off—some of them would probably be quartered upon him the following day; and I knew that this prospect was so demoralizing to the ordinary French mind, that the chances were a thousand to one in favor of the greatest politeness being extended toward me, unless, indeed, which was still more probable, the family had evacuated the premises. I therefore drove boldly up the short avenue, and was about to knock at the door, when a respectable-looking, white-headed old man, the seneschal, appar-

ently, of the castle, came out of a cottage at the entrance to a well-laid-out garden, and asked me what I wanted. I promptly replied, board and lodging for myself, and stabling and forage for my horses for the night. This, he regretted, was impossible; the family were away, and he had strict orders not to admit any one in their absence. I told him he might obey his orders by watching me break in; but as the Prussians would certainly occupy the premises the following day, and as they were now in the neighboring village, he had better save me the trouble, and preserve the locks, by turning the key in them. I, moreover, announced my intention of paying him for everything I took, besides giving him a liberal *douceur*, and a good character to my German friends. This settled the question. He begged me to remain outside while he went into the castle to make some necessary preparations; and a quarter of an hour afterward he returned, and opening the front door, led me into a handsome hall, and up a carved old wooden staircase, along various passages, to a large oak-panelled room, in which was a huge old-fashioned four-post bed, and an antique fireplace, capacious enough to roast a sheep, framed in an elaborate setting of finely-carved work. The walls of the old castle were of immense thickness; and the narrow mullioned windows let in such a dim religious light, that, as it was growing dusk, I suggested that candles should be lighted. With these, presently, the seneschal returned, bearing a pair of heavy silver candlesticks, and followed by a boy staggering under a burden of logs, the sight of which rejoiced my heart that cold winter night. Soon a gigantic fire was crackling on the hearth, throwing a ruddy glow over the massive oak table in the middle of the room, the stiff, high-backed chairs to match, and the heavy red damask curtains which surrounded the bed. The walls of the room were panelled to the ceiling with oak, and were adorned with two old family portraits of a knight in armor, and a lady in powder and a stomacher. The sight of all this gave me a luxurious and aristocratic feeling in keeping with the surroundings, and I proceeded to order dinner on a somewhat grand scale. This

rather seemed to wound the feelings of the seneschal, who said that monsieur might trust him to provide a dinner worthy the reputation of the family whom he had the honor to serve, without his troubling himself to order it; and in less than two hours he was as good as his word. I cannot, at this distance of time, remember of what the various *plats* consisted, but I distinctly remember his inquiring whether I wished for champagne or Burgundy, or both; and upon my replying that the latter alone would satisfy me, he brought me a *crue*, the recollection of which dwelt on my palate for many days after. The old gentleman stood behind my chair while I did justice to this sumptuous repast, expatiating on the virtues of the noble family he served, and whose name he gave me, and telling me of the varied misfortunes which had befallen them, until now the only representatives of this once celebrated house were a young girl and her grandfather, both of whom had taken refuge from the troubles which had overtaken the country in the south of France. At last he cleared away the *débris* of the feast; and after putting more logs on the fire, and asking me if the bed was made to my satisfaction, and if I required anything more, he took his departure. I gazed upon the cheerful blaze with a feeling of profound satisfaction, as I smoked my post-prandial pipe; and then, on looking round the old room, sentiments of curiosity got the better of me, and I determined to explore the chateau. So I sallied forth with a candle, and found my way to the grand staircase. This I descended, and after opening several doors in vain, came upon the reception-rooms, drawing-room, sitting-room, dining-room, the furniture of which was all covered. Then I went along more passages on the ground floor, and reached apparently a very old part of the house, for one door opened on a circular stone stair, the steps of which were well worn, and which descended into subterranean regions. It was getting on toward midnight, and a ghostly feeling crept over me as I felt the cold damp air strike me from what seemed vaults. My candle nearly blew out, and I knew if it did, that I should never find my way back to my cosy chamber. The first room I

came to was an empty vault, with a stone floor and walls, from which led a dark stone passage, which I knew must be a tunnel under ground. This I followed till it was choked with a mass of *débris* that had fallen in from above. As I got back to the stone room, I heard a loud noise behind me in the passage I had left, and which I knew was empty. My hair stood on end, and I felt all my flesh creep; but this was the result of a chill, and not of fear. Nevertheless I hurried up the winding stair, and must have inadvertently passed the door by which I entered it, for I went up a great many more steps than I had come down, and when I did reach a door, it opened into a room I had not previously been in—a remarkably quaint and ancient apartment. On the walls some tapestry hung in shreds, and in the centre was an antique bed, covered with cobwebs. It was uncanny in the highest degree; and it became clear to me that I had got into the haunted part of the house. I fancied I heard noises in every direction—in fact, I am sure I did, but they may have been rats. I got out of this room as soon as I could, and found myself in a passage, which ended abruptly in a blank wall. There were some doors opening off it, and some of these I tried, but they were all locked. I now began to despair of ever finding my way back to my comfortable bed. While I was standing hesitating which door to try next, I heard, beyond all doubt, the noise of furniture being moved in a room behind me. I decided upon boldly dashing into it if I could force the lock, and facing the spirit or exorcising him—or her—as the case might be. I did so; the handle turned, the door opened, and I heard a little scream as I looked into a well-lighted apartment. Instead of a ghost, I saw seated, in an arm-chair by the fire, a very old man, with finely cut features and long flowing white locks—and on a stool by his side a beautiful girl of seventeen or eighteen. I instantly guessed that I was in the presence of the marquis himself, and his grand-daughter, and poured out a torrent of profuse apologies. I had the less difficulty in doing this, as having prepared myself to speak to a ghost, it was a relief to address a human being,

and my words came fluently. The poor girl was as terrified as if I had been the ghost—but the old man calmed her and accepted my excuses with dignity. I was going on to expatiate upon the dreadful exigencies of war, when the old seneschal came rushing in. He was paralyzed for a moment when he saw me talking to his master, whom he had told me was in the south of France, but he was too much agitated by other matters to dwell much on this. "A body of Uhlans had come to quarter themselves in the chateau, and what was he to do?" I comforted the marquis and his grand-daughter by promising to get rid of them. As they proved to be only half-a-dozen men with a sergeant, I was fortunate enough, after much parleying, to succeed in doing this—to the immense joy of the seneschal. I sent him back to the marquis with a message that I would not intrude upon him again at present, but would take the liberty of paying my respects next morning. This I did, and we got on so well that I remained to a twelve o'clock *déjeuner*, and was afterward the means of rendering them some service at headquarters. If I were not the most veracious of war correspondents, I should weave a palpable romance out of this episode, and finish it up by describing the lovely Sidonie as looking smilingly over her husband's shoulder, as he pens these lines. Alas! she is another's.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

 CHRISTMAS SONG.

STIR up the glowing embers,
 Shut out the landscape drear,
 No joy like chill December's
 To crown the changing year :
 Right heartily we greet him,
 For ever in his train
 The merry time of Christmas
 Comes hither once again.

Make music, sturdy ringers,
 Of bells across the snow ;
 Awaken, carol singers,
 The echoes as ye go.
 We hear the same glad burden
 In every sweet refrain—
 Dear Christmas, happy Christmas,
 O welcome once again.

The children chant the story
 Of sacred Bethlehem,
 And how the Babe of glory
 Was cradled here for them.
 'Tis meet their fresh young voices
 Should mingle in the strain,
 When Christmas, happy Christmas,
 Comes hither once again.

Throughout the season holy
 Let friendship and goodwill,
 In highly born and lowly,
 Their embassy fulfil ;
 If these but mark its advent
 We do not sing in vain—
 Dear Christmas, happy Christmas,
 O welcome once again !

Leisure Hour.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE LETTERS OF CHARLES DICKENS. Edited by his Sister-in-Law and his Eldest Daughter. Vol. III., 1836 to 1870. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is the third and last volume of the letters of Charles Dickens. It includes, with his letters to Sir Austen Layard and the late Lord Lytton (some twenty-eight in all), a number that have already appeared in various publications—as, for instance, those to Macvey Napier, Washington Irving, Mrs. Cowden Clarke, and Lady Blessington ; but they are here for the first time collected and arranged under a single title-page. There are given, too, many others hitherto unpublished. As the Beard letters have not yet been discovered, and as the mystery attending their disappearance remains as impenetrable as ever, the collection may—for the moment at least—be considered complete.

In interest and charm the volume is fully the equal of its predecessors. Dickens wrote letters as heartily as he wrote novels. He put as much of himself into his correspondence as into his books ; and his letters are as attractive to the reader now as they were long since to the friends to whom they were addressed. They bring him into immediate relation with a mind and heart of extraordinary vigor and sweetness ; and it is not easy to peruse them without being in some sort bettered by the act of perusal. They are a complete revelation of their author, of his courage, his humanity, his indomitable purpose, his inexhaustible benevolence, his unflagging vivacity, his admirable sense of self-respect, his robust and engaging egoism, his high spirits, his unswerving conscientiousness as an artist and as a man ; and the revelation is impressive enough to make us very grateful that it has come.

The letters are all valuable, but the most valuable are those that illustrate their author's manner of work. Dickens had his faults, of course ; and they were many and grave. He wrote a great deal of nonsense ; he sinned continually against taste ; he could be both noisy and vulgar ; he was apt to be a caricaturist where he should have been a painter ; he was often mawkish and often extravagant ; and he was sometimes—as in certain parts of "Oliver Twist," for example—more offensively inept than any other great writer. But his work, whether bad or good, has in full measure the quality of sincerity. He meant what he did ; and he meant it with his whole heart. He looked upon himself as representative and national—as, indeed, he was ; he regarded his work as a universal possession ;

and he determined to do nothing that for lack of pains should prove unworthy of his function. If he sinned it was unadvisedly and unconsciously ; if he failed, it was because he knew no better. . . .

Charles Dickens had many and grave faults, as we have said, but he will be remembered while English literature exists as one who loved his fellow-men, and as one who did more to make them happy and amiable than any other writer of his time.—*The Athenæum*.

EXTRACTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF W. M. THACKERAY. London : Smith, Elder & Co.

It is not very easy to criticise to any purpose a book of this kind. Thackeray is one of the writers upon whose merits we have all made up our minds. Although he is now passing through that dangerous period in which the exaggerations of contemporary critics generally provoke movements of reaction, there can be no question as to his rightful claim to one of the highest places in our literature. If, after the university method, we arranged our dead authors in order of merit, the only novelists since Scott who would by general consent be placed in the first class would be Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot ; other names, indeed, would be added by many, but hardly any others would receive a unanimous suffrage. If Thackeray's place in this class be not the highest, it is, perhaps, the most secure ; for Dickens appeals to the less reflective or cultivated class, while George Eliot may be accused of appealing too much to the over-cultivated. We have no desire, however, to fix Thackeray's place, or to anticipate the verdict of a future generation, and still less to enter upon the disagreeable task of comparison. It is enough to say that this little volume of selections, made, evidently, with great care and true appreciation, brings out in a very interesting way some of Thackeray's familiar qualities. We have, as a rule, no great love for collections of "beauties" or "wit and wisdom" of an author. It is, of course, impossible that the extracts themselves should not lose by separation from the context. And any reader who is misguided enough to judge an author as if the extract were the whole or even the best part of the work would be liable to great error. Thackeray must be ultimately judged by the substantial merits of his portrait-ure of life, by Becky Sharpe and Lord Steyne, by Costigan and Pendennis, or by the harmonious and exquisite coloring of Esmond, not by the incidental reflections dispersed through his pages. They are merely the accompani-

ment, which is of an interest strictly subordinate to the performance itself, though contributing greatly to the effect.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY. By Henry James, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The dominant qualities in the work of Mr. Henry James render that work intensely interesting to critical persons with a turn for analysis, but are, one would think, less calculated to attract the novel-reading crowd. He has a passion for perfection in the *technique* of craftsmanship, and a rather too unreserved disdain for what would be considered by the Philistine mind much more essential conditions of success in fiction. There is surely something both illogical and perverse in the argument that, because many novels have become popular in spite, or even in virtue, of their bad qualities, all popular qualities must, therefore, be necessarily bad; and yet it is impossible to avoid the thought that much of Mr. James' work is the result of conscious or unconscious reasoning of this kind. He cultivates an artistic asceticism, or purism, or whatever it may be called, which, it must be admitted, is occasionally irritating even to those who are not worshippers of Dagon. It may not be well, for example, to subordinate all other interest to plot interest; but plot interest is not altogether contemptible. A novelist has to tell a story, though he has also to do other things which may be intrinsically better worth doing; and a story is not told when, as in "The Portrait of a Lady," the last page of the third volume leaves all the threads of narrative hanging loose without even an attempt to unite them. Mr. James not only disappoints his readers, but does injustice to himself when he implicitly assumes that the interest aroused by the lady whose portrait he draws will be so lukewarm as to inspire no curiosity concerning the outcome of a great crisis in her history. Still, though in this and in one or two minor matters, Mr. James' stories are less imaginatively satisfying than they might be, the "peculiar difference" of his work is so valuable, so interesting, and at the same time so rare that one wants space for adequate celebration of it, and can spare none for complaint that some things are absent which we can get in plenty elsewhere. To note one achievement among many, I think that nothing in this book or in its predecessors is more remarkable than the masterly painting of moral and intellectual atmosphere—the realizable rendering, not of character itself, but of those impalpable radiations of character from which we apprehend it long before we have *data* that enables us fully to comprehend it. As soon as we fairly see Mr. James' personages we have an impression, vague but sufficing, of their full possibilities,

so that when we part from them we feel that they have not surprised or disappointed us, but have proved themselves consistent and homogeneous; and what makes this peculiar "effect" so valuable and interesting is that it is attained, not by the hackneyed tricks and contrivances of ordinary fiction, but by the honest and direct workmanship which generally contents itself with a broad, fairly recognizable veracity, devoid of anything like subtlety of portraiture. In "The Portrait of a Lady" the handling combines lightness and precision of touch in a way which is all but unique in contemporary English fiction, all the impressive effects of strong emphasis being achieved by that delicate accentuation which is as reposeful to the mental eye as the harmony of low-toned colors is to the physical. The most ambitiously conceived character in the book, Madame Merle, is perhaps the least successful; but the heroine is a very masterly portrait, and the account of her relations with Osmond before and after her marriage is full of psychological interest. Henrietta Stackpole, the female journalist, and her admirer, Mr. Bantling, are delineated with that high comedy humor which is becoming rarer every year; and the same fine quality, mingled with a strain of genuine and not too insistent pathos, appears in the delightful study of Ralph Touchett. We have not lately had so clever or so enjoyable a novel as "The Portrait of a Lady."—*The Academy*.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Robert Browning has a new volume of "Dramatic Idyls" in hand. We believe that it will be ready shortly.

M. ZOLA has finished a new novel, to be called "Pot-Bouille," for which he is said to have received the sum of 30,000 francs merely for the right of first publication as a *feuilleton*.

A New Illustrated Biblical Dictionary, specially suited to the requirements of Sunday-school teachers, to be issued at an exceptionally low price, is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MESSRS. LONGMANS have in the press a work upon "Primitive Belief," by Mr. C. F. Keary. The beliefs dealt with are those of the Vedic Indians, the Græco-Italians, and the Teutons.

MR. KINGLAKE expects, it is said, to finish his Crimean history some time this year. The concluding volume will carry the history of the Crimean campaign down to the death of Lord Raglan.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK's presidential address before the British Association at York will shortly be reissued by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., with the author's latest corrections and additions.

THE Schiller Prize, founded at Schiller's Centenary, to be given every third year to the author of the best German drama during that period, has not yet been awarded, for want of sufficient excellence in the works sent in.

THE *Academy* understands that Mr. Davenport Adams has undertaken to write a Dictionary of the Drama. It is intended to take account of the theatre in English-speaking countries—that is, practically, as far as the drama is concerned, in England and America.

THE National Library of Mexico is, as might be expected, in a deplorable state, thousands of volumes lying about in confusion. Fortunately an appropriation has just been made of £16,000 for a new building, so long delayed.

As the "Leopold Shakespeare," with Mr. Furnivall's Introduction, has got to its "twenty-second thousand," the revisions which Mr. Furnivall made in that Introduction for Messrs. Cassell's "Royal Shakespeare" will now be put as additional Notes to the "Leopold Shakespeare."

PROF. EBERS has just completed a new romance. He has not taken his subject this time from Egypt, or the ancient world, but from the stirring history of the Netherlands in the seventeenth century. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will publish an English translation.

THE success of Mr. Richard A. Proctor's new weekly scientific paper, *Knowledge*, is unparalleled in the history of journalism. It has just reached the fourth week of its existence, and it has already attained a circulation of 20,000 copies. A second edition of the first number to the extent of 11,000 copies has just been issued.—*The Academy*.

THE great dictionary begun by the brothers Grimm is advancing but slowly. M. Heyne and R. Hildebrand, the two regular editors, are engaged respectively upon the letters M and G; while Prof. Lexer, of Wurzburg, to whom has been assigned the letter N, has just brought out a fasciculus of 192 pages, carried as far as "Nachtigalstimme."

ATTENTION may be directed to the fact that Cobden once saw a copy of "Junius" which had belonged to Horne Tooke and had been annotated by the latter. It was at Genoa in 1847. The possessor of the copy was Mr. Brown, English consul there, who had known

Horne Tooke, and who styled him "a finished scoundrel." If this copy of "Junius" be still in existence the notes might be worth reproducing.

THE Philological Society's new English dictionary is to be enlarged from between 6000 and 7000 quarto pages to 8,100. This enlargement, which is even less than the necessities of the work, with the closest packing, require, has been won from the Delegates of the Clarendon Press by Mr. Henry Hucks Gibbs, the old sub-editor of "C," who has for more than twenty years taken the warmest interest in the society's work, and has devoted to it during that period almost all his leisure time.

A NEWSPAPER likely to be widely circulated and eagerly read has just been started in Russia. We have not yet seen a copy, but this is what we hear about it. It is to be called the *Selsky Vestnik*, or *Rural Messenger*, and it is intended to counteract the influence of the "tracts" which the Nihilists circulate among the peasantry. Half a million copies of each number will be struck off, it is said, and the paper will be sold at the easy price of one copeck. The idea of starting it is attributed to General Ignatieff.

THE late Mr. Henty believed that he had discovered a piece of Shakespeare's autobiography in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." He saw in the Christian names of William Fenton and Anne Page an allusion to the loves of William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway, and subsequently, in corroboration of this idea, he found Fenton's wart in Shakespeare's authentic portraits. The article in which this crotchet is elaborated appears in the December number of the *Antiquary*.

THE Delegates of the Clarendon Press will publish very shortly a "Manual of Greek Historical Inscriptions," from the earliest times down to the Roman Conquest, with a general introduction and index by the Rev. E. L. Hicks, of Corpus Christi College. The arrangement of the work is chronological, and each document is accompanied with short notes. The collection is intended to supply the student of Greek civilization with a continuous illustration of his subject by means of the more important inscriptions from all parts of Greece.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS is now printing his "Théâtre" at Dôle, in Jura, and the book is apparently destined to become the joy and despair of bibliophiles. Only ninety copies of the six volumes are to be printed, and not one of these will be sold. By far the greater part will be given to the actors and actresses who

have "created" M. Dumas' plays, beginning with those still surviving of the company who in 1852 acted the "Dame aux Camélias." The book is said to be beautifully printed, and to be filled with notes and details of great interest to all who care about the history of the French stage during the last thirty years.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER has just published (with Messrs. Williams and Norgate) the eighth part of the monumental work which he calls "Descriptive Sociology." It treats of "French Civilization, and has been compiled by Mr. James Collier, who was also, it will be remembered, the compiler of "English Civilization." We regret to learn that this part will be the last of the series, for the enterprise has proved so far from remunerative that Mr. Spencer cannot continue it longer at his own expense. Still more painful is it to learn that Mr. Collier's health has entirely broken down under the labor—we do not say, because of the labor. Thus ends a work which in its beginning was full of promise, but over the execution of which an evil fate has hung.

SCIENCE AND ART.

THE ETHNOLOGY OF NEW GUINEA.—Prof. Mantegazza and Dr. Regalia have contributed to the last number of the *Archivio per l'Antropologia* a valuable paper entitled "Nuovi Studi Craniologici sulla Nuova Guinea." The skulls under description were brought from New Guinea by D'Albertis, and have been subjected to careful quantitative examination by the authors of this essay. The principal feature of general interest brought out by this elaborate study is the recognition of a new brachycephalic type in New Guinea. It seems clear that at least two distinct racial elements are represented on the island—a conclusion which is supported by D'Albertis' observations on the external characteristics of the population.

THE ANCIENT RELATIONS OF THE MOON AND EARTH.—The first lecture of the session at the Midland Institute, Birmingham, was delivered by Dr. R. S. Ball, Astronomer Royal for Ireland, on a "Glimpse through the Corridors of Time." In the course of his remarks the lecturer said: While the day was gradually lengthening through the moon's action on the tides, the earth reacted on the moon, and drove it farther and farther away. The circle described by the moon was, therefore, gradually increasing, and thus the day was getting longer and longer as the moon was receding farther and farther. If they looked back to earlier periods, the moon must, therefore, have been closer and closer to the earth. The far-

ther they went back, and at one epoch, which he put at about 50,000,000 of years, the moon must have been very close to the earth, and then the day, instead of being twenty-four hours, would only be three hours long. The closer the moon was to the earth the more quickly it revolved; and, looking back to that remote period, they had the extraordinary state of things in which the earth was spinning round once in every three hours, and the moon rotating once in three hours also. At that time the earth was really a mass of semi-molten matter, and if the oceans were there at all they were suspended in vapor round it. He showed that the nearer the moon to the earth the greater was the rise of the tide; and he calculated that, when the moon was so near to the earth, the tides must have been 216 times as great as at the present time. Rising 240 feet high, the tides would have washed over the whole of England.

SKULL-MEASUREMENTS.—Professor Fowler has published some further results of his researches with reference to the human skull. He states that the largest normal skull he has ever measured was as much as 2075 cubic centimetres; the smallest, 960 cubic centimetres, this belonging to one of those curious people in the centre of Ceylon who are now nearly extinct. The largest average capacity of any human head he has measured is that of a race of long flat-headed people on the West Coast of Africa. The Laplanders and Esquimaux, though a very small people, have very large skulls, the latter giving an average measurement of 1546; the English skull of the lower grades shows 1542; the Japanese, 1486; Chinese, 1424; modern Italian, 1475; ancient Egyptian, 1464; Hindoos, 1306.—*London Medical Record*.

AN AUTOMATIC TRAIN FOG SIGNAL.—A French paper says that the Southern Railway Company of France has attached to the locomotive a steam whistle which prevents a train passing a danger signal in a fog or snow-storm by clearly notifying the engineer of the danger ahead. The whistle is connected with an insulated metallic brush placed beneath the locomotive, so that when the train passes the signals, the brush sweeps a copper-faced projecting bar placed between the rails. This bar is connected with the positive pole of a battery having its negative pole in communication with a commutator on the signal-post, from which a wire leads to the ground. When the signal is "line clear" the passage of the brush over the fixed contact produces no result, but when the signal marks "danger" the commutator brings the negative pole of the battery in direct communication with the ground, and when the brush passes over the contact the completion

of the electric circuit causes the whistle to be sounded and the engineer to be consequently warned.—*Electrician*.

DELICATE WEIGHING MACHINE.—Among some lecture experiments lately brought by Herr Rosenfeld before the Berlin Chemical Society, is one for showing the change of weight in bodies through chemical processes. He uses an areometer with a wire extending upward 10 centimetres from the weighted glass body, and surmounted by a glass cup, on which a piece of sheet platinum is placed. To show the gain of weight in iron through oxidation, e.g., a little finely-divided iron is put on the platinum, so that, the instrument floating in water in a glass cylinder, the wire is slightly immersed. Then the platinum with its charge is removed with a pincette, heated over a strong flame, cooled, and replaced. The areometer now sinks as far as the cup (it may be). In other cases, metallic oxide is put on the supporting-plate, and, after reduction, the instrument rises the whole length of the wire. Herr Rosenfeld describes other variations of the experiment; also, modes of showing the combustion of ammonia in oxygen, and the synthesis of water.

AN ELECTRIC SHIP'S LOG.—Among the more recent applications of electricity to practical purposes is that of attaching an electrical apparatus to a ship's log, and making it register with extreme accuracy the speed at which the ship is moving through the water. This ingenious arrangement owes its existence to the inventive genius and skill of Mr. Kelway, of Portsmouth. The inventor has affixed to the lower part of the box containing an ordinary service log another box which incloses his own electrical apparatus. Into this last-named box the mile spindle of the log is continued, and this is fitted with a cam-wheel. The box is also divided into two parts by a vertical partition, through which passes a horizontal lever or rod insulated from the body of the apparatus, and turning upon a fixed centre. As the cam-wheel revolves in passing through the water, its projections press down the lever whereby the electrical current is completed, and the distance travelled is recorded by means of a battery on board the ship acting through the electric cable by which the log is towed. The index dial may be placed in the captain's cabin, on deck, or, indeed, in any part of the ship. In trials lately made near Portsmouth every quarter of a knot indicated by the dial was checked by actual measurement, and found to be absolutely correct. We understand that what may be termed the Kelway Speed Indicator is likely to be largely used in the British navy as well as the mercantile marine.—*Building and Engineering Times*.

A CURE FOR SEA-SICKNESS.—Mr. Charles Gibson, M.B., has written an interesting letter to the *British Medical Journal* on the treatment of sea-sickness. After dealing with the treatment of all kinds of sea-sickness, Mr. Gibson continues: "It is, doubtless, satisfactory to be able to alleviate the suffering from sea-sickness by the foregoing measures; but there is a prophylactic measure, so to speak, which I believe will mitigate all sea-sickness, and prevent most. I mean the use of bromide of sodium, in large doses, for some time previous to embarkation. I say sodium bromide, as I think it, in several ways, preferable to potassium bromide; it is more readily soluble, and, being in the form of a dry powder, can be carried about, and measured more readily than the irregular-shaped crystals of bromide of potassium. Patients also say it is the more agreeable of the two to take. The traveller should take a drachm of this salt thrice daily or at least two days previous to sailing, the dose being reduced by half when on board. I have on many occasions recommended this drug; and whenever it has been taken as I directed, it has given most satisfactory results. One patient, a lady, who could not cross Brooklyn Ferry without feeling sea-sick, crossed the Atlantic in rough weather without feeling in the least sick; many others, who were usually very sea-sick, were scarcely sick at all; and the least favorable opinion of its efficacy that I heard was, 'Well, I am not half so bad as I expected to be.'"

LONGEVITY IN EUROPE.—M. De Solaville analyzes in the *Revue Scientifique* the results of recent European censuses by ages, and the register of deaths also by ages. If we strike a mean of the census from 1869 to 1878, we find that Europe (exclusive of Russia, Turkey, and some small Southern States) possessed in 1870 a mean population of 242,940,376, classed as follows from the point of view of advanced ages: 17,313,715 of more than 60 years, 79,859 of more than 90, and 3108 of more than 100 years; i.e., 1 inhabitant in 12 of more than 60, 1 in 2669 of more than 90, and 1 in 62,503 of more than 100. Women, M. Solaville finds, are more numerous in extreme old age than men, and the difference increases with the age. Thus at 60 years the advantage is with the women in the proportion of 7 per cent, at 90 and above it rises to 45, and with centenarians to 60 per 100. It is in France that we find the greatest relative number of inhabitants at the age of 60 and upward; but it is not so for centenarians, of which France has less than all the other States of Europe except Belgium, Denmark, and Switzerland. From a calculation of deaths by ages the result is reached that, to the total deaths, those at the age of 90 and

upward bore the following proportions to the countries named and arranged according to the decreasing order of importance: Great Britain, 9.73; Sweden, 7.39; France, 6.58; Belgium, 6.07; Switzerland, 6.00; Holland, 4.47; Italy, 3.76; Bavaria, 3.42; Prussia, 3.06; Austria, 2.61. The result is in accordance with what we know of the mean age of the deceased in the same countries.

PASSENGER BIRDS.—According to a writer in *Nature*, the small migratory birds that are unable to perform the flight of 350 miles across the Mediterranean Sea are carried across on the backs of cranes. In the autumn many flocks of cranes may be seen coming from the north, with the first cold blast from that quarter, flying low, and uttering a peculiar cry, as if of alarm, as they circle over the cultivated plains. Little birds of every species may be seen flying up to them, while the twittering songs of those already comfortably settled upon their backs may be distinctly heard. But for this kind provision of nature, numerous varieties of small birds would become extinct in northern countries, as the cold winters would kill them.

A TRIBE OF TREE DWELLERS.—A French naval doctor, M. Crevaux, has lately made important explorations in the northern parts of South America, more especially in the valley of the Orinoco and its affluents. Among other facts of observation he states that the Guaraunos, at the delta of that river, take refuge in the trees when the delta is inundated. There they make a sort of dwelling with branches and clay. The women light, on a small piece of floor, the fire needed for cooking, and the traveller on the river by night often sees with surprise long rows of flames at a considerable height in the air. The Guaraunos dispose of their dead by hanging them in hammocks in the tops of trees. Dr. Crevaux, in the course of his travels, met with geophagous, or earth-eating tribes. The clay, which often serves for their food whole months, seems to be a mixture of oxide of iron and some organic substances. They have recourse to it more especially in times of scarcity; but, strange to say, there are eager gourmands for the substance, individuals in whom the depraved taste becomes so pronounced that they may be seen tearing pieces of ferruginous clay from huts made of it, and putting them into their mouths.

THE ROUNDNESS OF THE EARTH.—In a recent paper to the Helvetic Society of National Science, Prof. Dufour, of Morges, calls attention to the deformation of images on large sheets of still water through the roundness of the earth. Instead of appearing equal to the

object, the image is sometimes so compressed in the vertical direction as to be almost unrecognizable. Such is the case with the church-tower of Montreaux (on the Lake of Geneva) as seen from Morges. One may see the same thing in images of distant ships and their sails, the eye being near the water-surface. Prof. Dufour had inferred the effect through calculation, but supposed that the Lake of Geneva would never be calm on a large enough surface, till one day Prof. Forel called him to see images which were precisely as he had calculated, and it appears that the days on which the observation can be made (with aid of a telescope especially) are not so rare as one might think. After looking for a moment (M. Dufour says) one perceives the roundness of the earth as distinctly as that of a ball held in the hand.

THE FIGURE OF OUR STELLAR SYSTEM.—The Milky Way has recently been made an object of careful study by M. Houzeau, of Brussels Observatory. He has indicated its composition by means of curves of equal luminous intensity. Looking casually at the Milky Way, one might be disposed to think its luminosity nearly the same throughout. But M. Houzeau finds in it a series of luminous plates or masses, to the number of thirty-three, each diminishing in brightness outward from the centre. These are arranged almost exactly along a great circle of the celestial sphere. The solar system is nearly in the plane of this "equator," and probably near its centre.

NEW METHOD OF BLASTING ROCKS.—Major Lauer, of the Austrian Engineers, has been experimenting upon a new method of blasting rocks without following the usual plan of drilling them with holes for the reception of the cartridges. The cartridge used is a cylinder charged with dynamite, which is simply placed against the rock to be shattered. Its explosion is brought about by electrical agency, and the system is said to work well and economically. The rock is split into such small fragments that the débris is easily removable, and the expense of drilling altogether saved.

A NEW EXPLOSIVE.—Tidings of a new explosive also reach us from Austria. The invention of an English engineer, the new compound is intended to replace gunpowder in the use of small arms. The initial velocity is said to be much greater than with gunpowder; it does not foul or heat the barrel of the weapon, and the smoke of the discharge is almost nil.

NEW COMPOUND FOR ARTIFICIAL BUILDING-STONE.—A new compound for artificial building-stone has been produced by MM. Grunzweig and Hartmann. They mix pulverized cork, clay, lime, water-glass solution, and hair

together, force the mass into moulds, and dry it by heat. The result is a stone of extreme lightness, non-absorbent of moisture, and not subject to decomposition. Where clay is not at hand, it can be replaced by dry earth, volcanic tufa, or cement.

SLEEP OF FISHES.—The establishment of a public aquarium in most important cities has naturally given a great impetus to the study of the habits of fishes. It has long been a disputed point whether fishes are subject to the phenomenon of sleep, and rather a difficult one to determine, seeing that the creatures have eyes to which no closing lids are attached. It seems certain, however, from observations conducted in the Berlin Aquarium, that carp at least are under the power of Morpheus. In October, they commence a kind of winter sleep, placing themselves in unusual attitudes near the bottom of the tank, and refusing to rouse themselves unless food is offered to them. Even this bait does not succeed with some, who require, like certain higher animals, a good shaking before they will "get up." That this state cannot be ascribed to any abnormal condition of health, is proved by the readiness with which food is taken, and by the general good condition of the fishes.

MISCELLANY.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S COURAGE.—September, 1860.—I asked Changarnier his opinion as to the courage of Louis Napoleon. Changarnier: It is great in theory, small in practice. At Strasbourg, when the regiment on which he depended refused its support, he ran and was found in a state of abject terror hiding under a carriage. In the Boulogne attempt, when he had got half-way across the Channel, he became alarmed, and wished to turn back. The people about him called for champagne, and kept him to his purpose by making him half drunk. As he approached, and no friends appeared, his alarm returned. The first troops that met him were under the command of a sensible old officer, who, when he saw the strange procession, accompanied by the tame eagle, and was told that Louis Napoleon was at its head, instead of joining him, summoned him to surrender. Vaudriel had said that at Strasbourg Louis Napoleon had not dared even to fire a pistol in his own defence. He recollected this *not*, kept a pistol in his hand, and fired at the officer, but his hand shook so that though the man was not five paces off he missed him and wounded a poor cook, who, in his white apron, was standing at a door to see what was going on. Louis Napoleon turned, ran into the sea, and got into a boat. A boat from the shore pulled after him. He gave himself up, begged

them not to hurt him, and said that he had 200,000 francs in his pocket which he would give them. He was landed, and begged M. Adam, the maire, to take the 200,000 francs. Adam said he would take care of them, but, with business-like habits, chose to count them first. It was lucky for him, for when it was counted in the presence of the crowd, there were found to be only 120,000. This sum, when he was on his trial before his peers, he claimed, and the cruel Government of Louis Philippe let him have them. Senior: Did he show courage at Magenta? Changarnier: He never crossed the Ticino. He was smoking in a house during the whole time. At Solferino, where he was two miles in the rear, he did not move or give an order, but he smoked fifty-three cigars. We know this, as he always carries with him little boxes, each of which contains fifty cigars. One was quite exhausted, and three had been taken out of the other. Once a spent ball came near him, but that is the only occasion on which he could be considered as under fire. I saw a letter from one of the Cent-Suisses to his mother: "You need be under no anxiety about me. I am with the Emperor, and, therefore, out of danger." In fact, none of them were hit.—*Senior's Conversations.*

THE RHINE.—The causes of the dirty muddiness of the Rhine are somewhat mysterious. Coleridge is brilliant on the dirt of Cologne, and telling how it is washed by the Rhine, he exclaims—

"But tell me. Nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?"

But the washing is only used in a figurative sense, applicable to the district or city passed by a flowing river; and, indeed, although the Rhine carried with it all the pollution of Cologne, that would hardly account for its dusky muddiness. The Rhine, indeed, is chiefly fed from glaciers—and it is a too-well-known feature of these icy scavengers of the mountains, that the streams issuing from them are turbid and muddy; but the Rhine has rid itself of all this element of pollution long ere it reaches "the castled crag of Drachenfels," and indeed past Basle it flows in an expanse of lovely translucent blue. If the wanderer desires to see with how much majesty river can issue from a glacier, let him find the source of the Rhone. Let us suppose that he has climbed to the great cataract of Handek, and slept at the hospice of the Grimsel. At early morn, when he is afoot, instead of descending toward Switzerland, let him ascend westward, passing the cheerful margin of the "Todten Sea," or lake of the dead—so called, as the guide-book tells us, because of old the bodies of travellers lost on the pass were tossed into it. The summit of the

pass is reached ; and thence, deep down, but distinct, as if it were not half a mile away, if the day be clear, the Rhone and its parent glacier are visible. The glacier is in a cleft of the mountain range, and rises up to what would be a dome-shaped mountain of ice were it not that it is subordinated by the Alpine tops above. From a great archway in the glacier the Rhone leaps forth and tumbles down a long steep bank to the Lake of Geneva, where it gets itself washed and comes forth entirely transparent save for a beautiful pale-blue tinge ; and so it flows on until, to its misfortune, it is joined by a stream fresh from its glacier source, and is turbid again for many a mile—making a good parallel to the naughty youth who, left to his own ways, takes a turn and becomes virtuous, but happening again to fall into the hands of an old companion in mischief, is subdued by his firmer will into the evil ways of both.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE TENOR.—The tenor is generally a cooper, a baker, a cabman, or a tanner, who has been caught singing over his tubs, his hot rolls, or his hides. Why is the tenor so rarely a law student, an architect, or an apothecary's assistant ? The problem is one for physiologists to solve. The only thing quite certain is that the tenor is never a prodigy of learning. Grammar especially perplexes him ; orthography drives him to despair. He therefore adopts a phonetic system of his own invention. "Let him take lessons, then," you say. Very good ; but taking lessons in spelling is a confession that he cannot spell. His prestige would suffer. What would the idolatrous crowd think of their idol on learning that, in a letter to his mother, he had written, "hevery mornin i heat a raw hegg for the sake of my elth" ? And his fellow-singers in the green-room ? Wouldn't they make fun of him ? Consequently, the tenor abstains from writing ; or, if absolutely obliged to write, he takes refuge in a prudent laconism. One sweet-voiced gentleman, compelled to answer a manager who had proposed, by letter, a reduction of his salary, thought of sending his card with the simple phrase, "I maintain my pretensions." But the last syllable of the last word sorely puzzled him. Not liking the look of it with a *t*, he tried it with a double *ss*, and finally decided on a *c*, "pretencions." His geographical knowledge is equally at fault. He is offered an advantageous engagement at New Orleans, and without reflection signs at once. "You are going to see a lovely country," says the manager. "No doubt, I have often heard speak of the Maid of New Orleans, and I am particularly fond of New Orleans' plums." "Ah !" says the manager, opening

wide his eyes. "We start in three weeks' time. Send your luggage at once to Liverpool." "Liverpool ? I don't know him. Where is his office ?" "Liverpool is the seaport where we take ship." "No ship for me, if you please ; you can go by sea if you prefer it ; I shall take the express train instead." It was the same individual who fancied that horticulture was the art of cultivating *orties* (nettles), and who thought to give dignity to Robert the Devil, who was a chevalier, by wearing the cross of the Legion of Honor. Another drawback to the tenor's happiness is, that he himself is the slave of his organ. That voice, which is the source of all his success, has to be guarded and nursed with jealous care. Sobriety, even austerity, have to be strictly observed. Syrups, gruels, lozenges, liquorice, potions, and flannel neckties are his fate. Besides which are to be reckoned his professional labors, mental and physical. Thus, between 1839 and '70, Mario, the famous tenor, learned by heart, studied, rehearsed, dressed and performed more than one hundred grand operas by Meyerbeer, Mozart, Rossini, Verdi, and a host of composers too numerous to mention, to say nothing of minor pieces, concerts and the like. Was that the life of a sybarite ? And his final destiny is to be forgotten. The painter leaves his picture behind him, the sculptor his statue, the author his book, the composer his score. What permanent record of the tenor remains, not merely after his death, but after his operatic life has ended ? History speaks of Sophocles, Phidias, Apelles ; but what historian, two thousand years hence, will rescue Rubini from oblivion ? How many of our younger readers have ever even heard of Rubini ? Unhappy vocalist, in the midst of thy triumphs, "*Memento, tenore, quia pulvis es!*" Remember, O tenor, thou art but dust !" — *Time*.

A CELESTIAL BARBER.—He sits down upon one of the barber's stools—the other, which acts as a balance in the carrying, being headed with a brass basin filled with water, a liliputian towel, and underneath a series of drawers with all the paraphernalia of the trade—and has his queue unplaited. His hair reaches down nearly to his waist, but in its dressed condition it almost touches the ground—a little matter of authorized deception easily arranged by the addition, in the plaiting, of long black-colored silk threads, of which material the greater part of an ordinary Chinaman's pig-tail is composed. When in mourning, the color of this silk is changed to white or light blue. The hair being well combed out (during which process the operated upon closes his eyes, as if, in a kind of trance, he was enjoying the soothing influence caused by the friction on his

scalp) the barber sharpens his razor, which is a big lump of metal in shape like a butcher's chopper, and in size not very much smaller than that weapon. Yet with its keenly sharpened edge he takes off the shortest hairs on the head, around the ears, and on the eyebrow. The Chinaman gets a "clean shave," that is, the whole of his face is traversed by the razor, and his head is shaved, save at the crown, on which a small circular patch is left, constituting the foundation for a pig-tail. And the ears are shaved inside and outside, a delicately-shaped little lancet style of blade being inserted, and cunningly and dexterously twisted round and round, removing all hairs, but producing the common effect of deafness so proverbial among Chinese, as well as among their neighbors, the Japanese, who indulge in similar harmful treatment of the ear. The shaving being over, the hair is replaited, and being paid a few cash, off struts the merry little barber to tell his last good story to some one else.—*All the Year Round*.

CATS AT SEA.—Certain animals were once thought to provoke storms at sea, and were thus regarded as unlucky by seamen. A dead hare on board ship has long been thought a storm-bringer. The hare is unlucky in many folk-lore stories. Many people, as Lapps, Finns, and Chinese, will not eat it. As an animal supposed to see at night, it was connected with the moon, shining by night, and we have Eastern traditions of the hare in the moon. Hence it is, with the moon, a weather-maker. The cat was still more widely feared as a storm-bringer, and is always unlucky on board ship. She "carries a gale in her tail," and is thought particularly to provoke a storm by playing with a gown or apron, rubbing her face, licking her fur the wrong way, etc. Provoking a cat will certainly bring a gale, in sailor belief, and drowning one will surely raise a tempest. Fielding, in a voyage to Lisbon (1775), says, "The kitten at last recovered, to the great joy of the good captain, but to the great disappointment of some of the sailors, who asserted that the drowning of a cat was the very surest way of raising a favorable wind." Flaws on the surface of the water are in sailor-lore "cat's-paws." There is a Hungarian proverb that a cat does not die in water, hence its paws disturb the surface. A larger flurry on the water is a "cat-skin." So it rains cats and dogs, and the stormy north-west wind in some parts of England is the "cat's-nose." In Chinese lore tigers cause storms, and the Japanese wind-god has steel claws and a tigerish countenance. In Germany there is a proverb that any one making a cat his enemy will be attended at his funeral by rats and rain. Cats see better at night, are

connected with the moon in many legends, are witches' familiars, and hence are eyed askance by many. The Egyptian goddess of evil, Pasht, was a cat-headed goddess. Cats were, as we have seen, used by witches in raising a gale, and are said to smell a wind, while pigs see it. On shipboard the malevolent character of the cat is shown in nautical nomenclature, and the song now popular—

"It was the cat"—

is liable to more than a double interpretation. The cat-o'-nine-tails is not a desirable acquaintance, nor do sailors have a love for the miscellaneous gear connected with raising the anchor, such as the cat-head, cat-fall, cat-tail, cat-hook, cat-back, etc. The lubber's-hole, through which it is thought derogatory to the able seaman to pass, is in French "*Trou de Chat*." Weak tea is called by sailors "cat-lap." Freya, the Norse goddess, was attended by cats, and thus Friday, her day, was thought unlucky. A spectral dog "shony" is said to predict a storm when appearing on the Cornish beach.—*United Service*.

SOCIAL POSITION OF NIHILISTS.—The *Nord-deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* takes great pains to demonstrate what, indeed, the whole world already believes, that Nihilism is not a product of the lowest and poorest class of society. "It has not sprung from the Fourth Class," says that journal, "and its theories find no acceptance in the home of the poor man." The statement is followed by statistical proofs, one specimen of which suffices. Among the 198 persons accused of complicity in the Nihilist trials at St. Petersburg in 1877, the respective callings of social classification of the criminals stood as follows: 82 belonged to the class of nobles, 19 to the class of civil officials, 33 to the clergy, 8 to the military, 11 to the higher mercantile class, 23 to the burgher class, and 17 to the peasant farmers. Thus only five persons among the Nihilist conspirators could be reckoned as genuinely poor men of the artisan or laboring classes.

THE DEAD.

THE Dead abide with us! Though stark and cold
Earth seems to grip them, they are with us still:
They have forged our chains of being for good or ill:
And their invisible hands these hands yet hold.
Our perishable bodies are the mould
In which their strong, imperishable will,
Mortality's deep yearning to fulfil,
Hath grown incorporate through dim time untold.

Vibrations infinite of life in death,
As a star's travelling light survives its star!
So let us hold our lives that when we are
The fate of those who then will draw this breath,
They shall not drag us to their judgment bar,
And curse the heritage which we bequeath.

MATHILDE BLIND.



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THE BIOLOGISTS ON VIVISECTION.

BY R. H. HUTTON.

SIR JAMES PAGET and his colleagues, in the December number of this Review, accuse the opponents of vivisection of being either carried away by an impulse so vehement that they have never been able to form a careful judgment on the subject, or of having formed that judgment in complete ignorance of the most important facts of the case. I cannot fairly plead guilty to either of those charges, and I do find in the three papers published in the last number of this Review the strongest evidence that the eminent men who wrote them have, on their side, completely ignored the main facts of the case opposed to them. Their own case, of course, they state powerfully enough, and I do not at all deny its superficial plausibility, but they are at least as careless or ignorant of the opposite side of the question as even the most passionate of their antagonists are of the scientific side of the question.

Dr. Wilks even goes so far as to assert repeatedly in the course of his paper that all opponents of vivisection base their opposition on the assumption that physiological experiments on animals are useless. He has evidently read hardly anything that has been written on the subject except on his own side of the case. A very fair number of the articles in favor of a restriction more effective than that of the present law have, I am sorry to say, proceeded from my own pen. I am sorry, of course, only because the subject is so painful; and I am quite sure of this, that I have never believed all these experiments to be scientifically, or even medically, useless. That they have often been misleading no great physiologist would deny, for many of them admit that plenty of the experiments which were once supposed to prove a particular thesis, have, when verified by repetition, resulted in a com-

plete change of view ; nor is it any discredit to such experiments, considered merely as physical experiments, that it should be so. In all experimental science it has been the same. Hasty generalizations have been made which have not been justified by the further experiments made to verify or to disprove the inferences drawn from the former set of experiments. Experimental science necessarily begins by groping its way, and it does not in the least follow that because it gropes its way at first it will never find it. My own belief is that while a great deal of credit has been taken for the scientific results of vivisection which did not fairly belong to it, a sober and moderate estimate, such as that made by Sir James Paget in his paper of last month, of the share which these experiments have had in contributing to the new and more efficient methods of treating disease, may very likely be a just one ; and at all events I am quite aware that a great surgeon and biologist like Sir James Paget, whose mind is too judicial to ascribe to one source of new knowledge what is clearly arrived at by the converging lines of a great many different methods of inquiry, is a far better judge of the matter than a mere layman can be. But I do hold very strongly that it is infinitely better for medical science to lose this advantage, and to advance more slowly without it on its intellectual side, than to soil itself by association with a demoralizing practice which strikes at the very root of the healing art. What I cannot understand at all is Sir James Paget's easy assumption that supposing the torture of animals to have had a substantial share in conducing to physiological discovery, and better surgical or medical methods, the torture of animals for that purpose is not merely lawful but positively obligatory on physiologists. I use the word torture advisedly, because though the great English physiologists are very shy of the word, and always try to minimize the pain inflicted as much as they can, I am quite sure that in a very large number of cases—in all countries where vivisection is made as free as Dr. Wilks and Professor Owen, and even Sir James, wish it to be made in this country—the pain inflicted does amount to torture, and torture of a very cruel kind. It

amounts to that in numberless cases in the great laboratories of Germany, of France, of Italy, and if it amounts to torture only in comparatively rare cases at *present* in England—cases, however, more numerous than the great medical authorities admit—this is, I believe, solely because the influence of public opinion and of the law acting together keep the practice so much in check ; and yet this is the very thing complained of by the three eminent writers in the last number, that owing to what they deem the ignorant outcry of the English public, and the Act which was the offspring of that ignorant outcry, the physiologists cannot fully have their way.

What Sir James Paget argues is this, that because we have not yet done away with a number of very cruel amusements, and very cruel modes of killing vermin, and certain cruel modes of preparing sheep and oxen for the market, therefore it is most inconsistent to forbid experiments which, whether they inflict less, or equal, or more pain than those objectionable practices, are at all events of infinitely greater ultimate value, and have the sanction of an infinitely higher purpose. But the reply is very simple. Though I am no vegetarian (and, if I were, I should be obliged to contemplate a far more effectual extermination of the lower races of animals than any one contemplates now, since we should want all the vegetable food they eat, and could not spare it to them, if they were not to form any part of our food themselves)—still I am most anxious to see all cruel modes of killing animals put an end to. I quite agree with Dr. Wilks, for instance, that if one or two human beings could give their experience of the torture of being hunted, as the man who had to run for his life in the Franco-German war did, we should have far better means of interpreting the shriek of the hare or the rabbit, as it feels the dogs upon it, than we have now, and that we should feel as much ashamed of our coursing and hunting as we do of cock-fighting and bull or bear baiting. While I have been writing these lines, the agonizing shrieks of some rabbits turned out of a sack by some brutal fellows in the neighborhood have been ringing

in my ears, and I am as passionately anxious to put down such "sports" as I am to put down the worst vivisections. But what our physicians and biologists entirely decline to face is this: What would be the result on what I may call the cruel amusements, the popular hunting, and coursing, and vermin-destroying, of the rise of a new scientific class of physiologists, protected by the full sanction of the State, consisting of great and distinguished men, pursuing what we are told to regard as the noblest possible ends, and resulting in the protracted torture of hundreds of cats and dogs—many of them decoyed away from their owners for the purposes of the laboratory, though not of course with the knowledge or consent of the distinguished men who intend to inflict these tortures? We must of course expect that if this practice is to receive the full liberty and complete sanction which, when kept in the hands of thoroughly educated men, Dr. Wilks and Professor Owen claim for it, we shall soon arrive at the same goal whither the other great nations which sanction the practice have already arrived. I have no such exceptional estimate of the tenderness of the English heart that I should expect English physiologists—once secure of their rights in the matter, and strong in the conviction which, I am sure, is perfectly sincere, that they ought to inflict these cruelties in the cause of science—to be at all more strait-laced on the subject of the pain they inflict than are their brethren of the other Teutonic or of the Latin races. What Professor Ludwig has done at Leipsic I do not doubt at all that Professor Burdon Sanderson would think it right to practise here. What S. Schiff did in Florence and M. Paul Bert—now Minister of Education and Worship—used to do in Paris, I have no doubt that Professor Ray Lankester would find plenty of good reasons for doing in London. There is no guarantee in an Anglo-Saxon race, apart from principle and conviction, for any exceptional tenderness of treatment. May I not go further and say that when we have got so far as this, that our physiologists assert the absolute duty of following out any investigation, however keen the torture it may involve, which promises a great light on scientific problems, and therefore a great

chance, at least, of aid to the healing art, those who live up to these principles will more and more suppress any such disinclination to inflict pain which they may find still lingering in their breasts, and will sternly set themselves to do their duty, be the horror of it what it may? Now the question I want to press on the medical advocates of a free vivisection-table is this: What would be the influence of their free vivisection tables on the more thoughtless and brutal parts of our population? Should we have more or less chance of getting rid of the cruel amusements, and the cruel modes of destroying vermin, to which Sir James Paget refers, after we had sanctioned the rise of a great profession, not of healers but of investigators, free to torture the animal world in the interests of science as they would, without let or hindrance from the law? The answer is pretty plain. Germany, France, and Italy are not countries in which humanity to the lower animals is more common than it is in England, but less; and partly, no doubt, that is the cause, and partly also the result, of the total indifference felt to the horror of vivisection. This condition of feeling has been in part the reason why there has been no revolt against the practice of vivisection in these countries; while, on the other hand, the existence of this scorn for sentimental humanitarianism among the great scientific men has had a very great effect in intimidating humane people who are not scientific from putting in their protest against the cruelty inflicted in the name of science. Surely it is obvious enough that Sir James Paget's argument is one from the bad to the worse. He argues that because we are so reckless and unscrupulous in our sports and modes of killing, there is great inconsistency in objecting to the rise of a regular scientific class who are to set an example of indifference to the sufferings of the lower animals when weighed against possible benefits to humanity; and this is to argue that because many of us are cruel, we ought to complete and round off the picture by dignifying cruelty with the mantle of science. I maintain, on the other hand, that you cannot take a step so certain to stimulate the thoughtless cruelty which still survives among us, as to sanction

the deliberate infliction of a great mass of thoughtful cruelty, justified only by the prospect of ultimate benefit to man at the cost of untold agonies to his miserable fellow-creatures.

What the professional biologists seem wholly to forget is that this erection of the physiological method into a great instrument of inquiry is a new departure, and a most significant and important new departure, among us. When this controversy first arose, Professor Ray Lankester, a most distinguished man among English physiologists, wrote as follows to a weekly journal :

If Professor Schiff has carefully and intelligently experimented with the dogs intrusted to him, there is certainly no reason to reproach him with their large number. [The statement was that 700 dogs had been vivisected by the Professor.] If you allow experiment at all, you must admit the more of it the better, since it is very certain that for many years to come the problems of physiology demanding experimental solution will increase in something like geometrical ratio, instead of decreasing.*

I have heard Professor Ray Lankester blamed for this language as if it were hasty and ill-considered ; but it seems to me that whether prudent or not for the cause he had at heart, it was at any rate perfectly candid, and a thoroughly just corollary from the demands which the physiologists then put forward ; nay, that the tone of the profession, though it has since been sedulously reserved as to the quantity of pain it may be necessary to inflict, has been steadily coming up to Professor Ray Lankester's standard in the attitude it has assumed. And it is indeed obvious that if physiologists themselves are the only fit judges of the pain they ought to inflict, if they are right in asserting, as all those who have considered the question, and who take this side, do assert, that no thoroughly educated physiologist should shrink from performing any number of well-considered experiments, however full of torture to the victims, which he deems essential to the eliciting of any important truth, then there can be no escape from Professor Ray Lankester's position. In investigations of this sort a large enough number of experiments to yield a safe average is at least as necessary, probably more so, than in

purely physical investigations ; for in the highly organized beings there is more risk of capricious variations due to the peculiarities of individual constitutions, and unless errors of this kind can be eliminated, the deductions from them may be entirely vitiated, and may prove misleading instead of trustworthy. Not a physiologist of them all has been found to condemn Professor Rutherford's reduplicated series of severe operations on dogs paralyzed, but not rendered the less sensitive to pain, by curari, experiments avowedly made solely to test the effect of various drugs in stimulating the secretion of bile. Nor can any one who maintains the principles of Sir James Paget, much less of Dr. Wilks and Professor Owen, consistently condemn such reduplicated experiments. They set out with the assumption that any amount of animal pain which any properly educated physiologist is willing to inflict in the cause of science is justifiable, and that it must rest with the individual judgment and conscience of the individual physiologist to decide whether the play is worth the candle or not ; and they cannot therefore say in any individual case, " Clearly this man has gone too far ; his object was scientific indeed, but trivial, and the number of his victims was too great." They dare not say, " Thus far and no farther," without laying themselves open to the reply that they had already conceded the scientific judgment of the individual operator ought to be the sole judge there. Indeed if we are to look at physiology solely as an experimental science, and in no other light, I should suppose that Professor Lankester is right. The more of wisely-adjusted experiments you perform for a specific end, the better will be your progress in the understanding of the physiological laws involved. At all events, we know as a matter of fact that wherever these experiments are pursued without restriction, the more numerous grow the new problems which they suggest, whether the solutions of the old problems furnished by them be satisfactory or otherwise. If the physiological laboratory is to flourish in England as it flourishes in Germany, France, and Italy, the chances are that Professor Lankester's anticipations will be verified, and that " the

* Letter to the *Spectator*, January 10, 1874.

problems of physiology demanding experimental solution will increase in something like geometrical ratio instead of decreasing." What is required, then, by the physiologists is this, that while endeavoring to put down all the cruel amusements, and to substitute for the cruel modes of terminating life the most speedy and painless we can find, we shall at the same time sanction the unrestricted growth of a new profession of very great dignity and influence, in which animal torture when weighed against human gains of any kind, whether purely intellectual or directly beneficial to the bodily health and life of men, are to be accounted just as light in the balance as the individual investigator chooses to consider it. Does any man in his senses really believe that such a revolution as this can be effected without lowering enormously the popular consideration for animal suffering? If it is to be a final answer to every question as to the "why" that the utility of the result far outweighs the mischief of inflicting so much pain, how are we to answer the brutal wagoner or the brutal rat-catcher who declares that as it is essential for the duty he has undertaken to obtain a certain result in a certain time, and at a certain cost, the end must justify the means, even though the team be over-driven, or the rats poisoned by the most agonizing of all poisons, to obtain it? You cannot by any possibility inaugurate a new and highly distinguished profession of persons whose business it is known to be to inflict on animals any amount of suffering requisite for the special purpose of benefiting men, without giving a new impulse to the selfishness of men in every other grade of life, and postponing indefinitely the possible acceptance of the humaner creed to which the Act for preventing cruelty to domestic animals gives at once public expression and a new authority.

And as a matter of fact, I do observe that since this subject was first discussed among us, the physiologists have caused a considerable change for the worse in the professional estimates formed of the anguish inflicted by this kind of experiment—estimates changed for the worse chiefly in this, that there is a visible tendency now to whitewash even those most

"cruel vivisectors" whom the great physiologists of the past most earnestly denounced. At the time the Commission on Vivisection was sitting, six years ago, no expression could be found too strong for the cruelty of physiologists like Magendie. The late Professor Sharpey, for instance, spoke of some of Magendie's experiments as exciting "a very strong feeling of abhorrence, not in the public mind merely, but especially among physiologists," and he characterized one of these experiments as "the famous, it ought rather to have been called the infamous experiment." But if you read the medical journals now, there is hardly a trace of the same tone of passionate indignation against very agonizing experiments. Compare the *Lancet* of 1875 with the *Lancet* of 1881, and no one can fail to be struck with the extraordinary change of tone, the disappearance almost of the apologetic line of excuse for vivisection, and the appearance in its place of a strongly aggressive scorn for the humanitarians, and of a tone of assertion for the absolute right of physiologists, so long as they have had a complete education on these matters, to do what they will in the cause of science without being called upon to render an account to any one. Even in speaking of Magendie, so humane and noble a thinker as Sir James Paget now expresses none of the disgust which evidently filled the late Professor Sharpey at the mention of that scientific tormentor's name. I was extremely struck by the sedulously moderate tone of this passage:

I think it probable that the pain inflicted in such experiments as I saw done by Magendie was greater than that caused by any generally permitted sport; it was as bad as that I saw given to horses in a bull-fight, or which I supposed to have been given in dog-fighting or bear-baiting. I never saw anything in his or any other experiments more horrible than is shown in many of Snyder's boar hunts, or in Landseer's "Death of the Otter."

If any one will look at Professor Sharpey's account of the "infamous" experiment to which he refers (which, however, Sir James Paget, perhaps, may not have seen), it will be difficult, I think, for him to imagine any anguish which "sport," however cruel, could inflict that could come near it. But the fashion nowadays—a fashion partly, I

think, due to the frequent use of curari in all experiments in which anæsthetics are not used, a poison which, by paralyzing the motor nerves, prevents all the usual signs of agony—is to speak in the most minimizing and depreciating tone of the probable amount of pain suffered by the victims of physiological experiment, the contortions of whose bodies have perhaps all been stilled by a poison which, in Claude Bernard's opinion, rather increased than diminished the sufferings under the knife. It is to me perfectly clear that the first effect of the new movement has been, by familiarizing men with the subject, to diminish in a most striking degree the professional abhorrence of even the cruelest vivisections; and as one result of this, though no doubt a result produced without their own knowledge, to persuade the professional apologists for the practice that the actual sufferings inflicted on the victims are in almost all cases comparatively trifling, though it is quite certain that if any one were to propose to inflict the same on a criminal under a sentence of death, humane men like Sir James Paget, Professor Owen, and Dr. Wilks, would be utterly scandalized and horrified. If any one were to propose to them to have all the murderers under sentence of death put under curari, and their bile-ducts opened by a surgical operation in order to inject various drugs, this process, with frequent reopenings of the wound, lasting for eight hours at a time, and the patients' lungs being kept all the time artificially in motion by the use of an engine in order to prevent their death through that paralysis of the lungs which curari causes, not only would these gentlemen be justly indignant, but all England would expect, and rightly expect, the humanest of our professions to lead the cry against a cold-blooded proposal. The criminal himself would no doubt ask, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should suffer this thing?" and the inquiry would be most pertinent. For when this treatment is inflicted upon a few score of dogs, and we indignantly denounce it, we are rebuked by this most humane of professions for our grossly sentimental and injurious comments. And yet Dr. Anthony, the pupil and dissector of Sir Charles Bell, assured us when he was giving his evidence to the

Royal Commission, that in his opinion the domestic animals are subject to the same special sensibility of the nerves—hyperæsthesia, the doctors call it—to which civilization has rendered civilized human beings liable.

I may be asked how *far* I would carry my objection to the infliction of pain upon animals for the sake of men. And I think the question a most reasonable one. Unless we are prepared to lay down some principle for our guidance in these matters, there is nothing but bewilderment on the humanitarian side of the question, while the scientific men have the advantage of consistency in claiming to inflict any pain whatever of which they think the result likely to yield a decided balance of good. Yet I may say in passing that even they cannot persuade men to take much account of the same sort of calculation of the amount of health to be gained or life to be saved, where the set-off on the other side is not animal suffering, but a very much smaller amount of human liberty, pleasure, or privilege to be renounced or forbidden. The absolute prohibition of all alcoholic drinks, except as a drug in the pharmacopœia of the medical man, would probably save a hundred times as many lives, and a thousand times as many constitutions, as all the painful experiments upon animals put together; yet no combination of doctors will ever force that upon us, and I think it is quite right that they should not be able to do so. Again, the refusal of weak nations to defend themselves against their adversaries would probably prevent infinitely more cruel deaths and crueler wounds than all the tortures inflicted on animals since the science of medicine had its rise have contributed to the same result; and yet men are quite right in not saving their lives and their constitutions at the cost of their liberty and their national life. I believe that no argument is practically weaker with men, in a case where moral considerations can be ranged on the other side, than the plea of utility to health and life. You might prevent numberless and complex diseases by prohibiting the marriage of men and women of unsound constitutions, but moral considerations will not allow the State to do it. Now what is the moral consideration which, in my belief, will

outweigh all the pleas of the vivisectionists, and prevent mankind from accepting their estimate of the question at issue? I believe it is this—that while we are bound to keep animal life in subordination to that of man, we are also bound to kill humanely any creatures whose destruction is needful for our life, and regard them and treat them as *bond fide fellow-creatures*, in so far as their nature is akin to ours, and to associate our happiness with theirs. We are indeed bound to spare them just as much as we, if we were in the power of a higher race as they are in our power, should expect to be spared by that higher race, ourselves. Thus it seems to me that all those sufferings in which the lower animals only share our own fate—as the horse, for instance, shares the liabilities of his rider in war, or in dangerous journeys; or as the dog shares the abbreviated life and the various hardships of the St. Bernard monks in their work of mercy at the Swiss hospice—are perfectly legitimate. Such sufferings of the lower races tend to draw them closer to us, and to make us more kindly to them; and therefore sentimental writings about such mild discipline as that of the whip or the reins, or the captivity of cage birds, or any other pains which *mutatis mutandis* are of the same order as we would be willingly subjected to ourselves by a higher race for the sake of being identified with the life and aims of that higher race, sound maudlin, unmanly, and absurd. Suffering of some kind is the fate of all mortal beings; and, indeed, the sufferings of wild animals which have no association with man are probably quite as severe, and not nearly so ennobling, as the sufferings of domesticated animals when humanely trained by those who have a true sympathy for them. But I cannot conceive it possible that we can once begin to treat the lower races of animals as destined to benefit us chiefly by their agonies, without extinguishing in ourselves that genuine sympathy which our common nature and common susceptibilities, and indeed, as many men now hold, our common origin, ought to excite. I think that in a rough way we may put ourselves in the place of the lower animals, and ask what we, with their pains, and their sensitiveness, and their prospects of life, and pain, and

happiness, might fairly expect of beings of much greater power, but of common susceptibilities. Small pains, and sufferings, and risks, such as we ourselves would willingly undergo (were our lots as simple as theirs, and were there none dependent upon us) for the sake of helping those above us, we may fairly require of the creatures beneath us. I, for my part, have always thought that the genuine inoculations—the only really *very* fruitful experiments among those of recent times—should be included in this class, except in the rare cases where they are known to involve far more torture than the ordinary diseases to which animals are liable, especially as these inoculations may well benefit not only men but the very creatures which suffer them. Indeed, there have been not a few medical men who have tried the effect of such inoculation upon themselves; and there would have been many more of such experimenters were not the claims of kindred among men so much more urgent than any claims among the lower animals possibly can be. But directly you come to the point where no man would willingly undergo the torture you propose to inflict, and where any man who proposed to inflict it on another human being, even though he were a condemned criminal, would be thought to be degrading his humanity by the proposal—then I say you also reach the point where to inflict it upon one of the lower creatures for the sake of man, is utterly destructive of the true tie between all sensitive beings, and of the true attitude with which civilization itself requires that we should regard the fellow-creatures in the ranks of life beneath us. Yet I tried in vain in the Commission on Vivisection to get any physiologist to put limits of any kind to the agony which he thought it right to inflict for what he called “a sufficient end.”*

* Dr. Burdon Sanderson (*question 2750*) replies, for instance, “My principle about that and all other cases, whatever the purpose may be for which pain is inflicted, is simply this, that the question of right and wrong depends upon the relation between the purposes of the experiment and the pain inflicted, and the care which is taken that the experiment shall be done in the most efficient manner. If the purpose is a good purpose, and the experiment is made in the most skilful way in which it can be made, and if good care is taken that no un-

Now it seems to me that if we are to separate the lower races of animals so entirely from man, that we may inflict any amount of anguish upon them purely for our own benefit—anguish which we should feel it utterly atrocious to inflict on the most criminal for the same end—we sever all ties of sympathy with the lower races of animals, and compel ourselves to assume towards them the moral attitude of selfish tormentors. And the

result of that would, I believe, be so disastrous to our civilization, that we should lose infinitely more in the tone and character of our humanity than we could ever gain in the lives we might save, or the limbs we might heal, or the diseases we might cure, by the knowledge derived from such tortures or from the sanatory resources which they might reveal.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

MORLEY'S "LIFE OF COBDEN."

BY A. J. BALFOUR, M.P.

MR. MORLEY'S long-expected volumes are the last and most important addition

necessary suffering shall be inflicted, I think that the whole thing is a right action ; I have no hesitation about that." And when questioned as to a case in which an eminent chemist had abandoned in the middle, as too agonizing, an experiment on the effect of mineral poisons, Dr. Sanderson replied that while he declined to judge this particular case, of which he had no special knowledge, "I think that a man after devising a method which he believes to be the best method that can be used for the purpose, and having considered the pain that is likely to be inflicted, should not desist in the middle because that pain is inflicted ; I think it would be foolish to do so" (*question 2754*). Now let me just give an illustration of what physiologists, when left to themselves, as our biologists wish them to be left to themselves, really come to. This is the late Claude Bernard's own description of what a physiologist is and ought to be. He says in the "Introduction to the Study of Experimental Medicine," p. 180 : "The physiologist is no ordinary man. He is a scholar, a man who is seized and entirely absorbed by a scientific idea. He does not hear the pain-wrung cries of the creatures. He is blind to the blood which flows. He has nothing before his eyes but his idea, and organisms, which are hiding their secrets from him, which he means to discover." And this is what Professor Goltz thinks it right to do in the way of experiment : "To make a machine which shall inflict needle-pricks with great force, and rapidly repeated, is not hard. One can easily employ the principle of the sewing-machine. On a circular plate of 1 lm. diameter I fastened fourteen English sewing-needles at equal distances. I also made a larger one of 2 lm. with forty needles. If this instrument be applied thirty or forty times, changing the place of the needle each time, to the same skull, you may be sure the perfected rind of the head is quite destroyed." Page 134. Professor Goltz describes in detail his experiments on a dog, different parts of whose brain were removed on July 2d, October 7th, December 2d, 1879, and February 10th, 1880. It was subsequently blind and senseless. He killed it on February 21st, 1881.

to the literature, already of considerable extent, which is devoted, more or less directly, to elucidating the life and work of Cobden. The writings and speeches of this distinguished public man, supplemented by the biographical notices of friends and disciples, have for some time placed at the disposal of the public very sufficient material for estimating his character ; and probably the estimate, whatever it may have been, will not be changed in any important particular by the information contained in the new biography. Nevertheless this work is far from being a superfluous addition to recent history. It does not supply us indeed with the same kind of literary enjoyment which Mr. Trevelyan has provided for us in his "Life of Macaulay." Nor ought we to expect it. Cobden does not furnish any material for a biographer like that of which Mr. Trevelyan has made such admirable use, for though effective both as a writer and speaker, he is never by any chance brilliant. Nor again need any one seek in Cobden's correspondence for new lights upon the character and motives of his contemporaries. Except during the negotiations which preceded the French Treaty, he had few opportunities of confidential intercourse with other statesmen and party leaders ; and he was not perhaps of a temperament to make much use even of the opportunities which he had ; so that his observations on individuals or parties do not, as a rule, illustrate any person's character but his own. Nevertheless, in spite of these inevitable deficiencies, a book which gives us Cobden's political opinions, not as they appear full dressed in his speeches and pamphlets, but as they are to be found freely ex-

pressed in his familiar correspondence must be both important and interesting. And this Mr. Morley has certainly provided for us. The selections from a voluminous correspondence seem to be excellently made. And Mr. Morley has taken care that his own opinions, while sufficiently enunciated, shall not occupy an unduly large share of space: a reticence for which his readers may be the more grateful, since, during the composition of his work, he would seem, from his occasional utterances, to have been in a frame of mind much more suited to the editor of a party newspaper than to the writer of an impartial history.

Cobden's career, if interesting for no other reason, would be so for this, that it differs in outline—is framed, so to speak, on a different plan—from that of every other man who has risen to eminence in English political life. It was unusual in its commencement, in its course, and in its culmination. Most men desirous of a share in the direction of public affairs regard a Parliamentary seat as the first, and a certain measure of Parliamentary success as the second, requisite for giving practical effect to their political creed; while they look to office as the most effective instrument for turning the power which they may so obtain to the best account.

If this be the normal course of an English statesman, Cobden's course was abnormal in every particular. His political importance depended upon causes among which position in the House of Commons was the smallest. The most triumphant moment of his public life—the day on which the bill repealing the corn laws received the royal assent—occurred before he had sat through a whole Parliament; and it is doubtful whether it would have occurred a day later, or if he would have had a title to a smaller share in the result, had he never been a member of Parliament at all. Similar observations, though with considerable qualification, might be made respecting his career generally. Throughout his life he was always more concerned in advancing some special object or in enforcing some single idea than in taking a varied part in the complex business of government; and therefore it was that he did not regard either Parliament or office as essential instruments for carry-

ing out his purposes. Office might too easily become a restraint; Parliament could not be more than a superior "stump" from which the favorite opinion might be advocated.

Cobden therefore must be looked on rather as a political missionary than as a statesman, as an agitator rather than as an administrator. But he was, for the particular objects he had in view, and for the particular audiences he had to address, the most effective of missionaries and the greatest of agitators. Mr. Morley puts him in this respect second to O'Connell, but in truth it is impossible to draw a comparison between them. O'Connell would have been as powerless among the middle classes of Lancashire and the West Riding as Cobden would have been among the excitable peasantry of Ireland. All popular audiences are moved more through their feelings than their reason. But an English multitude differs from an Irish one in preferring that appeals to its feelings should be made in the form of argument; and in the art of making such appeals Cobden was a master who has never been surpassed.

The most superficially striking fact about this career of political propaganda is the very different measure of success which it met with in its first and in its second part. It is not too much perhaps to say that the Cobden of 1850–60 owed the greater part of his authority in the national councils to the reputation acquired by the Cobden of 1841–46. Men listened with respect to the untiring advocate of peace and disarmament because he was the same man who had so effectually preached against "monopolies." But they listened without conviction, and he preached without success. In 1845 Sir Louis Malet is able to describe him, not very accurately indeed, but without any glaring absurdity, as the "tribune of the people." Ten years had not elapsed before he sank from being the tribune of the people to being the unpopular adherent of a small and powerless sect, wholly unable to influence the course of events, and scarcely able to obtain a hearing except in the House of Commons, an assembly which Cobden elsewhere declares to be "packed" in the interests of that class whom he regarded it as his special mission to oppose.

This striking change, which reached its dramatic climax in 1857, when the so-called Manchester School was for an instant deprived of political existence, deserves explanation. It cannot be said that the general arguments in favor of peace and disarmament were either more difficult to understand or appealed to feebler motives than the arguments in favor of cheap bread. Both the one and the other were primarily (I do not say exclusively) directed to plain and obvious feelings of self-interest—a mode of persuasion of which Cobden always had the highest opinion.* Neither is it the fact that the advocates showed less zeal and less courage on the second occasion than on the first; for the zeal of the "Peace Party" was great, and their courage beyond all praise. Nor yet can it be alleged that their criticism on the prevailing policy was right between 1840 and 1850, and wholly wrong between 1850 and 1860, since few will, I suppose, be found prepared to defend in its entirety the foreign policy of the Liberal and Coalition Ministries during those years.

Mr. Bright in 1857, when his party collapsed, offered an explanation—indeed, two explanations—of the problem. The first † he saw in the "ignorance, scurrility, selfishness, ingratitude, and all the unpleasant qualities that every honest politician must meet with" when he "does his duty;" while the second is given in the following sentence, which I extract from a letter to Cobden of that date: ‡ "In the sudden break-up of 'the school' of which we have been the chief professors, we may learn how far we have been, and are, ahead of the public opinion of our time. We purpose not to make a trade of politics;" and so on.

Some less simple explanation, however, seems to be required than that Mr. Bright was honest and enlightened, while other people were "ignorant, scurrilous, selfish, and ungrateful." Radical politicians, following this example, need never find any difficulty in placing their conduct in an interesting light, whatever view the public may happen to take of it. Are they the popular favorites? Then are they the representatives, the tribunes, of the people, and speak almost with the voice of inspiration. Does

the people burn them in effigy? It is a sign and measure of the extent to which they are ahead of the public opinion of their time.

The people's voice is odd,

It is, and it is not, the voice of God.

With all deference to Mr. Bright, it appears to me that the principal causes of the profound divergence between the general feeling and the opinions of Cobden and his colleagues during the last fourteen years of his life, as well as of many of the least estimable characteristics of their political creed, are to be found in the peculiar conditions of the period in which they began their public life—conditions which, themselves transient and exceptional, have yet profoundly and permanently affected the course of English politics.

In ordinary times and under ordinary circumstances there is no reason why the line of political "cleavage" should in any way coincide with the difference between the manufacturing and the agricultural interest. The fact that one man has his property invested in land and farm-buildings, and another in plant and machinery, does not in the nature of things supply a sufficient reason for their belonging to different political parties. The period, however, when Cobden first took interest in public affairs, was in this respect not ordinary. The very imperfect representation of the great manufacturing centres, which it was the chief and perhaps the only merit of the first Reform Bill to have remedied, left a certain soreness even after it had disappeared. When to the memory of this former grievance was added the consciousness of an existing wrong—when it was shown that in the interests of the class who had too long retained an undue share of political power, laws were in force which favored their material prosperity at the expense of those very persons who had just been admitted to a full share of Parliamentary influence—it is evident that the conditions existed under which ordinary party warfare might be complicated by a struggle between the manufacturers and agriculturists, or, as Cobden chose to put it, between the middle classes and the aristocracy. These were facts which the philosophic Radicals (who to a certain extent prepared the way for their more robust

* Vol. ii. p. 115.

† Vol. ii. p. 194.

brethren of the Manchester School) were perfectly ready to demonstrate. Their politics made them dislike the landlords, their political economy made them dislike the corn laws, and they were ready to supply any amount of abstract reasoning in favor of a policy which might impoverish the one by destroying the other. Abstract reasoning, however, though not to be despised as an ally, is by itself the feeblest of political forces. If protection had embraced the whole circle of our industries, or if it had been used to keep up the price of anything but the necessities of life, fragments of it might have survived to this day, in spite of all the demonstrations in the world. But it so happened that the great change of our fiscal system in the direction of free trade had already begun in the pre-reform period under Lord Liverpool, and had *not* begun with agriculture. It was inevitable, therefore, that the manufacturers should ask why Parliament in dealing with the articles they produced should legislate in favor of the consumer, while in dealing with the articles they consumed it should legislate in favor of the producer; and this question, though not more difficult to answer, became much more difficult to ignore when commerce was declining, poor rates rising, and wheat cost seventy-seven shillings a quarter.

The interest of all this, so far as Cobden is concerned, lies in the fact that instead of entering into political life merely as a member of one of the two great political parties, he entered it to fight a manufacturer's, or as he called it, a middle-class battle, against "aristocratic monopolists," with arguments drawn from an abstract science. All these three circumstances modified profoundly, and, as I think, perniciously, the whole course of his public life. They fostered the habit of regarding all political controversies as controversies between classes; so that (among other evil effects) to all the bitterness which arises from political disagreement was added all the bitterness which arises from real or imaginary social divisions. They induced him to rate too highly the importance of purely economic considerations in deciding questions of general policy, and to misinterpret or ignore some of the most powerful, and by no means the

most contemptible, motives by which the history of nations is influenced. They were, perhaps, the real causes of the un-English character which Mr. Disraeli attributed to the statesmanship of himself and his friends, and which Mr. Bright, while he confessed to it, characteristically claimed as an indication of their superior honesty and public spirit.

Those who are desirous to observe how these causes conspired together to warp Cobden's political speculations, may note his theory of "the aristocracy," a theory almost as important in his political system as is the law of gravitation in astronomy. Mr. Morley appears entirely to share his hero's views on this subject, and his two volumes throughout presuppose a version of the drama of English history, according to which a selfish, unscrupulous, and feudal aristocracy figures sometimes as the villain and sometimes as the fool of the piece, alternately coercing, robbing, and corrupting a weak but estimable middle class. "Selfish," "insolent," "corrupt," "depraved," "prejudiced," "stupid," "virulent," "unscrupulous," "hypocritical," "unprincipled," are some of the expressions Mr. Morley is impelled to employ, in order to do justice to his own and his friend's views of landlords and aristocrats, protectionist or otherwise; and though Cobden is more moderate in his language, he is scarcely more reasonable in his opinions. We are not, it must be remembered, dealing now with the rhetorical devices—the "violations of good taste and kind feeling"—which Cobden said * he found necessary in order that audiences which declined to come merely to be instructed might be "excited, flattered, and pleased;" nor yet with the outbursts of that irritable intolerance, which, as displayed by Mr. Bright, so strangely remind Mr. Morley† of the "wrath of an ancient prophet." We are concerned with a theory which was gravely held by the leaders of the "Manchester School," which modified all their political judgments, and supplied them with a key to all the mysteries of contemporary politics. According to this, the population of England may be divided, not only socially but

* Vol. i. p. 194.

† Vol. i. p. 207.

for all political purposes, into three classes—upper, middle, and lower. The interests of the middle and lower classes are identical, and are opposed to the interests of the upper class. Nevertheless it is the upper class which governs the country. It refuses to admit any members of the other classes to a share in the direction of affairs. It likes large armaments, because they support the younger children of landlords. It likes war, because war justifies large armaments. It likes an active foreign policy, because that always conduces to war. Its very existence is a standing violation of the principles of political economy. This singular theory was probably derived in part from the doctrinaire school of political economists, who having divided the produce of agriculture into rent, profit, and wages, and having asserted, truly enough, that rent as defined by them was not earned either by labor or abstinence, were apt to regard its existence as an economic accident, unfortunately taken advantage of by a small and not very useful portion of the community. It is evident, also, that Cobden's views on this subject were largely influenced by his own strong class feeling. He chose to regard the manufacturers as a distinct "order" in the State, and he chose to regard "the aristocracy" as another and rival "order." One of his early aspirations* was to see the commercial classes "become the De Medicis, Fuggers, and De Witts of England, instead of glorying in being the toadies of a clodpole aristocracy only less enlightened than themselves." And many years later he expressed, in not less polished language, vehement indignation against the manufacturers of Manchester, who declined to be represented by so valiant a defender of their "order" as Mr. John Bright.†

The principal cause, however, of Cobden's "class theory" of English politics is, I believe, to be found in the corn-law controversy—and at first sight the circumstances of this struggle might seem to supply not only a sufficient motive, but an adequate justification of it. For while there could be no doubt that the leaders of the Protectionists were

landlords, it was also true that their interests were involved in maintaining the protective system, while the interests of the majority of the community lay on the whole in its abolition. Here, if anywhere, might seem to exist a state of things which would justify the epithets of which I gave above an imperfect though sufficient catalogue.

In truth, however, a sober examination of the facts of English politics, between the formation of the League and the abolition of the corn laws, is quite sufficient to show that the government of England was not then any more than at previous periods of our history aristocratic in any proper sense of that term, and that the class whom Cobden chose to describe as the aristocracy were not open to the charges of unscrupulous selfishness which it pleased him and his school frequently to bring against them.

It is absurd to ascribe corrupt motives to large bodies of men merely because the economic theories they adopt are in accordance with their own interests. No one doubts the purity of Cobden's motives in promoting the corn law agitation. Yet Cobden not only believed that the profits of his ordinary business would be greatly augmented by the change he advocated, but went out of his way to speculate in town land, on the ground that its value must rise as soon as the tax on bread was abolished. It may be said that the motives of the Protectionists are liable to suspicion because their theories were not only favorable to themselves, but were manifestly false. But at this moment the vast majority of the civilized world advocate false economic theories; and of that majority, the great majority imagine those theories to be to their own advantage. The civilized world may possibly be foolish; but not, surely, unscrupulous and hypocritical. Why are the English landlords of 1845 to be described in harsher language than the English manufacturers of 1821, or the French, American, German, Russian, Canadian, and Australian manufacturers of 1881? Their error may be a proof of stupidity, but if it be, the stupidity is too general to excite either surprise or indignation.

In truth, however, it was hardly open to Cobden to charge the Protectionists with stupidity. Though not, so far as

* Vol. i. p. 194.

† Vol. ii. p. 197.

appears, a very profound political economist himself, he was of opinion that political economy was more difficult of comprehension than any of the "exact sciences." Which of the exact sciences he had mastered (unless phrenology be one), Mr. Morley does not, so far as I recollect, inform us. But at all events the majority of mankind cannot be expected to understand the exact sciences, and are not to be described as selfishly foolish when they fail to do so.

But Cobden committed a much more serious error than that of merely misjudging the motives of his political opponents—he misjudged their political position. When he represented the corn laws as examples of the pernicious class legislation, which, together with wars and armaments, we owed to the fact that we have long been governed by a "feudal aristocracy," he used language admirably suited indeed to further his agitation, but not at all fitted to encourage, either in himself or his hearers, a true perception of the facts.

In the first place it is as certain as anything in hypothetical history can be, that corn laws would have existed in England, however property in land had happened to be distributed. If the soil had been owned in small lots, protection would have been demanded, and given, as surely as it was under the actual circumstances; but it would not have been removed so easily. Cobden shared to the full the dislike of his school to large landed properties. In this he was ungrateful. It was the existence of large landed properties that insured and accelerated the great triumph of his life. Does any one imagine that any important minority of a peasant proprietary would have been converted to the doctrine of free trade? Or that any minority at all would have supported a bill calculated to reduce them by thousands to beggary and ruin? Owing to the existence of a "feudal aristocracy," those most permanently, if not most deeply, interested in the continuance of a tax on bread were few; they were not united; and the question to them was not one of life and death. Had the soil been parcelled out among small owners, all these conditions would have been reversed. The country would have been arrayed against the towns, powerful, perhaps overwhelm-

ing in numbers, entirely of one mind, undisturbed by any knowledge of the "exact sciences," and determined by hard necessity to fight to the last. How, and at what cost, would the struggle have ended?

In the second place, it cannot be doubted that the Protectionist landlords, so far from fighting, as Cobden would say, solely for their "order," represented the middle classes of the counties as faithfully as did Cobden and the leaders of the League the middle classes of the towns. That the landlords have ever in English history constituted, in any accurate sense of the term, a political aristocracy, is indeed a pure illusion. An aristocracy is a class which governs independently of, and if need be in opposition to, public opinion. There has never been any such government in this country. It is not of course denied that in England the owners of the soil have been a powerful body; nor should I dispute the fact that the same public opinion from which, in the main, they derived their power may possibly have in some cases permitted it to be used, consciously or unconsciously, for purposes more to their advantage than to that of the community at large. It can hardly be otherwise. The government which does not occasionally sacrifice a general advantage feebly coveted to the wishes of a class powerfully expressed, has yet to be discovered. But this disease is incident to all forms of government by public opinion. Whatever the nominal form of such government may be, whether it be called republican or monarchical, whether it has a less or a more restricted suffrage, there will always be classes in it whose members have greater power than any equal number of its other citizens taken at random. These classes may consist of landowners or millowners, journalists or wirepullers. Their power may be exercised on the whole for good, or on the whole for evil. It may arise from temporary or from enduring causes. It may be obtained by historical accident, by intrigue, by merit, by utility to a faction or obsequiousness to a mob. But however it be required, or however it be used, it is certain to exist. It must be observed, indeed, that this class power is of very different kinds. It may belong to a class in its

corporate capacity, acting as a united body. Such is the power of a railway "interest" or of the "Irish vote." It may belong to a class because the individuals composing that class, or many of them, are possessed of special sources of influence, as, for example, editors of newspapers or large employers of labor; or it may belong to a class because its members are, for some reason or other, largely chosen as the exponents of public opinion, or of some important section of public opinion. Cobden too often forgot the extent to which the class whom he chose to describe as "the aristocracy" obtained their power in this third or derivative manner. He was by this initial mistake constantly led into errors of judgment regarding the nature of the political forces with which he had to deal. During the continuance of the corn law controversy this was of small moment. It added greatly to the force and point of his rhetoric to represent the hated "monopoly" as imposed by the power, and retained in the interests, of a small selfish and wealthy minority, and the opinion, though absurd, led to no practical inconveniences. But when this question was disposed of, his theory led him sometimes into strange mistakes. In 1848 he feared a war with France* owing to the "natural repugnance on the part of our Government, *composed as it is entirely of the aristocracy*, to go on cordially with a republic." In the next year we find him writing to Mr. Bright,† "I wish to abate the power of the aristocracy in their strongholds. Our enemy is subtle and powerful," etc. By 1852, however, *à propos* of the Militia Bill, he began somewhat more clearly to recognize that wickedness and folly were not confined entirely to high places. "All the aristocratic parties," he says,‡ "are in favor of more armaments. Our business is to try and make the people of a different opinion. I am more and more convinced that we have much to do with the public, before we can, with any sense or usefulness, quarrel with this or that aristocratic party." The next year, this not very recondite fact seems to be clearly apprehended. "Before you and I," he writes,§ "find fault with

the Whig chiefs, let us ask ourselves candidly whether the country at large is in favor of any other policy than that which has been pursued by the aristocracy, Whig and Tory, for the last century and a half." Yet when the crash came in 1857, the scarcely learned truth is forgotten. Cobden cannot believe that the middle classes and "the aristocracy" could honestly agree to differ with him. Some other explanation had to be sought for the total collapse of the Manchester School. Mr. Bright, as we have seen, was rather inclined to find the explanation in his own superiority. Cobden, on the other hand, saw it in the degradation of the class in whom he had been accustomed to put his trust. Prompted by the same spirit of enlightened charity which suggested the statement* that the wickedness and folly of unnecessary wars could not be avoided, because without the expenditure on "wars and armaments" the "aristocracy could not endure,"† he suggests a not less wicked but even more contemptible reason for the adherence of the "middle classes" to the policy of the "upper." As the latter are, according to Cobden's theory, influenced by greed of money, so the former are influenced by subservience to rank. The manufacturers of Manchester who presumed to

* Vol. ii. p. 362 (respecting the China War of 1860).

† In reference to this favorite accusation of the Manchester School, it may interest the reader to note (1) that Mr. Morley tells us (vol. ii. p. 444) that in 1864 "the supreme control of peace and war was finally taken out of the hands of the old territorial oligarchy;" (2) that he is of opinion (vol. ii. p. 378) that the "Liberal awakening" which "placed Mr. Gladstone in power, with Mr. Bright himself for the most popular and influential of his colleagues," put the country in a condition to deal properly with the expenditure on armaments, which could not be done in 1862 owing to "the ignorance and flunkeyism of the middle classes;" (3) that the army and navy estimates are now bigger than ever. I may confess that I used to believe that the stupid calumny to which I allude in the text was an invention unscrupulously used for party purposes. I must sincerely apologize for this silent injustice, which had its origin in the fact that the theory in question seemed to be too foolish to be credited by men of ordinary education. I gladly yield to the conclusive evidence to the contrary which is furnished by the private correspondence of Mr. Cobden.

* Vol. ii. p. 17.

† *Ibid.* p. 114.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 57.

§ *Ibid.* p. 132.

turn out Mr. Bright are * "base snobs," who "kick away the ladder" by which they have risen to prosperity, and their action is characterized † as "a display of snobbishness and ingratitude." A friend makes a failure in seconding the Address. Upon which Cobden writes, ‡ "I have never known a manufacturing representative put into a cocked hat and breeches and ruffles, with a sword by his side, to make a speech for Government, without having his head turned by the feathers and frippery. Generally they give way to a paroxysm of snobbery, and go down on their bellies, and throw dust on their heads, and fling dirt at the prominent men of their own order."

It is some comfort to think that in this dark picture of the meanness of "the only class (as Cobden said §) from whose action in his time any beneficial changes were to be expected," some brighter spots are to be found. Prone as the middle classes are to be ¶ "timid and servile" to the "feudal governing class," yet in one favored spot more masculine qualities are still to be found among them. In August, 1857, shortly after his rejection for Manchester, Mr. Bright was elected for Birmingham. The people of Birmingham, it is reassuring to learn, are, or at all events were, at that date ¶ "honest and independent," and "free from aristocratic snobbery."

We could have, I think, no more striking example than this of the extent to which Cobden's judgment of men was perverted by his inveterate habit of looking at any question from the point of view of class divisions. Making all allowance for the irritation caused by a crushing defeat, not very philosophically endured, is there not something very foolish, and I had almost said a little vulgar, in thus attributing the catastrophe to the overmastering influence of the meanest and vilest motives? Grant that Lord Palmerston was entirely in the wrong about the China War; grant that the combination of parties which forced him to dissolve was entirely in the right; is the theory credible, is it even plausible, which represents the political forces

which sent him back to office after the general election, as being the infamous cupidity of one section of the community and the contemptible meanness of another? Is it impossible that for some, even for most political purposes, social divisions should be neglected? Is it impossible that the general opinion of all classes should be swayed by one set of motives? Is it impossible that those motives should be respectable?

In all this the influence of the fact that Cobden's early political battles really were class contests is sufficiently apparent. The other circumstance I pointed out, namely that those battles were fought for commercial objects and on economic grounds, had even more effect on the character and influence of the opinions which he spent the latter portion of his life in advocating.

Some lady in 1852 remarked that Cobden's policy never rose beyond a "bagman's millennium." This observation, uttered in private, and in the freedom of conversation, was not untrue for an epigram, and was both more just and more charitable than some of the judgments (by no means epigrammatic) which Mr. Morley has written down, printed, corrected for the press, and published. His comments on the observation are in these terms: *

This was the clever way among the selfish and insolent of saying, that the ideal which Cobden cherished was comfort for the mass, not luxury for the few. He knew much better than they (i.e. the class "whose lives are one long course of indolence, dilettantism and sensuality") † that material comfort is, as little as luxury, the highest satisfaction of man's highest capacities, but he could well afford to scorn the demand for fine ideals of life on the lips of a class who were starving the workers of the country in order to save their own rents.

Mr. Morley is angry but confused. The second sentence of his criticism shows that he understands the nature of the complaint urged by the "insolent and selfish" against Cobden's views of national policy; so that the first sentence must be regarded as a deliberate perversion of it. As for the last clause, it is as impossible to see why Cobden should scorn a demand which he knew to be just, because he objected to the lips which uttered it, as to discover how,

* Vol. ii. p. 197.

† P. 198.

‡ P. 396.

§ P. 198.

¶ P. 390.

¶ P. 199.

* Vol. i. p. 207.

† *Ibid.* p. 206.

in 1852, six years after the abolition of the corn laws, it was possible "to save rents by starving the workers of the country."

What then was the policy of which it is so dangerous to hint disapprobation? Cobden's admirers sometimes talk as if he was the discoverer of the fact that war is expensive, that when it is unnecessary it is not only expensive but wicked, and that the nation which does that which is expensive and wicked is certain to suffer in purse, and possibly in other ways also. His opponents, on the other hand, sometimes represent him as advocating peace under all circumstances and under every provocation; or, as it is called, "peace at any price." As a matter of fact he did something more important than preach the commonplaces for which the first applaud him, and something less absurd than support the paradox which the second lay to his charge. It is true that these last seem almost justified by the impartial and universal disapproval with which Cobden regarded everything which could by any possibility promote what he called "the military spirit." He not only thought that every modern war in which this country has ever been engaged was wholly indefensible, but he regarded with the darkest suspicion every instrument by which war, whether offensive or defensive, could by any possibility be carried on. He wished to cut down the army and the navy; he objected to the militia; he attacked the volunteers; and he vehemently disapproved of every fortification scheme that was proposed.

But behind all this criticism of war and warlike expenditure there lay a theory of the British Empire which, if accepted, would go far to account for Cobden's views respecting armaments, but which the English people did not accept in Cobden's lifetime, and do not accept now. It was this fundamental divergence which rendered it inevitable that his reiterated attacks on the military policy of successive governments should fail of their effect, and made the best founded objections liable to a natural suspicion that they rested on presuppositions with which his hearers could not agree. Cobden's view of the external relations of our empire was purely commercial and economic; in the language

of the "selfish and insolent," the view of a bagman. "He delighted," says Mr. Morley,* "in such business-like statements as that the cost of the Mediterranean Squadron in proportion to the amount of trade which it was professedly employed to protect was as though a merchant should find that his traveller's expenses for escort alone were to amount to 6s. 8d. in the pound on the amount of his sales." In something of the same spirit he estimated the value of our foreign possessions. In order to be worth keeping they must pay, and pay in a manner as easily demonstrable as the profits of a bank or the yield of a mine. Not only must they pay, but it must be shown that they would not pay as well if they belonged to somebody else; and on this point Cobden was not easy to convince. The author of the Commercial Treaty with France was of opinion that the manufacturers of Manchester exhibited a melancholy ignorance† of the principles of free trade when they viewed with alarm the possibility of India passing to another, and, as he must have known, probably protectionist power. "Now that the trade of Hindostan," he says,‡ "is thrown open to all the world on equal terms, what exclusive advantage can we derive to compensate for all the trouble, cost, and risk of ruling over such a people?" And again: § "Under the *régime* of free trade Canada is not a whit more ours than the United States." Inspired by these opinions, he would have seen India go with pleasure, the colonies without regret. They cost money to defend; and we got nothing for the privilege of defending them but commercial advantages which we should equally possess if they had to defend themselves.

Now I do not mean to discuss the effect which the loss of our Indian and colonial possessions would have on our trade, though I think Cobden underrated, and greatly underrated it; nor yet the evil consequences of severance to the dependencies themselves, which Cobden denied or left out of account. The interesting point is to note how apt he was to ignore for himself, and to misinterpret in others, every view of the empire

* Vol. i. p. 98.

† *Ibid.* p. 206.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 214.

§ *Ibid.* p. 42.

which was not exclusively commercial. To him our vast and scattered dominions appeared to be an ill-constructed fabric, built at the cost of much innocent blood and much ill-spent treasure, and which, having been originally contrived in obedience to a mistaken theory of trade, was not worth the trouble of keeping in repair now that that theory had been finally exploded. The same deficient sympathy and insight which prevented him seeing any cause for the Napoleonic wars but the selfish ambition of the "ruling class," or any result of them but a crushing debt, rendered more onerous by continental complications, made him regard the motives which induce ordinary Englishmen obstinately to cling to the responsibilities of empire as consisting of an uninstructed love of gain or of a vulgar greed of territory. He may have been right in thinking that the weight of responsibilities might become a burden too heavy to be borne. It may be true that the sceptre of dominion is doomed at no distant date to slide from our failing grasp. We may be destined, from choice or from necessity, to shut ourselves up within the four seas; and it is not impossible, though highly improbable, that even under these conditions our Board of Trade Returns may be such as to delight the heart of a Chancellor of the Exchequer. But no man is fit to estimate the consequences of this change who attempts to estimate them solely and exclusively by figures. The sentiments with which an Englishman regards the English Empire are neither a small nor an ignoble part of the feelings which belong to him as a member of the commonwealth. If therefore that empire is destined to dissolve, and with it all the associations by which it is surrounded; if we in these islands are henceforth to turn our gaze solely inwards upon ourselves and our local affairs; if we are to have no relations with foreigners, or with men of our own race living on other continents, except those which may be adequately expressed by double entry and exhibited in a ledger;—we may be richer or poorer for the change, but it is folly to suppose that we shall be richer or poorer only. An element will be withdrawn from our national life which, if not wholly free from base alloy, we can yet ill afford to

spare; and which none, at all events, can be competent to criticise unless, unlike Mr. Cobden, they first show themselves capable of understanding it.

If Cobden's views on questions of foreign and colonial policy were somewhat narrowed by his too strictly economic view of our external relations, it was only natural that his views on all questions connected with land should be somewhat warped by his aversion to the class who owned so much of it. One of the most amusing instances of this is a proposal he makes* for settling the Irish land difficulty by applying to it the law of succession as it exists in France. Many strange remedies have been proposed for the agrarian ills of that unhappy country; some strange ones have been adopted; but surely no one before or since has professed to see the salvation of Ireland in the slow but indefinite multiplication of squires. It was not, however, to large landlords in Ireland only that he objected. He professed to think † that a "feudal governing class" (as by a bold misuse of terms he was accustomed to describe them) "exists only in violation of sound principles of political economy." But he left no very clear account of what he meant by the statement. If, as might be conjectured, he was alluding to the restrictions (for the most part imaginary) on the sale and transfer of land, which are due to settlement and entail, it is sufficient to remark that no class owes its existence or its power to the continuance of these restrictions; if he meant anything else, it is difficult to see what political economy has to do with the matter. The inquiry, however, is not very important. Cobden was not the first, nor will he be the last statesman who imagines that in yielding to his political or social dislikes he does honor to political economy; and the particular form which the process of self-deception took in his case is not now of much interest even from a purely biographical point of view. There is, indeed, one question connected with this subject to which I should like to have an answer. It is this: How would Cobden have acted had he lived to see the last Irish Land Bill, and been obliged to choose between

* Vol. ii. p. 28.

† *Ibid.* p. 369.

gratifying his favorite antipathy and adhering to his favorite system? The Prime Minister, as we all recollect, has asserted in words and exemplified in deeds the principle that the abstract doctrines of political economy find their proper application in Jupiter and Saturn. Cobden, on the other hand, announced that he was prepared to "follow political economy anywhere." He would have found the statement embarrassing in 1882.

There are many other topics suggested by Mr. Morley's volumes which it might be interesting to discuss; but this article has nearly reached its legitimate limits, and must draw to a conclusion.

Much as there is to admire in his hero, a perusal of the new material Mr. Morley has provided us with does not, I think, dissipate the impression that the eulogies of some of his disciples are excessive and overstrained. Cobden was an honest, an able, and a useful public man, but not, I think, as his admirers claim for him, either a great politician or a great political philosopher. He was prevented from being the first by the mental peculiarity which made him a serviceable ally only when (as he says himself*) he was advancing some "defined and simple principle;" a limitation which, whatever its compensating advantages may be, is an effectual bar to the highest success in a career which requires in those who pursue it a power of dealing not only with principles, but likewise with an infinity of practical problems which are neither "defined" nor "simple." He was, on the other hand, prevented from being a great political philosopher, if by no other causes, still by the circumstances of his early life. His education, pursued with admirable energy while he was immersed in the business of clerk and commercial traveller, was not, and perhaps could not be, of the kind best suited to counteract the influences which, as I have pointed out, surrounded his early political career. His radicalism from the first was the radicalism of a class, and such in all essentials it remained to the end. His lack of the historic sense was not compensated by any great scientific or speculative power. Much as he saw to dis-

approve of in the existing condition of England, he never framed a large and consistent theory of the methods by which it was to be improved. Outside the narrow bounds of the economics of trade he had political projects, but no coherent political system; so that if he was too theoretical to make a good minister of state, he was too fragmentary and inconsistent to make a really important theorist. For example, there was no expectation which he more confidently cherished than the amiable one that free trade would lead, and lead soon, to general peace. Yet there was no practical reform which, toward the end of his life, he more desired to see carried into effect than an alteration in international law which should free private property from liability to capture at sea. This was (need I say?) resisted, in his opinion, only by a selfish aristocracy. Yet had it been adopted, free trade would, for this country at least have lost its most pacific virtues. These obviously consist in the fact that free trade enormously increases the indirect cost of hostilities; and it is plain that if the proposed alteration in the laws of maritime warfare is to be recommended at all, it is to be recommended on the ground that in the case of a maritime power it destroys the indirect cost altogether. Again, he was shocked to see the English peasant "*divorced*" as the phrase is, "from the soil," or, in plain English, tilling the land for weekly wages. But he bore with the greatest composure the not less painful fact that the pitman is divorced from the mine, and the operative from the mill. He had plenty of schemes for getting rid of large landowners, but none, so far as I know, for abolishing large manufacturers. He seems to have been sensitive—over-sensitive, as I think—to minor social distinctions; and yet never to have reflected that all such, when not imaginary, sink into insignificance beside the profound and paradoxical difference which exists between the laborer and the capitalist. We can hardly regret these theoretical imperfections in a system which probably would not have been better for being more logical. In any case, the only accusation that could be brought against him is that he did not rise superior to the ordinary radicalism

* Vol. i. p. 369.

of the day. Let those who are inclined to take a severer view of the narrowness, prejudice, and inconsistency which marred his career as a whole, not only call to mind the great qualities by which these shortcomings were accompanied, but also recollect how happily his defects conspired with his merits to render

him a fitting instrument for carrying out the great reform which was the most important work of his public life, and in connection with which his name (to borrow Mr. Morley's concluding phrase) will long be held in grateful memory.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

HOW THE STARS GOT THEIR NAMES.

ARTEMUS WARD used to say that, while there were many things in the science of astronomy hard to be understood, there was one fact which entirely puzzled him. He could partly perceive how we "weigh the sun," and ascertain the component elements of the heavenly bodies, by the aid of *spectrum* analysis. "But what beats me about the stars," he observed plaintively, "is how we come to know their names." This question, or rather the somewhat similar question, "How did the constellations come by their very peculiar names?" has puzzled Professor Pritchard and other astronomers more serious than Artemus Ward. Why is a group of stars called the *Bear*, or the *Swan*, or the *Twins*, or named after the *Pleiades*, the fair daughters of the Giant Atlas? These are difficulties that meet even children, when they examine a "celestial globe." There they find the figure of a bear, traced out with lines in the intervals between the stars of the constellations, while a very imposing giant is so drawn that Orion's belt just fits his waist. But when he comes to look at the heavens, the infant speculator sees no sort of likeness to a bear in the stars, nor anything at all resembling a giant in the neighborhood of Orion. The most eccentric modern fancy which can detect what shapes it will in clouds, is unable to find any likeness to human or animal forms in the stars, and yet we call a great many of the stars by the names of men, and beasts, and gods. Some resemblance to terrestrial things, it is true, every one can behold in the heavens. *Corona*, for example, is like a crown, or, as the Australian black fellows know, it is like a boomerang, and we can understand why they give it the name of that curious curved missile,

The *Milky Way*, again, does resemble a path in the sky; our English ancestors called it *Watling Street*—the path of the Watlings, mythical giants—and Bushmen in Africa and Red Men in North America name it the "ashen path." The ashes of the path, of course, are supposed to be hot and glowing, not dead and black, like the ash-paths of modern running grounds. Other and more recent names for certain constellations are also intelligible. In Homer's time the Greeks had two names for the *Great Bear*; they called it the *Bear*, or the *Wain*; and a certain fanciful likeness to a wain may be made out, though no resemblance to a bear is manifest. In the United States the same constellation is popularly styled the *Dipper*, and every one may observe the likeness to a dipper, or toddy-ladle. But these resemblances take us only a little way toward learning how the constellations obtained their human and animal appellations. We know that we derive many of the names straight from the Greek, but whence did the Greeks get them? On this subject Goguet, the author of "*L'Origine des Lois*," a rather learned but too speculative work of the last century, makes the following characteristic remarks: "The Greeks received their astronomy from Prometheus. This prince, as far as history teaches us, made his observations on Mount Caucasus." That was the eighteenth century's method of interpreting mythology. The myth preserved in "*Prometheus Bound*" of Æschylus tells us that Zeus crucified the Titan on Mount Caucasus. The French philosopher, rejecting the supernatural elements of the tale, makes up his mind that Prometheus was a prince of a scientific bent, and that he established his observatory

on the frosty Caucasus. But, even admitting this, why did Prometheus give the stars animal names? Our author easily explains this by a hypothetical account of the manners of primitive men. "The earliest peoples," he says, "must have used writing for purposes of astronomical science. They would be content to design the constellations of which they wished to speak by the hieroglyphical symbols of their names; hence the constellations have insensibly taken the names of the chief symbols." Thus, a drawing of a bear or a swan was the hieroglyphic of the name of a star, or group of stars. But whence came the name which was represented by the hieroglyphic? That is precisely what our author forgets to tell us. But he easily goes on to remark that the meaning of the hieroglyphic came to be forgotten, and "the symbols gave rise to all the ridiculous tales about the heavenly signs." This explanation is attained by the process of reasoning in a vicious circle, from hypothetical premises ascertained to be false. All the known savages of the world, even those which have scarcely the elements of picture-writing, call the constellations by the names of men and animals, and all tell "ridiculous tales" to account for the names.

As the star-stories told by the Greeks, the ancient Egyptians, and other civilized peoples of the old world, exactly correspond in character, and sometimes even in incident, with the star-stories of modern savages, we have the choice of two hypotheses to explain this curious coincidence. Perhaps the star-stories, about nymphs changed into bears, and bears changed into stars, were invented by the civilized races of old, and gradually found their way among people like the Esquimaux, and the Australians, and Bushmen. Or it may be insisted that the ancestors of Australians, Esquimaux, and Bushmen were once civilized, like the Greeks and Egyptians, and invented star-stories, still remembered by their degenerate descendants. These are the two forms of the explanation which will be advanced by persons who believe that the star-stories were originally the fruit of the civilized imagination. The other theory would be that the "ridiculous tales" about the stars were originally the work of the savage imagination, and

that the Greeks and Egyptians, when they became civilized, retained the old myths that their ancestors had invented when they were savages. In favor of this theory it may be said, briefly, that there is no proof that the fathers of Australians, Esquimaux, and Bushmen had ever been civilized, while there is a great deal of evidence to suggest that the fathers of the Greeks had once been savages. And if we incline to the theory that the star-myths are the creation of savage fancy, we at once learn why they are, in all parts of the world, so much alike. Just as the flint and bone weapons of rude races resemble each other much more than they resemble the metal weapons and the artillery of advanced peoples, so the mental products, the fairy-tales, and myths of rude races have everywhere a strong family resemblance. They are produced by men in similar mental conditions of ignorance, curiosity, and credulous fancy, and they are intended to supply the same needs, partly of amusing narrative, partly of crude explanation of familiar phenomena.

Now it is time to prove the truth of our assertion that the star-stories of savage and of civilized races closely resemble each other. Let us begin with that well-known group, the *Pleiades*. The peculiarity of the *Pleiades* is that the group consists of seven stars, of which one is so dim that it seems entirely to disappear, and many persons can only detect its presence through a telescope. The Greeks had a myth to account for the vanishing of the lost Pleiad. The tale is given in the "*Katasterismoi*" (stories of metamorphoses into stars) attributed to Eratosthenes. This work was probably written after our era; but the author derived his information from older treatises now lost. According to the Greek myth, then, the seven stars of the Pleiad were seven maidens, daughters of the Giant Atlas. Six of them had gods for lovers; Posidon admired two of them, Zeus three, and Ares one; but the seventh had only an earthly wooer, and when all of them were changed into stars, the maiden with the mortal lover hid her light for shame. Now let us compare the Australian story. According to Mr. Dawson ("*Australian Aborigines*,") a writer who knows the natives well, "their knowledge of the heavenly

bodies greatly exceeds that of most white people," and "is taught by men selected for their intelligence and information. The knowledge is important to the aborigines on their night journeys;" so we may be sure that the natives are careful observers of the heavens, and are likely to be conservative of these astronomical myths. The "Lost Pleiad" has not escaped them, and this is how they account for her disappearance. The *Pirt Kopan noot* tribe have a tradition that the *Pleiades* were a queen and her six attendants. Long ago the *Crow* (our *Canopus*) fell in love with the queen, who refused to be his wife. The *Crow* found that the queen and her six maidens, like other Australian *gins*, were in the habit of hunting for white edible grubs in the bark of trees. The *Crow* at once changed himself into a grub (just as Jupiter and Indra used to change into swans, horses, ants, or what not) and hid in the bark of a tree. The six maidens sought to pick him out with their wooden hooks, but he broke the points of all the hooks. Then came the queen, with her pretty bone hook; he let himself be drawn out, took the shape of a giant, and ran away with her. Ever since there have only been six stars, the six maidens, in the *Pleiad*. This story is well known, by the strictest inquiry, to be current among the blacks of the West District, and in South Australia.

Mr. Tylor, whose opinion is entitled to the highest respect, thinks that this may be a European myth, told by some settler to a black in the Greek form, and then spread about among the natives. He complains that the story of the loss of the *brightest* star does not fit the facts of the case.

We do not know, and how can the Australians know, that the lost star was once the brightest? It appears to me that the Australians, remarking the disappearances of a star, might very naturally suppose that the *Crow* had selected for his wife that one which had been the most brilliant of the cluster. Besides, the wide distribution of the tale among the natives, and the very great change in the nature of the incidents, seem to point to a native origin. Though the main conception—the loss of one out of seven maidens—is identical in Greek and in *Murri*, the manner of the dis-

appearance is eminently Hellenic in the one case, eminently savage in the other. However this may be, nothing of course is proved by a single example. Let us next examine the stars *Castor* and *Pollux*. Both in Greece and in Australia these are said once to have been two young men. In the "Katas-terismoi," already spoken of, we read: "The *Twins*, or *Dioscouroi*.—They were nurtured in Lacedæmon, and were famous for their brotherly love, wherefore Zeus, desiring to make their memory immortal, placed them both among the stars." In Australia, according to Mr. Brough Smyth ("Aborigines of Victoria,") *Turree* (*Castor*) and *Wanjel* (*Pollux*) are two young men who pursue *Purra* and kill him at the commencement of the great heat. *Coonar toorong* (the mirage) is the smoke of the fire by which they roast him. In Greece it was not *Castor* and *Pollux* but *Orion* who was the great hunter set among the stars. Among the Bushmen of South Africa *Castor* and *Pollux* are not young men, but young women, the wives of the *El-and*, the great native antelope. In Greek star-stories the *Great Bear* keeps watch, Homer says, on the hunter *Orion* for fear of a sudden attack. But how did the bear get its name in Greece? According to Hesiod, the oldest Greek poet after Homer, the Bear was once a lady, daughter of *Lycaon*, King of *Arcadia*. She was a nymph of the train of chaste *Artemis*, but yielded to the love of Zeus and became the ancestress of all the *Arcadians* (that is, *Bear-folk*). In her bestial form she was just about to be slain by her own son when Zeus rescued her by raising her to the stars. Here we must notice first, that the *Arcadians*, like *Australians*, *Red Indians*, *Bushmen*, and many other wild races, and like the *Bedouins*, believed themselves to be descended from an animal. That the early Egyptians did the same is not improbable; for names of animals are found among the ancestors in the very oldest genealogical papyrus,* as in the genealogies of the old English kings. Next the *Arcadians* transferred the ancestral bear to the heavens, and, in doing this, they resembled the *Peruvians*, of whom *Acosta* says: "They adored the star

* Brugsch, "History of Egypt," i. 32.

Urchuchilly, feigning it to be a *Ram*, and worshipped two others, and say that one of them is a *sheep*, and the other a *lamb* . . . others worshipped the star called the *Tiger*. *They were of opinion that there was not any beast or bird upon the earth, whose shape or image did not shine in the heavens.*"

But to return to our bears. The Australians have, properly speaking no bears, though the animal called the native bear is looked up to by the aborigines with superstitious regard. But among the North American Indians, as the old missionaries Lafitau and Charlevoix observed, "the four stars in front of our constellation are a bear; those in the tail are hunters who pursue him; the small star apart is the pot in which they mean to cook him."

It may be held that the Red Men derived their bear from the European settlers. But, as we have seen, an exact knowledge of the stars has always been useful if not essential to savages; and we venture to doubt whether they would confuse their nomenclature and sacred traditions by borrowing terms from trappers and squatters. But, if this is improbable, it seems almost impossible that all savage races should have borrowed their whole conception of the heavenly bodies from the myths of Greece. It is thus that Egede, a missionary of the last century, describes the Esquimaux philosophy of the stars: "The notions that the Greenlanders have as to the origin of the heavenly lights—as sun, moon, and stars—are very non-sensical; in that they pretend they have formerly been as many of their own ancestors, who, on different accounts were lighted up to heaven, and became such glorious celestial bodies." Again, he writes: "Their notions about the stars are that some of them have been men, and others different sorts of animals and fishes." But every reader of Ovid knows that this was the very mythical theory of the Greeks and Romans. The Egyptians, again, worshipped Osiris, Isis, and the rest as *ancestors*, and there are even modern scholars who hold Osiris to have been originally a real historical person. But the Egyptian priests who showed Plutarch the grave of Osiris, showed him, too, the stars into which Osiris, Isis, and Horus, had been meta-

morphosed. Here, then, we have Greeks, Egyptians, and Esquimaux, all agreed about the origin of the heavenly lights, all of opinion that "they have formerly been as many of their own ancestors."

The Australian general theory is: "Of the good men and women, after the deluge, Pundjel (a kind of Zeus, or rather a sort of Prometheus of Australian mythology) made stars. Sorcerers (*Biraark*) can tell which stars were once good men and women." Here the sorcerers have the same knowledge as the Egyptian priests. Again, just as among the Arcadians "the progenitors of the existing tribes, whether birds, or beasts, or men, were set in the sky, and made to shine as stars."*

We have already given some Australian examples in the stories of the *Pleiades*, and of *Castor* and *Pollux*. We may add the case of the *Eagle*. In Greece the *Eagle* was the bird of Zeus, who carried off Ganymede to be the cup-bearer of Olympus. Among the Australians this same constellation is called *Totyarguil*; he was a man who, when bathing, was killed by a fabulous animal, a kind of kelpie; as Orion, in Greece, was killed by the *Scorpion*. Like Orion, he was placed among the stars. The Australians have a constellation named *Eagle*, but he is our *Sirius*, or *Dog-star*.

The Bushmen, almost the lowest tribe of South Africa, have the same star-lore and much the same myths as the Greeks, Australians, Egyptians, and Esquimaux. According to Dr. Bleek, "stars, and even the sun and moon, were once mortals on earth, or even animals or inorganic substances, which happened to get translated to the skies. The sun was once a man, whose arm-pit radiated a limited amount of light round his house. Some children threw him into the sky, and there he shines." The Homeric hymn to Helios, in the same way as Mr. Max Müller observes, "looks on the sun as a half god, almost a hero, who had once lived on earth." The pointers of the Southern Cross were "two men who were lions," just as Calisto, in Arcadia, was a woman who was a bear. It is not at all rare in those

* Brough Smyth, "Aborigines of Victoria."

queer philosophies, as in that of the Scandinavians, to find that the sun or moon has been a man or woman. In Australian fable the moon was a man, the sun a woman of indifferent character, who appears at dawn in a coat of red kangaroo skins, the present of an admirer. In an old Mexican text the moon was a man, across whose face a god threw a rabbit, thus making the marks in the moon. Among the Esquimaux the moon is a girl who always flees from the cruel brother, the sun, because he disfigured her face. Among the New Zealanders and North American Indians the sun is a great beast, whom the hunters trapped and thrashed with cudgels. His blood is used in some New Zealand incantations. The Red Indians, as Schoolcraft says, "hold many of the planets to be transformed adventurers." The Iowas "believed stars to be a sort of living creatures." One of them came down and talked to a hunter, and showed him where to find game. The Gallineros of Central California, according to Mr. Bancroft, believe that the sun and moon were made and lighted up by the Hawk and the Coyote, who one day flew into each other's faces in the dark, and were determined to prevent such accidents in future. But the very oldest example of the survival of the notion that the stars are men or women, is found in the *Pax* of Aristophanes. Trygæus in that comedy has just made an expedition to heaven. A slave meets him and asks him, "Is not the story true, then, that we become stars when we die?" The answer is "Certainly;" and Trygæus points out the star into which Ios of Chios has just been metamorphosed. Aristophanes is making fun of some popular Greek superstition. But that very superstition meets us in New Zealand. "Heroes," says Mr. Taylor, "were thought to become stars of greater or less brightness, according to the number of their victims slain in fight."

It would be easy to multiply examples of this stage of thought, and to show that star-stories existed on the banks of the Amazon as well as on the borders of the lake of Anahuac. But we have probably brought forward enough for our purpose, and have expressly chosen instances from the most widely separated

peoples. These instances, it will perhaps be admitted, suggest, if they do not prove, that the Greeks had received from tradition precisely the same sort of legends about the heavenly bodies as are current among Esquimaux and Bushmen, New Zealanders and Iowas. As much, indeed, might be inferred from our own astronomical nomenclature. We now give to newly discovered stars names derived from distinguished people, as *Georgium Sidus*, or *Herschel*; or, again, merely technical appellatives, as *Alpha*, *Beta*, and the rest. We should never think when "some new planet swims into our ken" of calling it *Kangaroo*, or *Rabbit*, or after the name of some hero of romance, as *Rob Roy*, or *Count Fosco*. But the names of stars which we inherit from Greek mythology—the *Bear*, the *Pleiades*, *Castor* and *Pollux*, and so forth—are such as no people in our mental condition would originally think of bestowing. When Callimachus and the courtly astronomers of Alexandria pretended that the golden locks of Berenice were raised to the heavens, that was a mere piece of flattery constructed on the inherited model of legends about the crown (*Corona*) of Ariadne. It seems evident enough that the older Greek names of stars are derived from a time when the ancestors of the Greeks were in the mental and imaginative condition of Iowas, Kanekas, Bushmen, Murri, and New Zealanders. All these, and all other savage peoples, believe in a kind of equality and intercommunion among all things animate and inanimate. Stones are supposed in the Pacific Islands to be male and female and to propagate their species. Animals are believed to have human or superhuman intelligence, and speech if they choose to exercise the gift. Stars are just on the same footing, and their movements are explained by the same ready system of universal anthropomorphism. Stars, fishes, gods, heroes, men, trees, clouds, and animals, all play their equal part in the confused dramas of savage thought and savage mythology. Even in practical life the change of a sorcerer into an animal is accepted as a familiar phenomenon, and the power of soaring among the stars is one on which the Australian Biraark, or the Esquimaux

Shaman, most plumes himself. It is not wonderful that things which are held possible in daily practice should be frequent features of mythology. Hence the ready invention and belief of star-legends, which in their turn fix the names of the heavenly bodies. Nothing more, except the extreme tenacity of tradition and the inconvenience of changing a widely accepted name, is needed to account for the human and animal names of the stars. The Greeks received from the dateless past of savage intellect the myths, and the names of the constellations, and we have taken them, without inquiry, from the Greeks. Thus it happens that our celestial globes are just as queer menageries as any globes could be that were illustrated by Australians or American Indians, by Bushmen or Peruvian aborigines, or Esquimaux. It was savages, we may be tolerably certain, who first handed to science the names of the constellations, and provided Greece with the raw material of her astronomical myths—as Bacon prettily says, that we listen to the harsh ideas of earlier peoples as they come to us “blown softly through the flutes of the Grecians.” The first moment in astronomical science arrives when the savage, looking at a star, says, like the child in the nursery poem, “How I wonder what you are!” The next moment comes when the savage has made his first rough practical observations of the movements of the heavenly body. His next step is to explain these to himself. Now science cannot advance any but a fanciful explanation beyond the sphere of experience. The experience of the savage is limited to the narrow world of his tribe, and of the beasts, birds, and fishes of his district. His philosophy, therefore, accounts for all phenomena on the supposition that the laws of the animate nature he observes are working everywhere. But his observations misguided by his crude magical superstitions, have led him to believe in a state of equality and kinship between men and animals, and even inorganic things. He often worships the very beasts he slays; he addresses them as if they understood him; he believes himself to be descended from the animals, and of their kindred. These confused ideas he applies to the stars, and recognizes in them men like himself, or beasts like those

with which he conceives himself to be in such close human relations. There is scarcely a bird or beast but the Red Indian or the Australian will explain its peculiarities by a myth, like a page from Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*. It was once a man or a woman, and has been changed to bird or beast by a god or a magician. Men, again, have originally been beasts, in his philosophy, and are descended from wolves, frogs, or serpents, or monkeys. The heavenly bodies are traced to precisely the same sort of origin; and hence, we conclude, come their strange animal names, and the strange myths about them which appear in all ancient poetry. These names, in turn, have curiously affected human beliefs. Astrology is based on the opinion that a man’s character and fate are determined by the stars under which he is born. And the nature of these stars is deduced from their names, so that the bear should have been found in the horoscope of Dr. Johnson. When Giordano Bruno wrote his satire against religion, the famous *Spaccio della bestia trionfante*, he proposed to banish not only the gods but the beasts from heaven. He would call the stars not the *Bear*, or the *Swan*, or the *Pleiades*, but *Truth*, *Mercy*, *Justice*; and so forth, that men might be born, not under bestial, but moral influences. But the beasts have had too long possession of the stars to be easily dislodged, and the tenure of the *Bear* and the *Swan* will probably last as long as there is a science of Astronomy. Their names are not likely again to delude a philosopher into the opinion of Aristotle that the stars are animated.

This argument had been worked out to the writer’s satisfaction when he chanced to light on Mr. Max Müller’s explanation of the name of the *Great Bear*. We have explained that name as only one out of countless similar appellations which men of every race give to the stars. These names, again, we have accounted for as the result of savage philosophy, which takes no great distinction between man and the things in the world, and looks on stars, beasts, birds, fishes, flowers, and trees, as men and women in disguise. M. Müller’s theory is based on philological considerations. He thinks that the name of the *Great Bear* is the result of a mistake as to the meaning of words. There was in

Sanskrit, he says ("Lectures on Language," pp. 359, 362), a root *ark*, or *arch*, meaning to be bright. The stars are called *riksha*, that is, bright ones, in the Veda. "The constellations here called the Rikshas, in the sense of 'the bright ones,' would be homonymous in Sanskrit with the Bears. Remember also that, apparently without rhyme or reason, the same constellation is called by Greeks and Romans the Bear. . . . There is not the shadow of a likeness with a bear. You will now perceive the influence of words on thought, or the spontaneous growth of mythology. The name *Riksha* was applied to the bear in the sense of the bright fuscous animal, and in that sense it became most popular in the later Sanskrit, and in Greek and Latin. The same name, 'in the sense of the bright ones,' had been applied by the Vedic poets to the stars in general, and more particularly to that constellation which in the northern parts of India was the most prominent. The etymological meaning, 'the bright stars,' was forgotten; the popular meaning of *Riksha* (bear) was known to every one. And thus it happened that, when the Greeks had left their central home and settled in Europe, they retained the name of *Arktos* for the same unchanging stars; but, not knowing why those stars had originally received that name, they ceased to speak of them as *arktoi*, or many bears, and spoke of them as the Bears."

This is a very good example of the philological way of explaining a myth. If once we admit that *ark*, or *arch*, in the sense of "bright" and of "bear," existed, not only in Sanskrit, but in the undivided Aryan tongue, and that the name *Riksha*, bear, "became in that sense most popular in Greek and Latin," this theory seems more than plausible.

There is a difficulty, however, in finding *Riksha* either in Latin or Greek. But the explanation does not look so well if we examine, not only the Aryan, but all the known myths and names of the Bear and the other stars. Professor Sayce, a distinguished philologist, says we may not compare non-Aryan with Aryan myths. We have ventured to do so, however, in this paper, and have shown that the most widely severed races give the stars animal names, of which the *Bear* is one example. Now, if the philologists wish to persuade us that it was decaying and half-forgotten language which caused men to give the names of animals to the stars, they must prove their case on an immense collection of instances—on Iowa, Kanekn, Murri, Maori, Brazilian, Peruvian, Mexican, Egyptian, Esquimaux instances. Does the philological explanation account for the enormous majority of these phenomena? If it fails, we may at least doubt whether it solves the one isolated case of the Great Bear among the Greeks and Romans. It must be observed that the philological explanation of M. Müller does not clear up the Arcadian story of their own descent from a she-bear who is now a star. Yet similar stories of the descent of tribes from animals are so widespread, that it would be difficult to name the race, or the quarter of the globe, where they are not found. And these considerations appear to be a strong argument for comparing not only Aryan, but all attainable myths. We shall often find, if we take a wide view, that the philological explanation which seemed plausible in a single case, is hopelessly narrow when applied to a large collection of parallel cases in languages of various families.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

AT ANCHOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CONSOLATIONS."

As in the rainbow's many-colored hue
Here see we watchet deepened with a blue,
There a dark tawny with a purple mixt,
Yellow and flame, with streaks of green betwixt,
A bloody stream into a blushing run,
And ends still with the color which begun;
Drawing the deeper to a lighter stain,
Bringing the lightest to the deep'st again,

With such rare art each mingleth with his fellow,
The blue with watchet, green and red with yellow.
WILLIAM BROWNE.

REUBEN was not ill in body, and no visible calamity had befallen him. He was an artist of some promise, and had

a picture at the Academy. He was in love with a pretty rich young woman of the gay world, with a heart to spare for the first who could touch it. His dream had been at one stroke to win such fame as should warrant him in whispering, "My fame is yours and you my love." But he had loved too little or too much to betray his secret yet, and he had put a meaning in his painting which she had not read. She had congratulated him on its being well hung. *Hinc illa lachrymæ!*

He left London that night. It was a minor matter that his picture was not sold, and that he had reasons for preferring the cheapest third-class ticket that would bring him to the Channel's shores. The next morning an even gray fine mist fell, or rather hung, in silent, moveless gloom over earth and sea and sky. The cliffs were low and sandy, but patches of heather spoke of days when all color was not blotted out of view. Reuben turned mechanically away from the straggling watering-place toward the open coast, and when he had reached the point where the down was highest, above the sandy ruts of the cliff road, he threw himself on the elastic heath-tufts and set himself to meditate on the universal grayness.

The unfortunate never know how fiercely they have clung to their one last hope till the moment when that too has failed. One by one lesser objects of desire elude the grasp, and each disappointment is borne, to the victim's own amaze, with hardly weakened courage; for, without knowing it, each succeeding disappointment only serves to nourish the strong surviving hope for the one bliss that shall make amends for all the rest. And then at last—some put off the day of waking so long that their own last sleep comes before it—but to some at last comes the moment of bewilderment when the life-long desire is frozen by the blast of final deprivation, the last doom of denial is uttered from without, and despair sweeps like a hurricane over every sense; and then, amid the very bitterness of blank despair, comes a vision of the double death. Even this might have been borne like the rest if only hope were left—of something, ever so little, anything—but a shadow of the slightest thing, still in front to hope for.

It was so with Reuben now. He had lived the double life of man and artist, and again and again he had failed in both. It is needless to rehearse the trivial details, the recurring discouragements, which he had defied, thinking, "Yet a few more months, then weeks, then interminable days—and then, and then—she will see, and surely she will understand. I will not tell her that my fate hangs upon her seeing. If my spirit speaks to hers from the canvas there is no need; and if it does not speak, if she cannot or does not choose to hear, it is not for me to beg for mercy, to force from her kindness words that do not spring from her own desire to speak—to me alone of all men. It may be she will not speak. If so, that will be over, and one may live thereafter as one can. But perhaps, perhaps, perhaps—oh! if she should have that to say to me, which my soul would give life, death, and eternity to hear!"

This had been the burden of his dreams, and she had not spoken. He had prayed before, like the great poet in his immortal agony—"And if you leave me, do not leave me last!" How can she leave me, he muttered, when she never came? She had never crossed the threshold of his studio; if she had, alone there, would she have understood? She never understood the passion of longing which prompted his timid suggestion, would she not like to come? She had smiled with uncomprehending courtesy, and he was just in his misery. How could she have known what he never dared to say? He had spent his strength in silencing the jealous rage which filled him when a happy thoughtless youth won easily the promise of her presence—was it at a cricket-match, or where? Nay, but he wanted too much himself to be jealous of those who won lesser boons, his wishes had dared to wander boundlessly, and this was the end of his infinite longings; he questioned himself incredulously, was this less than nothingness the end? He lay upon the heather in the falling mist, stunned, bewildered, understanding at last that he had staked his life upon a single throw, and he had lost. It was like the end of one of those year-long games of chance played by barbarians, East and West, in the far-off past, and,

like the hero of such tales, he had lost himself and all he had, and the game must go on without him, for he had nothing left to stake. His chance was over, once and for ever. He could not look to win by the help of Time's revenges, for he was no longer able even to play, though the maddest run of luck should lure him. It felt strange to be alive when every hope was dead and every purpose starved and atrophied. "But," he thought, "it is no concern of mine now. Since my soul passed out of my own keeping into hers, it was she, not I, who had the power to dispose of all its future."

The mist was growing lighter over the sea; clouds and horizon began to be distinguishable, and streaks of gray above and below grew transparent, as if colored lights of red and yellow were shining far away behind them. Level gray moisture still hung upon the land, and all round there was a silence that might be felt. Reuben closed his eyes wearily; he had not slept for several nights. His eyes were hot, and there was a dull throbbing above the brows. His limbs ached; long-continued fatigue and the forcibly postponed consciousness of bodily discomfort were taking their revenge; and for a moment his mental wretchedness seemed forgotten in the sense of utter physical exhaustion and distress. The momentary oblivion was like a breath of chloroform in the midst of pain. The feeling of bodily discomfort was faintly but distinctly pleasurable, and as Reuben gave himself up to it he thought dreamily that this explained the self-torturing passions of asceticism. When the soul is sick to death, bodily pain is the only possible source of relief, the relief that comes from a change of suffering. For a few moments mind and body were almost unconscious together; the pause was more like faintness than sleep; but before his eyes opened again to confront the full visage of his grief he felt with dim astonishment, and something almost akin to self-reproach, that his overmastering misery did not even now wholly exclude every other mode of consciousness. He felt the shallowness of his misery as an aggravation of its unsounded depths of bitterness.

With the instinct that makes us say

"Look!" when we wish for the mind's attention, Reuben opened his eyes to see if there was any escape from the encompassing grayness, any change in the surrounding gloom to warrant this strange feeble impulse toward embracing a lesser pain. The sun was hidden, but its light was struggling intermittently through the clouds. Sea and sky had melted again into one; but varied shades of color, in pale mimicry of the rainbow's bands, seemed to divide the continuous upright bank of vapor that veiled or shadowed forth the actual scene. It was too fantastic to be beautiful, and the artist was too sad to take any interest in the vagaries of nature; but the returning memory of despair kept his consciousness awake, and he felt rather than saw opened out before him such a rainbow as might span Styx and Phlegethon when infernal lightnings play upon slow showers of poisoned mud. The indigo band of the horizontal rainbow lay where a belt of weedy sea was overshadowed by the darkest cloud. The shallow waters were turbid from the last night's swell, and there may have been a sandbank behind the reef, helping to color the dull waves red. Any way the half-lurid light from above lit up the reddish strip of sea, that melted then into pale metallic yellow where a break in the clouds was reflected on the sullen surface; and then the same shaded streaks of gray, blue, and red, with green and yellow lights, repeated themselves in the sky above, as in the mirage the scene reflects itself upon the sky, instead of earth and sea being mirrored in smooth waters underneath. The unearthly hues were not without a mysterious beauty, but they had no charm for Reuben; he had done with the world of men, and it was an added mockery that nature should have new tricks to play off before his careless and reluctant eyes.

For this was the burden of his wonder now. All was over, and the strange thing is how little difference it seemed to make. Her life, sunrise and sunset, the work and pleasure of indifferent friends, all this would go on just as before; every material care and difficulty, and the one duty Reuben never thought to question, remained unchanged in prospect. He wished never to touch a

brush again ; but it was not painting to color canvases for hire, and how else could he earn the money he must have to keep his lame young brother in the country home, whence he wrote, only yesterday, of his happiness and mending health ? And if Reuben painted for pay, how could he do less than his best work, and who would know the difference when none of the accustomed skill had left his fingers—only the light of hope his heart ? And he had been wont to call it simony if men sold work done by skilled hands while the heart and thoughts were far away.

A light brown rain-cloud drifted like a waterspout athwart the motionless gray background. Was he to live and walk a soulless ghost among the living, a moving shadow of unknown pain ? Nothing had been real in his life but the loss of it ; all the rest was vain imagination that had passed current with his fellows for reality while he himself could make believe its truth ; and now he must still walk among the living, veiling the grim forms of death and pain, who lodged devouringly in the broad palaces his imagination had reared for hope and love. Nothing was changed outside. The moments were long, and again and again he looked upon the gray mist ; he felt its clammy touch as he watched the pale colors in their shadowy dance, varying yet the same, ever pale and shadowy and weird. So it was, and so it would be through such years as the prisoner for life only dares to think of when they end. The life-sentenced convict may hope for death, or escape, or a ticket of leave ; but Reuben could not even hope for death, which would leave his little brother to the cold charity of the busy world.

There was a buoy some way out in the Channel, the only token of a sharp sunken rock. As it rose and sank with the ground swell Reuben's sympathies went out toward it, as a living thing. It clings to its anchorage with that tenacity that made men choose the anchor for the sign of hope ; it clings blindly with brute fidelity to its forced anchorage, but it has nothing to fear or hope from storm or sunshine ; life and death are for the craft that thread the Channel beyond. And then his mind wandered back to the despised canvas. Did she

know that every line and every tint was born directly of her influence, was inspired by her gracious smile, or prompted by her grave opinion ? It was her work, and she did not know it ; it was the monument of his love, the only relic left him of his hopeful life in sight of her ; and the only relic of her left to him was a relic not of her, only of what she had declined to receive at his hands. The intensest consciousness does not soliloquize in words ; if he had been forced to seek them, they would have seemed few and empty. It is hard, ineffably hard ! It seems to be true. What then ? It cannot be true. It *is* true. Oh me ! and it is hard !

And then the sense of dreary anchorage upon a hidden duty faded, and he felt like a drowning man, clutching at he knew not what as strong waves sucked him back, bruised and battered, to foreseen destruction ; and then it was not the boat's gunwale, nor the slippery rock or yielding herbage that he was grasping in the hard death struggle, but a soft, firm hand, warm and gentle to the touch, and to be saved by that was a pleasure, even if the Salvation had been death. But then—it was hardly a dream, though the hand felt very like hers as he had said "Good-bye" only the afternoon before—then he seemed to feel those soft sweet fingers firmly and gently unloosening the clutch by which he clung to them and life. What right had he to cling to her ? Yet he clung, and with gentle, irresistible touch she unclasped his clinging fingers ; and as in a dream one falls through space, waking prostrate with a palpitating heart, so Reuben wondered, was it all a dream, as his eyes opened again upon the mist and he loosed the convulsive grasp which crushed and half uprooted the wiry heather shoots.

There is a strange incredulity in some sick men when at last the skilled judgment pronounces that their days are numbered. Very few can grasp, while they still live, and suffer no more—it may be less—than yesterday, that a day is coming, is near, when they, their living selves, will be numbered with the painless dead. They come back again and again to the thought with a scared surprise, how should so strange a tale be true ? So Reuben again and again faced

his blank surprise ; his world had turned to a shadow of dark, cold emptiness. How could he live ? And yet not a visible reason for his life and effort had been withdrawn from the world of his fellows' sight and feeling. His mind was dazed, his limbs paralyzed ; every sense but that of sight seemed closed, and what he saw was only like a shadow of what he felt. It crossed his mind like a recollection from some former state of existence, that a clear horizon lay behind the mist, that sometimes the sun shone upon clear outlines of the rock where rolling waves might break in spray ; and so he knew—by an effort he recalled to memory the knowledge—that the world had not ceased to live and love, to labor, suffer, and aspire, because he was cut off from living partnership in its cares and hopes.

Hours had passed, and the mist was falling still. The spirit of his waking dreams had changed. The many colored world, looming dimly through the veil of universal grayness, seemed to float in space, like a child's toy balloon, but he and it were held together as if the visionary earth and sea were anchored on his aching heart, as if the iron that entered into his soul was the solid, crushing immovable shadow of the hope that was gone from him. He had no thought of moving ; distant sounds fell without meaning on his ears, till all at once he was startled by the shriek of a railway whistle, that began oddly so as to accompany and prolong a sea-gull's cry. Reuben was wet through, stiff, and weary to the point which makes change of place a luxurious change of

uneasiness. He rose to his feet and stretched the cramped, chill limbs, and ran cold fingers through his salt wet hair. He made an effort to awake. It could not all be a bad dream, but a man should rouse himself to know the worst. What *was* the worst ? His thought was, "I would sell my soul to be free to cut my throat to-night ! The devil take it ! Why isn't there even a devil to take body and soul at a gift, when one asks nothing better than to be rid of both, to escape the curse of life's long emptiness ?" He was not an irreverent youth, nor much given to swearing as a rule, and the unwonted invocation helped to rouse him. He smiled rather grimly and said to himself, "Even if there were a devil to go to, it wouldn't be much use now." And then, standing upright in the mist, he looked at the mock rainbow over the sandbanks, and a vague temptation possessed him. There was no hope, no outlook, no heaven of hope in front, no way of salvation for soul or body. Was it possible that there might be a pleasant way of sinning ? "I wish—" he began, and then he laughed aloud and pulled himself together more wakefully, and tried to put some sane merriment in his laugh. "I am glad I *don't* wish for anything, if I can wish for nothing better than that there was a devil for me to go to !"

And so he went back to the station and caught the Parliamentary train to town ; and his landlady hoped he had had a pleasant journey and would not fail to change his socks. — *Fraser's Magazine*.

THE RETREAT OF THE EUROPEAN GLACIERS.

BY PROFESSOR C. DUFOUR.*

IN 1870, when M. F. A. Forel and myself were on the Rhone glacier, we mapped the front of the glacier. I have since repeatedly communicated to the society the results of fresh measurements which have been made there, and which, year by year, have shown that this

glacier was undergoing a considerable diminution, so that, in 1879, it had gone beyond all previous limits, so far as the memory of the inhabitants of the country could go back. This retreat, which commenced about 1855 or 1856, is not peculiar to the Rhone glacier ; it is a general phenomenon throughout the chain of the Alps, although it did not commence everywhere at the same time, some glaciers were advancing when

* From the "Bulletin de la Société Vaudoise des Sciences Naturelles," Series 2, vol. xvii. pp. 422-425.

others were decreasing. But at present it may be said that the retrograde movement has become the rule in all the Alpine regions.

In 1878, at the Scientific Congress in Paris, I had the opportunity of conversing on this subject with several French *savants*, and learned from them that the glaciers of the Pyrenees were in the same case; all of them had diminished, and some had actually disappeared. It then became an interesting point to ascertain whether the other European glaciers, those of the Caucasus and of Scandinavia, presented the same phenomenon. With this purpose in view, I applied, with regard to the former, to M. Wild, the director of the Central Physical Observatory of Russia, and with regard to the latter, to a Swede, M. Nyström. These two gentlemen were kind enough to obtain the information that I asked for, and from their investigations it appeared that these groups of glaciers had diminished in the same way as those of the Alps and Pyrenees. In the Caucasus the retreat commenced, as in the case of the Rhone glacier, in 1855 or 1856. In Scandinavia, it appeared to have varied from one glacier to another, but it has now become general. M. Nyström was so kind as to consult the illustrious Swedish traveller, M. Nordenskiöld, upon this subject, who told him that the glaciers of Spitzbergen had undergone a similar diminution during the last few years.

In August, 1880, I laid a communication on this subject before the Scientific Congress at Rheims. In the discussion which arose upon the matter, several people cited facts in support of those which I had pointed out; and one of those who took part in the debate, and who had been several times to Greenland, had observed that the glaciers of that country had also retreated considerably.

It would be interesting to know what has been the condition of the Asiatic and American glaciers, and of those of the southern hemisphere, during the same periods. But in any case the retreat of the four great European groups of glaciers, those of the Pyrenees, the Alps, the Caucasus, and Scandinavia, as well as those of Greenland and Spitzbergen, is a fact of great importance in

physical geography, since it involves all those of the northern hemisphere over an extent of 100° of longitude. It is well worth while to pay attention to it, and to watch the progress of the phenomenon.

It is perhaps difficult at the moment to indicate the cause of this retreat, for, from the meteorological point of view, the last few years have not been very different from those which preceded them. Moreover, the advance or the retreat of a glacier depends upon several factors; first of all, upon the heat and humidity of the summer, and then upon the frequency and intensity of warm winds. As regards heat and wind, the consequences are indirect, but they are less so with respect to humidity. In fact, as M. Forel and I have shown by experiments made in 1870 upon the Rhone glacier, the aqueous vapor of the atmosphere condenses upon the ice, as it condenses in winter upon the glass windows of our rooms, and this water of condensation considerably augments the volume of the water that issues from the glacier; now this condensation is accompanied by an evolution of latent heat, which contributes greatly to the melting of the ice. But the extent of a glacier depends not only upon the forces which tend to destroy it, but also upon those which tend to form it, that is to say, upon the accumulation of snow in the basin of reception which is the origin of the glacier. These snows, which by degrees become converted into ice, are in considerable quantities, and represent the falls which have taken place during several years. This mass moves slowly, and it is not until the lapse of a great many years that the ice, thus formed, arrives at the bottom of the glacier, where it melts. All this ice, therefore, represents the sum of the meteorological actions that have taken place during a very long period of time, perhaps more than a century.

It would, therefore, be a mistake to seek in the last few years alone the cause of that retreat of the glaciers which we can now demonstrate. This would, no doubt, be the right course if the retreat were caused solely by a more rapid melting, but it is quite otherwise if this cause ascends to the very origin of the glacier. Now the latter is proba-

bly the case, for meteorological observations do not reveal to us any notable difference between the last quarter of a century and a preceding period. This is why the investigation of the great retreat of the glaciers that we now witness, must not be neglected; it is right to watch and trace it to the end in all those countries where it has been demonstrated; and the cause of this retreat, if we succeed in ascertaining it, will be an important factor among those which engage our attention in the study of the physics of the globe.

Now, with regard to most glaciers, it is not difficult to appreciate the amount of the retreat. It is only necessary to draw a map of the lower extremity, as I

have done several times with M. Forel in the case of the Rhone glacier; and in a question of this kind, with an element so variable as a glacier, it is not necessary to determine the position of each point within a centimetre or two. Upon the moraine in front of the glacier we have established two fixed points, by means of two stakes firmly driven into the ground down to the level of its surface; then, with a small sextant, we determine the position of the most important points of the front of the glacier, which enables us to map it, and to see readily for each region of the glacier the amount of the retreat from year to year.—*Popular Science Review*.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

July 25, 1881.

WHAT! for a term so scant
Our shining visitant
Cheer'd us, and now is pass'd into the night?
 Couldst thou no better keep, O Abbey old,
 The boon to thy foundation-hour foretold,
The presence of that gracious inmate, light?
 A child of light appear'd
Hither he came, late-born and long desired,
 And to men's hearts this ancient place endear'd;
What, is the happy glow so soon expired?

—Rough was the winter eve;
 Their craft the fishers leave,
And down over the Thames the darkness drew.
 One still lags last, and turns, and eyes the Pile
 Huge in the gloom, across in Thorney Isle,
King Sebert's work, the wondrous Minster new.
 —'Tis Lambeth now, where then
They moor'd their boats among the bulrush stems;
 And that new minster in the matted fen,
The world-famed Abbey by the westering Thames.

His mates are gone, and he
 For mist can hardly see
A strange wayfarer coming to his side.
 Who bade him loose his boat, and fix his oar,
 And row him straightway to the further shore,
And wait while he did there a space abide.
 The fisher awed obeys,
That voice had note so clear of sweet command;
 Through pouring tide he pulls and drizzling haze,
And set his freight ashore on Thorney strand.

The minster's outlined mass
 Rose dim from the morass,
 And thitherward the stranger took his way.
 Lo, on a sudden all the Pile is bright !
 Nave, choir and transept glorified with light,
 While tongues of fire on coign and carving play !
 And heavenly odors fair
 Come streaming with the floods of glory in,
 And carols float along the happy air
 As if the reign of joy did now begin.

Then all again is dark,
 And by the fisher's bark
 The unknown passenger returning stands.
*—O Saxon fisher ! thou hast had with thee
 The fisher from the Lake of Galilee—*
 So saith he, blessing him with outspread hands :
 Then fades, but speaks the while :
*At dawn thou to King Sebert shalt relate
 How his Saint Peter's Church in Thorney Isle
 Peter, his friend, with light did consecrate.*

Twelve hundred years and more
 Along the holy floor
 Pageants have pass'd, and tombs of mighty kings
 Efface the humbler graves of Sebert's line,
 And, as years sped, the minster-aisles divine
 Grew used to the approach of Glory's wings.
 Arts came, and arms, and law,
 And majesty, and sacred form and fear ;
 Only that primal guest the fisher saw,
 Light, only light, was slow, to re-appear.

The Saviour's happy light,
 Wherewith at first was dight
 His boon of life and immortality,
 In desert ice of subtleties was spent
 Or drown'd in mists of childish wonderment,
 Fond fancies here, there false philosophy !
 And harsh the temper grew
 Of men whose minds were darken'd and astray,
 And scarce the boon of life could struggle through
 For lack of light which should the boon convey.

Yet in this latter time
 That promise of the prime
 Seem'd to come true at last, O Abbey old !
 It seem'd a child of light did bring the dower
 Foreshown thee in thy consecration hour,
 And in thy courts his shining freight unroll'd :—
 Bright wits, and instinct sure,
 And goodness warm, and truth without alloy,
 And temper sweet, and love of all things pure,
 And joy in light, and power to spread the joy.

And on that countenance bright
 Shone oft so high a light,
 That to my mind there came how, long ago,
 Lay on the hearth, amid a fiery ring,
 The charm'd babe of the Eleusinian king—

His nurse, the Mighty Mother, will'd it so.
 Warm in her breast, by day,
 He slumbered, and ambrosia balm'd the child ;
 But all night long amid the flames he lay,
 Upon the hearth, and play'd with them, and smiled.

But once, at midnight deep,
 His mother woke from sleep,
 And saw her babe amidst the fire, and scream'd.
 A sigh the Goddess gave, and with a frown
 Pluck'd from the fire the child, and laid him down ;
 Then raised her face, and glory round her beam'd.
 The mourning stole no more
 Mantled her form, no more her head was bow'd ;
 But raiment of celestial sheen she wore,
 And beauty filled her, and she spake aloud :—

“ O ignorant race of man !
 Achieve your good who can,
 If your own hands the good begun undo ?
 Had human cry not marr'd the work divine,
 Immortal had I made this boy of mine ;
 But now his head to death again is due.
 And I have now no power
 Unto this pious household to repay
 Their kindness shown to me in my wandering hour.”
 —She spake, and from the portal pass'd away.

The boy his nurse forgot,
 And bore a mortal lot :
 Long since, his name is heard on earth no more.
 In some chance battle on Cithæron side
 The nursling of the Mighty Mother died,
 And went where all his fathers went before.
 —On thee, too, in thy day
 Of childhood, Arthur, did some check have power,
 That, radiant though thou wert, thou couldst but stay,
 Bringer of heavenly light, a human hour ?

Therefore our happy guest
 Knew care, and knew unrest,
 And weakness warn'd him, and he fear'd decline.
 And to the grave he bore a cherish'd wife,
 And men ignoble harass'd him with strife,
 And deadly airs his force did undermine.
 And from his Abbey fades
 The sound beloved of his victorious breath ;
 And light's fair nursling languor first invades,
 And then the crowning impotence of death.

But hush ! This mournful strain,
 Which would of death complain,
 The oracle forbade, not ill inspired.
 —That Pair, whose head did plan, whose hands did forge
 The temple in the pure Parnassian gorge,
 Had finish'd, and a meed of price required.
 “ Seven days,” the God replied,
 “ Live happy ! then expect your perfect meed.”
 Quiet in sleep, the seventh night, they died.
 Death, death was judged the boon supreme indeed.

And, truly, he who here
 Hath run his bright career,
 And served men nobly, and acceptance found,
 And borne to light and right his witness high,
 What can he better crave than then to die,
 And wait the issue, sleeping underground?
 Why should he pray to range
 Down the long age of truth that ripens slow,
 And break his heart with all the baffling change
 And all the tedious tossing to and fro?

For this and that way swings
 The flux of mortal things,
 Though moving inly to one far-off goal.
 —What had our Arthur gain'd, to stop and see,
 After light's term, a term of cecity,
 A Church once large and then grown strait in soul?
 To live, and see arise,
 Alternating with wisdom's too short reign,
 Folly revived, re-furbish'd sophistries,
 And pullulating rites externe and vain?

Ay me! 'Tis deaf, that ear
 Which joy'd my voice to hear!
 Yet would I not disturb thee from thy tomb,
 Here sleeping in thine Abbey's friendly shade,
 And the rough waves of life forever laid.
 I would not break thy rest, nor change thy doom.
 Even as my father, thou,
 Even as that loved, that well-recorded friend,
 Has thy commission done; ye both may now
 Wait for the leaven to work, the let to end.

And thou, O Abbey gray,
 Predestined to the ray
 By this dear soul over thy precinct shed!
 Fear not but that thy light once more shall burn,
 One day thine immemorial gleam return,
 Though sunk is now this bright, this gracious head!
 —Let but the light appear
 And thy transfigured walls be touch'd with flame
 Our Arthur will again be present here,
 Again from lip to lip will pass his name.

The Nineteenth Century.

INSIDE KAIRWÁN: THE HOLY CITY.

Six months ago M. Barthélémy Saint Hilaire announced to the world that the Regency of Tunis had been pacified "sans conquête et sans combats;" and a month later General Farre sent the French legions home from the fourth Punic war, with the comfortable assurance that "la reconnaissance de la République est acquise à tous ceux qui ont pris part à cette campagne."

Never perhaps in the history of the world was a dream of success followed by a ruder awakening. In twenty-four short weeks the Tunisian Arabs throughout the length and breadth of the country have risen in arms against their self-imposed protectors; fifty thousand troops have been hurried back to Tunis as fast as a fleet of transports and the boats of the Compagnie Transatlantique

could carry them ; every important place in the Regency, including the capital, has been occupied ; some half a dozen towns have been more or less efficiently bombarded ; well nigh one hundred millions of francs have been spent, and many valuable lives lost, in the second expedition, but France is told by her rulers to console herself with the reflection that the French flag now waves alone over the citadel of holy Kairwán. This, however, is not all. The great body of the insurgent Arabs have made good their retreat to the extreme south, and have thereby necessitated the sacrifice of more millions and more lives by provoking the march of fifteen thousand French soldiers in their pursuit, although everybody concerned, from generals down to the conscript of yesterday, is perfectly well aware that for physical reasons the avowed object of the movement can never be attained. The French newspapers which cried so loudly "A Tunis" in April, have shouted quite as lustily "A bas le Général Farre" in November ; and Europe has for months rung from one end to the other with the nauseating scandals which will ever be connected with the history of the war waged by France against Tunis, and associated with the fame of its instigator, M. Théodore Roustan.

The inevitable reaction of public opinion on the Tunisian question has at last made itself felt ; but not in time to prevent, or even stay, its natural consequences. MM. Saint Hilaire, Ferry, and Farre have ceased to be Ministers of France ; but France has disappointed the hopes and lost the esteem of Europe. Italy has thrown herself into the arms of her once deadliest foe in order to avenge as swiftly as possible what she believes to be an affront and a menace ; England, duped and deceived by equivocal assurances and promises, has grown cold and suspicious, and her commercially-minded statesmen can only be consoled and appeased by such a treaty as France, it seems, dare not grant ; while Germany, who told France to "take Carthage" in the spring, is now sending officers to Stamboul, counselling the Sublime Porte to be firm about Tripoli, and giving the Turks quite enough moral support to destroy the effects of the alternate threats and blan-

dishments of M. Tissot. What may occur on the Tripolitan frontier before the year 1882 is ushered in, it is impossible to say. France has sat herself down to build a tower without counting the cost ; and the ultimate consequences of her rashness and imprudence it is difficult to foresee.

When the French Chambers met on the 14th of May, its members were reassured by the conclusion, ten days previously, of the Kasr-Essaid Treaty. The fall of Kairwán was intended to perform a similar office on the 28th of October. Everything seemed to favor the plan. The Holy City had surrendered without a blow forty-eight hours previously ; at ten o'clock on the eventful 26th of October, a white flag was hung out from the Great Mosque of Sidi Okhbah ; at mid-day General Etienne marched his troops through the Bab el Khaikh, or Gate of Peaches, and just forty minutes later brought them out of the Gate of Tunis, and Kairwán was taken. The announcement of the fact, however, excited something very much akin to amusement in the French representative Assembly, and availed the ministry nothing. After three days of stormy discussion, a parliamentary inquiry was only avoided by a vote on a side issue, whereby the Chamber refused to stultify itself by deliberately undoing what it deliberately did last May ; and the Ministry of the Tunisian expedition showed the white flag of resignation, after the manner of the citizens of Kairwán. MM. Ferry, Saint Hilaire, and Farre have left an onerous legacy to their successors. To say nothing of difficulties to be remedied abroad, the new Government will have, somehow or other, to restore at least the semblance of order and the shadow of an administration at Tunis ; it must pay the long bill of costs for the war which was not a war in April, and the war which was a war in July, and the time for the end of which cannot as yet be very definitely determined ; and it has, moreover, the difficult task of restoring the shaken confidence of the army. The soldiers of France have weighed the Tunisian question in the balance, and it has been found wanting. They despise the cause of the war, and condemn the manner in which it has been carried on. The com-

plaints and murmurs rife in every camp in Tunis must not be disregarded, if the Government of the Republic would avoid the possibility of internal dissensions and disorders, which may culminate in a military despotism, a monarchical restoration, or a second commune.

Having taken up the thread of the latest phases of the Tunisian difficulty (a question so small in itself, yet so great when viewed either as an apple of discord or in relation to its contingent results), we pass at once to a subject which cannot but excite great interest at present—the holy city of Kairwán, and the impression likely to arise from its fall on the minds of the followers of Islam in Africa and Turkey.

Although Kairwán is only six days' journey from London, it was a month ago quite as much a *terra incognita* as many of the great towns of Central Africa. Few still existing cities have played so important a part in the world's history, yet the world knew it not. Only a hundred miles south of Tunis itself, and but forty miles away from the great and busy highway of the Mediterranean, Kairwán, secure in its exclusiveness and its sanctity, has slumbered away the 1200 years of its existence, until it suddenly finds itself in the presence of a foe that it is powerless to resist, and discovers that even its most venerated shrines and sanctuaries can no longer be hidden from the gaze of unbelievers. It would be difficult to describe the precise offence which Kairwán has committed to merit the signal punishment it has received. For centuries it has been the centre of the great nomadic tribes which surround it, and in the early days of the Tunisian insurrection the old spirit of its inhabitants may have momentarily revived. If such was indeed the case, the Kairwánis must have soon realized their own impotency. The bombardment of Sfax and Gabes conveyed to them a very practical lesson; and the religious authorities of Kairwán in council were not likely to rely on their own legend—that their crumbling ramparts and ruined bastions were shot and shell proof. In vain they begged their more courageous disciples to retire from the city; the latter refused to act contrary to the theoretical teaching of their *Ulemas*; and it was only when the French

columns were actually visible, and the destruction of the city imminent, that the nonagenarian Bash-Mufti of Kairwán succeeded in persuading the Slass chiefs to rapidly retire to the neighboring mountains, and then saved the town from certain destruction by sending a frightened *muedzin* to wave a square yard of white calico from the crenellated minaret of the mosque of the conqueror of Africa.

Kairwán is built in the centre of a wide-stretching sandy plain, fringed on three sides by mountains, and toward the west by a low range of hills which separates it from the sea-coast. This plain is traversed on the same side by two streams, dry in summer, but strong enough in winter to surround the city with a marsh. Excepting scanty tufts of esparto-grass, no sort of verdure is to be seen in any direction. It was in such a spot as this that about the year A.D. 675 (A.H. 55), the Emir Okhbah ben Nafi, ben Abdullah, ben Kais el Fahri, laid the foundation of the Holy City of North Africa. For a thousand years, as far as can be ascertained, no Christian ever visited it. Since then a few travellers have been at intervals allowed to enter it on sufferance, the local authorities being entitled to reject the Bey's order if so disposed. When once admitted, visitors were carefully allowed to see as little as possible. An entrance to any building was of course out of the question, and the traveller had to be generally contented with a rapid passage through the most unfrequented streets under a strong escort; and finding a prolonged stay useless, he generally seems to have taken his departure as speedily as possible. Dr. Shaw accordingly only devotes two pages of his book to his stay at Kairwán in 1730. He identifies it, however, on insufficient grounds, with the Roman Vicus Angusti, and says it contained 500 mosques. Sir Grenville Temple, just one century later, journeyed "to the present hotbed of all the bigotry of Muhammadanism in Africa." He was, nevertheless, able to tell very little about it beyond the names of its gates, for his "promenade through the town was managed with the greatest mystery;" and after rejecting a proposal of the Kaid to take a walk in the dark,

he was finally allowed to parade the streets, "observing a most dignified silence and a steady solemn pace." When the Marquis of Waterford entered Kairwán ten years afterward, a riot ensued in which he very nearly lost his life from a well-directed brickbat. Dr. Davis added nothing whatever to the information given by Shaw and Temple. In 1861, Monsieur Victor Guérin devoted three sultry days in August to an attempt to explore the mysteries of Kairwán. He remarks, that "although Tunis has become for centuries the political metropolis of the Regency, Kairwán has always held in the minds of the masses of its population the position of its religious capital. Founded by the conqueror Okhbah at the time of the invasion of North Africa by the Arabs, it has preserved on account of its origin a *prestige* which no other place in the Regency even attempts to dispute. It is the Holy City *par excellence*, the capital of a belief, the metropolis where the Crescent rules with undisputed sway. There the *muedzin*, who calls the faithful to prayer from its many minarets, has never yet seen the symbol of a creed which knows not Muhammed or a rival sanctuary. There, too, the *Imám*, interpreter and apostle of the Koran, has never found himself in the presence of a minister of the Gospel of Christ. Kairwán has been effectually closed against Christians from the time of its foundation."

The existence of the city sprang originally from the necessities of conquest. The Berbers of the first century adopted toward their invaders the same tactics as the Bedouins of to-day: they either submitted to or fled before the armies of Islam, but revolted as soon the troops of the Khaliph withdrew. Okhbah himself describes the *raison d'être* of Kairwán: "When the Mussulman generals enter Africa, the inhabitants protect their lives and property by a profession of the faith of Islam. When our armies retire, they again fall into infidelity. We must therefore build a city which will serve as the camp and the ramparts of the faith of Muhammed." Although the original site selected was abandoned for another two miles off during the temporary absence of its great founder, the first care of Okhbah on his return to Africa in A.D. 684, was to restore and

enlarge his favorite city. Tradition associates with the original foundation of Kairwán a legend almost identical with those of St. Patrick and St. Hilda. At the word of Okhbah wild beasts and reptiles alike withdrew from its neighborhood. The etymology of its name has been a matter of dispute. According to Shaw, Kairwán is only the equivalent of *Caravan*, a place of meeting; while others contend it was so called after Kāyrawán or Cyrene, the capital of Cyrenaica. The most plausible explanation is, that the name signifies simply *Kahira* or victory. Kairwán is the Cairo of Tunis and its adjacent provinces. During the year of his return to power (A.D. 684), Okhbah carried the victorious banner of Islam to the shores of the Atlantic; but he never lived to return to the "camp and ramparts of the faith of the Prophet." Slain in an ambush by a Berber king, he was buried thirty miles from Biskera in Algeria, where his tomb, covered by a comparatively humble *kouba*, is still the object of reverence and pilgrimage. Upon this subject Mr. Rae (the only European traveller who has even attempted anything like a complete survey of Kairwán) falls into a curious mistake. Speaking in his "Country of the Moors" (p. 237) of the great mosque of Kairwán, he describes it as the "shrine and tomb of its founder, Okhbah ibn Aghlab—the spot chosen, from its sanctity, as the last resting-place of the kings of Tunis." Mosques are rarely if ever used as places of interment. The kings of Tunis sleep under the Green Cupola of the Turba, in the political capital of the Regency, and Okhbah the victorious rests in the Algerian Sahara.

The history of Kairwán has been of sufficient importance to influence appreciably the history of Europe and Africa. On the untimely death of Okhbah, the Berber king, Kassila, succeeded in occupying it. Twenty years later he was slain by Zohair ben Kaïs outside its walls. His successor, Hassan ben Nouman, was defeated by a Berber queen, who endeavored to render the country unattractive to the Arabs by converting it into a desert. This policy alienated her own subjects, and in A.D. 708 Musa ibn Noseir obtained an easy victory. Then came the golden period of its existence; the gallant Tarik marched out of its gates to

conquer Spain. Having "burned his ships" at Tarifa, Granada, Seneca, Cordova, and Toledo fell in rapid succession. The aged Musa hurried westward to participate in his glory before Seville, which, after a protracted resistance, shared the fate of its sister cities. His son, Abd el Aziz, laid the solid foundations of the Moorish empire in Spain, which lasted for well nigh eight centuries. Before thirty years had elapsed since Tarik left Kairwân, the Khaliph of Cordova had conquered Tours. But the time of Moslem conquest was now soon destined to be stayed. The reflection of the glories of the Kairwân, of Tarik, and Musa, is to be found in the ruins of Granada and Cordova. Vanquished in Europe, the Moors of Andalusia brought back at last the keys of their Spanish houses to the cradle of their faith in Africa.

To return to the chronicles of their holy city. During its earliest days its site had been, as it were, consecrated to Islam by the presence of Abdullah ben Wâdib el Belawi, or Abou el Awib—*Saheb Ennabi*, or Companion of the Prophet—who died and was buried at Kairwân. For years after its formation, its Emirs were engaged in continual conflicts with the Berber tribesmen. In A.D. 756, the Emir Abd el Rahman was strong enough to send an expedition against Sicily. In the Great Mosque of Okhbah he afterward declared himself independent of the Khaliph; his son, however, once more acknowledged his suzerainty. Nine years later the city fell under the cruel sway of the Werfad-jumah. Once more the Berbers seized Kairwân; but after enduring the horrors of a siege, they destroyed a large portion of the city, and finally withdrew to the Atlas. The Khaliph sent Yezid ibn Hatem to restore order; and after inflicting a second signal defeat on the Africans, he "rebuilt the Great Mosque, established numerous bazaars, and assigned to each trade a distinct quarter—in fact remodelled and half rebuilt the city. At length the Khaliph el Reschid appointed the Emir Ibrahim el Aghlab hereditary Emir of Kairwân. Ibrahim then became the founder of the Aghlabite dynasty. He constructed a sort of fortified palace on the west of the old town, called the Abassiyeh. Here Ibrahim proclaimed himself Khaliph of the

West, and here he received the ambassadors of Charlemagne, who asked for the surrender of the remains of St. Cyprian. His sons, the Khaliphs of Kairwân, waged war on Italy and Sicily; one of them, Muhammed, captured Malta. In 877, Ibrahim ibn Ahmed founded most of the towns on the Tunisian littoral. He also built the suburban city of Raccadah, and successfully besieged Tunis after it had been captured by some insurgents. His grandson, Ziadet Allah, was the last of his race; and a line of Green Khaliphs, beginning with Obeid Allah, reigned in Kairwân. He "ravaged Lombardy, took Genoa, and ruled in Sicily."

From the eleventh century the history of Kairwân has been one of gradual decay. The pleasant places of the Abassiyeh and Raccadah have become shapeless mounds; the power of its rulers has been gradually merged in that of the Beys of Tunis; and the halo of sanctity and exclusiveness which surrounds it has alone saved it from actual effacement. Its story and traditions rendered Kairwân a Moslem Rome—revered throughout Western Islam, but the particular sanctuary of the tribes which encamp around it. Kairwân has had its theologians, historians, philosophers, and poets; they, however have all passed away. The famous Schanoun died there toward the end of the ninth century; and Kairwân has its own annalist—the celebrated Sheikh Ben Naji.

For years Kairwân has lived on traditions and hopes. Thirty years ago Sheikh Amîr Abédah fanned the expiring flame, and announced that Kairwân would one day receive the remains of the founder of the Moslem faith. In spite of its vicissitudes, Kairwân in its decline always remained the virgin Moslem town of Northern Africa.

"De là," writes M. Guérin, "l'espèce de sainte et mystérieuse auréole dont la foi Musulmane l'entoure; les caravans qui s'y rendent constamment de tous les points de la Tunisie viennent s'y retremper en quelque sorte dans l'Islamisme; sa grande mosquée, dont toutes les pierres, suivant une tradition populaire, que les Imâms ont soin de perpétuer dans les masses, seraient venues miraculeusement se poser d'elles-mêmes à la place qu'elles occupent, et sans cesse visitée avec un profond respect par les adeptes du Coran; les sanctuaires de ses santons sont également le but de pèlerinages fréquents; tout cela entretient dans l'esprit des masses un fanatisme que rien jusqu'ici n'a pu affaiblir."

Reasons such as these have rendered the past, present, and future of Kairwán a matter of deep interest wherever the faith of Islam exists; and it is hardly to be wondered at that the Moslem press of Turkey, Egypt, and India has dwelt with peculiar earnestness on the entry of a Christian army into this one remaining stronghold of their common creed in Africa.

As late as 1877, Mr. Rae was assailed with threats and abuse on somewhat rashly endeavoring to survey the circuit of the city walls; and when, in 1880, an Italian lady first appeared in their midst, the inhabitants told her in no measured language "to cover her face." In April 1881, Lord and Lady Bective passed through Kairwán; and although they only saw the streets and exteriors of buildings, the remembrance of Lady Bective's graceful and kindly sympathy still survives in the hearts of the Kairwánis, who about then for the first time began to hear the dark rumors of an approaching French invasion of their country.

The march of 22,000 French soldiers on Kairwán is now a matter of history; but the motives for so much pomp of war being directed against a town, the sole defence of which was a few rusty cannons and an *enciente* of crumbling battlements dating from the middle ages, constitute a mystery, for the solution of which we must probably await the autobiography of either M. Saint Hilaire or General Farre. The story of the fall of Kairwán is a very simple one. On the 26th October, General Etienne and the Susa column appeared before it. A white flag floated on the Minár, which had witnessed so much Moslem prowess and so many Moslem victories. The Tunisian governor, Mourabat (of the Almoravides), came out to meet him. An hour afterward the tricolor floated alone on the citadel. The next day General Saussier and the Zaghonan column arrived. His soldiers entered the Tanners' Gate, marched out of the Bab el Tunis, and encamped beyond it. General Forgemol and the Tebesa column were only twelve hours behind General Saussier. His Turcos also crossed the city in triumph, and encamped outside it. On the 29th October, the whole *corps d'armée* encircled the ancient city. The next day the commander-in-

chief decreed the entry of the officers of the French army into its mosques and *saouias* (sanctuaries). The Mufti and Cadi of Kairwán had no alternative but to obey.

This order had only just been issued when I left Susa to explore the hitherto hidden treasures of Kairwán, to see sights till now hidden from Christian eyes, and to tread where Christian had never dared to enter before. My sole guide was the works of Messrs. Guérin, Pélissier, and Rae; and a strong recommendation from General Lambert to General Etienne led me to hope that my voyage of discovery would not be altogether fruitless. On the 5th of November I quitted the New Gate of Susa in early morning. It was as yet hardly light; but during our passage across two lines of low hills covered with olive trees, the scenes of the combats of the past five weeks were just visible. As day dawned we emerged from the olive-groves on to a wide-spreading, open plain. After two hours we began to skirt a shallow lake. This was the Sebkhah Sidi el Hani—the Lake of Kairwán. Shortly afterward we came in sight of two stunted cupolas on a mound. These were the tombs of Sidi el Hani and his son. A small French camp surrounded them. A convoy had miscarried, and the soldiers made loud complaints. The wooden sarcophagi of the Moslem saints (or perhaps, as M. Guérin terms them, *santons*) had served for firewood on the previous day. In the open plain below the tomb and the camp were nine wells, one of which at least contained drinkable water. We pressed forward and passed a sandy ridge. Kairwán became visible in the far west. The city seemed a mere streak of white; but the Minár of Sidi Okhbah stood out in conspicuous relief against a background of purple hills. We came nearer and countless smaller domes and minarets seemed to spring into existence. Crossing two dried-up water-courses (the principal of which is the Oued Beghla), we approached the city walls and then the Tanners' Gate (Bab el Djelladin). The governor's residence almost adjoins it. Within an hour of my arrival, Sy Ame Ben Yimes el Khaia offered me the hospitality of his house. Sy Ame was the *Khaia* or military governor of one of the divisions of the Slass clan,

which had joined in the defence of the country; and during my stay he was chiefly engaged in the evidently uncongenial task of persuading his tribesmen to return. The Tunisian governor, whom I visited, seemed to feel acutely the humiliation of his position. His normal occupation gone, he was allowed the solace of a guard of Tunisian soldiers in receipt of French pay. Sidi Muhammed el Mourabat comes of ancient lineage. His great ancestor, Sidi Abîd el Khiryâni, died five centuries ago, and he was of the Almoravides. The Mourabats have been guardians of his shrine ever since. Sidi Muhammed's father, Sidi Othmán, received Sir Grenville Temple in 1835. He told me, mournfully enough, that as the French had entered the mosques, he could not forbid my doing so; but he seemed exceedingly depressed. It afterward transpired that the shrine of Sidi Abîd had been that morning taken possession of to serve as the quarters for the *Commandant de la Place* and his staff. During my six days' stay in the city, the French authorities gave me every possible facility for the prosecution of my inquiries. Colonel Maulin (the occupant of the sanctuary of Sidi Abîd) procured me an authentic plan of Kairwán, just completed by the French engineering department; and both he and his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Walewski (son of Count Walewski, French Ambassador at St. James' during the Empire), accompanied me in many of the visits I paid to the most noteworthy objects of interest in the last "intact Moslem town" in Africa.

The city of Kairwán has seven irregular sides, and is surrounded by a high brick wall intersected by towers and bastions, and pierced by five principal gates and four posterns (now closed). The rampart is composed of very small well-baked bricks, and terminates in round-headed crenellations, about a foot wide, with loopholes below for musketry. It varies in thickness from six to nine feet, and a terrace four or five feet from the top allows a line of combatants to pass along it. In some places the *enceinte* is ruinous, in others it is in fairly good repair, and its complete circuit measures 3125 French metres. Outside the walls are several mounds, which consist probably of the remains of its ancient

suburbs. Three of these are now being fortified with earthworks and artillery. On every side of the town except one, are large cisterns, in which a walled receptacle allows the rain-water to pass into covered vaults below. To the south of the town are its chief suburbs—Kubliyah and Jebliyah, the latter having two gates and portions of a wall standing. The population of the town does not exceed 14,000 souls. Kairwán is technically divided into five quarters—an arrangement based apparently on a consideration of the Moslem confraternities to which their inhabitants belong. Around the Great Mosque is the Haoumah or Arbat Djama. Those who live there are generally followers of the religious school of Sidi Abd el Kâdir el Ghilâni. In the quarters known as Chorfa, El Mahr, Jebliyah, and Kubliyah, the inhabitants nearly all belong to the religious brotherhood of the Aïssaouia, except in the latter, where many adherents of Sidi Abdesslem are to be found. I shall have occasion to refer again to the powerful influence exercised by these great systems of semi-political, semi-religious Moslem freemasonry.

Inside the rampart runs a narrow street, but this often traversed by the walls of enclosures adjoining the houses below. The main feature in the public and private buildings of Kairwán is the wholesale appropriation of Roman materials—Roman and Byzantine capitals, shafts, and friezes meet the eye in all directions. If you draw water, the well is reached by a perforated Roman column; the very stones of the corn-mills have a similar origin, and many of the slabs now bearing Arabic inscriptions are probably reversed Roman tablets. Most of these stones are believed to have come from the neighboring ruins of Sabra, but the gorgeous pillars of the Great Mosque probably represent the architectural spoils of all North Africa. The streets of Kairwán are narrow, ill paved, and wholly devoid of any systematic arrangement. The main thoroughfare crosses the southern portion of the city from the Tanners' Gate (Bab el Djelladîn) to the Tunis Gate (Bab el Tunis), a distance of less than half a mile.

The northern quarter of Kairwán is almost wholly taken up by the Great

Mosque, which is only approached by narrow lanes. The exterior has been well described by Mr. Rae, and can hardly be said to be particularly imposing. The south-east end of the Mosque measures 85 yards. A single porch in its centre is appropriated exclusively for the entrance of the Bash-Mufti. The sides of the building are 143 yards in length, and each possesses four entrance-porches, the finest of these facing the ramparts. Mr. Rae thus describes it: "It has an outer horse-shoe arch, and an inner one which contains the door opening direct into the prayer-chamber. The exterior is a finely proportioned piece of Saracenic work: it has a row of arched panels along the upper portion of its sides, and the dome and interior of its arches are in plaster fretwork." Midway, on the same side, is the sacred well of *Kefáyat* (Plenty). It is fenced in by a low wall, its aperture is lined with different-colored marbles, and tradition asserts that it communicates directly with the spring of Zemzem at Mecca. It has hardly ever failed to yield a plentiful supply of water. The north-west end is somewhat narrower than that facing the south-east. It measures only 75 yards across, and the Minár rises in its centre. The four porches on both sides of the building correspond, and they are divided by enormous buttresses of solid masonry. The interior of the Mosque may be divided into the prayer-chamber (40 yards in length by 85 in breadth), the vestibule adjoining it, and a great cloistered court. The roof of the prayer-chamber is loftier than that of the vestibule, and that of the vestibule higher than that of the court. The prayer-chamber is divided into a great central nave, with eight aisles on each side of it. These are formed by parallel rows of ten columns each, the two nearest to the eastern wall being close together. The pillars of the lesser aisles are of various-colored marble, and are about fifteen feet in height. The capitals in many cases evidently do not belong to the columns on which they rest, but they are generally of white marble or stone. From the capitals spring semi-circular arches supporting a flat ceiling of dark-colored wood. In the south-west walls of the prayer-chamber, thirteen columns are im-

bedded in the masonry, three close together on one side of the porch, and one on the other. The latter evidently came from some Byzantine church, and its capital consists of a grotesque arrangement of birds and flowers. The columns of the central nave are at least twenty-two feet high. Their arches support a wall covered with tracery, and a lofty circular roof. The nave terminates in a dome lighted by small painted glass windows. Two groups of four columns each mainly support the weight of the cupola. The *mihráb* niche in the east stands between two red porphyry pillars of great beauty, and is lined with delicate mosaic in marble and lapis lazuli. On one side of it is a large square of white marble covered with emblems in mosaic, and surmounted by a slab of *verde antique*; on the other stands the ancient *mimbar* or pulpit of carved dark wood, some ten feet high, and having twelve steps, and a number of small receptacles with bronze hinges below them. The pillars of the nave are arranged in groups of two or three together, and one of these clusters is worn away by the faithful squeezing themselves between them to prove their "purity of soul." The total number of columns in the prayer-chamber is 296. The pavement consists of small slabs of white marble hopelessly broken. The vestibule is approached by seventeen elaborately carved and panelled wooden doors. When these are open, the dim religious light which generally pervades the seventeen aisles disappears. The great central door is surmounted by a horse-shoe arch, the head of which is filled up by fine arabesque fretwork. In the vestibule are 34 pillars, those in the centre being much higher than the rest. This part of the building opens on to the cloister beyond—a vast quadrangle paved with white marble, and almost entirely surrounded by a covered arcade, only broken by the Minár. This arcade contains 86 columns on either side, and 27 at the end. The total number of the pillars in the interior of the Great Mosque is therefore 439, not far short of the 500 spoken of by El Bekiri—a statement usually looked on as fabulous. In this court are several other Byzantine columns. On four of the pillars Arabic inscriptions are carved. One

belongs to the fourth century of the Hégira, and its design is extremely curious.

Below the court are enormous cisterns, and in the centre an ancient sundial. The Minár is a massive square building of stone, consisting of three stories, one smaller than the other, and each having a battlement of round-headed crenellations. In the interior is a white marble staircase, composed of fragments of Roman pavement and ornamentation. It has 129 steps, and is about 100 feet high. The view from the summit was one never to be forgotten. Immediately below were the cupolas, terraces, tortuous streets, and battlements of Kairwán. Farther on, its suburbs, with its border of *koubas* and tombs. To the west, the great camps of Generals Logerot and Forgemol, with their almost countless tents and vast convoys. Far away to the north, the mountains over which the French troops had marched on Kairwán : to the south, the hills over which the columns must now pass on their expedition toward Gabes and Gassa. Descending from the tower, I observed two Roman inscriptions at the side of the entrance. One was reversed, but apparently reads thus :

HIC MAXIME IMPERA
TORIS CAESARIS N.S,
DIVI TRAJANIA.
DHEP : CAE : AEDDEM.
FECERUNT.

A second was more easily decipherable :

ANTONINI FILI
AURELLIA ANTONINI
DIVI NERVAE AD
NEPOTIS
TET DEDICAVERT.

A few months ago, in executing some repairs outside the Mosque, a tablet was discovered and sent to Tunis. It is now in the possession of Mr. Reade, her Britannic Majesty's Agent and Consul-General, and bears the following inscription :

DEO PLUTONI SACR : PRO SALU
TE DDDD. NNNN. DEOCLETIA
NI ET MAXIMIANI ET COSTANTI ET
MAXIMIANI NOB·LISIMI CAESSSS CO
TEMPULUM PLUT·NIS LABSUM ET
DEDICATUM PER INSTANTIA FELICI
CAELI FORTUNATI ET...ONI...ARSVN
...IS...FD· JUB·L· ET FORTVNATVS
ALIQV...
TIS A·CARIUS· ET...IN·PO ET MAIEST
CURA.

During the days I spent at Kairwán, I visited nearly every public building in the place, as well as those *extras muros*; but only about six of these edifices merit particular description. Many of the lesser tombs and *zaouias* are absolutely in ruins. There are 63 mosques and over 100 sanctuaries in and around the city, including the three *zaouias* or collegemonasteries of the Kádria, Tijánia, and Aïssaouia sects. Close to the Great Mosque is the headquarters of the brotherhood of Sidi Abd el Kádir el Ghiláni. It consists of a lofty cupola, and the usual entrance-hall and cloister of marble columns and arches leading to a number of conventual cells. The great door is covered with copper. The principal apartment is lighted by stained-glass windows. The chief inhabitants of Kairwán all belong to this association, which, having its headquarters at Baghdad, exercises considerable influence throughout Islam. The Kádria have always opposed French aggression : the Emir Abd el Kádir himself was one of their most zealous sectaries ; and it was in this *zaouia* that, after long and serious discussions, the hopelessness of a defence was fully realized, and the chiefs of the warlike tribes of the south, still true to the traditions of their faith, were entreated to depart to save the sacred monuments of Kairwán from inevitable destruction.

Leaving the Zaouia Kádria, a short walk brought us to a remarkable building in the centre of the town—the Djáma Bon Thetha Bibán (the Mosque of the Three Doors). The exterior of this edifice is thus accurately described by Mr. Rae :

"It has a plain façade, with a triple gateway, the arches of which are supported by marble columns. . . . Its chief feature is the rare old carved stonework, which gives it the air of the front of a fine old Crusaders' church. It runs above and about the arches, extending across the front in broad bands of successive text and ornament, in solid, deep, beautiful chiselling : first a line of running foliage two feet in depth; then a band of Kufic or early Arabic characters free and bold ; then a row of alternate panels of carvings, each containing a single rose or a leaf pattern ; then text and carvings alternately ; and finally, the mouldings and corbels of the cornice."

The interior consists of one poor room, some thirty feet broad by twenty deep. Its roof is supported by sixteen columns, most of them having richly

sculptured Corinthian capitals. The Creed of Islam, in raised bricks, runs around the stunted Minár ; and this feature is very general in nearly all the mosques of Kairwán. Almost opposite the Djáma Bon Thetha Bon Bibán is a college hardly less important than that of the Kádria—the *zaouia* of Sidi Hussein el Aláni, the headquarters at Kairwán of the followers of Sidi Ahméd el Tidjáni. The principal seat of this powerful confraternity is at Temássin, in the Sahara of Constantine ; the Bey of Tunis is one of its affiliated members ; and its teachings seem calculated, according to M. Duveyrier, to allow of an understanding, or at least a *modus vivendi*, between Christian rulers and Moslem subjects. At the gate we were received by the guardian of the *zaouia*—Sy Amor el Aláni—who explained that he had studied in the college of Tidjáni in Temássin, and had subsequently become the representative of the association at Kairwán. He said that he considered, on this account, his college entitled to very especial protection on the part of the French. The tomb of Sidi Hussein is approached through a cloister : the apartment containing the catafalque which covers his remains is surmounted by a lofty melon-shaped cupola. In the four walls there are twelve stained-glass windows, and there are sixteen others in a circular band of arabesque fretwork, from which the dome springs. The floor is paved with marble. Just beyond this building is the college of Sidi Abdullah Ben Khút Hami. In the court, shaded by a wide-spreading fig-tree, are three fine Byzantine columns. The cupola over Sidi Abdullah's tomb and that of one of his relatives has an inner lining of perforated carving in cement, which is singularly effective. Leaving this building, we regained the main thoroughfare just opposite the Tanners' Gate and Tunisian governor's house.

In a lane to the right is the finest specimen of Moorish architecture within the walls of the city—the sanctuary of the Almoravides, and the burying-place of the Mourabat family from the time of Sidi Abíd el Ghryáni in A.H. 805. The entrance-door is very striking. A broad horse-shoe arch, nearly forty feet high, rests on two marble pillars, each bearing a Kufic inscription ; the interior of the

arch is filled up by a doorway of pure white marble, and a window with a bronze grating. Between the two runs a broad band of different-colored marbles ; and the whole is framed, as it were, in a tasteful arrangement of black and white marble slabs. A vestibule leads to a finely proportioned court having two arcades one above the other ; the centre is paved with black and white marble in geometrical patterns. A white marble basin in the centre catches the rain-water, and attracts the birds. The columns are of marble, the arches above of stone. At either angle is a chamber : three of these contain tombs ; that of Sidi el Abíd is enclosed by bronze grating, and the catafalque above it is covered by a pall of embroidered silk and velvet. Opposite the entrance is a small mosque (the family chapel of the Mourabats) having a door on either side of a niche, lined with arabesque tracery, flanked by porphyry pillars, and surmounted by the Moslem Confession of Faith boldly carved in relief in Kufic characters on a slab of the purest white marble. The interior of the mosque presents the usual features—a flat roof supported by sixteen Roman columns and arches, and a *mihráb* adorned with carving in hard stucco. A passage to the left of the doorway leads to a second arched cloister surrounded by conventual cells : many of its columns are fine specimens of Byzantine art. Beyond this is a small open burying-ground. The upper story of the principal court also contains thirteen small rooms. On the day of my arrival this beautiful building was occupied by Colonel Moulin and his staff. About thirty of the smaller *zaouias* and mosques are now tenanted by French soldiers composing the garrison, as well as all the houses belonging to the Slass chieftains, who have gone to harass the French march toward the desert in the far south.

Returning to the Dar el Wazir, we passed along the great street. Nearly in the centre of the town is a covered grain-market, the roof of which rests on massive columns with large capitals. A little farther on there is a cluster of three mosques, built over shops and the bazaar. The Djáma el Melik, on the left, has a lofty minaret, with the usual band of Kufic inscription in brickwork on its

exterior. The Mosque of the Bey, on the opposite side of the road, has a similar tower, and in its interior are galleries, after the manner of English churches at the commencement of this century. The Djâma el Barôta, almost adjoining it, has a spacious dome of green tiles. When we at last succeeded in obtaining an entrance to it, we found it had been converted into a mill, and a camel was turning the stones by making frequent circuits round the centre of the cupola. A relay of camels was comfortably stabled in another apartment. On either side of the street is a row of small shops. The makers of yellow-leather shoes work below the Mosque of the Bey; the copper-smiths ply a busy and noisy trade between the Djâma el Melik and the Bab el Tunis; but the carpet-makers are never seen. They are the ladies of the old and historical families of the "intact Moslem city." Passing the *saouia* of Sidi Abd el Selam, we soon reached the Bab el Tunis, opposite which is another small mosque, possessing no feature of interest.

The five gates of Kairwân are called respectively the Bab el Tunis (Tunis Gate), the Bab el Khaukh (Gate of Peaches—not Greengages, as Mr. Rae imagines), the Bab el Djelladîn (Tanners' Gate), the Bab el Kishlah (Citadel Gate), and the Bab Jedîd (New Gate). The first three of these gates are almost precisely similar in form, possessing an outer and an inner doorway, with an intervening court. The Bab el Tunis is the most remarkable. The outer gate consists of two horse-shoe arches, resting on Roman columns. Within them is a doorway of white marble, the jambs consisting of slabs covered with exquisite inscriptions in relief, belonging either to the seventh or eighth century of the Hegira, and a tablet above recording the repair of the gate A.H. 1181. The Bab el Djelladîn was rebuilt in the same year, and the Gate of Peaches in A.H. 1180. The most modern building in Kairwân is the Kishlah, or *Kashbah*, only completed in A.H. 1283. It is on the same level as the rest of the town, and is nothing more than a large square enclosure, having crenellated walls somewhat higher than the ramparts, and a series of vaulted rooms on each side to serve as barracks. Since the

26th October, the French flag has floated alone from its roof.

Emerging from the New Gate (either built or repaired in A.H. 1280), we entered the suburb of the Jebliyah. Opposite the Bab Jedîd is a small mosque—the Djâma Zeitoun, evidently so called from a venerable olive-tree growing in its courtyard. This building is very ancient, and a band of ornamentation surrounding the Minâr has been correctly copied by Mr. Rae. The question as to the nature of this decoration has yet to be solved. The columns in the interior evidently belong to the earliest period of Roman buildings in Africa. A narrow lane leads through the Faubourg Jebliyah to the conspicuous mosque of Sidi Amîr Abâdah, quite a modern, and certainly the most eccentric, building in Kairwân. Its founder, a celebrated dervish named Amîr Bed Sâd ben Muftea, was at the zenith of his power at the time of the Russian war in 1854, and he possessed a complete ascendancy over the mind of the reigning Bey of Tunis, Sidi Ahmed. The Bey had already defrayed the cost of the erection of six lofty, melon-shaped, fluted cupolas, opening one into the other, when the construction of a seventh was absolutely stopped by the death of the saint and his patron. The dwelling-house of Amîr Abâdah, adjoining the mosque, was built just twenty-nine years ago. Beyond this, in a ford, lie four enormous anchors, measuring some sixteen feet by nine. Whether they originally belonged to a European ship-of-war or a galley of Malta, nobody knows. The people of Kairwân believe, on the word of Sheikh Amîr Abâdah, that they once attached the ark of Noah to Mount Ararat. Amîr heard these anchors were at Porto Farina, near Tunis, and he ordered Ahmed Bey to send them to him forthwith. His request was complied with, and their transport across the sandy plain between Susa and Kairwân occupied some 500 Arabs during five months. During the siege of Sebastopol, Amîr Abâdah constructed two cannons with his own hands. He wrote to the Bey that the Prophet had appeared to him and announced that on their arrival before the beleaguered town the latter would at once surrender. They were

expeditiously forwarded to Tunis, and, at the Bey's pressing request, the Sultan sent a ship to convey them to Constantinople, and thence to the Turkish camp before Sebastopol. By an extraordinary coincidence, within a few hours of their being landed the town capitulated. The fame of the last of the saints of Kairwán spread far and wide, and the building of the seven cupolas went on for a time rapidly enough. The Amír even asserted that his mosque was so holy that the faithful could only enter certain portions of it. Most of the domes have one or more broad bands of Arabic inscription, in raised brick, running round the interior. In the entrance-hall are several tables of wood, likewise covered with interminable Arabic inscriptions. The guardian of the sanctuary, Haj Mabruk bin Saleh Kírwáni (who is the husband of the great sheikh's only daughter), said they contained prophecies of the French occupation of the city. On inspection, however, they turned out to be an enumeration of French measures. The tomb of Amír Abádah is barely a yard long. At his head are three Russian cannon-balls, at his feet three large iron shells. Above the grave is a great carved and painted wooden case, supporting one of the famous inscribed tablets, at least twelve feet high, and a pipe of enormous dimensions, covered with writing, and having a bowl capable of containing many pounds of tobacco. Several stools around the tomb are curiously carved, and on racks against the walls are sixty enormous iron swords (weighing seventy or eighty pounds each), covered with mystical inscriptions. All these weapons were manufactured by order of Ahmed Bey at Sheikh Amír Abádah's request; and he assured that prince (the prophecy now discovered by his son-in-law notwithstanding), that as long as these swords remained in holy Kairwán, no Christian enemy could invade the Mecca of Tunis and Africa. From the Amír Abádah mosque a walk of half a mile brought us to the grandest and most important building in Kairwán — the tomb, *zaouia*, and mosque of Abdullah ben Wádib el Belawi, *Sahab Ennabi* — "the shrine of my Lord, the Companion of the Prophet." The entrance to the interior of the sanctuary is through a doorway in the base of a *mindr*, which

is built in the angle of a spacious court. The exterior of the *mindr* is almost entirely coated with blue and green tiles, and on either side of its upper portion there is a double round-headed window divided by a marble pilaster in the centre. Its roof is formed of bright green tiles, terminating in a gilded crescent. The lower story of the tower forms the lobby or vestibule of the main building. Its interior is lined with the brilliant Tunisian *faience* of the seventeenth century, surmounted by panels of arabesque fretwork. A second door opens from this apartment into an oblong cloister. The arcade running round it rests on white marble pillars and arches, and it covers a low marble seat on either side. The walls are decorated in the same fashion as the lobby. At the upper end are two windows and a door of pure white marble, highly decorated, and of Italian origin. This leads into a second vestibule crowned with a fluted cupola, each division of which is adorned with lace-like fretwork. The sides are covered with *faience* and panels of finely chiselled carving in cement. A door at one side communicates with a mosque and two other cloisters surrounded by conventual cells. In each of the four walls of the apartment is a small window filled with old stained glass; and the circular band of arabesque design from which the melon-shaped dome springs is pierced with eight other apertures filled with colored glass, which is nearly concealed by delicate tracery, throwing a thousand variegated reflections on the marble pavement beneath. Beyond this beautiful room is a broad court surrounded by an arcade of white marble pillars, and arches supporting a wooden roof beautifully painted in squares. In a corner of the court is a cell containing a tomb. Here lies Abdullah ben Sharif el Hindowi, an Indian pilgrim, who sought an asylum and found a grave in Kairwán a century ago. At the farther end of the cloister is a doorway and two windows from Rome or Florence. Their cornices are profusely adorned with fruit and flowers, and the jambs of the door are picked out in red prophry. A massive grating of bronze fills each window. The door itself is of carved dark wood. It led to the tomb of "my Lord the Companion," a more sacred spot, if pos-

sible, even than the *mihrd* of Okhbah himself; for here for nearly twelve hundred years has slumbered a personal friend of the founder of the faith of Islam, who lived, died, and was buried, wearing always as a symbol of devotion a portion of the Prophet's beard on his breast. I was the first European who ever entered this Moslem *sanctum sanctorum*. The chamber is about twenty-one feet square, and lofty. Its walls are covered with a geometrical pattern worked out in black and white marble. Four lengthy inscriptions are imbedded in them, and the room is dimly lighted by four small windows of rose-colored and blue glass. From the cupola of fretwork hangs a grand old chandelier of twisted Venetian glass. Below this is the tomb itself, surrounded by a high grating of bronze, shut in by four marble columns about seven feet high. From a rod, on a line with the grating, hung festoons of ostrich-eggs and golden balls. The catafalque above the grave is covered by two elaborately embroidered palls: the first of black and white velvet, adorned with Arabic inscriptions in silver, was the gift of the late Ahmed Bey; the second, of pink and blue brocade, was a votive offering from Muhammed Essadek. Over these hung thirteen banners, rich in gold, silver, and needlework—the tribute of the successors of Hassan Ben Ali to the sanctuary of the Sidi Bon Awib. Our visit was certainly unexpected, for at least a dozen fine Arabic mss. rested on as many lecterns of mother-of-pearl and tortoise-shell in front of the screen. The guardian of the *zaouia* could hardly realize the fact of Christians desecrating by their presence such holy ground. Running his amber chaplet through his hands with feverish haste, he suddenly threw himself upon his face, and probably prayed to be forgiven. Some Algerian soldiers who had followed us prostrated themselves before the tomb, and eagerly kissed the edge of the palls through the metal lattice-work. Looking at the bright white marble pillars of the cloister, my eye fell on one remarkable capital: at either corner a bird supported a Greek cross in the centre. The spoils of some fair Byzantine church had evidently been brought to honor the resting-place of the "Friend of the Prophet."

Leaving this beautiful building with regret, a short walk brought us to the necropolis of the Holy City—two square miles of countless graves. Scattered about in all directions were memorials of every shape and form: pillars of marble covered with elaborate tracery, and crowned with a wide-spreading turban; white and gray slabs bearing long and ornate inscriptions in Kufic; and monuments of every century since Kairwân was founded—lay piled one upon another in the confusion of decay. From these unequalled memorials of the past the history of Arab dominion in North Africa will probably be rewritten.

Skirting the city walls and traversing the suburb of the Kubliyah, passing *en route* a mosque with a *minâr* almost as much out of the perpendicular as the Tower of Pisa, we come to a great *zaouia* near the Bab el Djelladîn. Almost one-half of the inhabitants of Kairwân are members of the Confraternity of the Aïssaouia. The *Zaouia Sidi Bon Aïssa* is their sanctuary, and scene of their mystic rites. Passing into a courtyard, we were welcomed by the local chief of the sect, Sy Hamuda Ben Aïssa, who led the way to the main building. The college of Sidi Bon Aïssa consists of a cupola some thirty feet high, flanked by two aisles containing six arches each, all of which rest on an irregular arrangement of fine old Roman shafts and capitals: both the dome and the arcade on either side of it were festooned with ostrich-eggs, gilt balls, and small lamps; and on the walls were suspended the tambourines, earthenware drums, swords, metal prongs, and banners, which constitute the stock-in-trade of the establishment. Nobody acquainted with the rites and practices of the Aïssaouia could even believe that the slender, olive-complexioned, gentle-mannered, and courteous Sy Hamuda was the head and moving spirit of such a brotherhood as this. The Aïssaouia form one of those semi-religious orders which, as I have stated before, render modern Islamism, as far as the North African littoral is concerned, a sort of freemasonry. The followers of other associations are to be found in all parts of the Moslem world; but the Aïssaouia belong exclusively to the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. Their founder was Muhammed

Ben Aïssa of Mequinez, in Marocco. Next to their headquarters at Mequinez itself, Kairwán is the most important seat of their power. As far as can be ascertained, the Aïssaouia have no decided political sympathies. Visitors in Algeria are often admitted to their rites, and they have in some places become almost as much a matter of show as dancing-girls and Arab concerts. Not so at Kairwán. Here till the 7th of November no Christian foot had ever passed the threshold of the Zaouia Sidi Bon Aïssa. Here its ceremonies and observances are carried out on a very imposing scale, and from Kairwán the minor congregations of southern and northern Tunis receive their instructions and commands. The guiding principle of the Aïssaouia seems to be the greatest possible measure of self-inflicted bodily torture, coupled with the greatest conceivable amount of religious frenzy. Practical Aïssaouia only exist in North Africa; theoretical Aïssaouia are to be found in all countries. During my visit I asked Sy Hamuda if he had any objection to Europeans witnessing one of his meetings. He replied that he would welcome them with pleasure, and even organize a special assembly for their reception. In accordance with his invitation, we repaired on the following evening once more to the sanctuary of Sidi Bon Aïssa. The hall had been evidently decked and garnished; the lamps burned brightly in the cupola amidst the golden balls and ostrich-eggs; the sheikh was clothed in a rich silk robe of office and an awe-inspiring green turban, and a row of rush-seated cane-chairs was waiting to receive the expected visitors. In ten minutes six or seven hundred Arabs filled every inch of available space. The Sheikh Hamuda took his seat in the centre surrounded by the musicians, and an old blind Aïssaouia, guided by a little girl, came in gently from a side door and sat down beside him. The Aïssaouia themselves occupied the whole space covered by the cupola. The aisles contained the Moslem spectators of the first religious rite ever witnessed by Christian eyes in the holy city of Kairwán. Among the Aïssaouia I noticed gray-bearded and decrepid old men, many sedate-looking shopkeepers I had previously seen in the bazaars, half

a score of the Bey's soldiers, and a dozen children under twelve years of age. The sheikh struck a note on the drum; the musicians began to play a peculiar and monotonous tune, gradually increasing in intensity. After a pause several of the Aïssaouia rose, and swaying backward and forward shoulder to shoulder, shrieked a chorus to the sound of the drums. The music quickened, and so did the chorus. Then one of the most wild-looking of the singers began to throw off his clothes, and passed down the line to urge the others to shout with renewed energy. Then one of the Tunisian soldiers (he wore the Bey's brass badge on his red cap) seized a sword and began to lacerate his stomach. The blood flowed freely, and he imitated all the time the cries and movements of the camel. We soon had a wolf, a bear, a hyena, a jackal, a leopard, and a lion. One man knelt down before the sheikh, and holding two long prongs to his sides, insisted on their being driven into his flesh with blows of a mallet: this was done. A mere lad did the same thing. A burly Arab passed an iron skewer through the upper part of his nose and transfixed the skin of his face below the eyes. He rushed apparently toward us. Two or three powerful men knocked him down, and held him till the sheikh laid his hands on him and whispered some mysterious formula in his ear. Another man in quick succession swallowed more than twenty large iron nails, there being no mistake whatever as to his really doing so. A large bottle was broken up and eagerly devoured. The frenzy then became general. While one Aïssaouia plunged a knife through his cheek, another transfixed his shoulder-blades with a prong, and a third pierced his hand. A brazier of cinders was speedily emptied. Twenty different tortures were now going on in twenty different parts of the hall. Three large bushes of the thorny Indian fig or prickly-pear were eaten up in almost as many minutes; and at last, before we had time to prevent it, a living sheep was thrown into the midst of the maddened Aïssaouia: it was in a trice torn into shreds by eager hands, and still more eager mouths, and its still quivering and bleeding flesh gnawed to the bones with apparent relish. We left the

college of Sidi Aïssa as quickly as we could, and the orgies waxed more furious and more horrible in our absence. I believe that the disciples of Sidi Aïssa at Kairwán number nearly one thousand, but only about fifty are fully initiated into the performance of the rites—and these all assume the distinctive cries and habits of some animal. The rest are merely honorary members, but are bound to support the common brotherhood.

The Zaouia Sidi Bon Aïssa is the last of the public buildings of Kairwán which needs description. The institution it represents is certainly not one of the least curious features of the conquered city. The inhabitants themselves seem almost stupefied by the fate which has overtaken them. Many of them asked me what England said of their misfortunes. "Tell us," they said, "what your Queen will say to our brothers in India when they know that the sanctity of our mosques and our holy places has been violated." It was useless to explain that our Ministers had been deceived. The Moslems of Kairwán, even in their hour of agony, still trust to God, the Sultan, and England. There is one word in every one's mouth—Tripoli. One of the chief men of the place spoke thus: "Between our Bey and the French we have little to choose. Muhammed Essadek's recent conduct has rendered him an unbeliever, and one unbeliever is as bad as another; but we never forget our allegiance to the Sultan and Khaliph: if he does his duty by us, we shall be faithful to him." The action of the Sultan is watched with far more anxiety in North Africa than people in Constantinople either know or suspect. The Arabs feel that their very existence is now in peril. If the Sultan declines to

protect that faith of which he is the head, the Moslems will find a chief and Khaliph who will.

The Arabs who a month ago surrounded Kairwán are now on the very frontiers of Tripoli. Into that country they will ultimately retreat. Will the Sultan's troops force back at the point of the bayonet from the Regency of Tripoli their co-religionists, whose only crime has been to defend from invasion the Regency of Tunis? Will the French follow their swift-footed foes across the boundary-line? Will Mr. Gladstone ask England to believe in sober seriousness that the Tripolitans have afforded good ground for French aggression, after the manner of his assurances about the Hamirs six months ago? Will the so-called European concert allow the absorption of Tripoli as well as Tunis into the colony of Algeria? These important questions will soon have to be answered. The Moslems of Africa await with impatience the verdict of Europe. The fall and occupation of Kairwán have raised a momentous issue between the two great rival creeds. History repeats itself; the town which produced such great results eleven centuries ago may be destined indirectly to affect once more the fate of nations. The interest excited by this Old World city in the minds of the annalist and the archæologist is undoubtedly great, for within its walls a mine of unexplored wealth awaits them both; but for the moment this interest is completely eclipsed by that centred in the very grave political questions which must naturally arise from the presence of a hostile Christian force in what was once "the camp and ramparts of Islam."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

A GONDOLIER'S WEDDING.

THE night before the wedding we had a supper-party in my rooms. We were twelve in all. My friend Eustace brought his gondolier Antonio with fair-haired, dark-eyed wife, and little Attilio, their eldest child. My old gondolier, Francesco, came with his wife and two children. Then there was the handsome, languid Luigi, who, in his best

clothes, looks fit for any drawing-room. Two other gondoliers, in dark blue shirts, completed the list of guests, if we exclude the maid Catina, who came and went about the table, laughing and joining in the songs, and sitting down at intervals to take her share of wine. The big room looking across the garden to the Grand Canal had been prepared for

supper ; and the company were to be received in the smaller, which has a fine open space in front of it to southward. But as the guests arrived, they seemed to find the kitchen, and the cooking that was going on, quite irresistible. Catina, it seems, had lost her head with so many cuttlefishes, *orai*, cakes, and fowls, and cutlets to reduce to order. There was, therefore, a great bustle below stairs ; and I could hear plainly that all my guests were lending their making, or their marring, hands to the preparation of the supper. That the company should cook their own food on the way to the dining-room seemed a quite novel arrangement, but one that promised well for their contentment with the banquet. Nobody could be dissatisfied with what was everybody's affair.

When seven o'clock struck, Eustace and I, who had been entertaining the children in their mothers' absence, heard the sound of steps upon the stairs. The guests arrived, bringing their own *risotto* with them. Welcome was short, if hearty. We sat down in carefully appointed order, and fell into such conversation as the quarter of San Vio and our several interests supplied. From time to time one of the matrons left the table and descended to the kitchen, when a finishing stroke was needed for roast pullet or stewed veal. The excuses they made their host for supposed failure in the dishes, lent a certain grace and comic charm to the commonplaces of festivity. The entertainment was theirs as much as mine ; and they all seemed to enjoy what took the form by degrees of curiously complicated hospitality. I do not think a well-ordered supper at any *trattoria*, such as at first suggested itself to my imagination, would have given any of us an equal pleasure or an equal sense of freedom. The three children had become the guests of the whole party. Little Attilio, propped upon an air-cushion, which puzzled him exceedingly, ate through his supper and drank his wine with solid satisfaction, opening the large brown eyes beneath those tufts of clustering fair hair which promise much beauty for him in his manhood. Francesco's boy, who is older and begins to know the world, sat with a semi-suppressed grin upon his face, as though the humor of the situation was

not wholly hidden from him. Little Teresa too was happy, except when her mother, a severe Pomona, with enormous ear-rings and splendid fazzoletto of crimson and orange dyes, pounced down upon her for some supposed infraction of good manners—*creansa*, as they vividly express it here. Only Luigi looked a trifle bored. But Luigi has been a soldier, and has now attained the supercilious superiority of young manhood, which smokes its cigar of an evening in the piazza and knows the merits of the different cafés.

The great business of the evening began when the eating was over, and the decanters filled with new wine of Mirano circulated freely. The four best singers of the party drew together ; and the rest prepared themselves to make suggestions, hum tunes, and join with fitful effect in choruses. Antonio, who is a powerful young fellow, with bronzed cheeks and a perfect tempest of coal-black hair in flakes upon his forehead, has a most extraordinary soprano—sound as a bell, strong as a trumpet, well-trained, and true to the least shade in intonation. Piero, whose rugged Neptunian features, sea-wrinkled, tell of a rough water-life, boasts a bass of resonant, almost pathetic, quality. Francesco has a *mezza voce*, which might, by a stretch of politeness, be called baritone. Piero's comrade, whose name concerns us not, has another of these nondescript voices. They sat together with their glasses and cigars before them, sketching part-songs in outline, striking the key-note—now higher and now lower—till they saw their subject well in view. Then they burst into full singing, Antonio leading with a metal note that thrilled one's ears, but still was musical. Complicated contrapuntal pieces, such as we should call madrigals, with ever-reviving refrains of "Venezia, gemma Triatica, sposa del mar," descending probably from ancient days, followed each other in quick succession. Barcaroles, serenades, love-songs, and invitations to the water, were interwoven for relief. One of these romantic pieces had a beautiful burden : "Dormi, o bella, o fingi di dormir," of which the melody was fully worthy. But the most successful of all the tunes were two with a sad motive. The one repeated incessantly "Ohimè !

Mia, madre morì ;" the other was a girl's love lament : " Perchè tradirmi, perchè lasciarmi ! prima d'amarmi non eri così !" Even the children joined in these ; and Catina, who took the solo part in the second, was inspired to a great dramatic effort. All these were purely popular songs. The people of Venice, however, are passionate for operas. Therefore, we had duets and solos from " Ernani," the " Ballo in Maschera," and the " Forza del Destino," and one comic chorus from " Bocaccio," which seemed to make them wild with pleasure. To my mind, the best of these more formal pieces was a duet between Attila and Italia from some opera unknown to me, which Antonio and Piero performed within comparable spirit. It was noticeable how, descending to the people, sung by them for love at sea, or on excursions to the villages round Mestre, these operatic reminiscences had lost something of their theatrical formality, and assumed instead the serious gravity, the quaint movement, and marked emphasis which belong to popular music in northern and central Italy. An antique character was communicated even to the recitative of Verdi by slight, almost indefinable, changes of rhythm and accent. There was no end to the singing. " Siamo appassionati per il canto," frequently repeated, was proved true by the profusion and variety of songs produced from inexhaustible memories, lightly tried over, brilliantly performed, rapidly succeeding each other. Nor were gestures wanting—lifted arms, hands stretched to hands, flashing eyes, hair tossed from the forehead—unconscious and appropriate action—which showed how the spirit of the music and words alike possessed the men. One by one, the children fell asleep. Little Attilio and Teresa were tucked up beneath my Scotch shawl at two ends of a great sofa ; and not even his father's clarion voice, in the character of Italia defying Attila to harm " le mie superbe città," could wake the little boy up. The night wore on. It was past one. Eustace and I had promised to be in the church of the Gesuati at six next morning. We, therefore, gave the guests a gentle hint, which they as gently took. With exquisite, because perfectly unaffected, breeding they sank for

a few moments into common conversation, then wrapped the children up, and took their leave. It was an uncomfortable, warm, wet night of sullen Scirocco.

The next day, which was Sunday, Francesco called me at five. There was no visible sunrise that cheerless damp October morning. Gray dawn stole somehow imperceptibly between the veil of clouds and leaden waters, as my friend and I, well sheltered by our *felse*, passed into the Giudecca, and took our station before the church of the Gesuati. A few women from the neighboring streets and courts crossed the bridges in dragged petticoats, on their way to first mass. A few men, shouldering their jackets, lounged along the *Zattere*, opened the great green doors, and entered. Then suddenly Antonio cried out that the bridal party was on its way, not as we had expected, in boats, but on foot. We left our gondola, and fell into the ranks after shaking hands with Francesco, who is the elder brother of the bride. There was nothing very noticeable in her appearance, except her large dark eyes. Otherwise, both face and figure were of a common type ; and her bridal dress of sprigged gray silk, large veil and orange blossoms, reduced her to the level of a *bourgeoise*. It was much the same with the bridegroom. His features, indeed, proved him a true Venetian gondolier ; for the skin was strained over the cheek-bones, and the muscles of the throat beneath the jaws stood out like cords, and the bright blue eyes were deep-set beneath a spare brown forehead. But he had provided a complete suit of black for the occasion, and wore a shirt of worked cambric, which disguised what is really splendid in the physique of these oarsmen, at once slender and sinewy. Both bride and bridegroom looked uncomfortable in their clothes. The light that fell upon them in the church was dull and leaden. The ceremony, which was very hurriedly performed by an unctuous priest, did not appear to impress either of them. Nobody in the bridal party, crowding together on both sides of the altar, looked as though the service was of the slightest interest and moment. Indeed, this was hardly to be wondered at : for the priest, so far as I could un-

derstand his gabble, took the larger portion for read, after muttering the first words of the rubric. A little carved image of an acolyte—a weird boy who seemed to move by springs, whose hair had all the semblance of painted wood, and whose complexion was white and red like a clown's—did not make matters more intelligible by spasmodically clattering responses.

After the ceremony we heard mass, and contributed to three distinct offertories. Considering how much account even two *soldi* are to these poor people, I was really angry when I heard the copper shower. Every member of the party had his or her pennies ready, and dropped them into the boxes. Whether it was the effect of the bad morning, or the ugliness of a very ill-designed *barocco* building, or the fault of the fat oily priest, I know not. But the *sposalizio* struck me as tame and cheerless, the mass as irreverent and vulgarly conducted. At the same time there is something too impressive in the mass for any perfunctory performance to divest its symbolism of sublimity. A Protestant Communion Service lends itself more easily to degradation by unworthiness in the minister.

We walked down the church in double file, led by the bride and bridegroom, who had knelt during the ceremony with the best man—*compare*, as he is called—at a narrow *prie-dieu* before the altar. The *compare* is a person of distinction at these weddings. He has to present the bride with a great pyramid of artificial flowers, which is placed before her at the marriage-feast, a packet of candles, and a box of bonbons. The comfits, when the box is opened, are found to include two magnificent sugar babies lying in their cradles. I was told that a *compare*, who does the thing handsomely, must be prepared to spend about 100 francs upon these presents, in addition to the wine and cigars with which he treats his friends. On this occasion the women were agreed that he had done his duty well. He was a fat, wealthy little man, who lived by letting market-boats for hire on the Rialto.

From the church to the bride's house was a walk of some three minutes. On the way, we were introduced to the father of the bride—a very magnificent

personage, with points of strong resemblance to Vittorio Emmanuele. He wore an enormous broad-brimmed hat and emerald-green ear-rings, and looked considerably younger than his eldest son, Francesco. Throughout the *nozze*, he took the lead in a grand imperious fashion of his own. Wherever he went, he seemed to fill the place, and was fully aware of his own importance. In Florence I think he would have got the nickname of *Tacchin*, or turkey-cock. Here at Venice the sons and daughters call their parent briefly *Vecchio*. I heard him so addressed with a certain amount of awe, expecting an explosion of bubbly-jock displeasure. But he took it, as though it was natural, without disturbance. The other *Vecchio*, father of the bridegroom, struck me as more sympathetic. He was a gentle old man, proud of his many prosperous, laborious sons. They, like the rest of the gentlemen, were gondoliers. Both the *Vecchi*, indeed, continue to ply their trade, day and night, at the *traghetto*.

Traghetti are stations for gondolas at different points of the canals. As their name implies, it is the first duty of the gondoliers upon them to ferry people across. This they do for the fixed fee of five centimes. The *traghetto* are in fact Venetian cab-stands. And, of course, like London cabs, the gondolas may be taken off them for trips. The municipality, however, makes it a condition, under penalty of fine to the *traghetto*, that each station should always be provided with two boats for the service of the ferry. When vacancies occur on the *traghetto*, a gondolier who owns or hires a boat makes application to the municipality, receives a number, and is inscribed as plying at a certain station. He has now entered a sort of guild, which is presided over by a *Capo-traghetto*, elected by the rest for the protection of their interests, the settlement of disputes, and the management of their common funds. In the old acts of Venice this functionary is styled *Gastaldo di traghetto*. The members have to contribute something yearly to the guild. This payment varies upon different stations, according to the greater or less amount of the tax levied by the municipality on the *traghetto*. The highest subscription I have heard of is twenty-

five francs ; the lowest, seven. There is one *traghetto*, known by the name of Madonna del Giglio or Zobenigo, which possesses near its *pergola* of vines a nice old brown Venetian picture. Some stranger offered a considerable sum for this. But the guild refused to part with it.

As may be imagined, the *traghetti* vary greatly in the amount and quality of their custom. By far the best are those in the neighborhood of the hotels upon the Grand Canal. At any one of these a gondolier during the season is sure of picking up some foreigner or other who will pay him handsomely for comparatively light service. A *traghetto* on the Giudecca, on the contrary, depends upon Venetian traffic. The work is more monotonous, and the pay is reduced to its tariffed minimum. So far as I can gather, an industrious gondolier, with a good boat, belonging to a good *traghetto*, may make as much as ten or fifteen francs in a single day. But this cannot be relied on. They therefore prefer a fixed appointment with a private family, for which they receive by tariff five francs a day, or by arrangement for long periods perhaps four francs a day, with certain perquisites and small advantages. It is great luck to get such an engagement for the winter. The heaviest anxieties which beset a gondolier are then disposed of. Having entered private service, they are not allowed to ply their trade on the *traghetto*, except by stipulation with their masters. Then they may take their place one night out of every six in the rank and file. The gondoliers have two proverbs, which show how desirable it is, while taking a fixed engagement, to keep their hold on the *traghetto*. One is to this effect : *il traghetto è un buon padrone*. The other satirizes the meanness of the poverty-stricken Venetian nobility : *pompa di servitù, misera insegna*. When they combine the *traghetto* with private service, the municipality insists on their retaining the number painted on their gondola ; and against this their employers frequently object. It is, therefore, a great point for a gondolier to make such an arrangement with his master as will leave him free to show his number. The reason for this regulation is obvious. Gondoliers are known more by

their numbers and their *traghetti* than their names. They tell me that though there are upward of a thousand registered in Venice, each man of the trade knows the whole confraternity by face and number. Taking all things into consideration, I think four francs a day the whole year round are very good earnings for a gondolier. On this he will marry and rear a family, and put a little money by. A young unmarried man, working at two and a half or three francs a day, is proportionately well-to-do. If he is economical, he ought upon these wages to save enough in two years to buy himself a gondola. A boy from fifteen to nineteen is called a *mezz' uomo*, and gets about one franc a day. A new gondola with all its fittings is worth about a thousand francs. It does not last in good condition more than six or seven years. At the end of that time the hull will fetch eighty francs. A new hull can be had for three hundred francs. The old fittings—brass sea-horses or *cavalli*, steel prow or *ferro*, covered cabin or *felse*, cushions and leather-covered back-board or *stramasetto*, may be transferred to it. When a man wants to start a gondola, he will begin by buying one already half past service—a *gondola da traghetto* or *di mezza età*. This should cost him something over two hundred francs. Little by little, he accumulates the needful fittings ; and when his first purchase is worn out, he hopes to set up with a well-appointed equipage. He thus gradually works his way from the rough trade which involves hard work and poor earnings to that more profitable industry which cannot be carried on without a smart boat. The gondola is a source of continual expense for repairs. Its oars have to be replaced. It has to be washed with sponges, blacked, and varnished. Its bottom needs frequent cleaning. Weeds adhere to it in the warm brackish water, growing rapidly through the summer months, and demanding to be scrubbed off once in every four weeks. The gondolier has no place where he can do this for himself. He therefore takes his boat to a wharf, or *squero*, as the place is called. At these *squeri* gondolas are built as well as cleaned. The fee for a thorough setting to rights of the boat is five francs. It must be done upon a fine

day. Thus in addition to the cost, the owner loses a good day's work.

These details will serve to give some notion of the sort of people with whom Eustace and I spent our day. The bride's house is in an excellent position on an open canal leading from the Canalozzo to the Giudecca. She had arrived before us, and received her friends in the middle of the room. Each of us in turn kissed her cheek and murmured our congratulations. We found the large living-room of the house arranged with chairs all round the walls, and the company were marshalled in some order of precedence, my friend and I taking place near the bride. On either hand airy bedrooms opened out, and two large doors, wide open, gave a view from where we sat of a good-sized kitchen. This arrangement of the house was not only comfortable, but pretty; for the bright copper pans and pipkins ranged on shelves along the kitchen walls had a very cheerful effect. The walls were whitewashed, but literally covered with all sort of pictures. A great plaster cast from some antique, an Atys, Adonis, or Paris, looked down from a bracket placed between the windows. There was enough furniture, solid and well kept, in all the rooms. Among the pictures were full-length portraits in oils of two celebrated gondoliers—one in antique costume, the other painted a few year since. The original of the latter soon came and stood before it. He had won regatta prizes; and the flags of four discordant colors were painted round him by the artist, who had evidently cared more to commemorate the triumphs of his sitter and to strike a likeness than to secure the tone of his own picture. This champion turned out a fine fellow—Corradini—with one of the brightest little gondoliers of thirteen for his son.

After the company were seated, lemonade and cakes were handed round amid a hubbub of chattering women. Then followed cups of black coffee and more cakes. Then a glass of Cyprus and more cakes. Then a glass of curaçoa and more cakes. Finally, a glass of noyau and still more cakes. It was only a little after seven in the morning. Yet politeness compelled us to consume these delicacies. I tried to shirk my duty;

but this discretion was taken by my hosts for well-bred modesty; and instead of being let off, I had the richest piece of pastry and the largest macaroon available pressed so kindly on me that, had they been poisoned, I would not have refused to eat them. The conversation grew more and more animated, the women gathering together in their dresses of bright blue and scarlet, the men lighting cigars and puffing out a few quiet words. It struck me as a drawback that these picturesque people had put on Sunday clothes, to look as much like shop-keepers as possible. But they did not all of them succeed. Two handsome women, who handed the cups round—one a brunette, the other a blonde—wore skirts of brilliant blue, with a sort of white jacket and white kerchief folded heavily about their shoulders. The brunette had a great string of coral, the blonde of amber, round her throat. Gold ear-rings and the long gold chains Venetian women wear, of all patterns and degrees of value, abounded. Nobody appeared without them; but I could not see any of an antique make. The men seemed to be contented with rings—huge, heavy rings of solid gold, worked with a rough flower pattern. One young fellow had three upon his fingers. This circumstance led me to speculate whether a certain portion at least of this display of jewelry around me had not been borrowed for the occasion.

Eustace and I were treated quite like friends. They called us *I Signori*. But this was only, I think, because our English names are quite unmanageable. The women fluttered about us and kept asking whether we really liked it all, whether we should come to the *pranzo*, whether it was true we danced. It seemed to give them unaffected pleasure to be kind to us; and when we rose to go away, the whole company crowded round, shaking hands and saying, "*Si diventerà bene stasera!*" Nobody resented our presence; what was better, no one put himself out for us. "*Vogliono veder il nostro costume,*" I heard one woman say.

We got home soon after eight, and, as our ancestors would have said, settled our stomachs with a dish of tea. It makes me shudder now to think of the

mixed liquids and miscellaneous cakes we had consumed at that unwonted hour.

At half-past three, Eustace and I again prepared ourselves for action. His gondola was in attendance, covered with the *felze*, to take us to the house of the *sposa*. We found the canal crowded with poor people of the quarter—men, women, and children lining the walls along its side, and clustering like bees upon the bridges. The water itself was almost choked with gondolas. Evidently the folk of San Vio thought our wedding procession would be a most exciting pageant. We entered the house, and were again greeted by the bride and bridegroom, who consigned each of us to the control of a fair tyrant. This is the most fitting way of describing our introduction to our partners of the evening; for we were no sooner presented, than the ladies swooped upon us like their prey, placing their shawls upon our left arms, while they seized and clung to what was left available of us for locomotion. There was considerable giggling and tittering throughout the company when Signora Fenzo, the young and comely wife of a gondolier, thus took possession of Eustace, and Signora dell' Acqua, the widow of another gondolier, appropriated me. The affair had been arranged beforehand, and their friends had probably chaffed them with the difficulty of managing two mad Englishmen. However, they proved equal to the occasion, and the difficulties were entirely on our side. Signora Fenzo was a handsome brunette, quiet in her manners, who meant business. I envied Eustace his subjection to such a reasonable being. Signora dell' Acqua, though a widow, was by no means disconsolate; and I soon perceived that it would require all the address and diplomacy I possessed to make anything out of her society. She laughed incessantly; darted in the most diverse directions, dragging me along with her; exhibited me in triumph to her cronies; made eyes at me over a fan; repeated my clumsiest remarks, as though they gave her indescribable amusement; and all the while jabbered Venetian at express rate, without the slightest regard for my incapacity to follow her vagaries. The *Vecchio* marshalled us in order. First went the

Sposa and *Comare* with the mothers of bride and bridegroom. Then followed the *Sposo* and the bridesmaid. After them I was made to lead my fair tormentor. As we descended the staircase there arose a hubbub of excitement from the crowd on the canals. The gondolas moved turbidly upon the face of the waters. The bridegroom kept muttering to himself, "How we shall be criticised! They will tell each other who was decently dressed, and who stepped awkwardly into the boats, and what the price of my boots was!" Such exclamations, murmured at intervals, and followed by chest-drawn sighs, expressed a deep preoccupation. With regard to his boots he need have had no anxiety. They were of the shiniest patent leather, much too tight, and without a speck of dust upon them. But his nervousness infected me with a cruel dread. All those eyes were going to watch how we comported ourselves in jumping from the landing-steps into the boat! If this operation, upon a ceremonious occasion, has terrors even for a gondolier, how formidable it ought to be to me! And here is the Signora dell' Acqua's white cachemire shawl dangling on one arm, and the Signora herself languishingly clinging to the other; and the gondolas are fretting in a fury of excitement, like corks, upon the churned green water! The moment was terrible. The *Sposa* and her three companions had been safely stowed away beneath their *felze*. The *Sposo* had successfully handed the bridesmaid into the second gondola. I had to perform the same office for my partner. Of she went, like a bird, from the bank. I seized a happy moment, followed, bowed, and found myself to my contentment gracefully ensconced in a corner opposite the widow. Seven more gondolas were packed. The procession moved. We glided down the little channel, broke away into the Grand Canal, crossed it, and dived into a labyrinth from which we finally emerged before our destination, the Trattoria di San Gallo. The perils of the landing were soon over; and, with the rest of the guests, my mercurial companion and I slowly ascended a long flight of stairs leading to a vast upper chamber. Here we were to dine.

It had been the gallery of some palaz-

zo in old days, was above one hundred feet in length, fairly broad, with a roof of wooden rafters and large windows opening on a courtyard garden. I could see the tops of three cypress trees cutting the gray sky upon a level with us. A long table occupied the centre of this room. It had been laid for upward of forty persons, and we filled it. There was plenty of light from great glass lustres blazing with gas. When the ladies had arranged their dresses, and the gentlemen had exchanged a few polite remarks, we all sat down to dinner—I next my inexorable widow, Eustace beside his calm and comely partner. The first impression was one of disappointment. It looked so like a public dinner of middle-class people. There was no local character in costume or customs. Men and women sat politely bored, expectant, trifling with their napkins, yawning, muttering nothings about the weather or their neighbors. The frozen commonplaceness of the scene was made for me still more oppressive by Signora dell' Acqua. She was evidently satirical, and could not be happy unless continually laughing at or with somebody. "What a stick the woman will think me!" I kept saying to myself. "How shall I ever invent jokes in this strange land? I cannot even flirt with her in Venetian! And here I have condemned myself—and her too, poor thing—to sit through at least three hours of mortal dullness!" Yet the widow was by no means unattractive. Dressed in black, she had contrived by an artful arrangement of lace and jewelry to give an air of lightness to her costume. She had a pretty little pale face, a *minois chiffonné*, with slightly turned-up nose, large laughing brown eyes, a dazzling set of teeth, and a tempestuously frizzled mop of powdered hair. When I managed to get a side-look at her quietly, without being giggled at or driven half mad by unintelligible incitements to a jocularly I could not feel, it struck me that, if we once found a common term of communication we should become good friends. But for the moment that *modus vivendi* seemed unattainable. She had not recovered from the first excitement of her capture of me. She was still showing me off and trying to stir me up. The arrival of the soup gave me a momentary

relief; and soon the serious business of the afternoon began. I may add that before dinner was over, the Signora dell' Acqua and I were fast friends. I had discovered the way of making jokes, and she had become intelligible. I found her a very nice, though flighty, little woman; and I believe she thought me gifted with the faculty of uttering eccentric epigrams in a grotesque tongue. Some of my remarks were flung about the table, and had the same success as uncouth Lombard carvings have with connoisseurs in *naïvetés* of art. By that time we had come to be *Compare* and *Comare* to each other—the sequel of some clumsy piece of jocularity.

It was a heavy entertainment, copious in quantity, excellent in quality, plainly but well cooked. I remarked there was no fish. The widow replied that everybody present ate fish to satiety at home. They did not join a marriage feast at the San Gallo, and pay their nine francs, for that! It should be observed that each guest paid for his own entertainment. This appears to be the custom. Therefore attendance is complimentary, and the married couple are not at ruinous charges for the banquet. A curious feature in the whole proceeding had its origin in this custom. I noticed that before each cover lay an empty plate, and that my partner began with the first course to heap upon it what she had not eaten. She also took large helpings, and kept advising me to do the same. I said: "No; I only take what I want to eat; if I fill that plate in front of me as you are doing, it will be great waste." This remark elicited shrieks of laughter from all who heard it; and when the hubbub had subsided, I perceived an apparently official personage bearing down upon Eustace, who was in the same perplexity. It was then circumstantially explained to us that the empty plates were put there in order that we might lay aside what we could not conveniently eat, and take it home with us. At the end of the dinner the widow (whom I must now call my *Comare*) had accumulated two whole chickens, half a turkey, and a large assortment of mixed eatables. I performed my duty and won her regard by placing delicacies at her disposition.

Crudely stated, this proceeding moves

disgust. But that is only because one has not thought the matter out. In the performance there was nothing coarse or nasty. These good folk had made a contract at so much a head—so many fowls, so many pounds of beef, etc., to be supplied; and what they had fairly bought, they clearly had a right to. No one, so far as I could notice, tried to take more than his proper share; except, indeed, Eustace and myself. In our first eagerness to conform to custom, we both overshot the mark, and grabbed at disproportionate helpings. The waiters politely observed that we were taking what was meant for two; and as the courses followed in interminable sequence, we soon acquired the tact of what was due to us.

Meanwhile the room grew warm. The gentlemen threw off their coats—a pleasant liberty of which I availed myself, and was immediately more at ease. The ladies divested themselves of their shoes (strange to relate!) and sat in comfort with their stockinged feet upon the *scagliola* pavement. I observed that some cavaliers by special permission were allowed to remove their partners' slippers. This was not my lucky fate. My *Comare* had not advanced to that point of intimacy. Healths began to be drunk. The conversation took a lively turn; and women went fluttering round the table, visiting their friends, to sip out of their glass, and ask each other how they were getting on. It was not long before the stiff veneer of *bourgeoisie* which bored me had worn off. The people emerged in their true selves: natural, gentle, sparkling with enjoyment, playful. Playful is, I think, the best word to describe them. They played with infinite grace and innocence, like kittens, from the old men of sixty to the little boys of thirteen. Very little wine was drunk. Each guest had a litre placed before him. Many did not finish theirs; and for very few was it replenished. When at last the dessert arrived, and the bride's comfits had been handed round, they began to sing. It was very pretty to see a party of three or four friends gathering round some popular beauty, and paying her compliments in verse—they grouped behind her chair, she sitting back in it and laughing up to them, and joining in the chorus. The

words, "*Brunetta mia simpatica, ti am- sempre più,*" sung after this fashion to Eustace's handsome partner, who puffed delicate whiffs from a Russian cigarette, and smiled her thanks, had a peculiar appropriateness. All the ladies, it may be observed in passing, had by this time lit their cigarettes. The men were smoking Toscani, Sella, or Cavours, and the little boys were dancing round the table breathing smoke from their pert nostrils.

The dinner, in fact, was over. Other relatives of the guests arrived, and then we saw how some of the reserved dishes were to be bestowed. A side-table was spread at the end of the gallery, and these late-comers were regaled with plenty by their friends. Meanwhile, the big table at which we had dined was taken to pieces and removed. The *scagliola* floor was swept by the waiters. Musicians came streaming in and took their places. The ladies resumed their shoes. Every one prepared to dance.

My friend and I were now at liberty to chat with the men. He knew some of them by sight, and claimed acquaintance with others. There was plenty of talk about different boats, gondolas, and sandolos and topos, remarks upon the past season, and inquiries as to chances of engagements in the future. One young fellow told us how he had been drawn for the army, and should be obliged to give up his trade just when he had begun to make it answer. He had got a new gondola, and this would have to be hung up during the years of his service. The warehousing of a boat in these circumstances costs nearly one hundred francs a year, which is a serious tax upon the pockets of a private in the line. Many questions were put in turn to us, but all of the same tenor. "Had we really enjoyed the *pranzo*? Now, really, were we amusing ourselves? And did we think the custom of the wedding *un bel costume*?" We could give an unequivocally hearty response to all these interrogations. The men seemed pleased. Their interest in our enjoyment was unaffected. It is noticeable how often the word *divertimento* is heard upon the lips of the Italians. They have a notion that it is the function in life of the *signori* to amuse themselves.

The ball opened, and now we were much besought by the ladies. I had to deny myself with a whole series of comical excuses. Eustace performed his duty after a stiff English fashion—once with his pretty partner of the *pranzo*, and once again with a fat gondolier. The band played waltzes and polkas, chiefly upon patriotic airs—the Marcia Reale, Garibaldi's Hymn, etc. Men danced with men, women with women, little boys and girls together. The gallery whirled with a laughing crowd. There was plenty of excitement and enjoyment—not an unseemly or extravagant word or gesture. My *Cemare* careered about with a light mænadic impetuosity, which made me regret my inability to accept her pressing invitations. She pursued me into every corner of the room, but when at last I dropped excuses and told her that my real reason for not dancing was that it would hurt my health, she waived her claims at once with an *Ah, poverino!*

Some time after midnight we felt that we had had enough of *divertimento*. Francesco helped us to slip out unobserved. With many silent good wishes we left the innocent, playful people who had been so kind to us. The stars were shining from a watery sky as we passed into the piazza beneath the Campanile and the pinnacles of S. Mark. The Riva was almost empty, and the little waves fretted the boats moored to the piazzetta, as a warm moist breeze went fluttering by. We smoked a last cigar, crossed our *traghetto*, and were soon sound asleep at the end of a long, pleasant day. The ball, we heard next morning, finished about four.

Since that evening I have had plenty of opportunities for seeing my friends the gondoliers, both in their own homes and in my apartment. Several have entertained me at their midday meal of fried fish and amber-colored polenta. These repasts were always cooked with scrupulous cleanliness, and served upon a table covered with coarse linen. The polenta is turned out upon a wooden platter, and cut with a string called *lassa*. You take a large slice of it on the palm of the left hand, and break it with the fingers of the right. Whoisome red wine of the Paduan district and good white bread were never want-

ing. The rooms in which we met to eat looked out on narrow lanes or over pergolas of yellowing vines. Their whitewashed walls were hung with photographs of friends and foreigners, many of them souvenirs from English or American employers. The men, in broad black hats and lilac shirts, sat round the table, girt with the red waist-wrapper, or *fascia*, which marks the ancient faction of the Castellani. The other faction, called Nicolotti, are distinguished by black *assisa*. The quarters of the town are divided unequally and irregularly into these two parties. What formidable rivalry between two sections of the Venetian populace still survives in challenges to trials of strength and skill upon the water. The women, in their many-colored kerchiefs, stirred polenta at the smoke-blackened chimney, whose huge pent-house roof projects two feet or more across the hearth. When they had served the table they took their seat on low stools, knitted stockings, or drank out of glasses handed across the shoulder to them by their lords. Some of these women were clearly notable housewives, and I have no reason to suppose that they do not take their full share of the housework. Boys and girls came in and out, and got a portion of the dinner to consume where they thought best. Children went tottering about upon the red-brick floor, the playthings of those hulking fellows, who handled them very gently and spoke kindly in a sort of confidential whisper to their ears. These little ears were mostly pierced for ear-rings, and the light blue eyes of the urchins peeped maliciously beneath shocks of yellow hair. A dog was often of the party. He ate fish like his masters, and was made to beg for it by sitting up and bowing with his paws. *Voga, Azzò, voga!* The Anzolo who talked thus to his little brown Spitz-dog has the hoarse voice of a Triton, and the movement of an animated sea-wave. Azzò performed his trick, swallowed the fish-bones, and the fiery Anzolo looked round approving.

On all these occasions I have found these gondoliers the same sympathetic, industrious, cheery, affectionate folk. They live in many respects a hard and precarious life. The winter in particu-

lar is a time of anxiety and sometimes of privation, even to the well-to-do among them. Work then is scarce, and what there is, is rendered disagreeable to them by the cold. Yet they take their chance with facile temper, and are not soured by hardships. The amenities of the Venetian sea and air, the healthiness of the lagoons, the cheerful bustle of the poorer quarters, the brilliancy of this southern sunlight, and the beauty which is everywhere apparent, must be reckoned as important factors in the formation of their character. And of that character, as I have said, the final note is playfulness. In spite of difficulties, their life has never been stern enough to sadden them. Bare necessities are marvellously cheap, and the pinch of real bad weather—such frost as locked the lagoons in ice two years ago, or such south-western gales as flooded the basement floors of all the houses on the Zattere—is rare and does not last long. On the other hand, their life has never been so lazy as to reduce them to the savagery of the traditional Neapolitan lazzaroni. They have had to work daily for small earnings, but under favorable conditions, and their labor has been lightened by much good fellowship among themselves, by the amusements of their *feste* and their singing clubs.

Of course it is not easy for a stranger in a very different social position to feel

that he has been admitted to their confidence. Italians have an ineradicable habit of making themselves externally agreeable, of bending in all indifferent matters to the whims and wishes of superiors, and of saying what they think Signori like. This habit, while it smoothes the surface of existence, raises up a barrier of compliment and partial insincerity, against which the more downright natures of us northern folk break in vain efforts. Our advances are met with an imperceptible but impermeable resistance by the very people who are bent on making the world pleasant to us. It is the very reverse of that dour opposition which a Lowland Scot or a North English peasant offers to familiarity; but it is hardly less insurmountable. The treatment, again, which Venetians of the lower class have received through centuries from their own nobility, make attempts at fraternization on the part of gentlemen unintelligible to them. The best way, here and elsewhere, of overcoming these obstacles is to have some bond of work or interest in common—of service on the one side rendered, and good-will on the other honestly displayed. The men of whom I have been speaking will, I am convinced, not shirk their share of duty or make unreasonable claims upon the generosity of their employers.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

A BIT OF LOOT.

THE word *loot* has now become naturalized in the English language, and needs no explanation.

I went to Delhi in the month of November 1857, on a visit to a military friend who was then quartered there. It will be remembered that we had recaptured the rebellious city, after a siege of several months, in the month of September. As we had attacked the city from one side only, most of the inhabitants had fled from it before we took it. They had got out as we came in. For a great fear was upon them. We had then expelled almost all that remained behind on military grounds. We had to occupy the whole city, and garrison it with a very small force. The city had been declared confiscated also.

It was most strange to ride through the now silent streets and deserted squares of the great city. You seemed to be going over a modern Pompeii. There did not come over you the strange ghastly feeling of unreality that steals over you in Pompeii. You were not carried into a strange new world of sight and thought and feeling. You were not weighed upon by by-gone ages, oppressed by Time. Time like space is a most oppressive thought to the human mind. And any of the great monuments of the past, such as Pompeii which mark off some portion of its boundlessness carry with them some of its weight and mystery. But it was the contrary of these things with the similar silentness and desolation that weighed upon you.

Here was all the reality of recent life ; of yesterday, of to-day. But still, somehow, there was here the feeling of a by-gone age. The city could not have been alive yesterday, that was so silent now. It seemed somehow a thing of the past. The tide of war had not flowed through this retired street. There had been richer quarters to ransack. Everything stood here as it had been left. Here stood the houses, with their furniture, poor, but all the people had ; here were the shops with their little stock of goods still on the counter. But there was no human being in the houses, or in the shops, or in the street. There was no going in and out ; no standing up and sitting down ; no sound of voices. Dead silence reigned over all. If it is impressive in Pompeii to see in the streets the marks of the wheels that rolled a thousand years ago, to find the loaves that were baked but not eaten then, it was also impressive here to find the cooking pot on the fireplace ; the bread in the dish ; the bed laid out to sleep on ; the cart that had been left standing at the door. If in Pompeii it is resurrection, here it was sudden death. If in Pompeii you look on a ghost, here you looked on a dead body from which the warmth of life had hardly fled.

Strangest of all was it to pass through the Chandnee Chouk, the " Moonlight " or " Silver Square," the central market-place, and find it, too, void and silent. For it had been so full of life and sound and movement but a short time before as it is again to-day. For the Chandnee Chouk was and is the Regent Street and Pall Mall combined of Delhi. And Delhi was the great imperial city of the East. More than Granada, more than Cordova, more even than Constantinople, Delhi has been the great city of the Mahomedan conquest. To the followers of the Prophet the fondest and proudest memories hung about it. It was the capital of the greatest empire over which the crescent had shone and held sway. It marked their proudest conquest.

Here the triumphs of the faith had culminated. Here stood the proudest monuments of their art. Here they had erected a great palace-fortification ; built lovely chambers and halls ; raised the loftiest and most beautiful shrines. To

the Mahomedan of India the lines inscribed on the walls of one of those chambers—" If there be a heaven upon earth it is here," applied to the whole city. It was his favorite dwelling-place. It was the seat of government ; the centre of trade and commerce and the industrial arts ; the seat of learning and religious instruction ; of good manners and polite speech ; the centre of pleasure. To it came the courtier, the student, the devotee, the trader, and the man of pleasure. Even now, when there is no longer here the court of the Great Mogul, it is the favorite dwelling-place of the Mahomedan nobles, even of the Hindoo princes, of that part of India. You find Mussulman orientalism in full perfection in three cities only—in Damascus, in Cairo, and in Delhi.

But a few months before the Chandnee Chouk at midday had been one of the most bright, gay, glittering, bustling, picturesque places that you could see. The whole place shone and sparkled. In the dresses of the people were to be seen all the colors of the rainbow, as bright as you see them in the sky. Twenty different kinds of robe and head-dress went by you in a few minutes. For here came together people from all parts, not only of India, but of Asia. The shops on either side were filled with glistening goods. The two driving roads on either side of the broad street were thronged with vehicles. Here went by the English-made barouche with its pair of horses, and the canopied " Ruth," looking like a pagoda on wheels, drawn by a tall and lordly pair of bullocks. Here went by the elephants with gaudy housings, whisking their trunks and looking about them with their little eyes. They looked like little mountains which had walked away with the castles on their tops. The men, and even the women, from neighboring Rajpootana went by on their high-bred camels. The young dandies of the place rode about on their capering, curveting horses, with colored legs and tail and plaited mane. The central walk, with its avenue of trees and the canal down its middle, was thronged with people on foot. The place was full of the voices of the people and the cries of the itinerant vendors, " Melons, sweet melons ! " —" Here are roses and sweet jessa-

mine!"—"Cakes fresh and hot!"—"Sugar-cane and water nuts!"—"Whey, sweet whey!" The beggars were calling "Take thought of the poor."—"Remember the needy."—"Feed the hungry in Allah's name." And everywhere was the tinkling of the little brass cups of the water-carriers, and their musical cry of "Water for the thirsty, water!" For no voice is so harsh that it could make the word for water other than musical and sweet sounding.

Most strange was it, then, to ride through this street and find it quite silent, empty, and deserted; with no sound in it but the echoes, far reaching through the void, of the horse's hoofs.

For the first three or four days after the capture of the city, our troops had been allowed the privilege of individual plunder in the city, but not in the palace. They could hardly have been restrained from this, in fact. Being allowed this, they submitted without murmur to the subsequent stoppage; which, in fact, was for their own advantage. For all the contents of the town had been declared confiscated, and the prize of the victorious army. Then came the more systematic gathering together of the spoil. A committee of military officers was appointed to do this, to act as prize agents. Leaving aside the customs of war, this confiscation was not held an undue exercise of the right of conquest even by the people themselves, for they had looked for sack and massacre, and the razing of the city to the ground; not for resistance to a foreign power, but for cruelty and treachery, and the murder of innocent women and children. Being a walled-in city, the gathering together of the valuables in it could be gone on with leisurely, for nothing was allowed in or out of the gates without a pass or scrutiny. By the middle of November, which was the time I went there, what with the first putting in of the hands of the troops, and the subsequent labors of the prize agents, most of the things of any value in the town had been carried away or gathered in the store-rooms of the agents. But to bury money and jewels and precious stones in the ground has always been a custom in the East. A hole in the earth is the favorite bank.

And in so large a city, with its labyrinth of streets, its smaller squares inside bigger squares, and courtyards within these there were many nooks and corners which had not been searched thoroughly, some not even visited. So all search, especially for hidden and buried things, had been given up. The prize agents gave permission to others besides their own staff of men to search, on condition of the articles found being delivered up to them, they paying a certain percentage on the estimated value. Of course, if a man found a very large pearl or emerald or diamond, whether he put it into his waistcoat pocket, or took it to the prize agents, had to be left to his honor and conscience. But the prize agents gave the permission only to men they thought would bring them. They had taken possession of all the places where there was likely to be any great store of silver and gold and jewels and valuable property; such as the palace of the king, the houses of the princes and chief noblemen and bankers. And they had reaped the more open fields so closely that they thought they had not left very much for the gleaners.

The friend with whom I was staying had peculiar facilities for the search for hidden treasure. From the nature of his duties and his official position, he could go where he liked, enter any house, dig in any spot, without let or hindrance. I accompanied him one day on one of his rounds. He meant to penetrate into one of the remoter quarters of the town. As we approached it the chill silence became almost oppressive. The dead stillness was not a thing of nought, but had a dreary weight, an actual presence. It hung about you, clung round you. On the populous city had come the loneliness and desolation of the desert. There seemed a strange uselessness about the paved streets and the tall houses and warehouses. In the dwelling-places was no longer heard the sound of the mill-stones, or seen the light of the candle. It was the cold, still, ghastly face of a corpse: eye-gate, ear-gate, mouth-gate closed. These feelings deepened as we got into the narrower streets, some only ten or twelve feet broad, with the houses rising to great heights on either side, and presenting for long distances only a

blank bare surface of wall to the street. The air was dank and chill. The eye saw from one end of the long narrow street to the other as when you look down an empty corridor. The sound of our footsteps made strange echoes down it. The sound of each footfall was sharply repeated; floated away; lived and lasted for long distances; re-echoed in distant squares and courtyards; made a faint current of sound down the corridors by their side, and ruffled the pools of silence in distant chambers. It was a relief to have to make a *détour* through a more open street, where there was some movement, and the signs of the recent conflict took off one's thoughts from the brooding silence. There had been a sharp fight in this street; in some places the sides of the houses were scored with lines like a sheet of music paper, showing the heavy volleys that had been fired down it.

The cats glared at you from the tops of walls like young tigers. They had grown to a monstrous size. They looked to the full as fierce and cruel and bloodthirsty as tigers, for they had been revelling on human flesh.

In these remote parts of the town you encountered to the full as many "well-defined and several stinks" as have been credited to the city of Cologne. My friend had become quite learned in distinguishing these.

"Hum!" he said, as we passed one corner, "that is a horse." "Phew!" he cried, as we turned another, "that is a camel." And, sure enough, after a time we came on the carcasses of the animals he had mentioned.

We once more turned into the quarter into whose depths we meant to penetrate. This single excursion gave me a better idea of the plan of a native town than I should otherwise ever have obtained. For English people, unless taken by official duties, very rarely go into the native towns by whose sides they live. An Englishman may have been six or seven years at Agra or Allahabad, and never have entered the native town, or have driven only once or twice down the main street.

Security and privacy are the two main objects the native aims at in the location as well as the plan of his house. He does not mind the vicinity of a mass of

poor houses; he welcomes a network of narrow winding lanes and streets. Nothing is more striking than the contrast between the wide, open, defenceless English station, with its straw-roofed bungalows, and the close-built native town by its side. The conquerors hold the land in villas, and the conquered dwell in the fenced-in cities. In early ages houses were built primarily for defence, for every man's house had then literally to be his castle. In the East the plan of all houses above the mere hut or shed is the same—that of a square with a courtyard in the centre, access to which is obtained by means of a single doorway or gateway. When the gates are closed the house is a small fort, with the household for garrison. Then again the quarters in which dwell the men of the same caste, trade, or profession, form separate blocks in the town, access to which is obtained through one or two gateways only. Take, for instance, the plan of the Mohulla, or quarter into which we were now making our way. Between two of the main streets of the town, about a quarter of a mile apart, ran a narrow connecting street at right angles to them. On either side of this narrow street lay the Mohulla, with its narrow lanes and internal squares. The only way to enter the quarter was from either end of the central street, and the ingress was guarded at those points by lofty gateways and massive gates. In times of danger those would be the first points guarded by the inhabitants of the quarter. If they were forced, then would come the separate defence of each of the better-class houses. If the owner of one of these was a resolute man, had a large number of well-armed retainers, and had laid in a stock of food enough, he could make a stubborn and lengthy defence. The well in the courtyard would furnish the small garrison with water.

As we penetrated into this quarter the chill, due to the long shut-up houses, the absence of fires, the want of movement, became greater; the silence deepened, and we seemed to have passed away from the outer world, though surrounded by the habitations of men.

It was strange to pass through the wicket of a lofty gateway, and find yourself alone in a silent courtyard surround-

ed by empty rooms. In one of these the beauty of the buildings, the long arcades with their horse-shoe arches resting on slender pillars of stone, the balconies resting on brackets each one of which was a fine piece of sculpture, and the beautifully pierced panels of stone, showed that it had belonged to some rich Mohammedan nobleman or Hindoo banker.

"There should be something here," said my practical friend. The upper rooms on that side, with their lace-like marble lattices, signs of jealous privacy, had been the dwelling-place of the women, the Zenana. Those lower rooms had been thronged with servants. But where was now the pleasant bustle of domestic and social life, the coming and going, the cheerful voices, and the light-hearted laughter? War is not a pleasant thing. It is hard that its evils should fall on women and children, and not be confined to the strong men. The humble bedsteads, the earthenware cooking pots of the servants, stood as they had been left. The head-stalls and heel-ropes marked where the horses had stood. The water-pot stood by the side of the well. The solitary palm-tree in a corner of the courtyard looked sad and lonely, and its leaves rustled with a mournful sound. To us the bareness of the rooms did not add to the feeling of desolation as it would have to those who were not acquainted, like ourselves, with the usual want of what we call furnishing in the houses of the natives. Bedsteads, and rough chests in which to keep clothes, often form the only "articles of furniture" in the house of a well-to-do native, unless we bring under that category the clothes and carpets, the cooking pots, and the brass vessels to eat and drink out of.

To one fresh from England, the complete absence of chairs, tables, sofas, bookshelves, sideboards, wardrobes, and all the other articles in an English home, would make the Indian dwelling-place look very empty. I once went to visit a Hindoo Rajah who lived in a castle which his father had held against us for some time. Setting aside his wife's apartments, which he only visited, he lived in one room. This room was carpeted, and one side of it, before some open windows, was occupied by a large

wooden daïs raised above the ground. This daïs was also covered with a handsome carpet, and had on it many large silk-covered pillows and bolsters. This daïs was really the old man's dwelling-place. This was his bedroom, dining-room, drawing-room. Here he sat or reclined during the greater part of the day, and here he slept at night; here he took his meals out of the one or two dishes that sufficed to hold them; here he did his work; here he received his friends and visitors; here his bed was spread for him at night. The marks of wealth and position and superior comfort were in the large uncut emeralds that hung in his ears, in the fineness of the muslin that he wore; the richness of the shawls about him, the silver legs that upheld the daïs, its rich covering, the silken or brocaded bolsters; in the crowd of retainers who waited without; in all that he ate being raised and cooked by Brahmins; in his eating out of a silver dish, and drinking out of a silver cup. The rich man in India spends his money on the architecture of his house, in rich carpets and bed covers, in valuable shawls, in rich dresses for his wives and children (on the latter he will put solid anklets and armlets of silver and of gold), in horses or fast-trotting bullocks, and in many vehicles; in a host of servants and armed retainers, in great feasts on the occasion of a marriage.

But to return to the courtyard we had entered. It was strange to find one's self in possession of another man's house, to be able to go where one liked, and do what one liked in it. It was strange to find one's self breaking open another man's strong box, and rifling it of its contents. There is a pleasurable excitement in it; it is a new sensation. The odd thing in battle must be to find yourself authorized to kill any one you can. It was strange to find one's self an authorized burglar, a permitted thief. Allowing fully the great and noble difference, yet in war time one does go through some of the processes of murder, burglary, and theft.

The quick eye of my friend detected signs of habitation in a small side room in one corner of the courtyard. "There is some one in there," he said.

A flight of steps led up to it. We went up these cautiously. The door at

the top of them, leading into the chamber, was partially hidden by a heap of brambles, apparently put there to impede the way. Removing these, he found the door closed. It resisted all his efforts to open it, though it seemed fragile enough.

"There is some one behind it," said my friend; "I hear his breathing." He called loudly through the chinks, and told the man to open the door, and that no harm would be done him. There was no answer to his repeated calls. At last he said:

"Open the door and trust to us; we will not harm you; if you do not, I will bring some soldiers, and they will not spare you."

The door was slowly opened, and an old man peered out at us. The wild, frightened, hungry look in his eyes startled us. His long white hair and long white beard showed that he was a very old man. But the hollow cheeks and hollow stomach, the protruding ribs, the wrinkled skin, were not due to old age alone. His long lean fingers, his fleshless arms and legs, were like those of a skeleton. He was a very tall man, and as he stood on his long lean shanks, his hip-bones stood sharply out, and the bend in his body made the hollow in his stomach still more dreadful. The poor wretch shivered and trembled from weakness, from hunger, and from fear. He looked as if he was at the last extremity of starvation. When at length we got him to tell us his story in trembling accents, it appeared that he had somehow been left behind when the rest of the household had left the place. He was a feeble man, and could not move fast. Afterward he had been afraid to venture out into the streets by himself. The people had sent all their property and valuables away long before the time of our assault—the old man dwelt very much on this point—and so at the time of the assault they had been able to move rapidly away. They had left the flour they had laid in for ordinary domestic use behind, however, and this he had brought up into this lonely chamber, and cooked himself some cakes once or twice a week, for he was afraid lest the fire should betray him. It had only just sufficed to keep him alive. The constant fear of discovery had been

every hour of each day a torment to him, he said. He slept but little at night. He had always been a well-wisher of the British Government. He was now sick unto death, and a poor feeble old man. If he did not get some nourishment soon, he should die. My friend had his orderly with him, and told him to take the old man to his quarters, and get him some food at once. But the old man fell at his feet and clasped his knees, and begged him not to send him with the Sikh sepoy. He was sure he would kill him on the way. Let the merciful Sahibs come with him. There was nothing in that place to search for—nothing. But my friend told him he must go with the orderly, and so he went off, weeping and trembling.

We then went over the house. We broke open one or two chests we found in some of the rooms, but there was nothing in them but quilts and coverlets and the ordinary clothing of the people. I appropriated a rather prettily embroidered skull-cap, and a pair of slippers gaily decked with tinsel. I also found, lying on the floor of one of the rooms, a copy of the poems of Hafiz, very handsomely bound, and of exquisite penmanship, which also I determined to carry away, to convey. In one room was a great heap of brass and copper vessels. These it was not worth our while, of course, to take away; and some of them, those most valuable from the metal in them—were too bulky to be moved.

"I am rather surprised to find so little of any value here," said my friend. "The people who lived here must have been wealthy. I suppose they removed all their valuables early in the siege, as the old man said."

As I have said before, the plan of the buildings was the usual one, that of a hollow square; the courtyard in the middle being a large one. The lower story of the side of the square in which the gateway was—the buildings were two-storied—had a long open corridor, used for stabling the bullocks and horses. The lower story of the opposite side of the square was closed in and used, like the story above it, for a dwelling-place; here being, in fact, the Zenana. The lower stories of the other two sides of the square consisted simply of

open arcades with Moorish arches resting on slender pillars. At the end of one of these verandas, on a rude bedstead, lay the dead body of a Sepoy, still clothed in the full uniform of the East India Company, in which, it may be, the man had fought many a battle for the company, and now had fought this one against it. He had no doubt been wounded in the fight in the street not far off, and had crept into this quiet place to die. His bayonet lay on the floor by the side of the bedstead.

The gateway leading into the courtyard was not in the middle of that side of the square, but very near one end of it, which also brought it very near the end of one of the adjoining sides. It was, therefore, very near the end of one of these open arcades, the one in which the dead Sepoy lay. The sight of the dead man had kept us in this veranda for some time. To my friend it was a more familiar and accustomed sight than it was to me, and it did not rivet his attention as it did mine. He had been looking about him with his keen eyes, while I had my gaze fixed on the man who had lain down on the bedstead for a longer and deeper sleep than he had ever experienced in one before.

"Excuse me for a minute," said my friend, as he crossed over to the opposite arcade; and I saw him pacing down it with measured step. When he came back he did the same with the one in which I stood.

"These two verandas should be the same length," he said to me.

"Yes," I said, "they occupy the two sides of a square. Even in a parallelogram the opposite sides are equal."

"Precisely so; but by the measurements I have just made, this veranda is fifteen feet shorter than the other one. Just wait here a second," and he walked to the gateway and then through it into the street. When he came back, he walked up to the end of the arcade next the gateway and examined it closely.

"This end has been walled up," he said; "come and look at the space there is between this inside wall and the wall outside in the street. They would never have a solid wall of that thickness. There would be no object in it here. I am sure that there was an arch like those along the outside of the veranda across

this end of it, and that it has been bricked up, and the joining of the wall and arch carefully concealed. It would be at the level of the other ones. If you will give me a back, I will soon find out."

I leaned against the wall as we used to do when we played "Buck! buck! how many fingers do I hold up" at school, and my friend mounted up and began to scrape away the plaster with his pocket-knife.

"Just as I thought," he exclaimed, as he slipped down again. "There is no doubt about it. Do you mind doing a bit of digging?"

"No," I said, "but what are we to dig with?"

"This is provoking!" he cried; "the orderly has taken away the pickaxe with him. If we leave this place for an hour some one else may discover it; and now that I have scraped the plaster away, the bricking up is easily seen. And if any one else begins the digging, we cannot interrupt them in it. It would then be their claim, as they call it in the gold fields."

"There is the sepoy's bayonet," I said; "we could dig a hole in a wall with that."

"Of course we could;" and he got it and we set to work. At first the work was slow and difficult. We could do no more than pick out the mortar, which luckily had scarcely set, from the joints between the bricks. But at last we managed to get out a brick. The work became more rapid then. At last the bayonet gave a sudden slip, showing that it had pierced through the wall. And now the hollow sound of the mortar and brickbats falling on the other side of the wall showed that there was a chamber behind it. There must be something worth hiding there, and now we went to work with coats off. At the end of an hour's work we had made a good-sized hole. "Will you go in and see what there is," said my friend, I being slight and slender and he a portly man. I did so; and crawled out again, sick and dizzy from the foul air within. "We must make the hole bigger," said my friend, "and you had better go out into the open air for a few minutes."

When the hole or opening had been made as large as a small casement window,

we waited for some time longer to let the foul air come out and the fresh air enter, and then we went in together. There were two or three large and roughly-made chests, or rather cases, for they were evidently made simply to hold their contents, and not secure them. We soon had the covers off these, and found them full of handsome shawls, and scarves, and pieces of silk, and kincob. There were beautiful suits of women's clothes—the full trousers, and the little bodice, and the long flowing sheet to throw over the head—of very fine silk, thickly embroidered with gold and silver. The collection of articles was a very miscellaneous one, for in one chest were several very handsome richly embroidered sword-belts and horse trappings. While we were hard at work we heard a chuckle at the opening in the wall, and looking up saw the glitter of a pair of eyes and the gleam of a long row of teeth. My friend immediately jumped out, with the bayonet in his hand. The inlooker was probably one of our own followers; but in times like those you could not very much trust anyone, and the sight of plunder might lead to our being disposed of, if taken at disadvantage, in such a lonely place. The man turned out to be one of our Sikh soldiers; good fighters but keen plunderers. Love of military employment, a desire to pay off old scores against the Sepoys who had helped to break their power and conquer their country, had been the chief reasons that had led to their flocking to our standard at that time: but the hope of loot had been an equally strong one. They had looked forward to the plunder of Delhi, and had not been disappointed in their expectations. It was they, of all the soldiery, who had made the best use of the first few days of permitted plunder. This man was a very fine specimen of the race; tall, lean, lithe, keen-eyed, with a hooked nose and a peaked beard. His eyes glistened as he looked at the hole, and his lips kept parted with a smile or grin. Here was a scene he loved; here was congenial work.

"We must get rid of this fellow," said my friend; "give me out that shawl and that sword-belt."

I handed these out to him, and he gave them to the Sikh. The man's face

beamed as he took the sword-belt: it was very handsome, and no doubt valuable, too, from the amount of bullion on it: it was just what he wanted. He made a salute and walked away.

"I was very anxious to get rid of the man," said my companion, as he entered the chamber again, "because I do not think, as he did I could see, that these shawls and things are all that are in here. I am sure that they must have had some valuable things in this house, from the look of it."

So he took one of the silver-covered maces, of which there were several in one corner, and began to sound the floor carefully and systematically. In one corner it sounded hollow. He stooped down and scraped away the mud, and lo! there presented itself to us a large circular stone, with an iron ring at the top. To me—a young lad then—the breaking into the chamber had been exciting enough, a great adventure. Now my excitement rose to fever point. Here was probably the entrance to long underground galleries, such as those which Aladdin got into in the "Arabian Nights," in which stood the trees on whose branches hung rubies and emeralds, and pearls and diamonds, and great sapphires. Visions rose before me of a house of my own, in England; perhaps a deer-park; horses and hunters, and a moor in Scotland. But when we got the stone up, after some exertion of strength and trouble, it showed no winding staircase leading down to an underground treasure-house.

There was nothing but a small circular pit, about three feet deep, lined and paved with masonry. But in this were several wooden boxes, and small copper boxes with pierced sides and top, in which was a large quantity of jewelry, rolled up in little pieces of cloth, or put away in cotton.

Here were thick bangles of solid gold and solid silver; here were rings for the fingers and rings for the toes; ear-rings and nose-rings; gold and silver chains for the neck; silver chains to wear round the waist; necklaces of many kinds, some to wear close round the neck and some that hung far down on the breast. But alas! even here was disappointment. Very few of the precious stones that had ornamented the

jewelry had been left behind. They had been picked out and carried away! Here were heaps of rings tied together in bunches with silk thread, but all the most valuable stones had been removed from them. It was sad to see the great holes in the solid gold hoops, and think that they had held big emeralds and diamonds which might have been ours. However, we poured all the jewelry into a small silk scarf, and made a bundle of it. We also made a bundle of the best shawls and other articles, and then we departed with our loot.

"We will take these to the prize agents at once," said my friend; "we will then come back with some of their men and take away all the other things."

Just as we were passing out under the gateway my friend exclaimed suddenly: "I see it all! the cunning old fox! He was not forgotten at all. He was left behind on purpose to guard the treasure. They knew that it was not likely that any one would hurt so old and feeble a man; that hiding himself was all humbug. How well he acted—the cunning old fox! Did you hear what happened in another place like this? I went into it too. There was a grave in the middle of the courtyard, covered with a velvet pall and flowers, and with lights burning at the head—after the usual Mahomedan fashion, you know. A young woman sat by the side of the grave, weeping and wailing. She was the dead man's wife. We might ransack the house, and take all that was in it, but she begged that she might be left to watch by the grave of her beloved husband until permission

could be got to remove his body to the graveyard without the walls. He had died suddenly during the days of the assault, and they had been afraid to carry out the body then, and had laid it in this grave in the courtyard. And the poor young thing wept piteously under her veil. We could not see her face, of course, but from the figure and the voice we knew that she must be a very young girl. She begged to be left there with the venerable old man, an aged retainer, a very counterpart of this other old scoundrel, who had remained behind with her. And she cried as if her heart would break. Of course we said that she might remain; and in fact, being interested in her, said that we would get the permission of the commanding officer for the relations to come and remove the body as soon as they could. They seemed very anxious to do this, for they came the very next day and carried away the beloved one's dust. Then it came out that no one had died or been buried there at all. The whole thing was a ruse. And there at our very feet, in the hole by the side of which the poor widow lay weeping, had been lying hidden a mass of precious stones and valuable jewels, worth thousands of pounds."

We got the whole of our discovered treasure down to the offices of the prize agents. Though we had not made as great a haul as we at one moment expected, yet it was not a bad morning's work; it was not a bad bit of loot.

This story really is a true one, so far as anything that is related can be true.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

POCOCURANTISM.

IN one of the letters "to an old pupil" published in "Arnold's Life and Correspondence" we have a vigorous denunciation of what the writer calls "Pococurantism." And as the "value of Veneration" is given in the table of contents as the subject of the letter, his biographer must have understood him to mean by pococurantism the opposite quality. His own description of the fault he is criticising harmonizes with this estimate. He identifies it with the Horatian maxim of *Nil admirari*, which

he calls "the Devil's favorite text," and the best he could choose "to introduce his pupils into the more esoteric part of his doctrine." He speaks of it partly as a special vice of the age, partly as a defect incidental to early life; it "is much the order of the day among young men." He had even observed inchoate tendencies that way among his boys at Rugby, and was "always dreading its ascendancy" there, though there were some who struggled nobly against it. As to the thing itself, he says he has "always

looked upon a man infected with this disorder of anti-romance as on one who has lost the finest part of his nature and his best protection against everything low and foolish." He adds that such men may well call him mad, but he thinks their party are not yet strong enough to get him fairly shut up, and till they are, he shall "take the liberty of insisting that their tail is the longest." The outburst is a very characteristic one, though it may possibly enough surprise some who have been accustomed to regard Dr. Arnold simply as a modern Radical and Broad Churchman. This would be a most inadequate view of his real position. That "the bump of veneration" was strongly developed in his nature there can be little doubt, though he did not greatly venerate some objects for which several of his early Oxford friends entertained a high reverence, and was in the habit of dealing hard blows at the idols he wished to demolish. But it would be altogether a mistake to regard him solely or chiefly as an iconoclast, and we may safely add that, if he had been such, he would never have succeeded in eliciting the enthusiasm and accomplishing the work for which he is still remembered. That a spirit of flippancy and irreverence is a common however ungraceful feeling, not so much of boyhood—in their case it would be the result of evil training or example—as of youth or incipient manhood, is notorious. There is much of course in the newly acquired independence and the sense of rapidly maturing powers of a youth fresh from school or from the university to encourage such a feeling. In wonder, it has been justly said, philosophy begins and ends, and wonder is a reverential attitude of mind, but there is an intermediate stage of development, when confidence, not to say arrogance, supersedes it. Those who know nothing and those who know much have no difficulty in realizing the extent of their ignorance, but those who know a little are not equally ready to acknowledge how much remains unknown. It will be said by many that this sort of temper, or "disorder"—which used then to be called by a shorter and sharper name than pococurantism—was thought specially characteristic of Rugbeians at the university some forty years ago, as dis-

tinguished from their Etonian or Harrovian or other public school contemporaries. How far this was so, and how far it was due to Dr. Arnold's influence, are questions it hardly concerns us to revive now; it was clearly not the result he intended or desired to produce. But his letter suggests a wider question, which has certainly not lost its interest, as to the alleged decay of veneration in the present age, and the ethical estimate to be formed of it. The "anti-romance" school are not indeed yet strong enough to "shut up" their more romantic and reverential contemporaries, but it is often said or surmised that they are gaining strength, and we may fairly ask whether their advance, if they are advancing, should be welcomed or opposed.

In a purely utilitarian scheme of ethics the feeling of reverence, if it claims any place at all, must hold a very doubtful one. It becomes at best nothing more than a conviction that those whose superior power enables them to benefit or injure us will, in fact, only do us good. Hence Hobbes defines it, in its religious aspect, as "the conception we have concerning another that He hath the power to do unto us both good and hurt, but not the will to do us hurt." And it has been plausibly argued that the great evils to which it has given rise, in the way both of religious superstition and political servitude, make it a source of more misery than happiness to the world, while, as it grows out of a sense of dependence, whether on God or man, the habits fostered by advancing civilization are thought to undermine its power in either sphere. A contemplation of the order of nature and the reign of universal and unchanging law has not, it is urged, at all the same tendency to awaken in ordinary minds feelings of veneration as a belief in the constant and direct interposition of Providence in natural phenomena. *Cælo tonantem credidimus Jovem* is the awestruck confession of a rude and barbarous age, but those who are familiar with the laws of electricity are content to look at nature, without caring, as the poet bids them, to "look through" it "up to" a higher Power beyond. Sailors, who are usually ignorant men, and are brought into habitual contact with the great forces of nature, are said to be religious

or superstitious in the older sense. And thus, too, it is in the secluded mountain paths of Styria or the Tyrol that the frequent reappearance at every turn of crucifix, or wayside oratory, or devout picture, reminds the traveller of the simple devotion of simple men who hear the voice of God in the rolling avalanche and bend humbly beneath His outstretched hand, whether it be lifted in mercy or in judgment. In the awful gloom of a Gothic cathedral, again, we discern, if it be through a glass darkly, the deep reverential piety of those great mediæval builders who, as Mr. Ruskin puts it, "have taken with them to the grave their powers, their honors, and their errors, but have left us their adoration." And if we turn from the religious to the political order, there too it may be argued that the old world virtue of reverence must succumb to the progressive demands of civil and religious liberty. Loyalty to the person and authority of the sovereign was a guarantee of civil and social order in an age of absolute governments, but we have learned to substitute, in politics as in philosophy, the supremacy of law for the direct action of personal rule, and those who are ultimately the makers of law, while bound to obey, can hardly be expected to venerate the work of their own hands. There is an obvious difference in idea between a loyal and a law-abiding people, though the practical result may in either case be much the same. And thus, alike in the religious and the secular sphere, veneration must give place to virtues better suited to our altered state. "The self-assertion of liberty, the levelling of democracy, the dissecting-knife of criticism, the economical revolutions that reduce the relations of classes to simple contracts, the agglomeration of population, and the facilities of locomotion that sever so many ancient ties, are all incompatible with the type of virtue which existed before the power of tradition was broken, and when the chastity of faith was yet sustained." And thus, to revert to Dr. Arnold's phraseology, "*Nil admirari*, the Devil's favorite text," becomes a necessity, if not a virtue, of a democratic and unromantic age like our own.

There is no doubt much plausibility in this line of argument, and it so far at

least holds good that the forms, if not the essence, of veneration must vary with the changed intellectual and social conditions of the day. But for the moralist, who knows, as well from experience as on ethical grounds, that no character can be really great, or indeed be other than conspicuously defective, in which a sense of reverence is wanting, it would be difficult to grant more than this. Not only does a reverential spirit, as it has been observed, present just that form of moral goodness to which the epithet beautiful may be most justly applied, but there is a deficiency, a littleness, a priggishness, a sort of vulgarity, observable about even the highest type of moral goodness attainable without it. It is not too much to say that the man who lacks it "has lost the finest part of his nature," and it is hard to believe that any intellectual or political progress, which deserves the name, can necessarily entail so terrible a sacrifice. That a monarchical is better suited than a republican *régime* to foster the sentiment of loyalty may be perfectly true, and so far as it is true, affords an argument in favor of monarchy; indeed this is, we suppose, the truth underlying Dr. Johnson's well-known dictum that "the Devil was the first Whig." Nor can there be any doubt that to ordinary minds the enlargement of scientific discovery does tend, at least while it is in actual progress, to deprive natural phenomena of their moral significance, and thus to lessen religious reverence. And the marvellous rapidity of this scientific movement during the last half century, as compared with any previous period of the world's history, has given to that tendency a disproportionate and perhaps only temporary force. Yet, after all, the principle of religious veneration is no more involved in these recent discoveries than in the first suggestion of the antipodes, so startling to mediæval orthodoxy, or in the revelations of Galileo. Wordsworth speaks of religion as the "mother of form and fear, Dread arbitress of *mutable* respect," and the reverence she inspires need be none the less real though its expression may inevitably be varied from time to time. That sense of dependence and craving for a something higher than self to look up to and rest upon, which exists in

germ in all but the most debased natures, while it is very differently developed according to character and circumstances, will not suffer itself to be defrauded of its proper satisfaction by the dominance of the ballot-box or the dissecting-knife. And if it be objected that the men of our own time, to whom we should instinctively point as typical examples of this romantic or reverential mind—men such as the late John Keble—belonged to a past or passing generation, and were out of sympathy with the spirit of the age, it is obvious to reply that this is only very partially true. Not a week has passed since a favorite pupil, and lifelong and trusted friend of Mr. Keble, was committed to the grave, who shared to the full, if any one did, his devout and reverential temper; yet the late Sir William Heathcote was at the same time, as Lord Carnarvon described him in the *Times*, the pattern of an English country gentleman and chairman of Quarter Sessions, a shrewd man of business and politician, and in the best sense of the word, a thorough man of the world. We might indeed point to the case of Arnold himself, who was suspected and denounced in his lifetime as an extreme partisan of revolutionary liberalism both in Church and State, but who nevertheless passionately protested, as we have seen, against the irreverent or "pococurantist" temper of the day, in which he detected a grave moral danger. And this strength of feeling on his part is the more remarkable, because he was an ardent reformer, and reverence is not usually the special attribute of reformers, as Mr. Hurrell Froude noted, when he roused the fierce indignation of

all good Protestants by dubbing Bishop Jewell an "irreverent Dissenter." Carlyle, on the other hand, however small his respect for much of the "moonshine" held in high reverence by many of his devoutest contemporaries, would have deprecated with genuine horror the charge of irreverence. He considered himself indeed the special witness and prophet of the opposite virtue to a shallow and profane generation, though it must be allowed that he was not always happy in the particular objects he singled out to present for their veneration. And if *nil admirari* be the foundation of diabolical ethics, it may be allowed that to give honor to whom honor is not due is only less injurious to the character than to refuse to honor any but ourselves. The real danger of an age like the present, where many ancient forms of reverence seem to have become obsolete, is perhaps not so much that the value of veneration will be forgotten as that it will be misinterpreted. Goodness alone, whether human or divine, has a paramount claim on our homage, but it is quite possible, not merely to admire or covet, but to reverence power, knowledge, wealth, success, nay even successful villany. To worship a false ideal is sometimes worse, is at best only somewhat better, than worshipping none at all. And such is the instinctive craving of human nature for some actual object of veneration that the frivolous scorn or insouciance which refuses it all legitimate scope will usually be found cowering at last in the witch's cave or cringing before the golden calf.—*Saturday Review*.

THE SEED-TIME OF HEALTH.*

BY BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., PRESIDENT OF THE BRIGHTON HEALTH CONGRESS.

IN the depths of the night, in a climate where night is short; in the midst of that short interval, when even the gods are supposed to rest; when the sun-god himself has withdrawn from the

earth, and the sun sees not the deeds of men and women of the earth, in solemn silence, bring something forth from home.

If they should speak there would flow from the lips of those people a language so beautiful, so perfect, so expressive, that though the listening ear were foreign to it and understood it not, it would

* Inaugural Address delivered before the Health Congress at Brighton on December 13th, 1881.

be held listening. But there is not a sound.

If these people could be seen in their fair stature and build of body, draped in their loose garments, the eye, like the ear, would be vanquished. Such incomparable beauty ! Should a sculptor want a model for a work he would leave for all time, he would find it in them : should a painter want a face for his perfected art, he would find it in them ; should a poet want the theme for a song on living beauty, he would find his inspiration in them ; should a physician want a text for a discourse on the types of health and sanity, he would find it in those types of beauty.

In those faces, which actually live to this hour in marble more precious than gold, there would be seen, if they were unveiled from this awful stillness and darkness of the night, two living passions engraved in life through expression of the soul, resigned grief and sublime fear. What has happened can never be recalled, and grief, therefore, is chastened by reason : but what has happened is so unnatural, so wrong, that reason, in its turn, is sublimed to fear. It is so terrible, none must look on it : if the sun-god, source of light and life, should see it, he might hide his face and punish all the races of mankind.

Well may there sit on every face the chaste beauty of resignation and sublimity of fear !

What can have happened ?

There is something that is being carried tenderly, awfully ! It is a casket small and light. It might be a cradle or a cot supporting some object of tender solicitude. A child ! yes, a child in all its childish wealth, its golden tresses on its pillow, its features divinely fair and spiritual, its limbs the ideal of grace. Surely in the dead of this night it sleeps, and they are taking it to some golden coast, where in the morning it will greet the sun, lave in the azure sea, listen to the shell picked up by the shore for the mysterious music, and bask in pleasure.

Alas ! no. As the earth is now dead and silent, its soul of sun withdrawn, so is the soul of that human lovely form ; and as the earth is proceeding to enter once more the eternal fire that at once animates it and destroys it, so this child of earth is being carried to the pyre.

Beyond expression terrible this event, that they, the bearers and followers, should be so ignorant as to let such beaming beauty die. Had it lived its course, played its mortal part, and like the ripe grain fallen fairly under the sickle of the immortal reaper, then, though a thousand suns had shone, the event had been natural, honorable. Then this ceremonial had been public as the day. Tears might have moistened the eyes of the lookers on, but there would be no shame ; the deeds of the dead might be themes of honor, or fame, or joy, but shame, no trace of it. The shame is now ; the shame that must be hidden in darkness of darkness, as a crime against knowledge, and love, and family, and country, and time ! the shame that life in its earliest dawn should be let go, and run no Olympian game, and sing no song, and tell no history, and plant no work of art, and hold no standard, and fulfil no task of duty ! They veil themselves from the truth that they may awake as from a deathly dream. Let them pass from us also as a dream.

Yet the dream is true, for I have embodied in these sentences an idea of mankind in that period of human history when, as by a miracle, the human soul burst into the flame which to this day is our great source of intellectual light ; the flame that in its own home went out, but from which, while it burned, all the world lighted a torch and carried it away. While the sculptor of to-day still strikes a light from the dead of that period of intellectual glory, from the very marble into which its fervid life was infused for ever, let us who deal with actual life strike a light from the sentiment regarding the young who fell as they were rising from the drowsy torpor of infancy into the waking dreams of adolescence, instead of passing in natural course, through manhood or womanhood, towards maturity, towards drowsy decline.

These wise people knew that life ought to be a perpetual feast. They not only knew the fact, they acted up to it. They were equally well aware that a long and perfect life could alone be attained by perfection of life at its opening, in the seed-time of health. To die at that time was therefore an offence against natural rule, against reason, against sen-

timent. The knowledge of such an event was death to the brain, death to the heart. In this seed-time of health the life was to be made, the life that was in truth to be a life worth living. Animals beneath men, that are worthy of going through their appointed time, and of being made both useful and beautiful, must have their seed-time of health. Shall their human masters be less cared for? If the masters are to be mere slaves, yes; and then it were a pity and a danger: for they who have no respect for life and beauty, who drag through existence and grow weary of it, are to be trusted neither with life, beauty, nor fame.

In the history of great truths derived from the Hellenic wise times, there is not one truth so great as this, and not one so completely missed. It is the secret that was lost. In our day we have lost it so severely that it might never have been in existence for aught we seem to care. The key to all we would have, the key to the gates of health and happiness, has been lost as if it had never been found.

In point of health our children in these times, proud as we are of these times, are our reproach. Where is there a healthy child? I have never seen one. I might search through the length and breadth of the island, I could not find one. You may put before me a child in all its innocence. It has done no wrong that it should suffer; it may show to the unskilled mind no trace of disease; and yet I know that if I or any skilled observer were to look into the history of the life in question it cannot be found intrinsically sound. It will have to battle with future dangers sufficient for the soundest to meet; but it is not itself free from dangers other than those that are prospective and avoidable. It is sure to have some inherited failure, and too likely some that will help to increase the independent risks that lie before it.

So our children under five years are expected to die in what may almost be called a definite proportion. He is a fortunate man who, having four children born to him, retains three alive. Later on, for a short time, the danger is reduced; with adolescence it recurs. Again it retreats, but with such failure

all along the line, that one-third of the allotted life, the life that would be were it planted in sound health, is only attained.

And for this we have no shame. The sun, the moon, and all the stars may witness our miseries, and we may grieve but we have no shame. There is an assembly of learned men which I sometimes visit, an assembly of earnest men who are bent on understanding to the full these human failures from health. These men spare no pains, and to gain a spark of light will labor like miners in a mine. When last I visited them a puny feeble spark of life was in their presence undergoing their searching yet kindly scrutiny. Except that it cried a little and laughed a little in changing mood, this spark of life might have been considered a pathological specimen, and in truth it was discussed as such. No one there had a thought of that small life developing into wholesome life and passing through its natural term; not one was there who did not know that the chances of bare life were impossible, and that nothing could be done to save it. The intent was to study the pathology, and fix that by name. They said, when their technical language was translated, this child is suffering from the error, some would say the sin, of its parents. How deep did this error go? In what strange forms did it appear? How singular that the nervous system, once impressed with the poison of that error, should impress another nervous system, and so modify the nutrition of the organism to which it belonged as to cause false nutrition of internal organs and of the very bones themselves! In a whisper one of the learned expressed to another one the pity "that such a specimen of humanity should ever have been born, to breathe and take notice, and smile, and cry, and love, and suffer, and die, and we able to do nothing for it except hope for the relief that should end in the earliest death."

I belong to a committee which takes under its care another class of sad childhood. The members of this community pass before us deaf and mute. We try to give them the powers of intelligent converse by laborious and artificial means, and we do some good; but the train of sufferers passes by, and we know

that full half are mute from the undeveloped brain ; that they are practically lost to life. It is not that the one sense is lost, and thereby the means of expression by intelligible language ; it is not even that the nervous organization which ministers to intelligence is low : it is that these deficiencies are some of the outward signs of a general deterioration of body, and that there is scarcely a structure which the eye of science would recognize as moulded in health.

Passing from the sphere of general observation, from modified to destroyed vitality, I find more startling facts at hand. A short unpretending essay reached me not long ago in which the writer, who in his too great modesty conceals his name, epitomises the facts he has collected respecting the attainment of maturity in peoples of different nations. He tells us that of ten children born in Norway a little over seven reach their twentieth year ; that in England and in the United States of America somewhat less than seven reach that stage ; that in France only five reach it ; and in Ireland less than five. He tells us that in Norway out of ten thousand born rather more than one out of three reaches the age of seventy ; in England one out of four ; in the United States, if both sexes be computed, less than one out of four ; in France, less than one out of eight ; and in Ireland, less than one out of eleven. And, he adds this significant computation, based on what may be called the commercial view of the vital question. " In producing dead machinery the cost of all that is broken in the making is charged to the cost of that which is completed. If we estimate by this same rule the cost of rearing children to manhood, if we calculate up the number of years lived by those who fell, with the years of those who passed successfully to manhood, there would be found between the two extremes presented in Norway and Ireland—both, be it observed, unnatural—a loss of one hundred and twenty per cent greater in the first year of life, seventy-five per cent greater in the first four years of life, and one hundred and twenty per cent. greater in the years between the fifth and the twentieth, in Ireland than in Norway. In Norway the average length of life of the effective population

is thirty-nine and rather more than a half years ; in England, thirty-five and a half years ; in France, not quite thirty-three years ; and in Ireland, not quite twenty-nine years. Thus, again comparing the best with the worst of a scale of vitality in which both are bad, in Norway the proportion of the population that reaches twenty survives nearly forty years, or four-fifths of the effective period, to contribute to the wealth of the community ; while in Ireland the same proportion survives less than twenty-nine years, or considerably under three-fifths of the effective period."

When we are sitting in the family circle and are speaking of families that lie within our cognizance, we estimate in the most natural way the happiness of the families by the health they represent. We may thoughtlessly speak of other standards of measurement. We may for a moment dwell on the riches of the house ; on the luxuries that are to be seen in it ; on the influence which the owners of it might or do exercise in the social sphere, and such like sentiments. But, after all, these rest on health as the basis of the happiness. If one out of every two of the offspring of the favored house have died, if some who have not died are mute to the world or otherwise stricken, we soon fall into more thoughtful mood, and say that even this rich home is not a possible home for happy life. Pleasures there may be, happiness there cannot be.

How much worse the estimate of a family in which, together with the vital failures, there is the lack of all that is necessary to make the burthen of life endurable. The favored in health and means wonder, when they think of it, how such unfavored endure the life they live. In that sentiment no maudlin canker lies ; it is as hard and as free from poetry as a mathematical problem ; and for that reason a sentiment that, above every other, is persistently preserved.

What is true of family circles is equally true of nations. Rest, quiet of nations, repose for cultivation of refined arts and sciences, happiness derived from healthy and vigorous minds and intended for healthy, vigorous and wholesome purposes, there cannot be, when one in two of life can only reach matu-

rity with a survival of three-fifths of effective population. In such a national family there is persistent mourning. It sits for ever in gloom; the blinds of its home are always drawn. It broods, it attributes, as all heart-stricken mourners do, the loss it has sustained to every imaginable and unimaginable cause. It thinks with incoherency; speaks now with hysteric grief, then with hysteric rage, and acts the same. In a word, it follows natural law. State physicians tender their remedies for such families of nations and call themselves curers, as if that could be cured which is nature pursuing her merciless course towards her merciful dispensations, in correction of those who have outraged her.

I have named this discourse "The Seed-time of Health," and in the sentences foregone I have tried to strike a contrast, and thereby to give to sanitation a broader meaning as a practical science than is commonly connected with it as a system of details respecting ventilations, sewer traps, and the like.

I want to point to health as the all-in-all to man; the gate of health leading to the truly good in politics, art, science, letters—ay, and religion, not less than the least of everything. The strain of my argument is, that, unless we make the early life of our children a seed-time of health, unless we, from the root of life, so change the conditions which now exist, all our other measures are practically valueless.

At this moment we have not, as a nation, got this notion set in our minds in such a degree as even to accept it, basic as it is, as worthy of serious thought. We have no shame when our young fail and die. Grief we have, fond memories we have; but shame, none. We bury our young as if the act were natural, and erect memorials of it. We read obituaries of the young dead; we read the terrible obituaries of the Registrars-General; we discuss in Congresses like these the cost of young life; but the shame of the Greek touches us not. The knowledge of the troubles which flow from the lack of the shame reaches us not.

One bright Sunday morning I was in Dublin, in the Phoenix Park. A great crowd formed a vast ring, to the borders of which I made my way. A wrestling

match! Men of different counties wrestling in deathly earnest, the lookers-on intent to terror. On not a face in that multitude, barring the faces of some four or five cockneys, who had a car all to themselves, and grinned as foolishly as they chattered and chaffed, was there so much as a smile; the victors were approved, but not cheered. If this be sport, I felt, it is the strangest I ever knew since I read of Christian trying to be merry in the Castle of Giant Despair. In that same day I traversed the city to see authority armed to the teeth in utterly joyless open places. I visited an exhibition of pictures to experience the same sense of all-pervading oppression. I followed a crowd, and found myself one of another multitude going out of the city until we reached a place where the members of that multitude were burying their dead; and as they swept by, the train of young dead that was carried in the sight of the sun to sleep in that resting-place was to me as appalling as it was revealing. It was like lightning in persistent discharge. Peace, progress, content, happiness, with this discharge of fearful facts in view! A fable! "As is the earthy," says the priest, "such are they also that are earthy" and I knew that I had never understood the saying before.

It struck me for the first time as I witnessed this painful phenomenon, that with so much young death there could no more be health in the body politic than in the body corporeal. We sanitarians are, however, only bound to treat of that which belongs to our own labors, and acknowledging the perils incident to early life, and it may be even recognizing the shame of them, have before us the question of their prevention from its health side alone.

That we may approach this task with intelligence, let us for a short time glance at the nature of the perils which beset the springtide of human life, and the period bounded by maturity.

The perils are of four kinds:

1. Those that are inherited.
2. Those that are accidental.
3. Those that are inflicted.
4. Those that are acquired.

Inherited Perils.—Foremost among the perils to life, in all its stages, but especially in its early stages, are the in-

herited. We may safely say that no one is born free from taint of disease, and we may almost say with equal certainty, that there is no definable disease that does not admit of being called hereditary, unless it be accidentally produced. To what is known as specific disease, the disease of diseases ; to struma, or scrofula, and its ally, if not the same, tubercular affection ; to cancer ; to rheumatism and gout ; and to alcoholic degeneration, the grand perils of life are mainly due. These are the bases of so many diseases which bear different names ; these so modify diseases, which may in themselves be distinct, that if they were removed the dangers would be reduced to a minimum. These diseased conditions do not, however, exhaust the list of fatal common inheritance. On many occasions, for several years past, I have observed, and maintained the observation, that some diseases, which are to be noticed in a coming page, as communicable, infections, or contagious, are also classifiable under this head. I am satisfied that quinsy, diphtheria, scarlet fever, and even what is called drain fever, typhoid, are often of hereditary character. I have known a family in which four members have suffered from diphtheria, a parent having had the same affections, and probably a grand-parent. I have known a family in which five members have, at various periods, suffered from typhoid, a parent and a grand-parent having been subject to the same disease. I have known a family in which quinsy has been the marked family characteristic for four generations. These persons have been the sufferers from the diseases named, without any obvious contraction of the diseases, and without having any companions in their sufferings. They were, in fact, predisposed to produce the poisons of the diseases in their own bodies, as the cobra is to produce the poisonous secretion which in its case is a part of its natural organization.

Accidental Perils.—Next among the perils which beset the early life are the accidental dangers to which it is exposed. I do not mean by this the mere physical accidents, the troubles and blows to which childhood is subjected. Not these alone, but the more subtle accidents which are incurred through ex-

posure to vicissitudes of season, and to the influence of those particles of the communicable diseases, which, being introduced into the body, incubate there, and transform the secretions of the body into poisons like unto themselves. A long list of diseases incident to the spring-time of life is found in these two classes of causes of diseases, those due to the contagious particles numbering from twenty-five to thirty alone.

The grand mortality of the child-period is indeed due to the two classes of causes now under our consideration. From exposure to the vicissitudes of season comes foremost of all, that first step into so wide a universe of evil, the common cold, or catarrh. Upon that comes the continuous visitation which, extending to the pulmonary surface, causes bronchitis, croup, pneumonia, tubercular inflammation ; or, extending to the mucous surface of the intestine, causes irritation there, diarrhoea and choleraic affection. From exposure, again, to the poisons of the communicable diseases, there are produced the long and fatal calendars of diseases of shortest incubation, like cholera ; of short incubation, like scarlet fever, diphtheria, erysipelas, influenza, whooping-cough, and croup ; of medium incubation, like relapsing fever and cow-pox ; of long incubation, like small-pox, chicken-pox, measles, German measles, typhus, typhoid, mumps, and malarial fever ; and of longest incubation, like hydrophobia. The returns of the Registrar-General will show, weekly, how in persistent procession these diseases march through the land.

Inflicted Perils.—Third among the perils incident to the early life are those inflicted by reason of ignorance, or false knowledge and practice, or hard necessity, or all combined. These perils begin with the earliest days of infancy and continue onward. The tight swathing band in which the helpless infant is enrolled, as if it were an Egyptian mummy ; the frequent error that is made in depriving it of its natural food, its mother's milk, and in substituting for that true standard of food, foods having no proper arrangement or proper assimilable quality ; the too hasty introduction to it of foods in common use in adult life ; the not uncommon introduc-

tion even of stimulants to these young ; the imperfect feeding of the mother, and pampering her with stimulants when she undertakes the maternal duty of being nurse to her own child ; the poisonous method of giving soothing or narcotic quieteners to children ; the almost as injurious plan of taking up children from their gentle life-giving sleeps and exposing them to shocks, surprises, and excitements, that are injurious to every function of nutrition and of mental repose ; the confinement of the child in close rooms, away from the fresh midday air ; the evil plan of taking it out in the night air and into crowds and noisy places, like the railway station or busy thoroughfare ; the worse plan still, of scolding, frightening, and even slapping, the helpless thing, and thereby implanting in it a nervous irritable nature which it will never lose. These are the truly crying evils, which in earliest, dreamiest, and most eventful days and months of human life, plant, imperceptibly, their accursed stings into every day of life that is to follow. If young animals of lower life, that are to be bought and sold and made gross profit upon, were to be subjected to the same penalties, there would be such discomfiture in the selling of them that the reform of the manner would soon be accepted by the most ignorant salesman. It was so in the time of the insane traffic in human flesh and blood. The child of the choice slave, intended ultimately for the market, was often better nurtured in its infancy than the child of the man who owned it, and became a better specimen of humanity.

These evils inflicted on childhood in its first estate are, moreover, followed later on by other evils not less reprehensible and by one worse than all, I mean the evil of endeavoring, during the time when all the nervous force the growing frame demands is barely sufficient to sustain the natural wants of nutrition, to tax that growing frame beyond the powers that belong to maturity, with competitive mental and physical labors. Both good in their way in moderate form, both necessary for health in moderate form, mental and physical labors are, in these days, made the bane of the nation. The false and useless efforts which crumple up the animal and spiritual natures, making distaste for all

labor an early disease, and blighting every flower of genius so soon as it begins to bud, is equal in falsity only with the conviction it engenders, that men and women are made but to learn up to the time of maturity, and that an education which is not what is called " finished " when the school or college is left behind, is an education that can never be made up in after life. I know nothing so deathly to mind and body as this anxiety, now all but national in its acceptance, to complete education within twenty-one years, when the fact really is that length of life, and length of happy life, depend on the continued cultivation of mental and physical existence beyond all else.

He who has ceased to learn begins to die.

Schools for boys and girls, do you say ? " Yes," I reply ; " and schools for men and women through every phase of life, if you would have them complete their career." That crystal brain of the young man, surcharged with more than it can bear, will discharge itself abruptly and remain an empty shell. But the crystal brain, always crystal, slowly charged and sedately assimilating, will retain its natural lucidity and power through every stage, and will animate to its natural termination the body to which it is the ministering spirit.

And still to this grand evil inflicted on youth, there is a supplemental evil which adds physical to mental scathing, viz., the commission of corporeal punishment on the helpless young, before they know why that is wrong for which they are punished, and often when no wise man or woman could detect any wrong in any part of the savage performance save the wrong done by the one who punishes. To me, as a physician, nothing is more tainted with iniquitous injury than that corporeal punishment of children which proceeds to teach what is believed to be wrong by the instant infliction of physical pain. To the punished and the punisher alike the system is as mischievous as it is barbarous. On the punished it brands hate, or servility, or palpitating fear. On the punisher it brands coward, tyrant, hasty adjudicator of rights and wrongs ; while it so perverts the judgment that he who would scorn himself if he struck a woman, will think the act right if a child be the object of his

infliction. In another century it will sound as the tones of inquisitorial suffering sound to this, that in our public schools, not masters merely, but masterful boys, should be trained, during the seed-time of health, to tunc, to strike with ashen rods, their younger, feebler fellows for faults or failings, or it may indeed be for virtues, which they themselves are not old enough to comprehend, nor wise enough to rectify, did they so much as comprehend.

Acquired Perils.—The perils acquired by the young themselves, acquired as a rule from imitation of the habits of their seniors, form a last part of the dangers incident to this seed-time. In boys, late hours, smoking, resort to the use of stimulants, indulgence in games of chance, and self-infliction of early worry, are special acts ruinous to the foundation of a long and healthy life. In girls, the passion for unhealthy systems of clothing; for compression of the too yielding chest in tight unyielding band and corset; the carelessness about clothing in cold weather; the desire to appear in late evening assembly; the recklessness about food and regularity of meals; the neglect of exercise, and the too frequent fondness of affectation in regard to good common-sense rules of manner and life, are, in their way, as mischievous as the errors committed by the juvenile male community, and in some respects lead more immediately to serious consequences.

We will not, however, dwell longer on this theme, for the faults that might be included in it, were it extended to its full length, would, after all, be found to be but the reflected faults of older humanity; faults irreparable until that older humanity shows the way to those improvements in this direction, and in other directions to which it is now necessary to invite your attention.

I can imagine easily enough that some who are listening to the multiplied evils incident to the seed-time will shrink in despair from all hope of amendment. The sense of necessity of youthful death will seem for a moment to excuse the sense of shame. I hear one, sighing, say: if this be by design, it is vain to meet it. I hear another say: if this be by no design, but by, as it were, an uni-

versal accident or fortuitous occurrence, it were hopeless to try to meet it. For my part, I am beset with no such doubts or fears. If I begin to think of design, the design I think of is poor mine; I am designing for the designer, and must come to grief. If I think of no design, I am merely building up something from the minds of those who conjure up design from their own designing. I therefore am content to feel assured that while there is design in regard to this mortal life of man, it is out of the range of my inadequate comprehension. I bow my head and say I do not know. And yet there are lines of thought resting on knowledge of natural facts in which the directions of the design of life are traceable; these are laid, first, in the observation of constantly recurring phenomena bearing on this subject; secondly, in the observation of those phenomena of sentiment or undemonstrated opinion which also bear upon the subject.

Touching, then, the actual recurring phenomena, we may, I think, discover from them most distinctly that the tendency of human life is always toward a more perfect condition; that the natural tendency is toward a more perfected life, and that when man himself does not, in ignorance or intention, do what is injurious to himself, natural law does not. Nature follows truly its own course, and gives us no help against ourselves; but the moment we see the right way she is with us in our efforts, and with giant power helps us on. We are not to natural law as so much inanimate matter; we stand above natural law as we stand above the brutes. As our divine Plato expresses it, "We are plants, not of earth, but of heaven; and from the same source whence the soul first arose, a divine nature, raising aloft our head and root, directs our whole corporeal frame."

Toward this same view our sentiments converge. We compare all that is desirable to all that is healthy, and the *summum bonum* of our wishes is the *summum bonum* of health. We cling to the idea of a persistent life even beyond death: a life encrowned with such health that to be sick and to die is impossible. We cling to the idea of such a life in unmeasured happiness; a life devoid of pain and sorrow, a perfected health.

We cling to the idea of such a life in realms of perpetual beauty : a life of the beautiful of beauties, health in its completed form and character.

Thus, in this instance, reason and sentiment are one, the surest proof of truth.

On the sentiment involved in the proposition I need not dwell : it thrills in every breast. On the reason I am bound to dwell, and if it be but in one instance, I should give proof of it. I will give one : a contrast of good and evil, of health and disease under human direction, and, I may say, under human control.

There were, some years ago, two communities existing at one time, and noted by an able observer. One community was at Montreux, a parish in the canton of the Vaud, in Switzerland, a parish of two thousand eight hundred and thirty-three souls. The pastor, M. Bridel, kept a life-history of his charge, and during a long series of years recorded births at the rate of one in forty-five, and deaths one in sixty-four annually, a death rate of 15.62 in the thousand. The other community was a Russo-Greek, existing at the same period of time. In this community the births were one in seventeen, the deaths one in twenty-five, or at the rate of forty in the thousand. In the Swiss parish one sixty-fourth died per year ; in the Russian, one twenty-fifth, or more than twice as many. In Montreux four-fifths of those born reached twenty years ; in the Russian class, six hundred and six out of one thousand perished ere they had attained their fifteenth year, the nuptial garments of the mothers becoming, as it was said, the shrouds of the first-born. In the Swiss community the march of life, seemingly slow, was toward health and an improving life ; in the Russian the march of life, seemingly so fruitful, if it had been calculated by the birth-rate alone, was the most fatal in Europe.

I would not, for my part, set up this Swiss parish as perfect—far from it : it was but half perfect. Still, the contrast is before us. Why did it exist ? The answer was clear. The Swiss success was due to simple forethought and the virtue of continence. Those civilized peasants of the Vaud conserved their health, their happiness, their life, by the

comparative slowness and circumspection with which their successive races were brought upon the scene of the world. Those uncivilized Russian-Greeks, reckless as to birth—not much more reckless than some English towns have been in our time—lost their health, their happiness, their life, by their mad growth of life. With them death was the shadow of birth ; and they had no shame. In our present day, in our best communities, though the reason for the shame is less than it was, yet still it was double, in the seed-time of health, what it ought to be or what it need to be. That the reason for it diminishes is proof enough that it may diminish more ; nay, may become refined to the delicacy of susceptibility of those who dared not let the sun behold their young dead.

How toward this perfection shall we wend our course ?

We have seen that in the seed-time of youth there are four influences at work, sustaining the perils that bring the cause of shame. It is by carefully and earnestly correcting these that our course shall be toward success and honorable vitality.

To those *inherited* perils of which I have spoken our minds must first be turned. Say you, the task of reducing them is difficult, delicate ? It is all that. But it is not insurmountable in a world that has commenced to throw off its animal impulses, and to reason, and to believe that "from the same source whence the soul first arose, a divine nature, raising aloft our head and root, directs our whole corporeal fame."

I know, and it is hopefulest knowledge, that I shall be listened to by thousands with attention and respect when I urge that in regard to their inherited perils, wise men and wise women will soon begin to think, even in relation to the marriage tie, before they of a certainty inflict those perils on the world. And with this hesitation such good will come as I dare not express. Let it be known that there are certain marriages which must lead to intermarriages of disease of body or mind ; let it be known that results of combinations of this kind are as inevitable toward premature death ; let it be known that results of combinations of this kind are as inevitable toward sickness and death

as combinations of health are inevitable toward health and long life, and we cannot but feel sure that no perversity of folly can long continue to produce through birth the most fatal types of all the fatalities. Let hereditary health be once recognized as an element of the marriage contract, and the health and life of the nation will receive a lease that shall double the value of one and the duration of the other. I speak on this point not from simple enthusiastic hope, but happily from knowledge singularly cheering. A short chapter of mine in "Diseases of Modern Life," entitled "The Intermarriage of Disease," has itself in the last six years been the means of checking many of what would have been most deplorable instances of these intermarriages.

While this reform lingers we have some direct means in our hands for lessening the extent of even propagated perils. The tendency of hereditary perils is toward removal when the influences which support them and nurture them are removed. By beginning early in life to place those who are born to peril in conditions for good life, it is astonishing how much can be practically done for them in their bad if not in their worst estate. Take as an example of this reforming service the Anerley Schools, where waifs and strays of society, born to all kinds of physical perils, are tended and trained in mental and physical arts. It is like a regeneration. The bloodless, the scrofulous, the rachitic, the rheumatic, predisposed by birth to these afflictions, burst out into such active life that the diatheses seem in abeyance. Nature, always pursuing her unchanging course, would go with a bad system, no doubt, and cure the world of those affected by sweeping them from it, if they were left to their fate. Happily she goes also with those who work to save, and, aiding them, cures the world by restoring to it its life and re-endowing it with health.

In this cause and course the school-master becomes the physician, and the more we have of this branch of the healing faculty the better for us all.

In the removal of the diseases by inheritance there are, then, two modes of treatment, the preventive and curative: preventive in wisdom of selection

of parentage; curative in training those whom no prevention has blessed, into the choicest conditions for health in the seed-time of health.

There is yet another removable cause of these perils which I dare not, though I touch it with lightest finger, omit. It is indicated on the chart of sin and shame in dark, black, pall-like blot. It is the physical crime which men and women commit when in the days of responsible life they acquire to themselves by intemperance and other terrible indulgences those inheritances of crime which pass to their children and proclaim their shame through them. If we could take the world, drowsy in ignorant lusts, and shake it into knowledge here, what crime and shame were saved in one generation, none can tell. I know the mass to be reformed is huge as the mightiest mountain, dense as lead. But faith and knowledge in steady action are all-potent even for overcoming of this present overwhelming difficulty.

The accidental perils which beset the young in the seed-time of health, and which we accept as evils which sanitarians are bound specially to combat; those serious perils which spring from the exposure of the body to the poisonous particles which produce diseases by contagion or infection, come next before us for removal. We call these perils contagious diseases; we call them plagues or pestilences; and in respect to them we have learned much that is accurate, and, I fear, much that is inaccurate. What is accurate is, however, the most important. We know the number of these diseases; we know that their number is limited, that it is confined to thirty at the most, and practically to little over half thirty. We know that the members of this class of diseases have different periods of incubation, that is to say, of period intervening between the reception of the poison and the development of the symptoms produced by the poison. We know that the symptoms of the diseases, once developed, run a regular course. We know that some persons are more susceptible to them than others. We know that, to a certain extent, one attack of suffering from many of the diseases is a cause of exemption from a future attack. We know that the diseases assume an epidemic or spreading character, and that

each of them has its season in which its spread is so remarkable that its general course may be charted or outlined as connected with the time of weeks or months or years. And if, regarding the nature of the poisons which produce the diseases we knew least and are most divided, we have, at all events, this precious knowledge, that the poisons themselves are removable and destructible, so that they lie within the range of human control.

What is more, we have the clearest demonstration that while the poisons of these diseases can be generated, cultivated, and disseminated, when the conditions for such generation, cultivation, and dissemination are present, they can also be prevented to such an extent that places which were their favored homes can be made the places in which they cannot live.

When you enter a court of justice, to this day in some old country assize town, you see lying before my Lord Judge a bunch of rue. My Lord himself may not know what that bunch of rue means, and the man who cuts it and lays it out will give you, if you ask him, the strangest version of the ceremony. Some will rue the day when my Lord Judge comes down to try. That is true, many will rue the day; but the meaning is not there. That bunch of rue was once, not very long ago, the supposed antiseptic or purifier which interposed between my Lord Judge's nose and the fever-stricken prisoners at the bar before him. Once, not very long ago, the jails from whence those prisoners were brought were the centres of the great pestilent disease, typhus. The men, stived up in those horrid dens, fed with air charged with their own emanations, and fed with food on which they starved, generated the contagion of disease. They were the cobras of society, secreting a poison worse than the cobra's, a poison volatile, subtle, deadly, that would diffuse into the air, and not spare my Lord himself if he came within the sphere of its influence. The jails then were the foci of fever. But a change took place. Howard, who was as good a sanitarian as he was a philanthropist, and whose rules for the construction of sick hospitals remain model rules to this hour, proclaimed his mission. The jails began

to improve; one improvement of a sanitary kind followed upon another improvement; the results began to arrest attention, and the good that was being done increased and increased with every year. And now, what think you is the triumph? The triumphant result is that in the jails, the foci once of disease of the spreading kind and of worst types, spreading diseases cannot practically exist at all. We might lay roses before my Lord to-day instead of rue, or lay the rue on the dock instead of the bench, for the prisoner, in matter of risk from contagion, is actually safer than his judge.

I cannot overstate this lesson. If the homes of those who live in the seed-time of health; if the nursery, the school-room, the school dormitory, the playground, were only kept in the same state of physical purity as the model prison, the perils from the accidental diseases caused by infectious particles of diseases were soon removed, and the *immortelles* we see on the little graves so thickly laid in cemetery and churchyard were as little called for as the rue on my Lord's dais.

To you who are interested in the events that occur in the seed-time of health I press this lesson. I press it because of the truth it conveys, the plain, the practical truth, that the simplest means are all that are demanded for the removal of the most fatal of human foes. You are masters and mistresses yourselves of the position. Those shame-faced mourners, who would not let the sun see their faults and sorrows, were not so much masters of the position, perchance, as you are; had not the dearly-bought experience that has been incurred for you. Shall you be less shamed than they when death from accidental causes which you could so largely control comes to your door or enters your domicile? Again I press this lesson, and there is need of it again, for yet another reason. Science, in the main most useful, but sometimes proud, wild, and erratic, is lately proposing a desperate device founded on an hypothesis clever and specious, but not yet gilded with wisdom or proof, for the prevention of these infectious perils. She proposes to prevent one peril by setting up another. She would inoculate new diseases into our old stock in the antici-

pation that thereby the new diseases will put out the old. This may be called homœopathy on the grand scale ; and if it goes on we may soon see the ranks of sanitarians divided into two ranks, as we see in medicine the regular and the homœopathic practitioners. I pray you be not led away by this new conceit of prevention. In infinitesimals, the homœopathic principle may be harmless enough, and on the old adage,

Our doctor is a man of skill ;
If he does you no harm, he will do you no ill—

it may sometimes seem to compare favorably with heroic methods of cure. But homœopathy on this grand scale—this manufacture of spic-and-span new diseases in our human, bovine, equine, and canine, perhaps feline species—is too much to bear the thought of, when we know that perfect purity of life is all-sufficient to remove what exists, without invoking what now is not. I doubt, indeed, whether it were not better to continue in our present imperfect state than venture to make new additions of prophylactic maladies ; and content, with Hamlet's sage advice,

Rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.

By a few rules, in short, which all prudent and wise people may carry out in their own homes, the accidental perils of the seed-time may be kept from the homestead as easily as from the prison-house. Let every man and wife be their own sanitarians and make their house a centre of sanitation. Let in the sun ; keep out the damp ; separate the house from the earth beneath ; connect the house with the air above ; once, nay twice, a year hold the Jewish Passover, and allow no leaven of disease to remain in any corner or crevice ; let the house cleanse itself of all impurities as they are produced ; eat no unclean thing ; come back to the first-fruits of the earth for food ; drink no impure drink ; wear no impure clothing ; do no impure act ; and all the good that science can render you is at your absolute command.

The perils incident to the seed-time of health which I have called *inflicted*, come before us as altogether removable. To remove them skill even is not demanded ; nothing is demanded but common

human nature and common human sense. That every mother should nurse her own child ; that in the early days of life, before the consciousness is naturally developed, the blessed sleep of infancy should be allowed its natural course ; that the senses should not be oppressed until they are duly developed ; that the quickly breathing lungs should be fed with fresh air ; that the yet feeble digestive organs should be supplied with simple food ; that the growing body should be clothed in warm and loose garments ; these, surely, are practices the simplest people can carry out, practices easier than most which now prevail. Again, that gentleness should be the law of treatment to the young, and that the mind should be taught to know before the body is taught to suffer, that surely is a practice which all can carry out ; a practice which both for learner and teacher is easier and better than many which now prevail. Once more, that the growing bodies of our youth of both sexes should be permitted to enjoy the full force of the growing power allotted to them ; that such power should be permitted to play its part for their nutrition, so that the body may be endowed with its full maturity ; that, surely, is a practice of letting nature have her free course—in other words, of letting well alone—which all can follow much more easily than most practices that now prevail. Lastly, that the growing mind should be permitted its free and natural course to grow and grow throughout the whole term of its earthly life, and not be killed in its early career by the insane pressure of labors it is utterly unable to bear, or to apply if it could bear them ; that, surely, is a practice simplest of all, most natural of all, and most certain for the promotion of intellectual and social advancement.

The fourth series of perils incident to the seed-time of health—those which I have designated the *induced*, are, like the last, entirely under human command. For them to be removed, however, a reform beginning with those who have passed the seed-time is the absolute necessity. These perils must cease, and can only cease, by the process of the younger learning what is right from the examples of older and the wiser crea-

tions of humanity. While middle-aged and old men and women indulge in low and injurious luxuries and pleasures, which inevitably shorten and embitter existence ; while these revel in intemperance, and break every sanitary law in the Decalogue and out of it, it cannot be expected that imitative youth will do less than follow in their staggering and bewildering footsteps. What now is wanted is the ideal of a new nobility. In the wild-boar days of human existence, in days when men, hardly emancipated from lower forms of life, crept out of their caves, their huts, their walled prisons, to see their nobler species go forth to exercise those rude arts of fighting, hunting, revelling, which formed the whole art of civilization, there was a nobility which deserved the name, the representative of necessity. But now, when these arts have degenerated into mere childish imitations, mere apedoms of the great past, they are but injurious pretensions for nobility of soul and body. Once noble according to the spirit of their day, they are in this day ignoble. Gamblings and struggles for money, false fame, false hopes, false health, they kill the older, cripple the younger, pervert all. I say nothing but what is good of physical exercise ; I would that every school were a gymnasium ; I would that every man and woman could ride well, walk well, and skilfully exercise every sense and every limb. I urge only that this example be set, that all exercises, whether of body or mind, be carried out in purest habitude and in accordance with the enlightening progress of the age.

Approaching now the close of my discourse, I find two applications of thought with which briefly to trouble you ; one general, the other local, and connected with this passing hour. I have tried to bring before you the seed-time of health, the time when this humanity of ours, in body, mind, and spirit, is learning either to live well or live ill, to live long or to live short, according to its life in the seed-time. I have shown how bad is the seed-time, how pressing the shame of it and how shameless nevertheless. I have tried to show what are the elements of reform which in that seed-time are required. In general expression of thought I would, respectfully as ear-

nestly, ask those who rule and govern us to look at this period of life as it is ; to make it their test object of good or bad government ; to assure themselves that when the death roll of this period of life reports itself filling, filled, the government is bad, happiness out of the question ; peace, order, national greatness all impossible ; that when the death-roll of this period is emptying, is emptied, all is well ; that life then promises to run its completed course, and peace, concord, and prosperity to accompany the health that is ensured.

But to you, Brightonians, I address myself specially. It may easily be your fate, if you will it so to be, to have less cause for shame than even those shrinking mourners of whom I drew a picture in my opening lines. You, planted by the silver sea, have now, in spite of yourselves, a health you do not of yourselves deserve. You, whose coats the breeze of the sea brushes, whose homes it of its own wild will cleanses, you are made for the work of tending those who are living in the seed-time of health. That specifically, in so far as your resources permit, is your great mission. You have called us sanitarians here to speak the truth that is in us. Let our meeting be useful, and the date from whence you move until the shame of mortal events the sun should never witness be felt whenever they occur. You have before you opportunities almost without parallel. You have Nature with you in all her freshness, expanse, and beauty. Learn her ways from herself. Embarrassed by no traditions of antiquarian treasures, you can pull down and rebuild as freely as you can build anew. You are already a school-ground of schools : let that be your abiding tradition, and make your town, in which the ideal of a model city was announced, be the model Hygeiopolis itself, the Commonwealth of the Commonwealth. Then your sons, proud of their ancestry, shall realize even here, that " as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly ;" and approaching the Infinite Spirit, from whom all proceed and to whom all return, shall declare, not in words merely but in very deeds, that perfected consummation of sanitary principle : " Thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven."—*Fraser's Magazine.*

NOTE ON THE CHARACTER OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

AMONG the various points of view taken in time past and present by students of a subject which must surely have lost its interest long since if that interest were less than inexhaustible, I have always missed, and wondered at the general oversight which appears to ignore it, one which would most naturally seem to present itself for candid and rational consideration by either party to the argument. Every shade of possible opinion on the matter has found in its various champions every possible gradation of ability in debate. And the universal result, as it appears to an outsider—to a student of history unconscious alike of prejudice and of prepossession—is that they who came to curse the memory of Mary Stuart have blessed it as with the blessing of a Balaam, and they who came to bless it, with tribute of panegyric or with testimony in defence, have inevitably and invariably cursed it altogether. To vindicate her from the imputations of her vindicators would be the truest service that could now be done by the most loyal devotion to her name and fame.

A more thorough, more earnest, and on the whole a more able apology for any disputed or debatable character in all the range of history it would indeed be hard to find than that which has been attempted by Mr. Hosack in his two copious and laborious volumes on "Mary Queen of Scots and her Accusers." Every point of vantage throughout the intricacies of irreconcilable evidence is clearly seen, is swiftly seized, is manfully defended. And the ultimate outcome of all is the presentation of a figure beside which, I do not say the Mary Stuart of Mr. Froude, but the Mary Stuart of George Buchanan, is an acceptable and respectable type of royal womanhood—a pardonable if not admirable example of human character. Many bitter and terrible things were said of that woman in her lifetime by many fierce and unscrupulous enemies of her person or her creed: many grave and crushing charges were alleged against her on plausible or improbable grounds

of impeachment or suspicion. But two things were never imputed to her by the most reckless ferocity of malice or of fear. No one ever dreamed of saying that Mary Queen of Scots was a fool. And no one ever dared to suggest that Mary Queen of Scots was a coward.

That there are fewer moral impossibilities than would readily be granted by the professional moralist, those students of human character who are not professional moralists may very readily admit. A very short and a very narrow experience will suffice to preserve a man—or for that matter a boy—of average intelligence from any sense of shocked astonishment when his expectation is confronted by "fears of the brave and follies of the wise," instances of mercy in the unmerciful or cruelty in the humane. But there is a limit to the uttermost range of such paradoxical possibilities. And that limit is reached and crossed, cleared at a leap and left far out of sight, by the theorist who demands our assent to such a theorem as this: That a woman whose intelligence was below the average level of imbecility, and whose courage was below the average level of a coward's, should have succeeded throughout the whole course of a singularly restless and adventurous career in imposing herself upon the judgment of every man and every woman with whom she ever came into any sort or kind of contact, as a person of the most brilliant abilities and the most dauntless daring. *Credat Catholicus*; for such faith must surely exceed the most credulous capacity of ancient Jew or modern Gentile.

But this is not all, or nearly all. Let us admit, though it be no small admission, that Mary Stuart, who certainly managed to pass herself off upon every one who came near her under any circumstances as the brightest and the bravest creature of her kind in any rank or any country of the world, was dastard enough to be cowed into a marriage which she was idiot enough to imagine could be less than irretrievable ruin to her last chance or honor of pros-

perity. The violence of Bothwell and the perfidy of her council imposed forth this miserable necessity on the credulous though reluctant victim of brute force on the one hand and treasonable fraud on the other. Persuaded by the request and convinced by the reasoning of those about her, Lucretia felt it nothing less than a duty to accept the hand of Tarquin yet reeking from the blood of Collatinus. The situation is worthy of one of Mr. Gilbert's incomparable ballads or burlesques; and her contemporaries, Catholic or Protestant, friend or foe, rival or ally, may be forgiven if they failed at once to grasp and realize it as a sufficiently plausible solution of all doubts and difficulties not otherwise as rationally explicable. Yet possibly it may not be impossible that an exceptionally stupid girl, reared from her babyhood in an atmosphere of artificially exceptional innocence, might play at once the active and the passive part assigned to Mary, before and after the execution of the plot against her husband's life, by the traducers who have undertaken her defence. But for this improbability to be possible it is obviously necessary to assume in this pitiable puppet an extent of ignorance to be equalled only, and scarcely, by the depth and density of her dullness. A woman utterly wanting in tact, intuition, perception of character or grasp of circumstance—a woman abnormally devoid of such native instinct and such acquired insight as would suffice to preserve all but the dullest of natures from ludicrous indiscretion and perilous indelicacy—might perhaps for lack of experience be betrayed into such a succession of mishaps as the training of an ideally rigid convent might have left it difficult or impossible for her fatuous innocence to foresee. But of the convent in which Mary Stuart had passed her novitiate the Lady Superior was Queen Catherine de Medici. The virgins who shared the vigils of her maidenhood or brightened the celebration of her nuptials were such as composed the Queen-Mother's famous "flying squadron" of high-born harlots, professionally employed in the task of making the worship of Venus Pandemos subserve the purposes of Catholic faith or polity, and occasionally, as on the Feast

of St. Bartholomew, exhilarated by such diversions as the jocose examination of naked and newly-murdered corpses with an eye to the satisfaction of a curiosity which the secular pen of a modern historian must decline to explain with the frankness of a clerical contemporary. The cloistral precinct which sheltered her girlhood from such knowledge of evil as might in after days have been of some protection to her guileless levity was the circuit of a court whose pursuits and recreations were divided between the alcoves of Sodom and the playground of Aceldama. What were the vices of the society described by Brantôme it is impossible, or at least it would be repulsive, to suggest by so much as a hint: but its virtues were homicide and adultery. Knox or Ascham would have given plainer and juster expression, in shorter terms of speech more purely English, to the fact that no man was honored who could not show blood on his hands, no woman admired who could not boast as loudly of the favors she had granted as her gallants of the favors they had received. It is but a slight matter to add that the girl who was reared from her very infancy in this atmosphere—in the atmosphere of a palace which it would be flattery to call a brothel or a slaughter-house—had for her mother a woman of the blood-stained house of Guise, and for her father the gaberlunzie-man or jolly beggar of numberless and nameless traditional adventures in promiscuous erotic intrigue. The question of family is of course very far from conclusive, though certainly it may help "to thicken other proofs that do demonstrate thinly." The calendar of saints includes a Borgia; or, to put it perhaps more forcibly, the house of Borgia contains a saint. And some writers—Landor among them, who had little love for the brood—have averred that the Bonaparte family did once produce an honest man and equitable ruler—Louis King of Holland, whose only son gave his life in vain for Italy. It would certainly have been no greater miracle than these, no more startling exception to the general rule, that the daughter of James V. and Mary of Guise should have been a blameless though imbecile creature, an innocent in the least flattering sense of the word, whose blood

was very snow-broth and whose brain a very feather. But mere innocence, as distinguished from the absolute idiocy which even her warmest admirers would hesitate to ascribe to her, will hardly suffice to explain her course of conduct in the most critical period of her life. A woman who could play the part assigned to Mary by the Whitakers, Stricklands, Aytouns, and Hosacks whose laudations have so cruelly libelled her, must have been either the veriest imbecile whose craven folly ever betrayed in every action an innate and irresponsible impotence of mind, or at least and at best a good girl of timid temper and weak intellect, who had been tenderly sheltered all her life from any possible knowledge or understanding of evil, from all apprehension as from all experience of wickedness and wrong. Now it is of course just barely possible that a girl might come innocent as Shakespeare's Marina even out of such a house of entertainment as that kept by the last princes of the race of Valois : but it is absolutely and glaringly impossible that she should come forth from it ignorant of evil. And it is not a jot less impossible that an innocent woman who was not animally idiotic or angelically ignorant, a drivelling craven or a thing enskied and sainted, the pitifullest or the purest, the most thick-witted or the most unspotted of her kind, could have borne herself as did Mary after the murder of her caitiff husband. Let us assume, though it is no small assumption, that all her enemies were liars and forgers. Let us imagine that except among her adherents there was not a man of any note in all Scotland who was not capable of treason as infamous as that of the English conspirators on her behalf against the life of Elizabeth and the commonwealth of their country. Let us suppose that a Buchanan, for example, was what Mr. Hosack has called him, "the prince of literary prostitutes :—" a rascal cowardly enough to put forth in print a foul and formless mass of undigested falsehood and rancorous ribaldry, and venal enough to traffic in the disgrace of his dishonorable name for a purpose as infamous as his act. Let us concede that a Maitland was cur enough to steal that name as a mask for the impudent malice of ingratitude. Let us allow that Murray may

have been the unscrupulous traitor and Elizabeth the malignant rival of Marian tradition. Let us admit that the truest solution of a complicated riddle may be that most ingenious theory advocated by Mr. Hosack, which addresses to Darnley instead of Bothwell the most passionate and pathetic of the Casket Letters, and cancels as incongruous forgeries all those which refuse to fit into this scheme of explanation. Let us grant that the forgers were at once as clumsy as Cloten and as ingenious as Iago. The fact remains no less obvious and obtrusive than before, that it is very much easier to blacken the fame of Mary's confederate enemies than to whitewash the reputation of Bothwell's royal wife. And what manner of whitewash is that which substitutes for the features of an erring but heroic woman those of a creature not above but beneath the human possibility of error or of sin ?

But if we reject as incredible the ideal of Prince Labanoff's loyal and single-hearted credulity, does it follow that we must accept the ideal of Mr. Froude's implacable and single-eyed animosity ? Was the mistress of Bothwell, the murderess of Darnley, the conspiratress against the throne and life of her kinswoman and hostess, by any necessary consequence the mere panther and serpent of his fascinating and magnificent study ? This seems to me no more certain a corollary than that because she went to the scaffold with a false front her severed head, at the age of forty-five, must have been that "of a grizzled, wrinkled old woman." By such flashes of fiery ostentations partisanship the brilliant and fervent advocate of the Tudors shows his hand, if I may say so without offence, a little too unconsciously and plainly. And his ultimate conclusion that "she was a bad woman, disguised in the livery of a martyr," (vol. 12, ch. 34) seems to me not much better supported by the sum of evidence producible on either side than the counter inference of his most pertinacious antagonist that "this illustrious victim of sectarian violence and barbarous statecraft will ever occupy the most prominent place in the annals of her sex" (Hosack, vol. 2, ch. 27). There are annals and annals, from the *Acta Santo-*

rum to the Newgate Calendar. In the former of these records Mr. Hosack, in the latter Mr. Froude, would inscribe—as I cannot but think, with equal unreason—the name of Mary Stuart.

“She was a bad woman,” says the ardent and energetic advocate on the devil’s side in this matter, because “she was leaving the world with a lie on her lips,” when with her last breath she protested her innocence of the charge on which she was condemned to death. But the God of her worship, the God in whom she trusted, the God on whom she had been taught to lean for support of her conscience, would no more have been offended at this than the God of Dahomey is offended by human sacrifice. Witness all the leading spirits among his servants, in that age if in no other, from pope to king and from king to cutthroat—from Gregory XIII. and Sextus V. to Philip II. and Charles IX., and from Philip II. and Charles IX. to Saulx-Tavannes and Maurevel. To their God and hers a lie was hardly less acceptable service than a murder; Blessed Judas was a servant only less commendable than Saint Cain. Nor, on the whole, would it appear that the lapse of time has brought any perceptible improvement to the moral character of this deity. The *coup d’état* of August 24th, 1572, was not an offering of sweeter savor in his expansive and insatiable nostrils than was the St. Bartholomew of December, 2d, 1851. From the same chair the vicar of the same God bestowed the same approving benediction on Florentine and on Corsican perjurer and murderer. And in a worshipper of this devine devil, in the ward of a Medici or a Bonaparte, it would be an inhuman absurdity to expect the presence or condemn the absence of what nothing far short of a miracle could have implanted—the sense of right and wrong, the distinction of good from evil, the preference of truth to falsehood. The heroine of Fotheringay was by no means a bad woman: she was a creature of the sixteenth century, a Catholic and a Queen. What is really remarkable is what is really admirable in her nature, and was ineradicable as surely as it was unteachable by royal training or by religious creed. I desire no better evidence in her favor

than may be gathered from the admissions of her sternest judge and bitterest enemy. “Throughout her life,” Mr. Froude allows, “she never lacked gratitude to those who had been true to her. —Never did any human creature meet death more bravely.” Except in the dialect of the pulpit, she is not a bad woman of whom so much at least must be said and cannot be denied. Had she been born the man that she fain would have been born, no historian surely would have refused her a right to a high place among other heroes and above other kings. All Mr. Froude’s vituperative terms cannot impair the nobility of the figure he presents to our unapproving admiration; all Mr. Hosack’s sympathetic phrases cannot exalt the poverty of the spirit he exposes for our unadmiring compassion. For however much we may admire the courage he ascribes to her at the last, we cannot remember with less than contemptuous pity the pusillanimous imbecility which on his showing had been the distinctive quality of her miserable life. According to her champion, a witness against her more pitiless than John Knox or Edmund Spenser, she had done nothing in her time of trial that an innocent woman would have done, and left nothing undone that an innocent woman would have studiously abstained from doing, if she had not been in the idiotic sense an innocent indeed. But it is in their respective presentations of the closing scene at Fotheringay that the incurable prepossession of view which is common to both advocates alike springs suddenly into sharpest illustration and relief. Mr. Froude cannot refrain from assuming, on grounds too slight for Macaulay to have accepted as sufficient for the damnation of a Jacobite, that on receipt of her death-warrant the Queen of Scots “was dreadfully agitated,” and “at last broke down altogether,” before the bearers of the sudden intelligence had left her. Now every line of the narrative preceding this imputation makes it more and more insuperably difficult to believe that in all her dauntless life Queen Mary can ever have been “dreadfully agitated,” except by anger and another passion at least as different from fear. But this exhibition of prepense partisanship is nothing to the grotesque nakedness

of Mr. Hosack's. At a first reading it is difficult for a reader to believe the evidence of his eyesight when he finds a historian who writes himself "barrister-at-law," and should surely have some inkling of the moral weight or worth of evidence as to character, deliberately asserting that in her dying appeal for revenge to the deadliest enemy of England and its queen, Mary, after studious enumeration of every man's name against whom she bore such resentment as she desired might survive her death, and strike them down with her dead hand by way of retributive sacrifice, "exhibited an unparalleled instance of feminine forbearance and generosity" (the sarcasm implied on womanhood is too savage for the most sweeping satire of a Thackeray or a Pope) "in omitting the name of Elizabeth." *O sancta simplicitas!* Who shall say after this that the practice of the legal profession is liable to poison the gushing springs of youth's ingenuous trustfulness and single-minded optimism?

An advocate naturally or professionally incapable of such guileless confidence and ingenuous self-betrayal is Father John Morris, "Priest of the Society of Jesus," and editor of "The Letter-books of Sir Amias Poulet, Keeper of Mary Queen of Scots:" a volume nothing less than invaluable as well as indispensable to all serious students of the subject in hand. Writers of genius and impetuosity such as Mr. Froude's and the late Canon Kingsley's lay themselves open at many points of minor importance to the decisive charge or the wary fence of an antagonist expert in the fine art of controversy: but their main or ultimate positions may prove none the less difficult to carry by the process of countermining or other sacerdotal tactics. Father Morris is not quite so hard on his client as Mr. Hosack: for by admitting something of what is undeniable in the charges of history against her he attenuates the effect and diminishes the prominence of his inevitable and obvious prepossessions; and though he suggests (p. 275) that "perhaps Mary was not quite 'the fiery woman' Mr. Froude imagines her to have been," he does not pretend to exhibit her as the watery things of tears and terrors held up to our compas-

sion by the relentless if unconscious animosity of the implacable counsel for her defence.

On one point (p. 143) the pleading of Father Morris must in no inconsiderable measure command the sympathy of all Englishmen who honestly love fair play, and that not only when it plays into their own hands. It is surely much more than high time, after the lapse of three centuries, that honest and generous men of different creeds and parties should be equally ready to do justice, if not to each other's God—since Gods are by necessity of nature irreconcilable and internecine—at least to the memories of their common countrymen, who played their part manfully in their day on either side with fair and loyal weapons of attack and defence. We regard with disgust and the horror of revolted conscience that vile and execrable doctrine which assures us in childhood that the glory of martyrdom depends on the martyr's orthodoxy of opinion, on the accuracy of his reckoning or the justice of his conjecture as to spiritual matters of duty or of faith, on the happiness of a guess or the soundness of an argument; but surely it profits us little to have cleared our conscience of such a creed if we remain incapable of doing justice to Jesuit and Calvinist, creedsman and atheist, alike. It profits us little if we are to involve in one ignominy with the unscrupulous and treasonous intrigues of Parsons and Garnet the blameless labors and the patient heroism of Edmund Campion. So far, then, Father Morris has a good card in hand, and plays it well and fairly, when he pleads, for example, against Mr. Froude's charges, and on behalf of his own famous Society, that "Gilbert Gifford had no 'Jesuit training,' and 'the Order' never had anything to do with him—but it is necessary to note that all through Mr. Froude's 'History' he habitually styles 'Jesuits' those who never had anything in the world to do with the society of which St. Ignatius Loyola was the founder." Gilbert Gifford was a traitor, and any man must be eager to avoid the disgrace of any connection, though never so remote or oblique, with a traitor's infamy. But I hope it may not be held incompatible with all respect for the

conscientious labors of Father Morris, and with all gratitude for help and obligation conferred by them, to remark with due deference that a champion of Jesuits against the malignant errors of calumnious misrepresentation would be wise to avoid all occasion given to heretical pravity for a scoff on the old scores of pious fraud or suggestion of falsehood. Exactly two hundred and five pages after this pathetic protest of conscious virtue and candid indignation against the inexcusable injustice of an anti-Catholic historian, this denouncer of Mr. Froude's unfair dealing and unfounded statements, "the parallel of which it would be difficult to find in any one claiming to occupy the judicial position of a historian," affords the following example of his own practical respect for historical justice and accuracy of statement.

"Not only," he says, with righteous disgust at such brutality, "not only would Poulet deprive Mary of Melville and du Préau, but, writing too from his own sick bed, he betrays his wish to remove the medical attendants also, though his prisoner was in chronic ill health."

The whole and sole ground for such an imputation is given, with inconsistent if not unwary frankness, on the very next page but one, in the text of Poulet's letter to Davison.

"The physician, apothecary, and the surgeon have been so often allowed to this lady by her Majesty's order, that I may not take upon me to displace them without special warrant, referring the same to your better consideration."*

It is scarcely by the display of such literary tactics as these that a Jesuit will succeed in putting to shame the credulity of unbelievers who may be so far misguided by heretical reliance on a groundless tradition as to attribute the practice of holy prevarication, and the doctrine of an end which sanctifies the most equivocal means of action or modes of argument, to the ingenuous and guile-

* "Who would have thought," says Father Morris, just seventy-four pages earlier, with a triumphant sneer at Mr. Froude's gratuitous inferences, "who would have thought that all this could have been drawn out of Poulet's postscript?" Who would have thought that the merest novice in controversy could have laid himself so heedlessly open to such instant and inevitable retort?

less children of Ignatius. For refutation of these inexplicable calumnies and explosion of this unaccountable error we must too evidently look elsewhere.

An elder luminary of the Roman Church, the most brilliant and impudent chronicler of courtly brothelry between the date of Petronius and the date of Grammont, has left on record that when news came to Paris of the execution of Fotheringay the general verdict passed by most of her old acquaintances on the Queen Dowager of France was that her death was a just if lamentable retribution for the death of Chastelard. The despatch of a disloyal husband by means of gunpowder was not, in the eyes of these Catholic moralists, an offence worth mention if set against the execution of a loyal lover, "even in her sight he loved so well." That the luckless young rhymester and swordsman had been Mary's favored lover—a circumstance which would of course have given no scandal whatever to the society in which they had grown up to years of indiscretion—can be neither affirmed nor denied on the authority of any positive and incontrovertible proof: and the value of such moral if not legal evidence as we possess depends mainly on the credit which we may be disposed to assign to the reported statement of Murray.* Knox, who will not generally be held capable of deliberate forgery and lying, has left an account of the affair which can hardly be regarded as a possible misrepresentation or perversion of fact, with some grain of discolored and distorted truth half latent in a heap of lies. Either the falsehood is absolute, or the conclusion is obvious.

The first sentences of his brief narrative may be set down as giving merely an austere and hostile summary of com-

* Mr. Hosack, with even unusual infelicity, observes (ii. 494) that "the insinuations regarding Chatelar (*sic*) to be found in Knox were circulated long after the event." According to the "chronological notes" of Mr. David Laing ("Works of John Knox," vol. i. p. 20), it is in 1566, just three years "after the event," that "he appears to have written the most considerable portion of his History of the Reformation; having commenced the work in 1559 or 1560." And whatever else may be chargeable against the memory of John Knox, this, I should imagine, is the first time that he has ever been held up to historic scorn as an insinuating antagonist.

mon rumors. That Chastelard "at that tyme passed all othis in credytt with the Quene;" that "in dansing of the Purpose, (so terme thei that danse, in the which man and woman talkis secreatlie—wyese men wold judge such fassionis more lyke to the bordell than to the comelynes of honest wemen,) in this danse the Quene chosed Chattelett, and Chattelett took the Quene," that "Chattelett had the best dress;" that "all this winter" (1563) "Chattelett was so familiare in the Quenis cabinett, ayre and laitt, that scarslye could any of the Nobilitie have access unto hir;" that "the Quene wold ly upoun Chattelettis shoulder, and sometymes prively she wold steall a kyss of his neck;" these are records which we may or may not pass by as mere court gossip retailed by the preacher, and to be taken with or without discount as the capable and equanimous reader shall think fit. We may presume however that the prophet-humorist did not append the following comment without sardonic intention. "And all this was honest yneuch; for it was the gentill entreatment of a stranger." The kernel of the matter lies in the few sentences following.

"But the familiaritie was so great, that upoun a nyght, he privelylie did convey him self under the Quenis bed; but being espyed, he was commanded away. But the bruyte arysing, the Quene called the Erle of Murray, and bustring forth in a womanlie affectioun, charged him, 'That as he loved hir, he should slay Chattelett, and let him never speak word.' The other, at the first, maid promesse so to do; but after calling to mynd the judgementis of God pronounced against the scheddaris of innocent bloode, and also that none should dye, without the testimonye of two or thre witnesses, returned and fell upoun his kneis befor the Quene, and said, 'Madam, I beseak your Grace, cause me not tack the bloode of this man upoun me. Your Grace has entreated him so familiarlie befor, that ye have offended all your Nobilitie; and now yf he shalbe secreatlie slane at your awin commandiment, what shall the world judge of it? I shall bring him to the presence of Justice, and let him suffer be law according to his deserving.' 'Oh,' said the Quene, 'ye will never let him speak?' 'I shall do,' said he,

'Madam, what in me lyeth to saiff your honour.' ("The History of the Reformation in Scotland, Book IV.:" "The Works of John Knox; collected and edited by David Laing" Vol. II., p. 368.) "Upon this hnt I spake," when in the last year of my life as an undergraduate I began my play of *Chastelard*: nor have I to accuse myself, then or since, of any voluntary infraction of recorded fact or any conscious violation of historical chronology, except—to the best of my recollection—in two instances: the date of Mary's second marriage, and the circumstances of her last interview with John Knox. I held it as allowable to anticipate by two years the event of Darnley's nuptials, or in other words to postpone for two years the event of Chastelard's execution, as to compile or condense into one dramatic scene the details of more than one conversation recorded by Knox between Mary and himself.

To accept the natural and unavoidable inference from the foregoing narrative, assuming of course that it is not to be dismissed on all counts as pure and simple falsehood, may seem equivalent to an admission that the worst view ever yet taken of Queen Mary's character is at least no worse than was undeniably deserved. And yet, without any straining of moral law or any indulgence in paradoxical casuistry, there is something if not much to be offered in her excuse. To spare the life of a suicidal young monomaniac who would not accept his dismissal with due submission to the inevitable and suppression of natural regret, would probably in her own eyes have been no less than ruin to her character under the changed circumstances and in the transformed atmosphere of her life. As, in extenuation of his perverse and insuppressible persistency in thrusting himself upon the compassion or endurance of a woman who possibly was weary of his homage, it may doubtless be alleged that Mary Stuart was hardly such a mistress as a man could be expected readily to resign, or perhaps, at Chastelard's age, to forego with much less reluctance than life itself; so likewise may it be pleaded on the other hand that the Queen of Scotland could not without at least equal unreason be expected to sacrifice her reputation and

imperil her security for the sake of a cast-off lover who could not see that it was his duty as a gentleman of good sense to submit himself and his passion to her pleasure and the force of circumstances. The act of Chastelard was the act of a rebel as surely as the conduct of Darnley three years later was the conduct of a traitor; and by all the laws then as yet unrepealed, by all precedents and rights of royalty, the life of the rebellious lover was scarce less unquestionably forfeit than the life of the traitorous consort. Nobody in those days had discovered the inestimable secret of being royalists or Christians by halves. At least, it was an unpromising time for any one who might attempt to anticipate this popular modern discovery.

It must be admitted that Queen Mary was generally and singularly unlucky in her practical assertion of prerogative. To every one of her royal descendants, with the possible exception of King Charles II., she transmitted this single incapacity by way of counterpoise to all the splendid and seductive gifts which she likewise bequeathed to not a few of their luckless line. They were a race of brilliant blunderers, with obtuse exceptions interspersed. To do the right thing at the wrong time, to fascinate many and satisfy none, to display every kind of faculty but the one which might happen to be wanted, was as fatally the sign of a Stuart as ever ferocity was of a Claudius or perjury of a Bonaparte. After the time of Queen Mary there were no more such men born into the race as her father and her half-brother. The habits of her son were as suggestive of debased Italian blood in the worst age of Italian debasement as the profitless and incurable cunning with which her grandson tricked his own head off his shoulders, the swarthy levity and epicurean cynicism of his elder son, or the bloody piety and sullen profligacy of his younger. The one apparently valid argument against the likelihood of their descent from Rizzio is that Darnley would undoubtedly seem to have pledged what he called his honor to the fact of his wife's infidelity. Toward that unhappy traitor her own conduct was not more merciless than just, nor more treacherous than necessary, if justice was at all to be done upon him. In the house of Medici or

in the house of Lorraine she could have found and cited at need in vindication of her strategy many far less excusable examples of guile as relentless and retaliation as implacable as that which lured or hunted a beardless Judas to his doom. If the manner in which justice was done upon him will hardly be justified by the most perverse and audacious lover of historical or moral paradox, yet neither can the most rigid upholder of moral law in whom rigor has not got the upper hand of reason deny that never was a lawless act committed with more excuse or more pretext for regarding it as lawful. To rid herself of a traitor and murderer who could not be got rid of by formal process of law was the object and the problem which the action of Darnley had inevitably set before his royal consort. That the object was attained and the problem solved with such inconceivable awkwardness and perfection of mismanagement is proof that no infusion of Guisian blood or training of Medicean education could turn the daughter of an old heroic northern line into a consummate and cold intriguer of the southern Catholic pattern. The contempt of Catherine for her daughter-in-law when news reached Paris of the crowning blunder at Kirk of Field must have been hardly expressible by human utterance. At her best and worst alike, it seems to my poor apprehension that Mary showed herself a diplomatist only by education and force of native ability brought to bear on a line of life and conduct most alien from her inborn impulse as a frank, passionate, generous, unscrupulous, courageous, and loyal woman, naturally self-willed and trained to be self-seeking, born and bred an imperial and royal creature, at once in the good and bad or natural and artificial sense of the words. In such a view I can detect no necessary incoherence; in such a character I can perceive no radical inconsistency. But "to assert," as Mr. Hosack says (ch. 27), "that any human being," neither a born idiot nor a spiritless dastard, "could have been guilty" of such utterly abject and despicable conduct as the calumnious advocates of her innocence find themselves compelled to impute to her, "is," as I have always thought and must always continue to think, "an absurdity which

refutes itself." The theory that an "unscrupulous oligarchy at length accomplished her ruin by forcing her"—of all things in the world—"to marry Bothwell," is simply and amply sufficient, if accepted, to deprive her of all claim on any higher interest or any nobler sympathy than may be excited by the sufferings of a beaten hound. Indeed, the most impossible monster of incongruous merits and demerits which can be found in the most chaotic and inconsequent work of Euripides or Fletcher is a credible and coherent production of consistent nature if compared with Mr. Hosack's heroine. Outside the range of the clerical and legal professions it should be difficult to find men of keen research and conscientious ability who can think that a woman of such working brain and burning heart as never faltered, never quailed, never rested till the end had come for them of

all things, could be glorified by degradation to the likeness of a brainless, heartless, sexless, and pusillanimous fool. Supposing she had taken part in the slaying of Darnley, there is every excuse for her; supposing she had not, there is none. Considered from any possible point of view, the tragic story of her life in Scotland admits but of one interpretation which is not incompatible with the impression she left on all friends and all foes alike. And this interpretation is simply that she hated Darnley with a passionate but justifiable hatred, and loved Bothwell with a passionate but pardonable love. For the rest of her career, I cannot but think that whatever was evil and ignoble in it was the work of education or of circumstances; whatever was good and noble, the gift of nature or of God.—*Fortnightly Review*.



PHOTOGRAPHIC CHRONICLES FROM CHILDHOOD TO AGE.

BY FRANCIS GALTON.

THE object of this memoir is to advocate the establishment of family chronicles, of which the most prominent feature shall be photographs of its various members, taken from time to time in the uniform manner about to be described.

The family Bibles of past generations served as registers of family events. Births, illnesses, marriages, and deaths were chronicled on their fly-leaves, and those ponderous books fulfilled an important function in this incidental way. But they are now becoming generally replaced by more handy volumes, and the family register is disappearing with the old family Bible. In the mean time photography has been discovered and has sprung into universal use, and the hereditary value of what are called "life histories" is becoming continually more appreciated. It seems, then, to be an appropriate time to advocate the establishment of a new form of family register that shall contain all those notices that were formerly entered in the family Bible, and much more besides, namely, a series of photographic studies of the features from childhood onward, together with facts that shall afford as complete a life-his-

tory as is consistent with brevity. But it is only to the photographic part of the register that I shall on the present occasion call attention. What is desired is something of this sort. In each substantial family we should find a thin quarto volume, solidly bound, having leaves of stout paper, on which photographs may be mounted. Each pair of opposite pages would be headed by the name of some member of the family. A double row of photographs would run down the side of each page, each about half as large again as a postage stamp, the one containing a medallion of the full face, and the other one of the profile. Opposite to each of these the events of the corresponding period would be chronicled. Every opening of the book would contain the photographs and events of about ten periods, five to each page, and would include from ten to twenty years of life history. This brief statement may suffice to give a general idea of what is aimed at; the particulars will now follow.

My experience during the last year in photography has been extensive and peculiar. With the view of testing the

scientific value of my method of "Composite Portraiture" on an adequate scale, I have, in conjunction with Dr. Mahomed, applied it to investigating the physiognomy of disease. My own medical knowledge was inadequate to justify the undertaking of such an inquiry by myself, but that knowledge was supplied by Dr. Mahomed, who also worked zealously with me in the photography. He has written a memoir on our joint results, illustrated by the Autotypes of 47 composites and of 113 individual portraits, which will be published in the "Guy's Hospital Reports" at about the same date as this number of the *Fortnightly*. I need not again describe what composite portraiture is, having already frequently done so, but may refer to the *Fortnightly Review* of 1881, p. 738, for a brief account, and to the *Photographic Journal* of last June for the fullest and latest particulars. My experience is therefore as follows: I have well considered and obtained much knowledge on—(1.) The conditions to be fulfilled in order that a series of portraits should be exactly comparable. (2.) The smallest size of a photograph suitable for physiognomical study. (3.) The special requirements for making such photographs expeditiously in large numbers. (4.) The cost. (5.) Auto-type reproduction.

In my process of composite portraiture the portraits must be strictly comparable; this necessitates their being taken in exactly the same aspect and in similar light. There are two, and only two, aspects that practically admit of strict definition. These are the perfect full face, looking straight in front of the camera, and the perfect profile (either right or left), also looking straight in front. They correspond to the elevation and side-view of a house, and give hard and accurate physiognomical facts in a patent, outspoken manner, in a way that enables each portrait in a series to be studied on precisely equal terms with all the rest.

I have not yet worked as much with profiles as I hope to do. They are more suitable than the full face for truthful photographic representations, because they are defined by outlines which do not vary in varied lights, while the features in the full face are defined by

shades which do. * It is impossible to compare satisfactorily two portraits taken from different aspects, and the different aspects are endless. I have searched in vain among hundreds of photographs such as one may buy, of statesmen, popular preachers, and professional beauties, for a sufficiency of faces taken in the same aspect and light to form good composites. I am therefore almost always obliged to use portraits specially photographed for me. What is unsuitable for a composite must be unsuitable for every other method of exact comparison. The newspaper *Punch* has begun, since I commenced writing this, to give pairs of portraits of various statesmen. One of each pair represents the statesman when he first entered public life, and the other is his likeness at the present time. They are rough copies of well-known pictures, and, without entering into *Punch's* reasons for inserting them, I would appeal to those portraits on the one hand in evidence of the interest of a succession of likenesses taken periodically of the same individual, and on the other hand in evidence of how much is lost by not taking them always in the same aspect. Of the pairs that have already appeared there is no one case in which two portraits that make the pair are strictly comparable.

I do not for a moment say that front and side views of the face are artistic, nor is to be supposed that they are capable of replacing artistic photographs. They are wanted in addition to them, not in substitution. They have a function of their own that cannot be dispensed with, in making a physiognomical study possible of the change of features as we advance in life. I may add that though they may be inartistic individually, they would afford materials for making pleasing composites by throwing the portraits taken at several successive periods into the same picture, the effect of which as is seen in all composites, would be to produce an idealised representation much more regular and handsome than any of the constituent portraits.

As regards the scale of these photographs it must not be too small. The faces in ordinary group portraits are too minute for the present purpose and are insufficiently sharp to bear enlargement.

The result of my experience has shown that a perfectly satisfactory portrait can be got on the half of an ordinary carte-de-visite or "quarter plate." Such a print may be trimmed down to a small rectangle including the head alone, the size of the rectangle so reduced being half as long again each way as a postage stamp. The best scale of reduction is, I think, one-seventh, so that the image of a rod 14 inches long placed by the sitter's chair would be 2 inches long on the focussing plate of the camera. In portraits on this scale, the vertical distance between the line of the pupils of the eyes and that passing between the lips is about four-tenths of an inch, or ten millimetres. Such representations admit of being enlarged on paper to life size, while still preserving their sharpness.

Next, as regards the practical part of the photography. It may be well that I should describe my own experience of the best way of taking them in large numbers, because it is applicable to schools and other large institutions, where I hope to see the practice of periodical photography introduced and methodized. I photographed about a hundred patients myself, Dr. Mahomed photographed others, and a professional photographer, Mr. Mackie, whose services I subsequently engaged, did several hundred more under our supervision. The photography took place, from time to time, at Guy's, at the Brompton Consumptive Hospital, and at the Victoria Park Hospital for Diseases of the Chest. Some of the patients were photographed in the wards, but the great majority were out-patients. There was an excellently lighted studio at Guy's, but at the two other hospitals we had to arrange matters out of doors, which Mr. Mackie did with much cleverness, by means of screens roughly put together, partly as a background, partly to control the lights. It was necessary that each portrait should carry its own means of identification, and this was effected by a label held in the sitter's hand, and photographed at the same time as himself. A standing inscription for the day was neatly written on the label, giving the place and date. When the print was trimmed for mounting, the part that contained the picture of the label was cut

off; until that was done no mistake in identification was possible. There was a special object in making the patients take hold of the label, namely, to get a photograph of his fingers, which are somewhat characteristically shaped in many cases of consumption. Had it not been for this, we should have laid a broad black batten of wood across two standing supports, just like a leaping bar, above the sitter's head, and should have chalked his name upon it. It is of importance in quick photography that the chair should be small; a wooden stool is best, with a high narrow back. Then the successive sitters occupy almost exactly the same place, and no head-rest is required. A somewhat different arrangement is wanted for profiles. My camera held a "quarter-plate" disposed cross-ways, and it had a repeating back, so that one portrait could be taken on one half of the plate and a second portrait in the other. I used the dry-plate process. When all was prepared and the patients were ready, the photographing proceeded with rapidity, a pause of a few minutes being now and then advisable to develop a plate and to satisfy one's self that the time of exposure was correct. Thirty patients have been photographed in a single hour, the plates being developed for the most part at home and at leisure.

The scale of the photographs was, as already mentioned, one-seventh of the original. The size of a quarter-plate is $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches by $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches, therefore the half of it available for each portrait is $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches by $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches, or, say, a clear 3 inches by 2 inches. It follows that the image of a frame of seven times that size, namely, of 21 inches by 14 inches, will be completely contained within the allotted space. A breadth of 2 inches along the top is required for the label, leaving a clear available space of 19 inches by 14 inches for the head and neck, which is even more than sufficient for the purpose.

The price for which my photographs were made was the same as that which had shortly before been the contract price for taking photographs of prisoners at Pentonville Prison. It was fifteen pence for each glass negative and three rough prints from it, and this included the whole cost of material. The difference

between my requirements and those at Pentonville were these. At Pentonville there was no delay; the prisoners were in readiness and taken successively without a pause; but the hospital patients were not always in readiness, and valuable time was lost. In compensation for this the photographic plates I used were only half as large as those at Pentonville, and therefore the cost of materials was less. I feel sure from all this that in any large institutions, such as schools, if a custom of taking periodical photographs should be established, the cost to each boy would be very small, and in no case ought to be large.

The results that I obtained are far superior to anything that could be got from group portraits. These cannot be in focus throughout, and every attempt to minimize this fault compels the use of a small aperture of lens, with the corresponding necessity of out-of-door illumination and long exposure. The several portraits in a group are never equally good. The waste of photographic space is serious, much the larger share of the prints being occupied by background and dresses, leaving but a small fraction for the faces, which are almost the only interesting part of them.

The Autotype process is a ready means of obtaining permanent prints of collections of portraits, whether of the individual himself at different periods of his life, or of himself and his contemporaries at any one period in it. The forthcoming publication in the "Guy's Hospital Report" is illustrated by four octavo pages crammed full of autotyped portraits of patients and of composites of them. The former are smaller than I should propose for photographic chronicles, having been made small in order to avoid the cost of printing many pages, which is heavy for a large edition, though moderate enough for a few copies. Other prints of a somewhat similar kind will be found in the "Proceedings of the Royal Institution," of 1879, in illustration of my lecture on "Generic Images." The cost of a single octavo page of autotype reproductions, with six proofs, is advertised at £1 2s.; or, if one hundred prints be ordered, the total cost is £1 17s. 6d. The only preparation necessary before ordering the autotype is to mount the prints on a card in

the way they are to appear, with any desired lettering. The card is then sent to the Autotype Company, who make a fac-simile of it or reduce it to the required scale, and they send back their reproductions printed on paper in printer's ink, and therefore secure from fading. I calculate that I can get glass negatives of twenty different prints, three prints from each, and twenty full-sized autotype reproductions of all the twenty on the same octavo page, for twenty times 2s. 6d. Half a crown would, at that rate, be the total cost to each of twenty persons for obtaining permanent memorials of himself and of his nineteen companions. If he wanted extra prints of the page, they would cost 4½d. each.

Everyone of us in his mature age would be glad of a series of pictures of himself from childhood onwards, arranged consecutively, with notes of the current events by their sides. Much more would he be glad of similar series of portraits of his father, mother, grandparents, and other near relations. To the young it would be peculiarly grateful to have likenesses of their parents and of the men whom they look upon as heroes taken at the time when they were of the same ages as themselves. Boys are too apt to look upon their seniors as having been always elderly men; it is because they have insufficient data to construct imaginary pictures of them as they were in their youth.

In America it is, I understand, a growing custom to keep manuscript books of family memorials, and even to print them for the private use of the family. I know hardly any instances of such registers in England; but there is, at all events, one sumptuous work of a similar kind, which is now in the possession of the Royal Society. It consists of two huge volumes filled with portraits, prints, newspaper-cuttings, and all kinds of illustrations bearing on the life of Dr. Priestly and on those of his neighbors and associates, which was compiled as a labor of love by the late Mr. Edmund Yates, and which is a unique work of its kind.

The sum of the statements and recommendations in these pages is to this effect. Obtain photographs periodically of yourselves and of your children, mak-

ing it a family custom to do so, because unless driven by some custom the act will be postponed until the opportunity is lost. Let those periodical photographs be full and side views of the face on an adequate scale, and add any others you like, but do not omit these. As the portraits accumulate have collections of them autotyped. Take possession of the original negatives, or have them stored in safe keeping, labelled, and easy to get at. They will not fade, and the time may come when they will be valuable for obtaining fresh prints or for enlargement. Keep the prints methodically in a family register, writing by their side all such chronicles as those that used to find a place on the fly-leaf of the family Bibles of past generations and much more besides. Into the full scope of that additional matter I do not propose now to enter. It is an interesting and important topic that requires detailed explanation, and it is better for the moment not to touch upon it. This, however, may be said, that those who care to initiate and carry on a family chronicle, illustrated by abundant photographic portraiture, will produce a work that they and their children, and their descendants in more remote generations,

will assuredly be grateful for. The family tie has a real as well as a sentimental significance. The world is beginning to perceive that the life of each individual is in some real sense a prolongation of those of his ancestry. His character, his vigor, and his disease are principally theirs; sometimes his faculties are blends of ancestral qualities, more frequently they are aggregates, veins of resemblance to one or other of them showing now here and now there. The life-histories of our relatives are, therefore, more instructive to us than those of strangers; they are especially able to forewarn and to encourage us, for they are prophetic of our own futures. If there be such a thing as a natural birthright, I can conceive of none greater than the right of each child to be informed, at first by proxy through his guardians, and afterward personally, of the life-history, medical and other, of his ancestry. The child is brought into the world without his having any voice at all in the matter, and the smallest amend that those who introduced him there can make, is to furnish him with that most serviceable of all information to him, the complete life-histories of his near progenitors.—*Fortnightly Review*.

WINTER: AN ELEGY.

J. LOGIE ROBERTSON.

I.

I LOOK from my lonely window
Over the snowy plain—
A hearse and a handful of mourners
Are creeping through the rain!
The flowers are dead and departed,
The memory of summer is gone,
Song from the lark, and the lark from heaven—
And the days drag on.

II.

My soul looks out from its grating,
And sees without a sigh
The funeral train of youthful hopes
Mournfully pass by!
Health, and the joy of existence,
And the faiths that wont to be,
And love, are dead and departing—
It's winter with me.

Blackwood's Magazine.

HOW I MARRIED HIM: THE CONFESSION OF A YOUNG LADY.

EDITED BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN I first saw him, he was lost in one of the Dead Cities of England—situated on the south coast, and called Sandwich.

Shall I describe Sandwich? I think not. Let us own the truth; descriptions of places, however nicely they may be written, are always more or less dull. Being a woman, I naturally hate dullness. Perhaps some description of Sandwich may drop out, as it were, from my report of our conversation when we first met as strangers in the street.

He began irritably. "I've lost myself," he said.

"Most strangers to the town do that," I remarked.

He went on: "Which is my way to the Fleur de Lys Inn?"

His way was, in the first place, to retrace his steps. Then to turn to the left. Then to go on until he found two streets meeting. Then to take the street on the right. Then to look out for the second turning on the left. Then to follow the turning until he smelt stables—and there was the inn. I put it in the clearest manner, and never stumbled over a word.

"How the devil am I to remember all that?" he said.

This was rude. We are, naturally and properly, indignant with any man who is rude to us. But whether we turn our backs on him in contempt, or whether we are merciful and give him a lesson in politeness, depends entirely on the man. He may be a bear, but he may also have his redeeming qualities. This man had redeeming qualities. I cannot positively say that he was either handsome or ugly, young or old, well or ill dressed. But I can speak with certainty to the personal attractions which recommended him to notice. For instance, the tone of his voice was rich and persuasive. (Did you ever read a story, written by one of us, in which we failed to dwell on our hero's voice?) Then, again, his hair was reasonably long. (Are you ac-

quainted with any woman who can endure a man with a cropped head?) Moreover, he was of a good height. (It must be a very tall woman who can feel favorably inclined toward a short man.) Lastly, although his eyes were not more than fairly presentable in form and color, the wretch had in some unaccountable manner become possessed of beautiful eyelashes. They were even better eyelashes than mine. I write quite seriously. There is one woman who is above the common weakness of vanity—and she holds the present pen.

So I gave my lost stranger a lesson in politeness. The lesson took the form of a trap. I asked if he would like me to show him the way to the inn. He was still annoyed at losing himself. As I anticipated, he bluntly answered, "Yes."

"When you were a boy, and you wanted something," I said, "did your mother teach you to say 'Please'?"

He positively blushed. "She did," he admitted; "and she taught me to say, 'Beg your pardon' when I was rude. I'll say it now: 'Beg your pardon.'"

This curious apology increased my belief in his redeeming qualities. I led the way to the inn. He followed me in silence. No woman who respects herself can endure silence when she is in the company of a man. I made him talk.

"Do you come to us from Ramsgate?" I began. He only nodded his head. "We don't think much of Ramsgate here," I went on. "Not even two hundred years old! and hasn't got a mayor and corporation!"

This point of view seemed to be new to him. He made no attempt to dispute it; he only looked round him, and said, "Sandwich is a melancholy place, miss." He was so rapidly improving in politeness, that I encouraged him by a smile. As a citizen of Sandwich, I may say that we take it as a compliment when we are told that our town is a melancholy place. And why not? Melancholy is connected with

dignity. And dignity is associated with age. And *we* are old. I teach my pupils logic, among other things—there is a specimen. Whatever may be said to the contrary, woman can reason. They can also wander; and I must admit that *I* am wandering. Did I mention, at starting, that I was a governess? If not, that allusion to “pupils” must have come in rather abruptly. Let me make my excuses, and return to my lost stranger.

“Is there any such thing as a straight street in all Sandwich?” he asked.

“Not one straight street in the whole town.”

“Any trade, miss?”

“As little as possible—and *that* is expiring.”

“A decayed place, in short?”

“Thoroughly decayed.”

My tone seemed to astonish him. “You speak as if you were proud of its being a decayed place,” he said.

I quite respected him; this was such an intelligent remark to make. We do enjoy our decay: it is our chief distinction. Progress and prosperity everywhere else; decay and dissolution here. As a necessary consequence, we produce our own impression, and we like to be original. The sea deserted us long ago: it once washed our walls, it is now two miles away from us—we don’t regret the sea. We had sometimes ninety-five ships in our harbor, Heaven only knows how many centuries ago; we now have one or two small coasting vessels, half their time aground in a muddy little river—we don’t regret our harbor. But one house in the town is daring enough to anticipate the arrival of resident visitors, and announces furnished apartments to let. What a becoming contrast to our modern neighbor, Ramsgate! Our noble market-place exhibits the laws made by the corporation; and every week there are fewer and fewer people to obey the laws. How convenient! Look at our one warehouse by the river-side—with the crane generally idle, and the windows mostly boarded up; and perhaps one man at the door, looking out for the job which his better sense tells him cannot possibly come. What a wholesome protest against the devastating hurry and overwork elsewhere, which has shattered the

nerves of the nation! “Far from me and from my friends” (to borrow the eloquent language of Doctor Johnson) “be such frigid enthusiasm as shall conduct us indifferent and unmoved” over the bridge by which you enter Sandwich, and pay a toll if you do it in a carriage. “That man is little to be envied” (Doctor Johnson again) who can lose himself in our labyrinthine streets, and not feel that he has reached the welcome limits of progress, and found a haven of rest in an age of hurry.

I am wandering again. Bear with the unpremeditated enthusiasm of a citizen who only attained years of discretion at her last birthday. We shall soon have done with Sandwich; we are close to the door of the inn.

“You can’t mistake it now, sir,” I said. “Good-morning.”

He looked down at me from under his beautiful eyelashes (have I mentioned that I am a little woman?), and he asked in his persuasive tones, “Must we say good-by?”

I made him a bow.

“Would you allow me to see you safe home?” he suggested.

Any other man would have offended me. This man blushed like a boy, and looked at the pavement instead of looking at me. By this time I had made up my mind about him. He was not only a gentleman beyond all doubt, but a shy gentleman as well. His bluntness and his odd remarks were, as I thought, partly efforts to disguise his shyness, and partly refuges in which he tried to forget his own sense of it. I answered his audacious proposal amiably and pleasantly. “You would only lose your way again,” I said, “and I should have to take you back to the inn for the second time.”

He turned round in a bewildered way toward the inn.

“I have ordered lunch here,” he said, “and I am quite alone.” He turned my way again, and looked as if he rather expected me to box his ears. “I shall be forty next birthday,” he went on; “I am old enough to be your father.” I all but burst out laughing, and stepped across the street, on my way home. He followed me. “We might invite the landlady to join us,” he said, look-

ing the picture of a headlong man, dismayed by the consciousness of his own imprudence. "Couldn't you honor me by lunching with me if we had the land-lady?" he asked.

This was a little too much. "Quite out of the question, sir—and you ought to know it," I said with severity. He half put out his hand. "Won't you even shake hands with me?" he inquired piteously. When we have most properly administered a reproof to a man, what *is* the perversity which makes us weakly pity him the minute afterward? I was fool enough to shake hands with this perfect stranger. And, having done it, I completed the total loss of my dignity by running away. Our dear crooked little streets hid me from him directly.

As I rang at the door-bell of my employer's house, a thought occurred to me which might have been alarming to a better regulated mind than mine.

"Suppose he should come back to Sandwich?"

CHAPTER II.

BEFORE many more days passed I had troubles of my own to contend with, which put the eccentric stranger out of my head for the time.

Unfortunately, my troubles are part of my story; and my early life mixes itself up with them. In consideration of what is to follow, may I say two words relating to the period before I was a governess?

I am the orphan daughter of a shop-keeper of Sandwich. My father died, leaving to his widow and child an honest name and a little income of £80 a year. We kept on the shop—neither gaining nor losing by it. The truth is, nobody would buy our poor little business. I was thirteen years old at the time; and I was able to help my mother, whose health was then beginning to fail. Never shall I forget a certain bright summer's day, when I saw a new customer enter our shop. He was an elderly gentleman; and he seemed surprised to find so young a girl as myself in charge of the business, and, what is more, competent to support the charge. I answered his questions in a manner which seemed to please him. He soon discovered that my education (excepting

my knowledge of the business) had been sadly neglected; and he inquired if he could see my mother. She was resting on the sofa in the back parlor—and she received him there. When he came out, he patted me on the cheek. "I have taken a fancy to you," he said, "and perhaps I shall come back again." He did come back again. My mother had referred him to the rector for our characters in the town, and he had heard what our clergyman could say for us. Our only relations had emigrated to Australia, and were not doing well there. My mother's death would leave me, so far as relatives were concerned, literally alone in the world. "Give this girl a first-rate education," said our elderly customer, sitting at our tea-table in the back parlor, "and she will do. If you will send her to school, ma'am, I'll pay for her education." My poor mother began to cry at the prospect of parting with me. The old gentleman said, "Think of it," and got up to go. He gave me his card as I opened the shop door for him. "If you find yourself in trouble," he whispered, so that my mother could not hear him, "be a wise child, and write and tell me of it." I looked at the card. Our kind-hearted customer was no less a person than Sir Gerard Royland, of Garrum Park, Sussex—with landed property in our county as well! He had made himself (through the rector, no doubt) far better acquainted than I was with the true state of my mother's health. In four months from the memorable day when the great man had taken tea with us, my time had come to be alone in the world. I have no courage to dwell on it; my spirits sink, even at this distance of time, when I think of myself in those days. The good rector helped me with his advice—I wrote to Sir Gerard Royland.

A change had come over his life as well as mine in the interval since we had met.

Sir Gerard had married for the second time—and, what was more foolish still, perhaps, at his age, had married a young woman. She was said to be consumptive, and of a jealous temper as well. Sir Gerard's only child by his first wife, a son and heir, was so angry at his father's second marriage, that he left the house. The landed property

being entailed, Sir Gerard could only express his sense of his son's conduct by making a new will, which left all his property in money to his young wife.

These particulars I gathered from the steward, who was expressly sent to visit me at Sandwich.

"Sir Gerard never makes a promise without keeping it," this gentleman informed me. "I am directed to take you to a first-rate ladies' school in the neighborhood of London, and to make all the necessary arrangements for your remaining there until you are eighteen years of age. Any written communications in the future are to pass, if you please, through the hands of the rector of Sandwich. The delicate health of the new Lady Royland makes it only too likely that the lives of her husband and herself will be passed, for the most part, in a milder climate than the climate of England. I am instructed to say this, and to convey to you Sir Gerard's best wishes."

By the rector's advice, I accepted the position offered to me in this unpleasantly formal manner—concluding (quite correctly, as I afterward discovered) that I was indebted to Lady Royland for the arrangement which personally separated me from my benefactor. Her husband's kindness and my gratitude, meeting on the neutral ground of Garrum Park, were objects of conjugal distrust to this lady. Shocking! shocking! I left a sincerely grateful letter to be forwarded to Sir Gerard; and, escorted by the steward, I went to school—being then just fourteen years old.

I know I am a fool. Never mind. There is some pride in me, though I am only a small shopkeeper's daughter. My new life had its trials—my pride held me up.

For the four years during which I remained at the school, my poor welfare might be a subject of inquiry to the rector, and sometimes even to the steward—never to Sir Gerard himself. His winters were no doubt passed abroad; but in the summer-time he and Lady Royland were at home again. Not even for a day or two in the holiday time was there pity enough felt for my lonely position to ask me to be the guest of the housekeeper (I expected nothing more) at Garrum Park. But for my pride, I

might have felt it bitterly. My pride said to me, "Do justice to yourself." I worked so hard, I behaved so well, that the mistress of the school wrote to Sir Gerard to tell him how thoroughly I had deserved the kindness that he had shown to me. No answer was received. (Oh, Lady Royland!) No change varied the monotony of my life—except when one of my schoolgirl friends sometimes took me home with her for a few days at vacation time. Never mind. My pride held me up.

As the last half-year of my time at school approached, I began to consider the serious question of my future life.

Of course, I could have lived on my eighty pounds a year; but what a lonely, barren existence it promised to be!—unless somebody married me; and where, if you please, was I to find him? My education thoroughly fitted me to be a governess. Why not try my fortune, and see a little of the world in that way? Even if I fell among ill-conditioned people, I could be independent of them, and retire on my income.

The rector, visiting London, came to see me. He not only approved of my idea—he offered me a means of carrying it out. A worthy family, recently settled at Sandwich, were in want of a governess. The head of the household was partner in a business (the exact nature of which it is needless to mention) having "branches" out of London. He had become superintendent of a new "branch"—tried as a promising commercial experiment, under special circumstances, at Sandwich. The idea of returning to my native place pleased me—dull as the place was to others. I accepted the situation.

When the steward's usual half-yearly letter arrived soon afterward, inquiring what plans I had formed on leaving school, and what he could do to help them, acting on behalf of Sir Gerard, a delicious tingling filled me from head to foot when I thought of my own independence. It was not ingratitude toward my benefactor; it was only my little private triumph over Lady Royland. Oh, my sisters of the sex, can you not understand and forgive me?

So to Sandwich I returned; and there, for three years, I remained with the kindest people who ever breathed the

breath of life. Under their roof I was still living when I met with my lost gentleman in the street.

Ah me ! the end of that quiet, pleasant life was near. When I lightly spoke to the odd stranger of the expiring trade of the town, I never suspected that my employer's trade was expiring too. The speculation had turned out to be a losing one ; and all his savings had been embarked in it. He could no longer remain at Sandwich, or afford to keep a governess. His wife broke the sad news to me. I was so fond of the children, I proposed to her to give up my salary. Her husband refused even to consider the proposal. It was the old story of poor humanity over again. We cried, we kissed, we parted.

What was I to do next ?—write to Sir Gerard ?

I had already written, soon after my return to Sandwich ; breaking through the regulations by directly addressing Sir Gerard. I expressed my grateful sense of his generosity to a poor girl who had no family claim on him ; and I promised to make the one return in my power by trying to be worthy of the interest that he had taken in me. The letter was written without any alloy of mental reserve. My new life as a governess was such a happy one, that I had forgotten my paltry bitterness of feeling against Lady Royland.

It was a relief to think of this change for the better, when the secretary at Garrum Park informed me that he had forwarded my letter to Sir Gerard, then at Madeira with his sick wife. She was slowly and steadily wasting away in a decline. Before another year had passed, Sir Gerard was left a widower for the second time, with no child to console him under his loss. No answer came to my grateful letter. I should have been unreasonable indeed if I had expected the bereaved husband to remember me in his grief and loneliness. Could I write to him again, in my own trumpery little interests, under these circumstances ? I thought (and still think) that the commonest feeling of delicacy forbade it. The only other alternative was to appeal to the ever-ready friends of the obscure and helpless public. I advertised in the newspapers.

The tone of one of the answers which

I received impressed me so favorably, that I forwarded my references. The next post brought my written engagement, and the offer of a salary which doubled my income.

The story of the past is told ; and now we travel on again, with no more stoppages by the way.

CHAPTER III.

THE residence of my present employer was in the north of England. Having to pass through London, I arranged to stay in town for a few days to make some necessary additions to my wardrobe. An old servant of the rector, who kept a lodging-house in the suburbs, received me kindly, and guided my choice in the serious matter of a dressmaker. On the second morning after my arrival, an event happened. The post brought me a letter forwarded from the rectory. Imagine my astonishment when my correspondent proved to be Sir Gerard Royland himself !

The letter was dated from his house in London. It briefly invited me to call and see him, for a reason which I should hear from his own lips. He naturally supposed that I was still at Sandwich and requested me, in a postscript, to consider my journey as made at his expense.

I went to the house the same day. While I was asking for Sir Gerard and giving my name, a gentleman came out into the hall. He spoke to me without ceremony. "Sir Gerard," he said, "believes he is going to die. Don't encourage him in that idea. He may live for another year or more, if his friends only persuade him to be hopeful about himself." With that the gentlemen left me ; the servant said it was the doctor.

The change in my benefactor, since I had seen him last, startled and distressed me. He lay back in a large arm-chair, wearing a grim black dressing-gown, and looking pitifully thin and pinched and worn. I do not think I should have known him again, if we had met by accident. He signed to me to be seated on a little chair by his side.

"I wanted to see you," he said quietly, "before I die. You must have thought me neglectful and unkind, with good reason. My child, you have not

been forgotten. If years have passed without a meeting between us, it has not been altogether my fault—"

He stopped. A pained expression passed over his poor worn face; he was evidently thinking of the young wife whom he had lost. I repeated—ferently and sincerely repeated—what I had already said to him in writing. "I owe everything, sir, to your fatherly kindness." Saying this, I ventured a little farther. I took his wan white hand, hanging over the arm of the chair, and respectfully put it to my lips.

He gently drew his hand away from me, and sighed as he did it. Perhaps *she* had sometimes kissed his hand. "Now tell me about yourself," he said.

I told him of my new situation, and how I had got it. He listened with evident interest. "I was not self-deceived," he said, "when I first took a fancy to you in the shop. I admire your independent feeling; it's the right kind of courage in a girl like you. But you must let me do something more for you—some little service to remember me by when the end has come. What shall it be?"

"Try to get better, sir; and let me write to you now and then," I answered. "Indeed, indeed, I want nothing more."

"You will accept a little present, at least?" With those words he took from the breast-pocket of his dressing-gown an enamelled cross attached to a gold chain. "Think of me sometimes," he said, as he put the chain round my neck. He drew me to him gently, and kissed my forehead. It was too much for me. "Don't cry, my dear," he said; "don't remind me of another sad young face—" Once more he stopped; once more he was thinking of the lost wife. I pulled down my veil, and ran out of the room.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next day I was on my way to the north. My narrative brightens again—but let us not forget Sir Gerard Royland.

I ask permission to introduce some persons of distinction—Mrs. Fosdyke, of Carsham Hall, widow of General Fosdyke; also Master Frederick, Miss Ellen and Miss Eva, the pupils of the new governess; also two ladies and three gentlemen, guests staying in the house.

Discreet and dignified; handsome and well-bred—such was my impression of Mrs. Fosdyke, while she harangued me on the subject of her children, and communicated her views on education. Having heard the views before from others, I assumed a listening position, and privately formed my opinion of the schoolroom. It was large, lofty, perfectly furnished for the purpose; it had a big window and a balcony looking out over the garden terrace and the park beyond—a wonderful schoolroom, in my limited experience. One of the two doors which it possessed was left open, and showed me a sweet little bedroom, with amber draperies and maplewood furniture, devoted to myself. Here were wealth and liberality, in that harmonious combination so seldom discovered by the spectator of small means. I controlled my first feeling of bewilderment just in time to answer Mrs. Fosdyke on the subject of reading and recitation—viewed as minor accomplishments which a good governess might be expected to teach.

"While the organs are young and pliable," the lady remarked, "I regard it as of great importance to practise children in the art of reading aloud, with an agreeable variety of tone and correctness of emphasis. Trained in this way, they will produce a favorable impression on others, even in ordinary conversation, when they grow up. Poetry, committed to memory and recited, is a valuable means toward this end. May I hope that your studies have enabled you to carry out my views?"

Formal enough in language, but courteous and kind in manner. I relieved Mrs. Fosdyke from anxiety by informing her that we had a professor of elocution at school. And then I was left to improve my acquaintance with my three pupils.

They were fairly intelligent children; the boy, as usual, being slower than the girls. I did my best—with many a sad remembrance of the far dearer pupils whom I had left—to make them like me and trust me; and I succeeded in winning their confidence. In a week from the time of my arrival at Carsham Hall, we began to understand each other.

The first day in the week was one of our days for reciting poetry, in obedi-

ence to the instructions with which I had been favored by Mrs. Fosdyke. I had done with the girls, and had just opened (perhaps I ought to say profaned) Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar," in the elocutionary interests of Master Freddy. Half of Mark Antony's first glorious speech over Cæsar's dead body he learnt by heart; and it was now my duty to teach him, to the best of my small ability, how to speak it. The morning was warm. We had our big window open; the delicious perfume of flowers in the garden beneath filled the room.

I recited the first eight lines, and stopped there, feeling that I must not exact too much from the boy at first. "Now, Freddy," I said, "try if you can speak the poetry as I have spoken it."

"Don't do anything of the kind, Freddy," said a voice from the garden; "it's all spoken wrong."

Who was this insolent person? Strange to say, there was something not entirely unfamiliar to me in the voice. The girls began to giggle. Their brother was more explicit. "Oh," says Freddy, "it's only Mr. Sax."

The one becoming course to pursue was to take no notice of the interruption. "Go on," I said. Freddy recited the lines, like a dear good boy, with as near an imitation of my style of elocution as could be expected from him.

"Poor devil!" cried the voice from the garden, insolently pitying my attentive pupil.

I imposed silence on the girls by a look—and then, without stirring from my chair, expressed my sense of the insolence of Mr. Sax in clear and commanding tones. "I shall be obliged to close the window if this is repeated." Having spoken to that effect, I waited in expectation of an apology. Silence was the only apology. It was enough for me that I had produced the right impression. I went on with my recitation.

"Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest
(For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men),
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me—"

"Oh, good heavens, I can't stand *that*! Confound you! why don't you speak that last line properly? Listen to me."

Dignity is a valuable quality, especially in a governess. But there are limits to the most highly trained endurance. I bounced out into the balcony—and there, on the terrace, smoking a cigar, was my lost stranger in the streets of Sandwich!

He recognized me, on his side, the instant I appeared. "Oh, Lord!" he cried in tones of horror, and ran round the corner of the terrace as if my eyes had been mad bulls in close pursuit of him. By this time it is, I fear, useless for me to set myself up as a discreet person in emergencies. Another woman might have controlled herself. I burst into fits of laughter. Freddy and the girls joined me. For the time, it was plainly useless to pursue the business of education. I shut up Shakespeare, and allowed—no, let me tell the truth, encouraged—the children to talk about Mr. Sax.

They only seemed to know what Mr. Sax himself had told them. His father and mother and brothers and sisters had all died in the course of time. He was the sixth and last of the children, and he had been christened "Sextus" in consequence, which is Latin (here Freddy interposed) for sixth. Also christened "Cyril" (here the girls recovered the lead) by his mother's request; "Sextus" being such a hideous name. And which of his Christian names, my dears, does he use? You wouldn't ask if you knew him! "Sextus," of course, because it is the ugliest. Sextus Sax? Not the romantic sort of name that one likes, when one is a woman. But I have no right to be particular. My own name (is it possible that I have not mentioned it in these pages yet?) is a homely one—I am only Susan Morris. Do not despise me—and let us return to Mr. Sax. Is he married? The eldest girl thought not. She had heard mamma say to a lady, "An old German family, my dear, and, in spite of his oddities, an excellent man; but so poor—barely enough to live on—and blurts out the truth, if people ask his opinion, as if he had twenty thousand a year!" Your mamma knows him well, of course? I should think so, and so do we. He often comes here. They say he's not good company among grown-up people. *We* think him jolly. He understands dolls, and

he's the best back at leap-frog in the whole of England."

Thus far we had advanced in the praise of Sextus Sax, when one of the maids came in with a note for me. She smiled mysteriously, and said, "I'm to wait for an answer, Miss."

I opened the note, and read these lines:

"I am so ashamed of myself, I daren't attempt to make my apologies personally. Will you accept my written excuses? Upon my honor, nobody told me when I got here yesterday that you were in the house. I heard the recitation, and—can you excuse my stupidity?—I thought it was a stage-struck housemaid amusing herself with the children. May I accompany you when you go out with the young ones for your daily walk? One word will do. Yes or no. Penitently yours,—S. S."

In my position, there was but one possible answer to this. Governesses must not make appointments with strange gentlemen—even when the children are present in the capacity of witnesses. I said, No. Am I claiming too much for my readiness to forgive injuries, when I add that I should have preferred saying Yes?

We had our early dinner, and then got ready to go out walking as usual. These pages contain a true confession. Let me own that I hoped Mr. Sax would understand my refusal, and ask Mrs. Fosdyke's leave to accompany us. Linger-ing a little as we went downstairs, I heard him in the hall—actually speaking to Mrs. Fosdyke! What was he saying? That darling boy, Freddy, got into a difficulty with one of his boot-laces exactly at the right moment. I could help him, and listen—and be sadly disappointed by the result. Mr. Sax was offended with me.

"You needn't introduce me to the new governess," I heard him say. "We have met on a former occasion, and I produced a disagreeable impression on her. I beg you will not speak of me to Miss Morris."

Before Mrs. Fosdyke could say a word in reply, Master Freddy changed suddenly from a darling boy to a detestable imp. "I say, Mr. Sax!" he called out, "Miss Morris doesn't mind you a bit—she only laughs at you."

The answer to this was the sudden closing of a door. Mr. Sax had taken refuge from me in one of the ground-floor rooms. I was so mortified, I could almost have cried.

Getting down into the hall, we found Mrs. Fosdyke with her garden hat on, and one of the two ladies who were staying in the house (the unmarried one) whispering to her at the door of the morning-room. The lady—Miss Melbury—looked at me with a certain appearance of curiosity which I was quite at a loss to understand, and suddenly turned away toward the farther end of the hall.

"I will walk with you and the children," Mrs. Fosdyke said to me. "Freddy, you can ride your bicycle if you like." She turned to the girls. "My dears, it's cool under the trees. You may take your skipping-ropes."

She had evidently something special to say to me; and she had adopted the necessary measures for keeping the children in front of us, well out of hearing. Freddy led the way on his horse on three wheels; the girls followed, skipping merrily. Mrs. Fosdyke opened her business by the most embarrassing remark that she could possibly have made under the circumstances.

"I find that you are acquainted with Mr. Sax," she began; "and I am surprised to hear that you dislike him."

She smiled pleasantly, as if my supposed dislike of Mr. Sax rather amused her. What "the ruling passion" may be among men, I cannot presume to consider. My own sex, however, I may claim to understand. The ruling passion among women is Conceit. My ridiculous notion of my own consequence was wounded in some way. I assumed a position of the loftiest indifference.

"Really, ma'am," I said, "I can't undertake to answer for any impression that Mr. Sax may have formed. We met by the merest accident. I know nothing about him."

Mrs. Fosdyke eyed me slyly, and appeared to be more amused than ever.

"He is a very odd man," she admitted, "but I can tell you there is a fine nature under that strange surface of his. However," she went on, "I am forgetting that he forbids me to talk about him

in your presence. When the opportunity offers, I shall take my own way of teaching you two to understand each other; you will both be grateful to me when I have succeeded. In the mean time, there is a third person who will be sadly disappointed to hear that you know nothing about Mr. Sax."

"May I ask, ma'am, who the person is?"

"Can you keep a secret, Miss Morris? Of course you can! The person is Miss Melbury."

(Miss Melbury was a dark woman. It cannot be because I am a fair woman myself—I hope I am above such narrow prejudices as that—but it is certainly true that I don't admire dark women.)

"She heard Mr. Sax telling me that you particularly disliked him," Mrs. Fosdyke proceeded. "And just as you appeared in the hall, she was asking me to find out what your reason was."

Thus far we had been walking on. We now stopped, as if by common consent, and looked at one another.

In my brief experience of Mrs. Fosdyke, I had thus far only seen the more constrained and formal side of her character. Without being aware of my own success, I had won the mother's heart in winning the good-will of her children. Constraint now seized its first opportunity of melting away; the latent sense of humor in the great lady showed itself, while I was inwardly wandering what the nature of Miss Melbury's interest in Mr. Sax might be. Easily penetrating my thoughts, she satisfied my curiosity without committing herself to a reply in words. Her large gray eyes sparkled as they rested on my face, and she hummed the tune of the old French song, "*C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour.*" There is no disguising it—something in this disclosure made me excessively angry. Was I angry with Miss Melbury? or with Mr. Sax? or with myself?

Finding that I had nothing to say on my side, Mrs. Fosdyke looked at her watch, and remembered her domestic duties. To my relief, our interview came to an end.

"I have a dinner-party to-day," she said, "and I have not seen the house-keeper yet. Make yourself beautiful, Miss Morris, and join us in the drawing-room after dinner."

CHAPTER V.

I WORE my best dress; and, in all my life before, I never took such pains with my hair. Nobody will be foolish enough, I hope, to suppose that I did this on Mr. Sax's account. How could I possibly care about a man who was little better than a stranger to me? No! the person I dressed at was Miss Melbury.

She gave me a look, as I modestly placed myself in a corner, which amply rewarded me for the time spent on my toilette. The gentlemen came in. I looked at Mr. Sax (mere curiosity) under shelter of my fan. His appearance was greatly improved by evening dress. He discovered me in my corner, and seemed doubtful whether to approach me or not. I was reminded of our first odd meeting; and I could not help smiling as I called it to mind. Did he presume to think that I was encouraging him? Before I could decide that question, he took the vacant place on the sofa. In any other man—after what had passed in the morning—this would have been an audacious proceeding. *He* looked so painfully embarrassed, that it became a species of Christian duty to pity him.

"Won't you shake hands?" he said, just as he had said it at Sandwich.

I peeped round the corner of my fan at Miss Melbury. She was looking at us. I shook hands with Mr. Sax.

"What sort of sensation is it," he asked, "when you shake hands with a man whom you hate?"

"I really can't tell you," I answered innocently; "I have never done such a thing."

"You wouldn't lunch with me at Sandwich," he protested; "and, after the humblest apology on my part, you won't forgive me for what I did this morning. Do you expect me to believe that I am not the special object of your antipathy? I wish I had never met with you! At my age, a man gets angry when he is treated cruelly and doesn't deserve it. You don't understand that, I dare say."

"Oh yes, I do. I heard what you said about me to Mrs. Fosdyke, and I heard you bang the door when you got out of my way."

He received this reply with every appearance of satisfaction. "So you lis-

tened, did you? I'm glad to hear that."

"Why?"

"It shows you take some interest in me, after all."

Throughout this frivolous talk (I only venture to report it because it shows that I bore no malice on my side) Miss Melbury was looking at us like the basilisk of the ancients. She owned to being on the wrong side of thirty; and she had a little money—but these were surely no reasons why she should glare at a poor governess. Had some secret understanding of the tender sort been already established between Mr. Sax and herself? She provoked me into trying to find out—especially as the last words he had said offered me the opportunity.

"I can prove that I feel a sincere interest in you," I resumed. "I can resign you to a lady who has a far better claim to your attention than mine. You are neglecting her shamefully."

He stared at me with an appearance of bewilderment, which seemed to imply that the attachment was on the lady's side, so far. It was of course impossible to mention names; I merely turned my eyes in the right direction. He looked where I looked—and his shyness revealed itself, in spite of his resolution to conceal it. His face flushed; he looked mortified and surprised. Miss Melbury could endure it no longer. She rose, took a song from the music-stand, and approached us.

"I am going to sing," she said, handing the music to him. "Please turn over for me, Mr. Sax."

I think he hesitated—but I cannot feel sure that I observed him correctly. It matters little. With or without hesitation, he followed her to the piano.

Miss Melbury sang—with perfect self-possession, and an immense compass of voice. A gentleman near me said she ought to be on the stage. I thought so too. Big as it was, our drawing-room was not large enough for her. The gentleman sang next. No voice at all—but so sweet, such true feeling! I turned over the leaves for him. A dear old lady, sitting near the piano, entered into conversation with me. She spoke of the great singers at the beginning of the present century. Mr. Sax hovered about, with Miss Melbury's eye on him. I was

so entranced by the anecdotes of my venerable friend, that I could take no notice of Mr. Sax. Later, when the dinner-party was over, and we were retiring for the night, he still hovered about, and ended in offering me a bedroom candle. I immediately handed it to Miss Melbury. Really a most enjoyable evening!

CHAPTER VI.

THE next morning we were startled by an extraordinary proceeding on the part of one of the guests. Mr. Sax had left Carsham Hall, by the first train—nobody knew why.

Nature has laid—so, at least, philosophers say—some heavy burdens upon women. Do those learned persons include in their list the burden of hysterics? If so, I cordially agree with them. It is hardly worth speaking of in my case—a constitutional outbreak in the solitude of my own room, treated with eau-de-cologne and water, and quite forgotten afterward in the absorbing employment of education. My favorite pupil, Freddy, had been up earlier than the rest of us—breathing the morning air in the fruit-garden. He had seen Mr. Sax, and had asked when he was coming back again. And Mr. Sax had said, "I shall be back again next month." (Dear little Freddy!)

In the meanwhile, we, in the school-room, had the prospect before us of a dull time in an empty house. The remaining guests were to go away at the end of the week, their hostess being engaged to pay a visit to some old friends in Scotland.

During the next three or four days, though I was often alone with Mrs. Fosdyke, she never said one word on the subject of Mr. Sax. Once or twice I caught her looking at me with that unendurably significant smile of hers. Miss Melbury was equally unpleasant in another way. When we accidentally met on the stairs, her black eyes shot at me passing glances of hatred and scorn. Did these two ladies presume to think—?

No; I abstained from completing that inquiry at the time, and I abstain from completing it here.

The end of the week came, and I and the children were left alone at Carsham Hall.

I took advantage of the leisure hours at my disposal to write to Sir Gerard; respectfully inquiring after his health, and informing him that I had been again most fortunate in my engagement as a governess. By return post an answer arrived. I eagerly opened it. The first lines informed me of Sir Gerard Royland's death.

The letter dropped from my hand. I looked at my little enamelled cross. It is not for me to say what I felt. Think of all that I owed to him; and remember how lonely my lot was in the world. I gave the children a holiday; it was only the truth to tell them that I was not well.

How long an interval passed before I could call to mind that I had only read the first lines of the letter, I am not able to say. When I did take it up, I was surprised to see that the writing covered two pages. Beginning again where I had left off, my head, in a moment more, began to swim. A horrid fear-overpowered me that I might not be in my right mind, after I read the first three sentences. Here they are, to answer for me that I exaggerate nothing:

"The will of our deceased client is not yet proved. But, with the sanction of the executors, I inform you confidentially that you are the person chiefly interested in it. Sir Gerard Royland bequeaths to you, absolutely, the whole of his personal property, amounting to the sum of seventy thousand pounds."

If the letter had ended there, I really cannot imagine what extravagances I might not have committed. But the writer (head partner in the firm of Sir Gerard's lawyers) had something more to say on his own behalf. The manner in which he said it strung up my nerves in an instant. I cannot, and will not, copy the words here. It is quite revolting enough to give the substance of them.

The man's object was evidently to let me perceive that he disapproved of the will. So far, I do not complain of him—he had no doubt good reason for the view he took. But, in expressing his surprise "at this extraordinary proof of the testator's interest in a perfect stranger to the family," he hinted his suspicion of an influence, on my part, exercised over Sir Gerard, so utterly shameful, that I cannot dwell on the subject. The

language, I should add, was cunningly guarded. Even I could see that it would bear more than one interpretation, and would thus put me in the wrong if I openly resented it. But the meaning was plain; and part at least of the motive came out in the concluding sentences.

"Sir Gerard's son, as you are doubtless aware, is not seriously affected by the will. He is already far more liberally provided for, as heir under the entail to the whole of the landed property. But, to say nothing of old friends who are forgotten, there is a surviving relative of Sir Gerard passed over, who is nearly akin to him by blood. In the event of this person disputing the will, you will of course hear from us again, and refer us to your legal adviser."

The letter ended with an apology for delay in writing to me, caused by difficulty in discovering my address.

And what did I do?—Write to the rector or to Mrs. Fosdyke for advice? Not I!

At first I was too indignant to be able to think of what I ought to do. Our post-time was late, and my head ached as if it would burst into pieces. I had plenty of leisure to rest and compose myself. When I got cool again, I felt able to take my own part, without asking any one to help me.

Even if I had been treated kindly, I should certainly not have taken the money when there was a relative living with a claim to it. What did I want with a large fortune? To buy a husband with it, perhaps? No, no! from all that I have heard, the great Lord Chancellor was quite right when he said that a woman with money at her own disposal was "either kissed out of it or kicked out of it six weeks after her marriage." The one difficulty before me was not to give up my legacy, but to express my reply with sufficient severity, and at the same time with due regard to my own self-respect. Here is what I wrote:

"Sir,—I will not trouble you by attempting to express my sincere regret on hearing of Sir Gerard Royland's death. You would probably form your own opinion on that subject also; and I have no wish to be judged by your unenviable experience of humanity for the second time.

"With regard to the legacy, feeling

the deepest gratitude to my generous benefactor, I nevertheless refuse to receive the money.

"Be pleased to send me the necessary document to sign, for transferring my fortune to that relative of Sir Gerard's mentioned in your letter. The one condition on which I insist is, that my name shall be kept a secret from the person in whose favor I resign the money. I do not desire (even supposing that justice is done to my motives on this occasion) to be made the object of expressions of gratitude for only doing my duty."

So it ended. I may be wrong, but I call that strong writing.

In due course of post, a formal acknowledgment arrived. I was requested to wait for the document until the will had been proved, and was informed that my name should be kept strictly secret in the interval. On this occasion, the executors were almost as insolent as the lawyer. They felt it their duty to give me time to consider a decision which had been evidently formed on impulse. Ah, how hard men are—at least, some of them!

I locked up the acknowledgment in disgust, resolved to think no more of it until the time came for getting rid of my legacy. I kissed poor Sir Gerard's little keepsake. While I was still looking at it, the good children came in, of their own accord, to ask how I was. I was obliged to draw down the blind in my room, or they would have seen the tears in my eyes. For the first time since my mother's death, I felt the heartache. Perhaps the children made me think of the happier time when I was a child myself.

CHAPTER VII.

THE will had been proved, and I was informed that the document was in course of preparation, when Mrs. Fosdyke returned from her visit from Scotland.

She thought me looking pale and worn. "The time seems to me to have come," she said, "when I had better make you and Mr. Sax understand each other. Have you been thinking penitently of your own bad behavior?"

I felt myself blushing. I *had* been thinking of my conduct to Mr. Sax—and I was heartily ashamed of it, too.

Mrs. Fosdyke went on, half in jest, half in earnest.

"Consult your own sense of propriety!" she said. "Was the poor man to blame for not being rude enough to say No, when a lady asked him to turn over her music? Could *he* help it, if the same lady persisted in flirting with him? He ran away from her the next morning. Did you deserve to be told why he left us? Certainly not—after the vixenish manner in which you handed the bedroom candle to Miss Melbury. You foolish girl! Do you think I couldn't see that you were in love with him? Thank Heaven, he's too poor to marry you, and take you away from my children, for some time to come. There will be a long marriage engagement, even if he is magnanimous enough to forgive you. Shall I ask Miss Melbury to come back with him?"

She took pity on me at last, and sat down to write to Mr. Sax. His reply, dated from a country house some twenty miles distant, announced that he would be at Carsham Hall in three days' time.

On that third day the legal paper that I was to sign arrived by post. It was Sunday morning; I was alone in the schoolroom.

In writing to me the lawyer had only alluded to "a surviving relative of Sir Gerard, nearly akin to him by blood." The document was more explicit. It described the relative as being Sir Gerard's nephew, the son of his sister. The name followed.

It was Sextus Cyril Sax.

I have tried, on three different sheets of paper, to describe the effect which this discovery produced on me—and I have torn them up one after another. When I only think of it, my mind seems to fall back into the helpless surprise and confusion of that time. After all that had passed between us—the man himself being then on his way to the house!—what would he think of me? what, in Heaven's name, was I to do?

How long I sat petrified, with the document on my lap, I never knew. Somebody knocked at the schoolroom door, and looked in and said something, and went out again. Then there was an interval. Then the door was opened again. A hand was laid kindly on my shoulder. I looked up—and there was

Mrs. Fosdyke, asking, in the greatest alarm, what was the matter with me.

The tone of her voice roused me into speaking. I could think of nothing but Mr. Sax ; I could only say, " Has he come ? "

" Yes—and waiting to see you. "

Answering in those terms, she glanced at the paper in my lap. In the extremity of my helplessness, I acted like a sensible creature at last. I told Mrs. Fosdyke all that I have told here.

She neither moved nor spoke until I had done. Her first proceeding, after that, was to take me in her arms and give me a kiss. Having so far encouraged me, she next spoke of poor Sir Gerard.

" We all acted like fools, " she announced, " in needlessly offending him by protesting against his second marriage. I don't mean you—I mean his son, his nephew, and myself. If his second marriage made him happy, what business had we with the disparity of years between husband and wife ? I can tell you this, Sextus was the first of us to regret what he had done. But for his stupid fear of being suspected of an interested motive, Sir Gerard might have known there was that much good in his sister's son. "

She snatched up a copy of the will, which I had not even noticed thus far. " See what the kind old man says of you, " she went on, pointing to the words. I could not see them ; she was obliged to read them for me. " I leave my money to the one person living who has been more than worthy of the little I have done for her, and whose simple unselfish nature I know that I can trust. "

I pressed Mrs. Fosdyke's hand ; I was not able to speak. She took up the legal paper next.

" Do justice to yourself, and be above contemptible scruples, " she said. " Sextus is fond enough of you to be almost worthy of the sacrifice that you are making. Sign—and I will sign next as the witness. "

I hesitated. " What will he think of me ? " I said.

" Sign ! " she repeated, " and we will see to that. "

I obeyed. She asked for the lawyer's letter. I gave it to her, with the lines which contained the man's vile insinuation folded down, so that only the words

above were visible, which proved that I had renounced my legacy, not even knowing whether the person to be benefited was a man or a woman. She took this, with the rough draft of my own letter, and the signed renunciation—and opened the door.

" Pray come back, and tell me about it ! " I pleaded.

She smiled, nodded, and went out.

Oh, what a long time passed before I heard the long-expected knock at the door ! " Come in, " I cried impatiently.

Mrs. Fosdyke had deceived me. Mr. Sax had returned in her place. He closed the door. We two were alone.

He was deadly pale ; his eyes, as they rested on me, had a wild, startled look. With icy cold fingers he took my hand, and lifted it in silence to his lips. The sight of his agitation encouraged me—I don't to this day know why, unless it appealed in some way to my compassion. I was bold enough to look at him. Still silent, he placed the letters on the table—and then he laid the signed paper beside them. When I saw that, I was bolder still. I spoke first.

" Surely you don't refuse me ? " I said.

He answered, " I thank you with my whole heart ; I admire you more than words can say. But I can't take it. "

" Why not ? "

" The fortune is yours, " he said gently. " Remember how poor I am, and feel for me if I say no more. "

His head sank on his breast. He stretched out one hand, silently imploring me to understand him. I could endure it no longer. I forgot every consideration which a woman, in my position, ought to have remembered. Out came the desperate words, before I could stop them.

" You won't take my gift by itself ? " I said.

" No. "

" Will you take Me with it ? "

That evening, Mrs. Fosdyke indulged her sly sense of humor in a new way. She handed me an almanac.

" After all, my dear, " she remarked, " you needn't be ashamed of having spoken first. You have only used the ancient privilege of the sex. This is Leap Year. "—*Belgravia Magazine*.

JENNER AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

BY SIR J. RISDON BENNETT, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.

No department of medical science has made greater advances in modern times than that which is termed "Preventive Medicine." Nor is there any in which the public at large is more deeply interested, and the knowledge of which it is of more importance should be diffused as widely as possible. The devoted and zealous service rendered by the medical profession in all questions relating to the maintenance of health and the prevention of disease is a sufficient answer, if any be needed, to the ignorant and prejudiced statements that are sometimes made, that in support of various scientific theories and proceedings medical men are actuated by interested and selfish motives. No name stands, or will ever stand, out more brilliant among the benefactors of mankind than that of Edward Jenner, by whose genius and labors untold multitudes of human lives have been saved, and an incalculable amount of human suffering and misery prevented. At the present time various circumstances, both social and scientific, have combined to recall attention to this illustrious man and his remarkable scientific and beneficial labors. It is not, however, our intention on the present occasion to give either a complete sketch of his life, or a detailed account of his work. But in order to show the connection between his discoveries and more recent advances in the same field of scientific investigation, it will be necessary to give a brief *résumé* of Jenner's life-work, and the benefits which he conferred on the human race throughout the world.

He was born on the 17th May, 1749, at Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, of which place his father was the vicar. On leaving Dr. Washbourn's school, at Cirencester, he was apprenticed to Mr. Ludlow, a gentleman in practice as a surgeon at Sudbury, near Bristol. On the completion of his apprenticeship he came to London, and had the great good fortune to be placed under the care of the celebrated John Hunter, with whom he resided for two years. The observing powers and taste for natural history

which Jenner had early shown, as a boy, were quickened and fostered by the daily example and friendship of the illustrious man who, as surgeon and lecturer at St. George's Hospital, was carrying on those laborious scientific investigations, and building up that marvellous monument of his genius, which have rendered his name and fame immortal. So much skill and knowledge had been shown by Jenner in arranging the natural history collection of Sir J. Banks, to whom he had been recommended by Hunter, that he was offered the appointment of naturalist to Captain Cook's second expedition. He, however, declined this and other flattering proposals, in order to return to the rural scenes of his boyhood, and be near an elder brother who had been the guide of his orphanhood. He rapidly acquired an extensive business as a general practitioner, while his polished manners, wide culture, and kind and genial social qualifications, secured him welcome admission to the first society of his neighborhood. His conscientious devotion to his professional duties did not, however, quell his enthusiastic love of natural history, or preclude him from gaining a distinguished reputation as a naturalist. A remarkable paper on the cuckoo, read before the Royal Society and printed in the Transactions, gained him the Fellowship of that illustrious body. Jenner's paper established what has been properly termed the "parasitic" character of the cuckoo, *i.e.*, it deposits its eggs in the nests of other birds, by whose warmth they are hatched, and by whom the young are fed. His observations have received general confirmation by subsequent observers, more especially the remarkable facts that the parent cuckoo selects the nests of those birds whose eggs require the same period of time for their incubation as its own (which are much larger), and the food of whose young is the same, *viz.*, insects, which the young cuckoo ultimately monopolizes by ousting the young of the rightful owner of the nest.

By this and similar studies was Jenner preparing his acute powers of investigation for the great purpose of his life. For this he secured more time and more extended opportunities for inquiry by abandoning general practice, and confining himself to medicine proper, having obtained, in 1792, the degree of M.D. from the University of St. Andrew's. In conjunction with the "dear man," as he used to call his great master, John Hunter, he carried on his experiments illustrative of the structure and functions of animals. With great industry and ingenuity he explained some of the unaccountable problems in ornithology; he ascertained the laws which regulate the migration of birds; made considerable advances in geology and in our knowledge of organic remains; he amended various pharmaceutical processes; he was an accurate anatomist and pathologist, and investigated and explained one of the most painful affections of the heart, and many of the diseases to which animals are liable. By such labors he established a just claim to distinction as a medical philosopher, apart from his claims to the gratitude and admiration of mankind by his self-denying and devoted labors in connection with his great discovery; but like other great men absorbed in the establishing of important truths, he was regardless of personal objects, and never ostentatiously promulgated his claims to public distinction.

It was while still a youth, living with his master at Sudbury, that his mind first became deeply impressed on the subject of the cow-pox. A young countrywoman came to seek advice, when the subject of small-pox was incidentally mentioned in her presence, and she immediately observed, "I cannot take that disease, for I have had cow-pox." This was a popular notion prevalent in the district, and not unknown to Jenner, but from this time he never ceased to think on the subject. On coming to London he mentioned it to several persons, and among others to Hunter; but all thought his notion of getting rid of small-pox Utopian, and gave him little or no encouragement. Hunter, however, who never liked to daunt the enthusiasm of inquirers, said, in his characteristic way, "Don't *think*, but *try*; be patient, be accurate." About the year 1775,

some time after his return to the country, he first had the opportunity of examining into the truth of the common traditions regarding cow-pox, but it was not till 1780, after much study and careful inquiry, that he was able to unravel the various obscurities and contradictions with which the subject was involved, and in that year he first disclosed his hopes and his fears to his friend, Edward Gardner. His mind seems then to have caught a glimpse of the reputation awaiting him, and he felt that, in God's good providence, it "might be his lot to stand between the living and the dead, and that through him a great plague might be stayed."

It would be impossible, in the brief space at our disposal, to recount the various difficulties and sources of error that Jenner encountered. It may, however, be mentioned that he ascertained that there was more than one form of local disease with which cows are afflicted, and which may give rise to sores on the hands of milkmaids, but that one only of these was the true cow-pox, giving origin to constitutional as well as local disease, and which proves protective against small-pox. He also found reason to believe that it was only in a particular stage of its development that the true cow-pox vesicle was capable of being transmitted so as to prove a prophylactic. He was aware that though, as a rule, persons did not have small-pox a second time, yet that there are instances where, from peculiarity of constitution or other causes, small-pox occurs a second time in the same individual. Such considerations as these cheered him to continue his inquiries when apparent exceptions occurred to the protective influence of true cow-pox.

Having at length fully satisfied his own mind, and, indeed, succeeded in convincing others also, respecting the important protective influence exerted on the constitutions of those who had received the true cow-pox in the casual way, he sought to prove whether it was possible to propagate the disease by inoculation from one human being to another. On the 19th, May, 1796, an opportunity occurred of making the experiment. Matter was taken from the hand of Sarah Nelmes, who had been infected by her master's cows, and inserted into

the arm of James Phipps, a healthy boy of eight years old. He went through the disease in a regular and perfectly satisfactory way. But was he secure against the contagion of small-pox? It is needless to say how full of anxiety Jenner was, when in July following he put this to the test by inoculating the boy with matter taken from the pustule of a small-pox patient. No disease followed! This, his first crucial experiment, Jenner related to his friend Gardner, and said, "I shall now pursue my experiments with redoubled ardor." This ever-to-be-remembered-day, 14th May, 1796, is commemorated by an annual festival in Berlin, where, in 1819, little more than twenty years after, it was officially reported that 307,596 persons had been vaccinated in the Prussian dominions alone. The account which Jenner has given of his own feelings at this time is deeply interesting. "While the vaccine discovery was progressing," he says, "the joy I felt at the prospect before me of being the instrument destined to take away from the world one of its greatest calamities, blended with the fond hope of enjoying independence and domestic peace and happiness, was often so excessive that in pursuing my favorite subject among the meadows I have sometimes found myself in a kind of reverie. It is pleasant to me to recollect that these reflections always ended in devout acknowledgments to that Being from whom this and all other mercies flow." Having obtained further corroboration of the truth of his conclusions by the vaccination of his own son and several others, he published, in the form of a quarto pamphlet called "An Inquiry," a brief and modest but complete account of his investigations and discoveries. By this the attention of the whole medical world and general public was called to the subject. His doctrines were put to the test and abundantly confirmed, so that Mr. Clive, the celebrated surgeon of the day, urged him to come to London, and promised him an income of £10,000 a year. Jenner, however, declined the request, saying, "Admitting as a certainty that I obtain both fortune and fame, what stock should I add to my little fund of happiness? And as for fame, what is it? A gilded butt for ever pierced by the arrows of malignancy."

Jenner always maintained that small-pox and cow-pox were modifications of the same disease, and that in employing vaccine lymph we only make use of means to impregnate the system with the disease in its mildest form, instead of propagating it in its virulent and contagious form, as is done when small-pox is inoculated. He felt, also, that there was this objection to the latter practice, which had obtained prevalence since its introduction to this country by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, that the disease was thus spread among the community. He had, however, at that time to contend against the prevalent notions that epidemic diseases affecting the human race are peculiar to man and have no influence on the lower animals, and that the diseases of other animals are not communicable to man. But we have now abundant evidence that both these notions are erroneous. Jenner himself, indeed, had shown what was well known in various parts of the country, that the "grease" of the heel of the horse was frequently communicated to those who had the care of horses, whether or not it was the same disease as that which affected the cow. It is sufficient only further to adduce another disease of horses, called "farcy," which is not infrequently fatal to grooms and others, not to mention the still more dreaded hydrophobia communicated by dogs and animals of the feline species.

The rapid acceptance and spread of Jenner's doctrines speedily silenced all cavillers except that small minority of incredulous and fanatical opponents who are always to be found refusing to accept any truth that does not coincide with their own ignorant and prejudiced views. The frightful mortality and appalling effects of small-pox prior to the introduction of vaccination were indeed such as to impel men to grasp at any means that held out a probability of escape from the scourge. In the present day the public can form but a faint idea of the ravages of small-pox before Jenner's time. The records of historians, not only of our own country, but throughout the world, teem with the most appalling accounts. Dr. Lettsom calculated that 210,000 fell victims to it annually in Europe. Bernouilli, an Italian, believed that not less than 15,-

ooo,ooo of human victims were deprived of life by it every twenty-five years, *i.e.* 600,000 annually. In Russia 2,000,000 were cut off in one year. In Asia, Africa, and South America, whole cities and districts were depopulated. Nor was it only the actual mortality which rendered it so appalling. The records of the Institution for the Indigent Blind in our own country showed that three-fourths of the objects relieved had lost their sight by small-pox, while the number of persons with pitted and scarred faces and deformed features that were met with in the streets testified to the frightful ordeal that they had passed through. Multitudes died of diseases set up by this plague, or from ruined constitutions which it entailed. And what, of all this, it may be asked, do we now see? Is it not a rare thing to meet a person whose face is scarred and his features deformed by small-pox? How few persons can cite instances among their acquaintance of those who have died of small-pox after having been properly vaccinated? Is it necessary to go into statistics and elaborate investigations of the bills of mortality of the present day in order to be convinced that, as compared with the records of anti-vaccine times, we have indeed cause to bless the memory of Jenner?

But to our shame be it said, until very recently, in our own country, the country of which, in the estimation of others, it is one of its greatest glories that it gave birth to Jenner, less has been done than in many other lands to make vaccination the means of exterminating small-pox. Vaccination was introduced into Vienna by Dr. De Carro in 1799, with such effect that in the year 1804 only two persons died of small-pox in that city, and these were imported cases. In the year 1812 it is stated, that though the mortality from small-pox was formerly greater, in proportion to the population, in Vienna and Milan than in London, it had become unknown in the two former cities for several years. Vienna had been free for five years, and Milan for eight. In 1824 Dr. Sacco reported that vaccination was carried on very extensively throughout the kingdom of Austria, and that "almost all the new-born children are vaccinated, so that we have now no fear of the small-pox. It is occasionally imported from the neighboring

states, but such occurrences never fail to prove the efficacy of the preservative, for the disease never becomes epidemic. If all Governments would exert themselves to procure the regular vaccination of all the children born in their states, small-pox would soon disappear." This last opinion has quite recently been enunciated and enforced with his usual persuasive eloquence by our own Sir Thomas Watson in the *Nineteenth Century*.

Similar evidence to the above might be adduced from Sweden, Norway, and Germany. But our own country affords equally striking though more restricted evidence. The general alarm excited by the epidemic of small-pox of 1874-6 led to increased attention to vaccination, with the result, as shown by the Registrar-General's Reports, of the almost complete extinction of the disease in nineteen great towns, having an aggregate population of about three and three-quarter millions, or about that of the metropolis. In London the extent and nature of the population render it much more difficult to carry out any system of complete and efficient vaccination. The facilities for importation are also greater than in most places. We are therefore more exposed to frequent outbreaks, and have less control over both the evil and the antidote.

We do not ignore the fact that small-pox, like other similar diseases having an epidemic character, may be absent for a length of time from certain districts and then break out again; nor that each epidemic has its periods of increment and decrement, and varies in its degree of malignancy. But a full and careful review of the whole history of small-pox since the introduction of vaccination, proves to every unprejudiced mind that every recurring epidemic finds its victims, with comparatively few exceptions, among the unvaccinated, that its spread is arrested by renewed attention to vaccination and its rigorous enforcement, and that, even taking into account the countries and localities where from various causes it has been neglected, the mortality from this foul and fatal disease, small-pox, has been enormously reduced. Human lives have been saved, and human life prolonged to such an extent that it is impossible to estimate

the benefits that mankind has derived from the genius and devoted patriotic labors of one man.

That doubts and difficulties in connection with this subject, involving the well-being of the whole human race, have lately arisen, must be admitted. But there is good reason to believe that, by modern researches on the subject of epidemic diseases and the germ theory of disease, these doubts are already being dispelled, and that the difficulties will be speedily obviated.

The grounds for this belief will be understood by the consideration of those scientific investigations, to a brief detail of which we now proceed. The reader will then also be better able to judge of the propriety and necessity of certain measures which, to the uninformed, may appear objectionable or even repulsive and arbitrary.

We now, then, turn to the remarkable experiments and discoveries of M. Pasteur, which have gained for him a world-wide reputation, and the bearing of which on the science of preventive medicine is commanding the attention and admiration of the whole scientific world, and indeed we may say of mankind at large. M. Pasteur is not a medical man, nor, indeed, a physiologist. He is simply a French chemist, a modest, retiring laborer in the field of science, whose sole object has been the discovery of truth, and whose chemico-physical researches gained for him the Rumford Medal of the Royal Society in 1856. Having devoted himself specially to the chemistry of organic substances, he was naturally attracted by the discovery of Cagniard de la Tour, that yeast is really a plant, a species of fungus, whose vegetative action in fermentable liquids is the true cause of their fermentation. This was so opposed to the theories of all the chemists of the day, among whom may particularly be mentioned the celebrated Liebig, that it met with their warm opposition. When, however, Helmholtz and others succeeded in showing that by preventing the passage of the minute organisms constituting the yeast plant into fermentable liquids, no fermentation took place, the doctrine soon became established, that the first step in the process of alcoholic fermentation is due, not to ordinary chemical changes, but to

the presence of living organisms. In like manner the putrefaction and decomposition of various liquids containing organic matter was found to be due, not to the simple action of the oxygen of the atmosphere, but to the introduction from without of microscopic germs which found material for their development in such liquids. So that if by mechanical filtration of the air the entrance of such germs can be prevented, or if by heat or other means they can be destroyed, any fluid, however readily it may undergo putrefaction in ordinary circumstances, will remain perfectly sweet, though freely exposed to the air. And the same fluid will undergo a different kind of fermentation according as it is subjected to the action of different species of germs. These and other facts of scarcely less importance, which cannot here be detailed, induced Pasteur to test the application of the doctrines deduced from them to the study of disease in living animals.

His attention was first directed to the disease affecting the silkworm, and known as the *Pebrine*, which at one time seemed likely to destroy the silk cultivation both in France and Italy. It had been ascertained that the bodies of the silkworm, in all its stages of chrysalis, moth, and worm, were, in this disease, infested by minute corpuscles which even obtained entrance into the undeveloped eggs. After a prolonged and difficult inquiry, Pasteur found that these minute corpuscles were really independent self-propagating organisms, introduced from without, and were not merely a sign of the disease, but its real cause. As a result of the application of these discoveries, the silkworm disease has been extinguished, or so controlled as to have saved a most important and valuable culture.

Between the years 1867 and 1870 above 56,000 deaths from a disease variously designated as "anthrax," or "carbuncular disease," and "splenic fever," and in France known by the terms "charbon," or "pustule maligne," are stated to have occurred among horses, cattle, and sheep in one district of Russia, Novgorod, occasioning also the deaths of 528 among the human population. It occurs in two forms, one more malignant and rapid in its action than the other. In France the disease ap-

pears to be scarcely ever absent, and is estimated to entail on the breeders of cattle an annual loss of many millions of francs. As a milder epidemic it has prevailed in this country, and the disease which has lately broken out in Bradford and some other towns in the north among wool-sorters, has now been shown to be a modification of the same disease communicated by the wool of sheep that have been infected.

On examining the blood of animals, the subjects of "splenic fever," some French pathologists had discovered the presence of certain minute transparent filaments which, by the investigations of a German physician named Koch, were proved to be a fungoid plant developed from germ particles of microscopic minuteness. By gradual extension these minute particles, termed "microbes," attain the form of small threads or rods, to which the name of "bacilli" has been given, from the Latin *bacillus*, a rod or staff. These rods were found to be in fact hollow tubes, divided at intervals by partitions, which, on attaining full growth, break up into fragments, the interiors of which are found to be full of minute germs similar to those from which the rods were at first developed. These germs were found by Koch and his collaborators to be capable of cultivation by being immersed in some suitable organic liquid kept at a proper temperature, and the supply could be kept up by introducing even a few drops of such impregnated fluids into other fluids, and repeating the process again and again. The next step to test the potency of these germs to generate the disease in animals whence they were originally obtained, was to vaccinate animals with a few drops of the fluid thus artificially infected. Accordingly it was found that the bodies of guinea-pigs, rabbits, and mice thus inoculated became infected, and developed all the characteristic symptoms of splenic fever or carbuncular disease.

Pasteur, whose enthusiasm in the pursuit of investigations which had already been crowned with such signal success kept him awake to all that was being done by other inquirers, and made him watchful of every event that transpired relative to epidemic diseases of cattle, was struck with the fact that

some of the most fatal outbreaks of "charbon" among flocks of sheep occurred in the midst of apparently the most healthy pastures. His sagacity led to him to inquire what had been done with the carcasses of animals that had died from previous outbreaks of the disease in these localities, when he found that they had been buried in the soil, and often at great depths, of the same pastures. But how could the disease germs make their way to the surface from a depth of eight or ten feet? Earthworms, he guessed, might have conveyed them. And notwithstanding the incredulity with which this explanation was received, he forthwith proceeded to verify his supposition. Having collected a number of worms from the ground of the pastures in question, he made an extract of the contents of the alimentary canal of the worms, and with this he inoculated rabbits and guinea-pigs, gave them the "charbon" in its most fatal form, and proved the identity of the malady by demonstrating that the blood of the victims swarmed with the deadly "bacillus." And here we cannot but stop to notice the remarkable confirmation that is thus given to the recent wonderful and beautiful observations of Darwin as set forth in his last work on "The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms." Darwin has shown beyond all dispute, as the result of his incomparable researches, that though "the plough is one of the most ancient and most valuable of man's inventions, long before he existed the land was in fact regularly ploughed, and still continues to be ploughed, by earthworms." He has shown us that the smoothness which we admire in a wide, turf-covered expanse "is mainly due to all the inequalities having been slowly levelled by worms," and that "the whole of the superficial mould over any such expanse has passed, and will pass again, every few years, through the bodies of worms!" It was left for Pasteur to show that these innumerable and indefatigable ploughmen, whilst rendering to man such efficient service, may also be the carriers of the seeds of disease and death.

In proceeding with our brief historical account of Pasteur's and allied researches, we are arrived at the point where their analogy to Jenner's becomes

manifest, and where their direct bearing on the welfare of mankind comes into view. So soon as it was known that these disease germs were low forms of vegetation, and that, like other vegetables they could be cultivated, it was natural to ask whether, like other vegetables, their characters and properties could not be so modified as to render them at least less deleterious. Every one knows the difference between the crab-apple and its cultivated variety, the sloe and the plum, the wild and the cultivated celery. It is all the difference between unwholesome and wholesome food.

Two methods of cultivation, with a view to obtaining the desired modification of the power exercised by the bacilli and other similar germs, presented themselves, the one analogous to that really pursued by Jenner where small-pox, or the grease of the horse, was passed through the system of the cow, and then from one human being to another; and the second by carrying on the cultivation out of the living body. Both these plans have been adopted, with the result of proving that the potency of the germs can be so diminished as to render the disease produced by their introduction so mild as to be of no importance. Pasteur cultivated the bacillus in chicken-broth or meat-juice, and allowed a certain time to elapse before he made use of the mixture. After allowing only two months to elapse, the virulence of the germs seemed to be but little impaired, but after three or four months animals inoculated with the fluid, though they took the disease, had it in so mild a form that the greater number recovered. After a longer period, of six or eight months, the engendered disease was so mild that all the animals speedily recovered and regained health and strength.

And now the question will naturally arise, Did animals which had passed through the mild disease thus induced acquire a protection against the original disease, if brought in contact with it in subsequent epidemics, in the same way that Jenner's vaccinated patients were protected against small-pox?

An answer in the affirmative may now be given with the utmost confidence. Experiments conducted, both in this country and abroad, by both methods of

procedure, have abundantly proved that animals may be protected by inoculation so as to render them insusceptible of any form of the destructive anthrax disease. The most decisive set of experiments are those which were recently noticed in the *Times*, and which were again detailed by Pasteur himself before the International Medical Congress, in a paper which the Government of this country has felt to be of sufficient national importance to republish as a Parliamentary paper.

From this remarkable paper we extract the concluding paragraph. After detailing the method pursued to obtain the requisite attenuation of the virus, and stating that by certain physiological artifices it may be made again to assume its original virulence, he proceeds: "The method I have just explained, of obtaining the vaccine of splenic fever, was no sooner made known than it was very extensively employed to prevent the splenic affection. In France we lose every year by splenic fever animals to the value of 20,000,000 francs, and even, according to one of the persons in the office of the Minister of Agriculture, of more than 30,000,000 francs, but exact statistics are still wanting. I was asked to give a public demonstration at Pouilly-le-Fort, near Melun, of the results already mentioned. This experiment I may relate in a few words. Fifty sheep were placed at my disposition, of which twenty-five were vaccinated, and the remaining twenty-five underwent no treatment. A fortnight afterwards the fifty sheep were inoculated with the most virulent anthracoid microbe (or germ). The twenty-five vaccinated sheep resisted the infection, the twenty-five unvaccinated died of splenic fever within fifty hours.

"Since that time the capabilities of my laboratory have been inadequate to meet the demands of farmers for supplies of this vaccine. In the space of fifteen days we have vaccinated, in the departments surrounding Paris, more than 20,000 sheep, and a large number of cattle and horses. This experiment was repeated last month at the Ferme de Lambert, near Chartres. It deserves special mention.

"The very virulent inoculation practised at Pouilly-le-Fort, in order to

prove the immunity produced by vaccination, had been effected by the aid of anthracoid germs deposited in a culture which had been preserved in my laboratory more than four years, that is to say, from the 21st March, 1877. There was assuredly no doubt about its virulence, since in fifty hours it killed twenty-five sheep out of twenty-five. Nevertheless, a commission of doctors, surgeons, and veterinary-surgeons, of Chartres, prejudiced with the idea that virus obtained from infectious blood must have a virulence capable of defying the action of what I call cultures of virus, instituted a comparison of the effects upon vaccinated sheep and upon unvaccinated sheep of inoculation with the blood of an animal which had died of splenic fever. The result was identical with that obtained at Pouilly-le Fort—absolute resistance of the vaccinated and deaths of the unvaccinated. If I were not pressed for time I should bring to your notice other kinds of virus attenuated by similar means. These experiments will be communicated by-and-by to the public."

The bearing of these researches of Pasteur on vaccination with cow-pox, and the whole of the Jennerian doctrines, will be evident. They throw a flood of light both on the efficacy of vaccination and the many supposed failures which have given a handle to the unscrupulous fanatical detractors of Jenner and his doctrines. They go far toward establishing the correctness of the view entertained by Jenner as to the identity of small-pox and cow-pox, showing how great may be the modifications effected in the original virus by repeated transmission, either through the animal or the human system.

Various attempts have been made to test the view entertained by Jenner, but the experiments instituted by Mr. Badcock, a surgeon of Brighton, are conclusive in favor of the identity. This gentleman having contracted small-pox notwithstanding that he had been vaccinated in childhood, was led to suspect that the protective power of vaccination might have suffered diminution. He therefore inoculated cows with the virus of small-pox, and from this inoculation obtained vesicles which could not be distinguished from those of genuine

vaccinia. From these vesicles lymph was obtained, which, being introduced by inoculation into the arms of children, gave rise to true vaccine vesicles. These children, exposed to the contagion of small-pox, were proved to have acquired complete protection. Lymph obtained from this new source has since been widely distributed through the country, and with it many thousands persons have been vaccinated, both by Mr. Badcock and more than 4000 medical practitioners. Nor are these the only experiments which have led to the same conclusion. Similar experiments were instituted, and with like results, by a Russian physician named Thiele, who may even be said to have forestalled Pasteur in the principle of "cultivation," although he only spoke of "dilution" when he affirmed that he had succeeded in procuring an artificial vaccine by merely diluting small-pox virus in warm milk. The scientific interest of this question is, however, so great that the matter will certainly receive further investigation.

But apart from the question of identity or diversity of small-pox and vaccinia, Pasteur's researches prove beyond all question that a disease virus may be both diminished and augmented in power by physiological devices, and that therefore the efficacy of the vaccine lymph may, in various ways, be so diminished as to lose its protective power, without shaking our faith in the principle of vaccination or detracting in the least from the inestimable value of Jenner's discovery. The attention of the scientific world will now be, and is, directed to the important inquiry, How far has the original vaccinia of Jenner lost its protective power? If so, how has this been brought about, and by what means can it be restored? Must we again revert to the cow for a new supply? Need we only be more scrupulous in the selection of the vesicles, and the particular stage of their development, and in the mode in which the operation of vaccination is performed? These and numerous other similar questions are now being discussed and investigated, but none probably is more important than the question how far the protective influence in each individual is dissipated by time, and hence the principle of

re-vaccination is now being enforced. There can be no doubt that different epidemics possess different degrees of virulence, and what proves a sufficient protection in a mild epidemic of small-pox may not be sufficient in a more virulent one. In certain seasons and in certain conditions of the atmosphere, the human system is more prone to certain diseases than at other times. Pasteur's experiments on cultivated virus or germs show that in the course of time, and in certain conditions of exposure to the action of oxygen or other agents, the vitality, or constitution, so to speak, of the germs may be so changed as materially to alter their action on the animal system. We have, therefore, scientific grounds for reverting from time to time to the heifer for a new stock, rather than continuing to rely on the perpetual transmission from one human body to another.

This is not the place to enter on the whole question of the germ theory of disease, but who does not see how wide is the field for investigation opened up by Pasteur and others? Already the application of the principle of vaccination has been successfully applied by Pasteur to a very fatal epidemic disease attacking fowls, and known by the name of "chicken cholera." By inoculating chickens with the cultivated variety of the particular "bacillus" he has afforded to them complete protection. The economic value of this to France may in some measure be estimated by the many millions of eggs which are exported from France to this country alone. How many other diseases, such as scarlatina and diphtheria, which now carry off annually thousands of children, may not ere long be extinguished by like

means who shall say? "I venture," states Mr. Simon, in his address to the Health Section of the International Congress, "to say that in the records of human industry it would be impossible to point to work of more promise to the world than these various contributions to the knowledge of disease and of its cure and prevention, and they are contributions which, from the nature of the case, have come, and could only have come, from the performance of experiments on living animals."

Compulsory vaccination is no doubt a strong measure, and one which might, in this land of individual liberty, be expected to give rise both to question and opposition. It can only be justified by proving that it is to the interest of the individual as well as of the whole community that it should be enforced. Of its propriety and necessity we believe it needs only a calm and unprejudiced inquiry to be convinced. Most of the objections raised against it are either baseless or admit of being obviated. That some of the objections are of a character that command our respect may be admitted, but mere sentiment or prejudice, and ill-founded or exaggerated objections, must give place to sound arguments and well-established evidence. In this, as in so many similar cases, opposition and discussion open up entrances for light by which the clouds of ignorance and darkness are sure to be dispelled. But even as this whole question of vaccination now stands, the responsibility of those who are persistently misrepresenting facts and misleading the public is great, nay criminal, when we reflect how many lives are sacrificed by the neglect of precautionary means within the reach of all.—*Leisure Hour*.

LABÉDOYÈRE'S DOOM.

BY REV. MALCOLM MACCOLL.

OF all Napoleon's victories the battle of Marengo is considered by military critics to have been, on the whole, the most brilliant in conception that he ever fought, as it certainly was one of the most fruitful in its results. Yet, after all, it may be said to have been won by

a fluke. The passage of the Alps by the First Consul took the ever-unready Austrians completely by surprise. Their forces were scattered among the fortresses of Lombardy and Piedmont, and their generals were disconcerted by the sudden apparition of Napoleon, and by the

unexpected tactics which he pursued. Masséna, with a small French and Cisalpine garrison, was shut up in Genoa by an Austrian army and blockading squadron ; and both he and the Austrians expected that Napoleon would march to the relief of the besieged garrison. Meanwhile the Austrian commander-in-chief, the Baron de Melas, was in Turin hurriedly collecting his forces. But instead of marching on Genoa, Napoleon turned to the east and placed his army between the Austrians and their own fortresses. He entered Milan and seized the passages of the Po and the Adda without firing a shot. Piacenza fell an easy prey, and in a few days Melas was completely cut off from his communications north of the Po. The Austrian commander was thus reduced to the dilemma of cutting his way through the French lines or making his escape to Genoa, Masséna having in the interval surrendered on condition of being allowed to retire with all his garrison. The besieging force, being thus released from Genoa, hastened to join Baron de Melas at Alessandria. But even then the Austrians could only muster 30,000 men out of the 80,000 which they had foolishly scattered in weak detachments all over Lombardy. Napoleon, whose force also was about 30,000, had his centre half way between Piacenza and Alessandria. He made sure that Melas would retreat rapidly on Genoa, and he dispatched accordingly the divisions of Desaix and Monnier to intercept him. But Melas did not retreat. He made up his mind to give Napoleon battle, and quietly awaited his approach at Alessandria. As soon as he discovered the mistake which Napoleon had made, he issued from his stronghold and flung his whole force against the weakened French line, first at Montebello, and then at Marengo. After seven hours' hard fighting the French, in spite of Napoleon's exertions and Murat's brilliant charges, in spite also of the heroic stand made by the grenadiers of the Consular Guard, were driven into a narrow defile, where they were exposed to the Austrian artillery and almost surrounded by the Austrian infantry and cavalry. Having made his dispositions and secured, as he thought, his prey, the Austrian commander returned into Alessandria to take a little

rest before summoning the French to surrender. So certain did he feel as to the issue of the battle that he sent out dispatches announcing a victory. Meanwhile, however, the sound of the cannonade behind them had reached the ears of Desaix and Monnier and caused them to hurry back to Marengo. They were met by a multitude of panic-stricken French fugitives, who declared that the battle was lost. "Then we will win another," gayly replied Desaix. The fugitives immediately turned back with him. The French, thus reinforced, instantly renewed the fight ; and the Austrians, completely off their guard, were thrown into confusion by the suddenness of the onset, and Murat completed their overthrow by one of his impetuous charges. The victory was dearly bought by the death of Desaix ; but the prize which it yielded was magnificent. The Baron de Melas, utterly stupefied by so great a disaster after so signal a victory, sued for a truce, and agreed to purchase it by the surrender of Genoa and all the fortresses of Lombardy and Piedmont. He had probably no alternative ; for he was completely severed from his communications, and his army was broken and demoralized.

The battle of Marengo was thus a turning-point in Napoleon's career. The fortunate return of Desaix at the critical moment saved the First Consul from surrender or death. What a change in the map and history of Europe those few hours have made ! Napoleon knew well the importance of securing to himself in the estimation of the French the sole credit of the victory of Marengo. He collected and destroyed every document which told the true story of the battle, and wrote his own account of it in a dispatch which ascribed all the glory of victory and its stupendous consequences to his own genius and courage. To possess the French mind with his own story of Marengo was in fact to establish his ascendancy beyond the reach of all competitors.

But how was this to be accomplished ? It did not take Napoleon long to decide that question. He had a favorite young *aide-de-camp*, Labédoyère by name, on whose zeal and devotion he could thoroughly rely. To him he intrusted the task of bearing the Napoleonic version

of the battle of Marengo to Paris. Relays of fresh horses were ordered along the road, and Labédoyère was directed to ride by way of Genoa and the Riviera de Ponente, and proclaim along the coast line the last splendid achievement of the First Consul's genius.

The battle of Marengo was fought on June 14, 1800, and on the morning of the following day young Labédoyère started for Paris. His ride as far as Avignon took him through some of the most splendid scenery in Europe; and it was then arrayed in all the loveliness of its summer garniture. Those who know Italy and the South of France in winter only can have but a very imperfect idea of their innumerable charms. In winter the Mediterranean looks very much like any other sea; sometimes, indeed, few seas can look more inhospitable and forbidding. But see it in its summer humor, beaming all over with "the multitudinous laughter of its waves" (*κυμάτων ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα*), and no sea that I have seen can compare with it in ever-varying beauty. Stirred by the paddle of your steamer or the oar of your boat, its water sparkles with the color and brilliancy of sapphire. And sometimes you see innumerable shades of color chasing each other over its surface and blending harmoniously together like the plumage on a pigeon's breast. Nature never mixes her colors inharmoniously. The landscape, too, is only just beginning to array itself in its summer glory when the English visitors turn their backs upon it. Then it is also that the Italians come, "out of their shells," and live their joyous outdoor life—deriving an exuberant happiness from the mere enjoyment of conscious existence, and seeming to ask nothing more of earth or sky than that the one should thus blossom, the other thus beam, for ever. It is in moments and amid scenes like those that Death appears so unnatural a monster, rudely disturbing the harmony of the universe and cruelly divorcing the eternal alliance, in the primeval counsel of God, between life and happiness.

But Labédoyère had no time for such reflections. His orders were to have Napoleon's dispatch published *in extenso* in Paris within nine days of his parting from the First Consul, and to communicate a summary of its contents to the

proper authorities in the principal places *en route*. This involved desperately hard riding, and left the young *aide-de-camp*, keenly sensitive as he was to the charms of natural scenery, no leisure for admiring the beautiful scenes through which he galloped. From Genoa to Nice he only paused once, except for the purpose of refreshment and changing horses; and that one pause nearly cost him his life. The shadows of evening were falling as he passed through Mentone, and before he had reached the summit of the mountain that separates Mentone from Nice the light of day had completely vanished before that of a full-orbed moon and stars in countless multitudes, and the sea below was so calm and smooth that it reflected the firmament as in a magic mirror.

A bend of the road brought Labédoyère in sudden view of the sea lying far beneath him, and gleaming tremulously in the light of the moon and stars. Monaco, with its twinkling lights, jutting out from the overhanging mountain, looked like a constellation just fallen from the sky and floating on the water. An ejaculation of delight escaped from the lips of Labédoyère, and he stopped to contemplate the scene. Had "Thalaba" then been written, and he had known it, he might have clothed his thoughts in the following words:

How beautiful is night!

A dewy freshness fills the silent air;

No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain

Breaks the serene of heaven.

In full-orb'd glory yonder Moon divine

Rolls through the dark blue depths.

Beneath her steady ray

The desert-circle spreads,

Like the round ocean girdled with the sky.

How beautiful is night!

But Labédoyère's reverie was broken rudely, and almost fatally. His horse took fright at something or other, and made a violent bound, which threw its rider clean out of the saddle, and over the parapet. Fortunately for him, he was pitched into the midst of a thicket, which prevented his rolling down a declivity that led to the edge of a precipice. With no worse injury than some superficial scratches, he regained the road, where he found his horse standing quietly, though still trembling from the fright.

On the morning of June 23 Labédoyère arrived in Paris. He had accomplished his long ride well within the prescribed time. As he passed Notre-Dame about 8 A.M. the door of the cathedral was open, and the interior looked cool and refreshing, in striking contrast with the unsympathetic glare of the streets and the aching exhaustion of Labédoyère's weary limbs. Seized by a sudden impulse to refresh himself in the cool shade, and at the same time to return thanks to God for the safe accomplishment of his journey, he dismounted ; handed the bridle of his horse to a bystander, and entered the church with his despatch-bag slung over his shoulder. He was, as far as he could see, the only occupant of the sacred building. But after a while a priest came out of the sacristy and began to say mass at one of the side altars. He was a venerable-looking old man, with scanty locks of white hair falling almost down to his shoulders. In figure he was tall and thin ; but the most striking part of his person was his face. It was a handsome and noble face, but wore an expression of such hopeless yet unrepining sorrow as to impress Labédoyère with a vague feeling of mingled sympathy and terror. The old man's pensive gray eyes, too, when they turned in the direction of Labédoyère, seemed to be gazing so intently at something beyond, that the young *aide-de-camp* could not help looking instinctively behind him. But there was nothing but the empty floor and the dead wall of the cathedral. And the voice of the priest, even in the low tone in which he said mass, had a weird, musical, pathetic wail in it. So that altogether Labédoyère felt fascinated, whether by the attraction or repulsion he could hardly tell.

Meanwhile the priest, having administered the sacrament to himself, turned round to see if there were any intending communicants present. Labédoyère was the only person in the church, and he, still under the spell of those sad gray eyes, moved, half mechanically, toward the altar, and knelt down in front of the old priest, and received the sacrament. Then, just as he was rising to return to his seat, the old man whispered in his ear : "Young man, the soldier's calling is not favorable, in these

days especially, to the vocation of a Christian. All the more do I rejoice that the darts of temptation, to which a soldier's life is so perilously exposed, have thus far glanced scathless off from your shield of faith and purity."

And as he said this a look of great pain flitted across the old man's face. But he continued : "I have been struck with your simple faith and unaffected devotion—qualities, alas ! too rare now-a-days in men of your years and calling. Is there anything I can do for you ? for I should like to serve you."

Labédoyère, taken utterly aback, stammered out : "No, there is nothing." But instantly observing the priest's disappointed look, and unwilling to hurt his feelings, he asked : "But what do you mean ? What kind of service do you speak of ?"

"I have the gift of foretelling future events," said the old man. "Is there anything you would like to know as to your future life ? Any danger which timely knowledge might avert ? Any obstacle in the way of legitimate desire which I might help you to remove ?"

Labédoyère, more for the sake of saying something than from any other cause, answered : "Well, if you really can see into the future, will you tell me how long I have to live ?"

All this time the old man's eyes had a fixed, absent, anxious look, as if watching for some expected apparition. On hearing Labédoyère's question he started and waved his arms violently as if repelling some advancing object, while at the same time his face betokened extreme terror. In a moment, however, he recovered his composure, and said to Labédoyère in a slightly agitated tone of voice :

"I wish you had not asked me that question. And yet, perhaps, it is best as it is. Yes, yes ; no doubt you have been sent to me for the very purpose of receiving this warning. You wish to know how long you have to live. I am commissioned to tell you that on this day twelvemonth, at midnight, you will die. And now, my son, since this is a danger which no foresight can avert, you must prepare yourself to meet it. You think me cruel"—this was said in answer to a look, half of terror, half of reproach, on

the face of Labédoyère,—“ nay, my son, the message you have received through me has been sent to you in love. Think how many are called suddenly out of this life without a moment's preparation. Not that I would have you suppose that sudden death is necessarily in itself an evil, or that a sure warning of the day and hour of one's death is necessarily in itself a blessing. The moral rules of the unseen world are, no doubt, much the same as the moral rules of this. Take the case of a great man going to foreign parts for a season, and leaving his property and household in charge of his servants, who, the moment he is out of sight, neglect their work and waste their master's goods. One of them receives private information that the master is returning in a year's time, and he immediately discontinues all his evil practices, and sets himself diligently to his proper employment. Another is smitten with remorse just the day before the master's return, of which, however, he has heard and knows nothing. *He* is converted from his evil ways by genuine sorrow and repentance, not from fear of punishment. But his master appears ere he has had time to do more than sincerely resolve to amend ; while the other, who received private warning, has been behaving well for a whole year. If the master of these two servants could look into the heart of each, is it not certain that he would consider the few hours' repentance of the one worth more than the year's amendment of the other ? In fact, the latter would have no moral value at all, for it is the motive that makes a moral act good or bad. Warning of death, therefore, is a distinct disadvantage to a being on probation unless it works a fundamental change, not simply in his conduct, but in his principles and motives. For the warning puts an end to the probation, and so far makes amendment less meritorious, because less an outcome of the character within.

“ But if the heart is true, a year's warning of one's end is a great blessing. It enables a man to wind up his worldly affairs, and to bring himself into such a frame of mind as befits the solemnity of the great change that is awaiting him ; just as a loyal and zealous servant of an earthly king, if summoned into the royal pres-

ence, would assume a suitable dress and demeanor for presenting himself to his sovereign ; though, if his king should think fit to visit him unawares, he would have no occasion to be ashamed or alarmed because he was in his working clothes and attending to his ordinary business. The best preparation for death is diligence in the task allotted to us. Go home, therefore, my son, and remember this day twelvemonth at midnight. But in the meantime neglect not the duties of your daily life.”

It takes some time to write what the old priest said, but it took him very little time to say it. He then finished the service somewhat hurriedly, and disappeared into the sacristy.

Labédoyère, meanwhile, remained kneeling on the altar steps, dazed and stupefied. The disappearance of the priest recalled him to himself. He rose and moved slowly to the seat where he had left his cap and dispatch-bag. Kneeling down, he buried his face in his hands, and made an effort to recall his wandering thoughts and assure himself that it was not all a dream. Being satisfied on that point, he next tried to persuade himself that the old priest was crazed, and had mistaken the aberration of an eccentric imagination for the inspiration of a Divine message. But there was that in the voice, and look, and manner of the old man which would not square with this theory—something which Labédoyère felt, though he could not explain it, and of which he could not shake off the impression. He had a vivid presentiment that it would be perilous to disregard the warning so mysteriously given. “ After all,” he said, “ my prudent course is to assume that the doom just pronounced on me will be fulfilled. No harm, at all events, can come of taking it for granted. If the prediction should come true, why, then, death at least will not take me by surprise. And if it should be falsified by the event, the fact of living for a whole year in sight of death, as it were, can hardly fail to have salutary influence on my character. Let me see. I have a year before me. If the old man spoke truth, I need not fear death in the interval. That, at least, is some compensation. I am young. I entered the army as a boy, and even now I am

little more than a boy. My experience of life is only that of camps, and if I must indeed leave it so soon I should like to see a little more of it ere I go. I am resolved what to do. I will divide my year into two equal portions. The first half I shall devote to seeing what I can of life; the life of a great city; the life of women and children, of gayety and brightness, as well as of soldiers hacking each other to pieces for the sake of 'glory.' But I should like to see the old priest once more. I must get his address, for he may be of use to me."

But the old priest had left the church, and Labédoyère could not discover anything about him, not even his name. The verger said he was a stranger, who had "asked for an altar at which to say his mass;" and nobody knew whence he had come or whither he had gone.

Labédoyère mounted his horse and went straight to his *appartement*, a set of plain but tastefully furnished chambers not far from Notre Dame. After breakfast and a brief nap, he sallied out to arrange for the publication of Napoleon's dispatch on the morrow. His next step was to resign his commission and leave the army.

The Parisians have always shown a wonderful alacrity in passing from the deepest despondency to the utmost gayety. At the period of our story Paris was only emerging out of the gloom and agony of the Reign of Terror. It was but six years previously that Robespierre had closed his career on the scaffold to which he had sent so many others. But all that was forgotten in the buoyance of spirits caused by the wonderful success of the arms of France across the Alps and beyond the Rhine. Paris, moreover, was enriched by the spoils of the conquered cities of Italy. French savants accompanied the armies of Napoleon, and selected for transportation to Paris the masterpieces of art which adorned the public galleries, private houses, churches, and monasteries of every land which fell under the sway of the invader. Nor was the treasure levied in money alone inconsiderable. Not satisfied with compelling the invaded territory to pay the cost of the invasion, the French generals were ordered by the Directory to levy contributions for

the use of the French Government. Napoleon is said to have sent fifty millions of francs to Paris as the fruit of his first campaign in Italy.

Paris was thus rich and gay and proud when Labédoyère plunged into the vortex of her pleasures. And he enjoyed them for a season with all the zest of inexperienced youth. The image of the old priest soon vanished from his memory, and with it the predicted doom. But they revenged themselves by returning by-and-by with tragical accessories. Labédoyère, as was natural to a man of his age and susceptible temperament, had fallen in love. Whether it was equally natural that he should have fallen in love with a woman considerably older than himself, by no means handsome, and remarkable for nothing in particular except an extremely shrewd intellect, a caustic wit, a diminutive body, and a splendid head of hair, is more than I can tell. She conquered Labédoyère through his vanity, of which he had a considerable bump. Of all the human passions vanity is undoubtedly the most prevalent, and probably, on the whole, the most pernicious both in its general results and its action on the character which indulges in it. Its special home is commonly supposed to be the female heart; but I am not at all sure that the male heart is better proof against its subtle influences. Bunyan was once complimented on the eloquence of one of his sermons. "The devil told me that as I was coming down the pulpit stairs," replied the grand old Puritan. The sage and the clown, Merlin and Bottom the weaver, are all equally pervious to the seductive arts of this insinuating Vivien. And perhaps the higher men mount on the social ladder the more likely they are to be enslaved by the sweet song of the ubiquitous siren. Behind the throne of the mightiest potentate on earth you will generally find some one to whom the master of millions is himself a slave; and the talisman that has subdued him is invariably a skilful manipulation of the bump of vanity. Pascal indeed goes so far as to affirm, with cynical exaggeration, that love itself is the offspring of vanity. "Whoever would fully learn the vanity of man," he says, "has but to consider the causes and the consequences of love. The cause is perhaps some undeniable

trifle (*un je ne sais quoi*), and the consequences are tremendous. This trifle, this thing so insignificant that we cannot define it, moves the earth, its potentates, its armies, the whole universe! Had Cleopatra's nose been a little shorter, the whole face of the world might have been changed."

Within three weeks of his first meeting Mlle. Oudinet, Labédoyère was as helpless in her toils as Samson in the arms of Delilah when the locks of his strength were shorn. Mlle. Oudinet was the orphan daughter and only child of a worthy butcher who, from humble beginnings, had amassed a large fortune by means of army contracts. Uneducated himself, he had bestowed on his daughter the best education that money could purchase. Her wealth, her tact, her wit and talent for conversation, had made a sort of reputation for her, and her company was sought even at the tables of the most exclusive houses. For it had become known that any party at which Mlle. Oudinet was a guest would at least not be a dull one. She, on her part, enjoyed her social success with the keenest relish, and was soon in a position to be fastidious in her acceptance of invitations. But she knew all the while that the admiration which she extorted was a hollow one; that the proud dames who competed for the honor of her company sought her from the same motives with which they hired their cooks: to make their dinners attractive. Some of them even—and they the most demonstrative in their manifestation of affection—hated her cordially. For she had a rare talent for firing off impromptu epigrams; and her epigrams were barbed and always stuck. No woman offended her without paying the penalty of being made the laughing-stock of every *salon* in Paris for the next few days.

Power without love yields no real happiness. But there are natures to whom ascendancy over others, admiration begotten of fear or intellectual superiority alone, affords for a time a delicious pleasure more absorbing perhaps than any other passion. Mlle. Oudinet was such a nature. What she panted for was not love, but admiration. But she was clever enough to know that her wit and brilliancy could not secure to the end of the chapter the homage

that was now paid her. She felt that she was only in, and not of, the society in which she mingled. The butcher's daughter must therefore merge her name in that of some ancient house.

Mlle. Oudinet had formed this resolution about the time she met Labédoyère, and she at once fixed on him as the instrument of her ambition. He was poor, though possessing a competency sufficient for a bachelor, and he was noble. She was plebeian, but she was rich, and sought after in society. Were they not made for each other—she, born with a silver spoon in her mouth, and he with a coronet to put upon it? True, coronets were not now in vogue; but they would be soon. Parisian society was longing for the pageantry of a court, and there were signs in the air that its wishes would be gratified ere long. And the wife of Citizen Labédoyère would then be Marquise de Labédoyère. Citizen Labédoyère, moreover, was just then one of the "lions" of Paris. His name had been more than once mentioned in despatches for conspicuous gallantry, and he was known to be a special favorite with the First Consul. Nor was he at all injured in public estimation by the resignation of his commission. It was believed that he was acting under the orders of Bonaparte, that he had, in fact, a secret mission in the metropolis, and that he would soon receive some important appointment. So that in every way young Labédoyère was a prize well worth hunting down.

The hunt, as we have seen, did not last long. The inexperienced young soldier fell an easy prey to the artful flattery of a young woman whom all the men of Paris admired and all the women feared. But his engagement was succeeded, within a few weeks, by serious misgivings as to the wisdom of his choice. His *fiancée* made the mistake of imagining that a conquest so easily won could be maintained with equal ease. Labédoyère soon woke to the consciousness that he had foolishly allowed himself to be made the tool of a designing woman. But what was he to do? He was an honorable man, and Mlle. Oudinet took good care to give him no pretext for quarrelling with her. As his coolness increased so did her devotion to him.

Aid came to him at last in an unex-

pected way. The First Consul saw the blunder the Republic had made in arraying against itself all the religious sentiment of France, and he lost no time in permitting the churches to be opened again for the worship of God. Labédoyère chanced to pass, one Sunday evening, the open door of a little church in a by-street in the Quartier Latin. He went in and found a crowded congregation listening with uplifted faces to a sermon delivered with impassioned diction by a preacher whom Labédoyère could not see from the place where he was standing, but whose voice instantly arrested his attention. The preacher was at his peroration, and his words—more probably from accidental associations than from anything striking in themselves—fixed themselves so indelibly in the memory of Labédoyère that he had no difficulty in reproducing them in his diary when he went home. The preacher's text, which he frequently quoted, was (as rendered in our English version) "Every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the Day of Judgment." Reminding his hearers that the word translated "idle" meant literally "purposeless," "objectless," "thrown out carelessly upon the passing breeze," he went on to expatiate upon the multitudes of such words which were wandering in space; unknown to man, but easily decipherable by God; and probably also by created intelligences of superhuman powers. And if those words, uttered at random and without definite aim or purpose, were all recorded against the Judgment Day, how dreadful the thought that wicked words too had an imperishable life! Words that tempted the innocent to sin, words that bore false witness, words that deceived the unwary, broken vows—of lovers, of marriage, of ordination, of rulers to their subjects and subjects to their rulers—all were probably written on the circumbient air, and would rise up one day against the utterers of them. "But, however that may be," continued the preacher, "there is at least one sense in which our words are certainly imperishable. They are engraved in indelible characters on the leaves of our own memories. We talk of forgetting. In matter of fact, we never forget anything. An impression made

upon the mind remains there for ever. When you leave this sacred edifice, look aloft and behold the vault of heaven studded all over with stars. Look up again to-morrow morning, and you will not see a single star where just now they are so thickly strewn. What has become of them? Have they vanished out of space? Have they ceased to be? Not so: they are where they were, but the brighter light of the sun has covered them as with a veil. And when the sun once more declines behind the hills the stars will come trooping out, one by one, till the floor of heaven is again covered with their countless multitude.

"So it is with the impressions made on the memory of man. There they lie, layer upon layer, one hiding the other from view, and all, except the most recent, veiled over by the garish light of the passing day. But they are not lost. The romance is gone that the young man adored; the illusion has perished that deluded the maiden; but the impress has in each case remained, and will remain beyond the effacing alchemy of any Lethe. Many proofs of this are vouchsafed to us even here on earth. Open a long-locked drawer and run your eyes over a letter which you have not read for years, and see how readily the voices of the dead and songs of other years come back to you. In many other ways the impressions of the past are easily reproduced. But perhaps the most striking illustration of the indelibility of mental impressions is supplied by the well-authenticated experience of persons who have descended into the abyss of death, by drowning or otherwise, and have been rescued before life had become quite extinct. They tell us that when consciousness had closed upon the world of sense a flood of light suddenly irradiated the whole of their past life, and revealed all its history from childhood onward in minutest detail, as invisible ink, when placed before the fire, will come out in legible characters on the apparently blank page. So that you see the organizing principles, which fuse into harmony whatever heterogeneous materials human life may have accumulated from without, will not suffer the unity of human character to be broken in the retrospect from dying moments, or from other great convulsions of the spiritual

elements within us. An awful resurrection truly of the life which we have led in the body ! ' The books shall be opened ' with a vengeance, and every child of Adam ' judged according to his works ; ' judged on unimpeachable evidence by the voice of a self-accusing conscience."

The preacher concluded with a few words of appeal to the charity of the congregation on behalf of some object which did not reach the ears of Labédoyère, and then descended himself among the flock to collect the alms. And now the secret of the spell which the preacher's voice had thrown over Labédoyère was revealed. For the preacher was no other than the old priest of Notre Dame. His eyes and Labédoyère's met, and as the latter bent forward to drop a coin into the bag the priest whispered in his ear, " Remember midnight on the twenty-third of next June," and passed on.

When the service was over and the congregation had dispersed, Labédoyère made his way into the vestry, and found the old priest on the point of departing. He paused on seeing Labédoyère, but kept his hold on the handle of the door, as if impatient to be off. After a hurried apology for his intrusion, Labédoyère courteously begged to be permitted to call on the priest at his convenience. " I have no home," replied the old man, " and my time is not my own. To-day I am here, to-morrow gone ; and I know not from hour to hour whither I may be sent by Him whose unworthy servant I am. I am therefore unable to make appointments because I can never be certain of being allowed to keep them."

" Would he, at all events," asked Labédoyère, " give him the pleasure of knowing his name ?"

" I am dead to the world," said the old man, and his voice resumed that weird wail, and his eyes that distant look, which Labédoyère remembered so well before the altar of Notre-Dame. " In religion I am known as Brother Antonio. But that information leaves you where you were. Ask me no more questions. To you I have already delivered my message. I have no commission to satisfy the cravings of an idle curiosity. Remember the twenty-third of June at midnight. Time is short. Eternity is long."

And the old priest, bowing courteously, passed out and closed the door behind him.

On the morrow Labédoyère sought an interview with Mlle. Oudinet. He would have been glad, a few days ago, of any pretext for breaking off his engagement. But he needed no pretext now. The fatal twenty-third of June cast its shadow before, and it was in simple sincerity that Labédoyère told Mlle. Oudinet that in kindness to her he must release her from her engagement. She would not hear of such a thing, and rallied him on " the folly of believing the ravings of a crack-brained old priest." When that failed she tried the power of tears. But Labédoyère was inexorable, and cut short the scene by abruptly taking his leave.

It was the first time that Mlle. Oudinet found herself spurned by a man. And there was that in Labédoyère's manner which assured her that he had found her out and had irrevocably cast her off. " A woman either loves or hates," says the Roman proverb ; " there is nothing between." That proverb, I dare say, has as much truth in it as proverbs in general have ; that is to say, it rests on a substratum of fact, and is open to refutation by a multitude of particular instances to the contrary. But it was true enough in Mlle. Oudinet's case—at least in the matter of hate. " I will anticipate the priest's prediction," she said to herself, " and save Fate the trouble of fulfilling her decree on the 23d of June."

Having formed her resolution, she immediately proceeded to arrange for its execution, and for that purpose sent a note to one of her rejected lovers, whom she still kept dancing attendance on her even after her engagement to Labédoyère. He was a young man of good family, shady character, broken fortune, and expensive tastes ; to whom, therefore, an alliance with a rich heiress was a matter of prime importance. And he had been sanguine of success till Labédoyère crossed his path and carried off his prize. It was natural, therefore, that Citizen Picard's feelings toward Citizen Labédoyère should not be of the most benevolent description. And it was equally natural that this fact should be particularly pleasing to Mlle. Oudi-

net in her present frame of mind. But M. Picard's chief recommendation in her eyes just now was the fact of his being considered one of the best swordsmen in Paris. It is easy for one gifted with so ready a wit and so lively an imagination to give M. Picard a version of her quarrel with Labédoyère which portrayed herself as an innocent victim, and at the same time served to revive the hopes of the rejected, but now recalled, suitor. M. Picard took in the situation at a glance. If he could only get rid of his rival, the dreams of his ambition would at length be realized. He left Mademoiselle's presence in a state of gleeful excitement, and soon found an opportunity of forcing a quarrel on Labédoyère. A sneering insinuation at an evening party, in Labédoyère's hearing, that a deficiency of courage was the true motive of his leaving the army, sufficed to cause a hostile meeting. Labédoyère also was a dexterous swordsman; but he was out of practice and out of spirits—two great disadvantages where quickness of eye and strength and suppleness of wrist are so vitally requisite. His antagonist, on the other hand, was in daily practice, and his spirits rose with the prospect of ridding himself of the only obstacle, as he supposed, between himself and fortune. It is probable, however, that Labédoyère's mental depression was of great service to him on the present occasion. Since his second interview with the old priest he had become so persuaded of the fulfilment of his doom on the twenty-third of the following June that he came to regard his own death before that date as an impossibility. His duel with M. Picard was to him, therefore, merely a matter of interesting speculation. He was aware of his antagonist's skill of thrust and fence, though he had never witnessed it, and he had no mean opinion of his own; and believing, as he did, in his own impunity, he appeared upon the ground with his head as cool as if he were only going to sit down to a game of chess. M. Picard's head was not half as cool; and he made, moreover, the fatal mistake of despising his adversary. A few passes, however, sufficed to convince him that he had need of all his skill and nerve. They were so evenly matched a pair, in fact, that, after fighting for ten

minutes without either touching the other, they paused, by mutual consent, to rest. Having renewed the combat, and fought again for some time without advantage to either side, M. Picard began to lose patience, and attempting to evade Labédoyère's guard with a rapid thrust, his left foot slipped on the dewy grass, the point of his sword flew up, and he fell heavily forward and transfixed himself on his antagonist's weapon. The wound was fatal, and before Labédoyère could quite realize what had happened, he found himself gazing horror-struck on the corpse of his foe. Feeling perfectly secure as to his own life, he had no intention to do more than put his adversary *hors de combat*, and was watching for an opportunity to disable his sword arm. Often as he had looked at death in every form of ghastliness on the field of battle, he had never felt so affected as he did now; for never before had his own arm taken a fellow-creature's life. The fatal blade, red with the dead man's life-blood, was still in Labédoyère's hand. He thrust it into the ground and broke it; and, as he did so, he heard through the stillness of the morning air a well-remembered voice uttering, in low yet clear tones, the words: "We shall meet at midnight on the twenty-third of next June." The voice sent a cold chill to Labédoyère's heart; but, after a moment's pause, he rushed in the direction from which the voice seemed to come. A high hedge separated the field where the duel took place from the road, which, at the distance of two hundred yards, entered a dense wood; and just as Labédoyère looked over the hedge he saw a tall, dark, slim figure, with white flowing locks, disappearing into the gloom of the forest. Hastily dressing himself, and leaving the body of his late foe in charge of the seconds and surgeon, Labédoyère pursued the mysterious priest, but failed to overtake him—which, after all, was not wonderful, for the forest was intersected by many paths, and Labédoyère had no doubt taken the wrong one.

Sick at heart, Labédoyère determined to leave Paris and await his doom elsewhere. He would have liked to rejoin the army. But that was impossible, for he had deeply offended the First Consul

by retiring; and Napoleon was not a man to forgive an offence of that kind. Since the army was out of the question, Labédoyère, with a view to a complete change of scene, made up his mind to go to Palermo, where he knew he should receive a warm welcome from the Marchesino San Juliano, whose acquaintance he had made in Italy, and whose father the Marchese, had large estates on the island, and a palace (now an hotel) on the Marina in Palermo.

Labédoyère arrived in Palermo on a bright afternoon in the beginning of April, and was enchanted with the appearance of the city as it lay before him basking in the evening sun. "Palermo well derives its name of 'La Felice,'" said Labédoyère to himself, as he watched it from the deck of the vessel, which made its way slowly toward the harbor. The town, which faces north, lies on a rich plain, which is covered, where there are no houses, with vineyards and groves of orange and citron and mulberry trees, and evergreen oleanders and clumps of waving palms. The land rises behind the town in something of a crescent shape, which probably suggested, together with the exuberance of the soil and the gardens of golden oranges and lemons, its name of "Conca d'Oro." The plain is dominated by a lofty mountain, which was now gilded with the rays of the setting sun. On the right of Palermo rose in full light Monte Pellegrino—"the most beautiful headland in the whole world," as Goethe calls it—with its many picturesque outlines; on the left a long coast-line, stretching far away in the distance toward Messina, and indented with innumerable bays and headlands.

Labédoyère entered the town through an odd-looking gateway, consisting of two vast pillars, left unconnected above in order that the lofty car of Santa Rosalia, the patroness of the city, might be able to pass through on her annual festival. On arriving at the Palazzo San Juliano, Labédoyère found that the family were all out; but the servant added that Labédoyère would probably find the Marchesino in the public gardens by the roadstead. Those gardens were then only thirty years old, and were not as beautiful as they are now; but Labédoyère thought them the most fairy spot

he had ever seen. Green edgings surrounded beds of the choicest exotics; citron espaliers arched over low-arbored walks; high walls of the oleander, decked with thousands of its red carnation-like blossoms, dazzled the eye; and trees wholly strange to Labédoyère's eyes, natives probably of a still warmer climate, spread out their strange-looking branches. Sitting down on a bench and watching the black waves* breaking monotonously on the irregular shore, and smelling the odor of the brine mingled with the sweet smell of flowers and orange blossoms, the happy island of the Phæacians rose before his imagination and memory; for, though ignorant of Greek, he was familiar with Homer through the medium of a French translation.

Labédoyère, failing to meet the Marchesino San Juliano in the public gardens, strolled down to the Marina, where the beauty and fashion of Palermo, some on foot and some in carriages, were enjoying the beauty of the evening and the soft caresses of a gentle sea breeze. Among the throng of loungers Labédoyère fell in with his friend, who was delighted to see him, but had not expected him quite so soon. The Marchese also and his sister (he had lost his wife some years before) greeted the handsome young Frenchman with genuine hospitality. They had never seen him till now, but had heard much of him from the young marquis, and expressed their determination not to let him go in a hurry since they were so fortunate as to entice him so far from home.

Our limited space will not admit of a detailed account of Labédoyère's life in Sicily and the delightful excursions which he made all over the island, a full account of which he wrote with great care in his journal. The Marchese San Juliano would have been considered a wealthy nobleman even in Eng-

* The northerly aspect of the Bay of Palermo tinges its waters with quite a different color from that of the Bay of Naples. The city and the shore lie between the sun and the harbor, and the consequence is that there is no reflection of the sun on the waves. For this reason the waves of the Bay of Palermo are of so deep a blue that, in comparison with those of the Bay of Naples or Salerno, they may be called "black."

land. In addition to an extensive landed property in the southern parts of the island he possessed some mineral mines near Catania which yielded him a handsome income. He had several country seats, but the place which he liked best for his *villeggiatura* was Taormina, where he had a palatial villa. And no wonder. The mind of man cannot conceive a more splendid panorama than that which unfolds itself before the eyes of the spectator who looks in front of him from one of the seats of the Greco-Roman theatre, which is partly hewn out of the rock. Nothing perhaps better illustrates the love of the ancient Greeks for natural beauty than the sites and construction of their theatres. They were always open to the sky, and wherever it was possible they commanded a beautiful view, so that in the intervals between the acts the spectators had something better than stage-scenery to gladden their eyes. The first object that strikes the eye from the theatre of Taormina is the majestic form of Etna ; then, lying in the foreground in the intervening space, the valley of the Cantara and the rocky heights of Castiglione. Perched on a rock to the right, and somewhat toward the rear, are the hermitage of Santa Maria della Rocca, and the fort of Taormina, which stood many a buffeting from Greek, and Roman, and Saracen ; still higher up, the precipitous mountain of Mola ; and beyond it, and still higher Monte Venere stands clear out against the sky. Down below on the left the eye follows the sea-shore past Catania and on to Syracuse, and wanders over scenes familiar to every schoolboy ; the love of Acis and Galatea, the memory of which still lingers in the name of the flourishing town of Acireale ; the *scogli de' Cicliopi* which blinded Polyphemus hurled after the wily Odysseus, and are still seen above the waves to attest the giant's strength ; and the very spot is still pointed out by the custodian of the theatre where Nausicaa and her laughing maidens surprised the wandering king of Ithaca on the shore after his exhausting swim. Behind the spectator is the wall of rock between which and the sea runs the road to Mes-sina. And then again still farther on you behold vast groups of rocky ridges in the sea itself, with the mountains of

Calabria in the hazy distance, scarcely distinguishable from the clouds which float over them.

To this lovely retreat the San Juliano family removed with their guest in the end of April. His happiness would have been complete but for the warning of the old priest, which haunted his visions by day and his dreams by night. He was fond of wandering among the mountains and about three weeks after his arrival at Taormina he made a solitary excursion to the marble quarries of Monte Ziretto beyond the Fiumara. On his way back he missed his way, and found himself at nightfall skirting the rocky peak of Lapa. Then he knew where he was, for he could see Taormina not very far off. He sat down to rest himself awhile and to enjoy the still beauty of the scene before him. When he got up to pursue his journey, he was startled by the sound of a shot fired close above him, while at the same time a gruff voice cried, " Bocca a terra !" He had been in Sicily long enough to know what those words meant. They meant that he was to throw himself on his face on the ground and let brigands seize him on pain of being instantly shot. Turning himself in the direction from which the shot and voice came, he saw against the sky-line the barrels of six guns pointed at him at a distance of some ten yards. Labédoyère knew that the slightest attempt at escape would instantly draw the fire of those six guns upon him. On the other hand, he believed that he bore a charmed life for another month ; and, without more ado, he rushed down the mountain. To his surprise, the brigands did not fire, and he was beginning to congratulate himself on his lucky star when he found himself thrown violently to the ground and a powerful bloodhound standing over him. He was not hurt, for the brute was thoroughly trained and did not bite unless resistance was offered. The brigands were upon him before he recovered his presence of mind, and led him for some hours blindfolded. When his eyes were unbandaged, it was quite dark, and he had no idea where he was. The brigands were very courteous, especially one of them whom Labédoyère soon discovered to be the *capo-brigante*. Toward the following afternoon the band arrived with their captive

at a mountain cave which was evidently their lair, and where they had tolerably comfortable quarters. They set food and wine before their prisoner, of which he partook with an appetite sharpened by his long fast and fatiguing walk. He was then requested to send a note to the Marchese for a handsome ransom, on receipt of which by the brigands he would be conducted in safety to the neighborhood of Taormina. It was in vain that Labédoyère explained that he had no claim whatever on the generosity of the Marchese; equally in vain that he defied them to shoot him. The chief told him in the blandest tones that they never shot a captive. After the ransom became due they sent a piece of his body at intervals, while life lasted, to quicken the zeal of his family and friends. Labédoyère shuddered. He could face death, but not by piecemeal mutilation. He wrote the note to the Marchese, and awaited the issue with all the stoicism at his command.

In the course of the day the band was augmented by the arrival of four more brigands who had been on an expedition—an unsuccessful one—in another direction. Labédoyère did not at first take any particular notice of the new arrivals. By-and-by he became conscious that he was apparently an object of curiosity or interest to one of them, whose eyes he found steadily fixed on him whenever he looked in that direction. At last he returned the man's gaze, and was at once convinced that he had seen the face before. All at once it flashed on him that the man was a Genoese soldier who had been badly wounded on the field of Arcola. Labédoyère happened to be passing at the moment that the wounded man was about to be thrown into a pit among a number of dead bodies, and finding that his pulse was going, he had him carried to his tent. The man recovered, thanks to Labédoyère's care, and was set at liberty by Labédoyère's influence. In the course of the day he managed to slip a paper into Labédoyère's hands on which were scrawled these words: "I shall be one of your guard to-night, and will help you to escape. But beware of the hound." And so it fell out. In the afternoon the chief departed with the band, leaving two of them, of whom the Genoese was one, to guard the prisoner. The guards' orders

were that neither of them was to allow the other to sleep for a moment. That night one of them—not the Genoese—fell fast sleep. The Genoese proposed to kill him; but Labédoyère would not consent. He agreed, however, to the proposal of the Genoese that they should bind and gag the sleeping brigand, and then make their escape. For the Genoese had made up his mind to flee with Labédoyère, since he would certainly be put to death for conniving at the prisoner's escape. Besides, he had got disgusted with brigand life.

The sleeping brigand was soon overpowered, and the two fugitives fled for their lives. It was lucky for Labédoyère that he was not alone, for he had not the least idea which way to turn on leaving the cave. His companion, however, knew the way to Taormina, and they hurried on as fast as their feet would carry them, in the hope of being beyond the reach of capture by daybreak. For the Genoese did not think it safe to pursue their journey after dawn, since he did not know what direction the band had taken, and wished to avoid the risk of meeting it. He took the further precaution, whenever they came to a stream, to wade through it for a considerable distance and get his companion to do the same, in order to throw the hound off the scent in the event of their being pursued. Toward daybreak they found themselves following the course of a wide but shallow mountain stream, whose banks were covered with brushwood. By the advice of the Genoese they walked into the stream and waded back through the midst of it for about a quarter of a mile till they came to a rock standing in the middle of a deep pool, and covered with long grass and dense jungle. To this rock they both swam, and then hid themselves, all dripping as they were, in the middle of the thicket. They were just in time, for the quick ear of the Genoese caught in the distance the deep baying of the bloodhound.

The hound was then so close that they could see the swaying of the bushes on the bank of the stream as he made his way through them. At length he reached the place where they had entered the water. He plunged at once into the stream and ran up and down the opposite bank. He had lost the scent, and after sundry desperate efforts to re-

cover it, he stood stock still and bayed aloud his disappointment.

Labédoyère and his companion were interested witnesses of all this, and also of the arrival on the scene, half an hour later, of the *capo-brigante* and four of his band. They searched diligently both sides of the stream, and passed and re-passed within a few yards of the hiding-place of the men they were in search of.

Fortunately it never occurred to them to think of searching that. At last, with some curses at the dog, they appeared to give up the pursuit. But the fugitives did not think it safe to leave their place of concealment till it was quite dark. Then they resumed their flight with a will, and found themselves in the early morning at the Villa San Julianio.

Labédoyère was greeted as one risen from the dead. The Marchese had sent to his banker in Catania for the ransom money. But that, of course, was no longer necessary. The mail had arrived during Labédoyère's absence, and he found among his letters, to his great surprise, a missive from the old priest summoning him at once to Paris. His friends tried hard to dissuade him from obeying the summons. But the old priest had obtained an ascendancy over him which he could not shake off, and he started the following day for Paris, taking the Genoese ex-brigand with him.

On arriving in Paris, he went without delay to the address which the old priest had given him, but found the old man had gone out of town. He had, however, left a note behind him for Labédoyère to say that he would call upon him *at midnight on the twenty-third of June*. It was now the 17th of June, and Labédoyère sent out that evening an invitation to two of his most intimate and most serious-minded friends to dine with him on the fatal night. He added in a postscript that they would oblige him by retiring at ten o'clock. They knew what that meant, for the story of his mysterious doom had got

abroad among his friends. The fatal twenty-third arrived, and Labédoyère and his two friends dined quietly together.

At ten he was left alone, as he thought. He placed himself in an arm-chair in the room in which they had just dined, and began to read Pascal's "*Pensées*," his eyes meanwhile glancing occasionally off the page of the book to the face of the clock on the mantelpiece opposite. Eleven o'clock struck, and Labédoyère fancied that a clammy numbness was creeping over him. But he tried to persuade himself that it was only nervousness, and made an effort to go on reading. Half-past eleven struck, and Labédoyère felt his pulse. It was certainly going more slowly than it ought. Still it might be only nervousness. A quarter to twelve struck, and Labédoyère closed his book and sat with his eyes fixed on the clock and his finger on his pulse. There was no doubt now: the pulse had almost stopped, and a deadly chill had taken possession of Labédoyère's frame. And then the great clock of Notre-Dame began to toll out on the silence of the midnight air the hour of Midnight—the hour of doom for Labédoyère if the old priest was a true prophet. As the echo of the last stroke of the hammer was dying away on his ear, he fell back in his chair in a state of semi-consciousness. How long he remained in that state we happen to know, for a pair of keen eyes, unknown to him, were earnestly watching him. And before life had quite departed, and while his mind still hovered, as it were, on the border-land of the material world and the world unseen, the pressure of a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a hollow voice, as from the tomb, sounded in his ear the startling summons, "*Awake, for I am going to—shut up the church.*" The doomed man opened his eyes slowly, and saw standing before him, key in hand, the beadle of Notre-Dame!—*Fraser's Magazine*.

FINANCE WEST OF THE ATLANTIC.

THERE are no States on the European continent, not even excepting France, the daily course of whose existence claims from an Englishman closer

attention than does that of the United States and Canada. We speak of the two, momentarily, as though their position toward England was identical, and

we do so because the purport of this article is rather politico-commercial than purely political; and, notwithstanding the genuine feeling of loyalty to the British Crown which exists in Canada, it cannot be doubted that the rulers of the Dominion will shape its financial policy in strict accordance with their ideas of the country's requirements, and will allow as little place for sentiment in their business transactions with the mother country as will any body of men who may control the Government at Washington.

There is an obvious reason why Englishmen should devote some special attention to the progress of the great States west of the Atlantic, because Canada and the United States form the least easily appreciable factor in the problem of how, if at all, England is to maintain her commercial primacy in the struggle with the rest of the world. It is true that at present we may do a larger trade with some European nations; but it is comparatively easy to appreciate the conditions under which we have to contend with them. It is possible to calculate with some accuracy the extent of their territory, resources, the maximum of the population each country can sustain, and the varying amount of pressure the development of each country's industries exercises upon our own enterprises. We know pretty well the products of each European country, and we know, humanly speaking, the improbability of any startling gifts of nature lying concealed and unsuspected by us in any foreign soil.

But on the western side of the Atlantic matters are widely different. Happily for themselves, neither the United States nor Canada—except in so far as the latter forms a portion of the British empire—has a foreign policy in the common acceptation of the term; and they can afford to devote the undivided attention of their Governments and the shrewd intelligence of their people to the sole task of commercial aggrandizement.

It is unnecessary to dilate on American ingenuity—it is proverbial. What is of interest to Englishmen is to know what policy fifty-five millions of shrewd business men, with a continent for their inheritance, with every conceivable variety of climate and productive of every

species of wealth—animal, vegetable, and mineral—spurred, too, as they are to the maximum of exertion in the manufacture of toil-saving appliances by the scarcity and costliness of labor—have deliberately adopted and are resolutely pursuing.

Let us first deal with the United States. It is useless for an observer to seek to disguise from himself the fact that the doctrine of Free-Trade is no longer even what is called a "live issue" in the slang of American politics. As late as ten years ago, when the writer of this article was first in the United States, the Free-Traders, though in a hopeless minority, still existed as a party; but the hard times from 1873 to 1878 killed them. Their best chance of success lay in exciting the jealousy of the operative against the capitalist. So long as it was possible to hold out to the working man the spectacle of an employer manipulating the country's tariff in a fashion to secure for himself bloated gains derived from the taxation of his *employés'* necessities of life, so long was it possible to hope for a revolt of Labor *v.* Capital. And the Free-Traders were aided by the fact that, until lately, they could rely upon considerable support from the Southern and Western States, which were formerly almost exclusively producers but not manufacturers.

The Free-Trade party has lost both its political and real advantages—the latter, at all events, permanently. During the hard times succeeding 1873, the manufacturing depression affected the operative as well as the capitalist. The mechanic went for a long time short of work and short of bread. With the revival of trade came a rise in wages; and the manufacturer did not omit to point out to the *employés* that the restoration of his business and wages-paying capacity was due to the national protective tariff. Further, the manufacturing interests insure the maintenance of a tariff favorable to themselves by the simple process of admitting a new interest within the charmed pale of Protection whenever the cry for tariff reform reaches a height menacing to their monopolies or vested interests.

What probability or chance is there, then, of such a Free-Trade movement as convulsed England a generation ago? In

America the working man has just passed from a cycle of bad into a season of good years—*i.e.*, good wages, good and cheap food, lodging, and education—due, he is told, to a protective policy. Prominent Democrats and Free-Traders admit that one of the main causes of General Garfield's victory over General Hancock at the last Presidential election was the adoption of a plank savoring of Free-Trade in the latter's political platform; and the significance of the fact that the phrase "Tariff Reform" is taking the place of "Free-Trade" in Democratic electioneering speeches must not be overlooked.

But the cause of Free-Trade in the United States has another increasingly formidable obstacle to contend with. Up to a recent date the Southern and Western States might be counted on to furnish at least a large contingent of Free-Traders. Dependent as they were on the produce of their raw materials of cotton and cereals, and devoid of manufacturing power, it was to them the Free-Trader in England and America looked to put pressure on the East to secure the free admission of clothes for their backs or implements for their agricultural purposes. Even in the best of times, however (speaking from a Free-Trade point of view), there was a kind of commercial Chauvinism (not wholly ungraceful in a great nation) which led Southerners and Western men to be willing to make some sacrifice for the sake of rendering their country commercially independent of the Old World, while now-a-days that sentiment is no longer needed to impress them with a belief in the merits of Protection. The ex-Free-Traders are now "*plus royalistes que le roi*." At this moment the Southerners are working tooth and nail to insure the success of a manufacturing exhibition to be held at Atlanta, Georgia. In Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, and other Southern States, manufactures are being started almost daily; while in Chicago and the great cities of the West, many branches of manufactures may be considered as fairly established. Every manufacturing house that establishes itself becomes an active propagator of Protectionist ideas; and there are no symptoms of corresponding accessions of force to the Free-

Trade camp. One would naturally suppose that the mainstay of the last-named party would be found among the farmers in the Western States of the Union, who are undoubtedly injuriously affected by some of the provisions of the American tariff. For instance, the duty of twenty-eight dollars a ton, imposed on steel rails imported into the United States, constrains railway companies to recoup themselves the extra cost of the rails by an increase in their freight-rates for wheat and Western products; and the farmers of that region may be held to be most unfairly taxed for the benefit of the manufacturers of Pennsylvania and Ohio. Yet there is little sign of discontent in the West. The cardinal feature of American commercial policy, is the control, and, as far as possible, the monopoly, of the home market. To secure and retain that market is their fixed idea, and their position in foreign markets is to them a matter of comparative indifference. To such a length have they carried this notion of self-defence, that there is actually a heavy import duty imposed on wheat coming into the United States from abroad—though, of course, as a matter of fact, not a dollar of revenue is derived from this source. The operation of this particular item of the American tariff is a striking commentary on the assertions of some of our Free-Trade *doctrinaires*, that the imposition of a duty on an article increases, by so much, the cost thereof. If the home market produces, as in the case of American grain, a supply equal to, or in excess of, the demand, the Free-Trader's argument is worthless. Wheat would not be a cent cheaper in the United States were the duty removed, because local competition and local produce render this and other items of their tariff dead letters so far as revenue purposes are concerned.

The Western farmer, then, is fairly content with the knowledge that the control of the home market for agricultural produce is assured to him. His crops are purchased by the great wheat buyers of Chicago and other north-western cities, at an average price, be it remembered, frequently higher than that obtainable at Liverpool. When Englishmen complain of American farming com-

petition, many of them are unaware of the fact that of the total amount of wheat produced in the United States, by far the largest proportion is consumed in the Eastern States, and that the wheat export business to England is only a matter of second-rate consequence to the farmer here. This circumstance, no doubt, aids him to bear with equanimity the threats of some English Fair-Traders to impose a duty on wheat. The view of such a proceeding commonly taken by Americans is, that it would, by raising the price of food and labor in England, draw Englishmen to this side of the Atlantic, and thereby ultimately materially benefit, rather than injure, the United States.

That there will be modifications in the United States tariff before long is pretty certain. For instance, the duty on steel rails, to which reference has been made above, will be reduced as soon as, *but not until*, the power of the American manufacturer to supply rails enough to meet the average yearly demand has been firmly established. The present time is exceptional, and the demand for iron and steel for railway-work unparalleled. Even with the present prohibitive tariff, English steel and iron can hardly be kept out; and until the producing power of native manufacturers has overtaken the demand of the people, the latter, faithful to their motto, "America for the Americans," are content to foster growing manufactures to the fullest extent. No reduction on rails is probable till this commercial Monroe doctrine is thoroughly asserted. The American tariff is not solely a revenue tariff—it does not claim to be a mere revenue tariff; it is avowedly a protective tariff, deliberately adopted to make the United States independent of the Old World in every essential of existence. The immense surpluses which the Secretary to the Treasury annually disposes of are, so to speak, incidents of the financial policy of the country, and they will be applied hereafter to the reduction of internal taxation rather than to the lowering of the duties on goods entering United States ports from abroad. There is an ample margin for such reductions, as some \$75,000,000 of national revenue are collected from

a very few articles subject to internal taxation.*

It is not our purpose to criticise American financial policy favorably or unfavorably. We make no pretension to be an authority on such a subject, but we think it may be of use and interest to our fellow-countrymen to know the actual position of facts here. There is, however, one single misconception prevalent in England to which attention should be directed. Mr. Gladstone tells us we must be chary of entering upon a war of tariffs with the United States—that if England taxes American imports they will retaliate, etc. No traces of any such idea is apparent in the speeches of men of all shades of opinion, from every part of America. They have all said substantially the same thing: "Our tariff is deliberately framed to keep out or so handicap your goods that your manufacturers shall not be able to undersell our own; the tariff effects that object; if you choose to follow our example and protect your home market we cannot reasonably object."

The policy of protection seems scarcely less firmly established in the Dominion of Canada. The late Administration were under the disadvantage of holding office during the cycle of bad years commencing in 1873, when Canada—a country infinitely poorer than her great neighbor—was reduced to a deplorable condition financially. Sir John A. Macdonald was shrewd enough to see and profit by the first symptoms of an improvement in the condition of the Dominion which the revival of trade in the United States was bound to bring about, and he came forward in 1878 as the champion of a so-called national policy, the basis of which was protection for native manufactures. The impoverished manufacturer and unemployed operative flocked to his standard, and the Free-Trade party were signally defeated at the polls. Since Sir John's accession to power, Canada has been blessed with a series of good harvests, business is active, and there are no apparent signs of discontent with the Ministerial policy.

* President Arthur's message to Congress, published since this article was written, may be cited as a proof of the accuracy of the statement.

The resources of Canada are so undeveloped, as compared with those of her great neighbor, that there is probably more discontent with some articles of her tariff, and the weight of taxation falls more heavily on the comparatively poor Canadian than on the wealthy American; but Ministerialists contend, and *apparently* the majority of Canadians believe, that a great influx of emigrants into Canada may now be expected; that increased population means increased wealth and increased ability to bear taxation; and that a system of taxation similar to that under which the United States have attained such vast wealth, will produce the same result in the Dominion. It is of course possible that an overthrow may await Sir John Macdonald in 1883, as unexpected as that sustained by his predecessor in 1878, or Lord Beaconsfield in 1880; but even should this be so, there is no reason to suppose that the advent of Messrs. Blake and Mackenzie to power would have any other effect than a rearrangement of the Canadian tariff, from which the people of the United States would be as likely to profit as Great Britain.

The time, indeed, may not be far distant when the strongest political card the Canadian Opposition may have to play against the national policy will be commercial union with the United States. Loyalty to England, and a dread lest commercial should merge into political union, have rendered this policy unpopular; but a further bad term of years, or a failure to settle Canada's north-western territories, might bring this Zollverein question into prominence.

Any reference to Canada would at the present moment be incomplete without some allusion to the second great work of Sir John Macdonald's Administration—namely, the opening up of the north-west by means of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Up to 1870 the country was a *terra incognita* ruled over by the Hudson Bay Company, who, with the view of protecting the fur trade, studiously concealed its vast agricultural resources. But as soon as their territory was ceded to the Dominion, its wonderful fertility became apparent, and Liberal and Conservative Governments alike in Canada became alive to the fact that the carrying out of the bargain with British Columbia

for a trans-continental railway might involve most substantial benefits to the whole country.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the causes which led to the failures of Sir John A. Macdonald and Mr. Mackenzie respectively to construct the railway. The task became clearly one which could best be dealt with non-politically, and by a private company; and in the spring of 1881 such a company was formed, and a charter granted to them for the construction of the line. The company have vindicated the policy of the Government by the energy with which they have pushed their line. Although so recently incorporated, they have 800 miles of road in operation, and expect to reach the foot of the Rocky Mountains by the autumn of 1882. But what is of more importance is, that they are loyally co-operating with the Canadian Government in peopling the north-west—not only by affording railway facilities to settlers by the prompt building of the road, but by disposing of their land-grant of 25,000,000 acres of good land at the price of ten shillings an acre, with a rebate of one-half for cultivation. When we remember that this is land requiring no clearing, and stated to average from twenty-five to thirty-five bushels of wheat per acre, the importance to English agriculture of this step of the Canadian Government and the great railway company, becomes apparent.

As a matter of fact, the Canadian Pacific Company have applications for 360,000 acres of land from individual settlers this year: their land agent estimates the demand for 1882 from the same sources at 500,000 acres, and the applications from colonization companies amount to some millions of acres. Assuming the sale and settlement of Government lands to proceed *pari passu* with those of the railway company, the amount of wheat, which, within the next few years will be added to the markets of the world, seems almost incredible.

It is difficult as yet to judge of the effect on Canada's financial policy of the development of these agricultural resources. The home market in the Dominion will hardly be able to absorb the wheat, and the United States tariff excludes them from competition with Illinois produce. If the Manitoba

farmers are content to await the general growth of the Dominion, there are no climatic reasons why Canada should not become a great manufacturing country supporting a large population. But, on the other hand, if settlers cannot dispose of their wheat north of the United States boundary-line, or in England, the growth of the north-west may be a powerful lever to work with toward an American Zollverein.

We think we have said enough to show that there is no foundation whatever for the sanguine expectations Liberal statesmen sometimes profess to entertain that America will see the error of her financial ways, and will one day open her ports freely to British produce. It is true, in one sense, that America is the greatest Free-Trade country in the world; but this arises from the fact that it is not a country, but a continent. Within its gigantic limits entire Free-Trade exists, and the development of its internal trade is a work of such immensity as to divert its commercial men's minds from foreign trade. That, and not its tariff, is the reason for the small show it makes in neutral markets side by side with England.

It is the comparatively small profit to

be made out of shipbuilding that deters Americans from competing with England at present. They know we have the carrying trade of the world, and facilities for defending our hold thereon. The profits to be derived by an attack on our monopoly would be but small, as they would be exposed to our severe competition; and they find they can employ their capital more profitably elsewhere. The steady but comparatively small profits derivable from the carrying trade are not of a nature to tempt the speculative American people, so long as vast sums can be earned by the employment of their capital on the more brilliant, if more hazardous, enterprises of mining, railway building, or manufacturing. And the broad fact remains that they are satisfied as they are. Their economic position differs widely from ours; and from their geographical position they can do many things which, however lawful, may not be expedient for ourselves. But, should our present or any future Government decide to rearrange any portion of our existing financial regulations, it may be well for them to know exactly the line of action that is being steadily carried out west of the Atlantic.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

FASHION AND ART; OR, SPOTS ON THE SUNFLOWER.

THERE are some signs of a coming change in the art world, or rather in that small section of the London art world which may be called the aristocratic, since its doings are chiefly chronicled in the "Society" newspapers, and its efforts applauded by titled critics. It is four or five years since we first called the attention of our readers to the incoming of the æsthetic wave, and tried to point out the difference, too commonly overlooked, between real love of art and sham love for æstheticism. The notion that grew up about six years ago, that every one ought to be æsthetic, and that every one who followed certain recipes could be so, and gain healthy enjoyment of art by merely living in a certain atmosphere, was one that would scarcely have needed refutation, had it not been the genuine expression, though in an exaggerated form, of the reaction

from the Philistinism of the earlier part of the century. At the bottom of the sham sentiment and fashionable foolishness, which, as it were, armor-plated the æsthetic movement, there was a real desire for a little more beauty in the surroundings of life, and perhaps even a wish for a less material view of life itself. Possibly, the weakest stripling who pored over a lily in a glass of water was as estimable a spectacle as "the First Gentleman in Europe" being hoisted into his inexpressibles by half-a-dozen valets; and the ladies who waved peacock fans slowly in the dim light of sage-green drawing-rooms would have compared favorably in all but complexion with their prototypes of the Regency. At all events, both the male and female æsthete had some faint notion of an ideal—not wholly selfish, nor wholly base—and though the ideal was as nebu-

lous as the atmosphere of their boudoirs, it was sufficient to prevent their being wholly contemptible. Unlike Kingsley's maiden, they did no "noble things," but dreamt "them all day long;" and though their dreams were irritating to others—at least, when they issued in action—they, in the end, worked a considerable change. It would be difficult now for any one, even buying furniture or domestic utensils of any sort, to avoid becoming possessed of a considerable number of objects which were really good in form or color, and the importation of really beautiful fabrics and embroideries from the East has increased enormously. It is almost as common to see a bit of Rhodian embroidery in a drawing-room now as it was to see a piece of Berlin wool-work a dozen years ago, and the houses are few and far between, in London at least, who have not a bit of Japanese art, whether it be on paper, lacquer, bronze, or silk, lighting up some odd corner. And good, too, has been done to painting, indirectly, by making artists feel that the sympathy of a considerable mass of the public is with them, and so encouraging them to take heart of grace to work steadily in their own way. Of course the baser sort of men have taken advantage of the feeling we allude to, as baser men always do take advantage when the opportunity arises; and there has been much sham art, and more sham feeling, palmed off upon the public, as the highest outcome of genius. When pictures were mainly bought and sold through dealers, there was at least this guarantee for their worth—that the dealer did know, by practical experience, what was good work and what was not, and, in fact, staked his reputation, and what was more to him, his coin, upon each successive purchase. No doubt he often kept his workers poor, no doubt he often sold his patrons rubbish, no doubt he generally filled his pockets at the expense of both; but still when all this was granted, there remained this solid fact, that an artist's work was bought, and judged, and valued in the main by men who must have known—because their very life depended upon it—whether the work was good or not. When, however, it grew to be the fashion to be æsthetic, one of the first results was to make folks afraid of show-

ing any ignorance of artistic matters. Every one pretended to be a judge, and bought pictures, if at all, on his or her judgment. One result of this has been very prejudicial to the cause of the real artists in England, a cause that we have very much at heart. It happened that the painters, or rather the adventurers, for some of them could not paint at all, who were most audacious, most talkative, and most fashionable, succeeded in obtaining prices for their pictures utterly out of all proportion to their merit. And from the fact of the art world being invaded by the fashionable world, there grew up little cliques of influential people, each of whom grouped themselves round a special artist, praised his painting, sang his praises, and bought his pictures. Curious things in this connection have happened of late years, but their history can hardly be written as yet. A few facts, however, that have come under our own notice may perhaps be interesting, to group together as evidence of how easily fooled the world is, when it takes a sudden craze into its head.

Critics who lack the most elementary knowledge of painting, painters who are ignorant of what used to be considered the very grammar of art, poets whose verses are only murmured softly over afternoon tea-tables, sculptors who never modelled a bust, and professors of fine art who never touched a brush—we have but to look round us, and see all of these seated in the high places of art, and reaping the harvest that should await only the genuine workers, whom they have forced out of the field. As Wilkie Collins said in one of his novels, "Look round you in high places, and everywhere you see seated an ass."

In fact, just as Mr. Mudie can and does practically force thousands of readers to peruse some indifferent novel of the season, so can a fashionable or quasi-fashionable journal make any painter, poet, sculptor, or æsthetic notorious, simply by repeating his name, week after week, in its paragraphs. And as there are a certain number of folks who will do anything to be in the fashion, it follows that no sooner is any given individual's name brought prominently before them, than they flock to his studio or study, with pockets as full as

their heads and hearts are empty. Meanwhile, the true artist sits at home, eating his heart out, and trying vainly for a chance of getting his work seen. In this matter, we are writing not of what we hear or of what we fancy, but of what *we know*; and the great majority of artists know the fact only too well. One case will occur to all our readers' minds at the present time, in which the genius and the work belonged to one artist, while the praise and the pay were given to his employer, who was so poor a spirit that he neglected to pay the artist whose work he usurped the miserable ten per cent which he had promised him. We may hope that this ingenious Othello's occupation will soon be gone, or at all events, that the genuine artist, whose talent he has so long made use of, will gain a little of the credit that is due to him. We need not mention names or other instances, though half-a-dozen at least might be given, where fashionable art impostors have filled their pockets at the public expense, and gained a reputation, without working for or deserving it. Let us congratulate ourselves by all means on the improvement of our taste and the beauty of our surroundings, let us be

grateful to those who, like Mr. Morris, Mr. Alfred Stevens, and in a lesser degree Mr. Walter Crane, have helped that improvement and enhanced that beauty; but do not let us forget that art is more than one kind of fashion, that painters are not made by favor and cannot be judged without knowledge, and that good painting and good drawing are matters in which there is an ascertained standard of merit, which no eccentricity or meretricious cleverness can alter or evade.

We have noted some of the good effects of the artistic craze—this is one of the bad effects, that the more retiring, the more honest, and the more hard-working an artist is in London, at the present day, the less likely he is to be able to sell his pictures. So long as he cultivates the fashionable world, so long as he flatters and dines a certain set of journalists—so long, in short, as he neglects his business as an artist and forgets his dignity as a man—so long he will be likely to succeed. Let him dare to be faithful to his work and careless of his fortune, and he will find out, to his bitter cost, with how little wisdom or justice, fashion at present governs the artistic world.—*London Spectator*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

TREATISE AND HANDBOOK OF ORANGE CULTURE IN FLORIDA. By Rev. T. W. Moore. Second Edition. Revised and Enlarged. New York: *E. R. Pelton & Co.*

With its second edition, this little book, always a valuable one, becomes a standard work in its department, and is issued in a style at once substantial and tasteful. Among the reasons which the author gives for publishing a second edition are, that the first edition was exhausted just at the time when orders had become most active, that letters were constantly being received by him making inquiry concerning matters not noticed in the first edition, or asking for fuller information on subjects briefly mentioned; and that a longer experience and continued observation now enable him to write with confidence on certain points left in doubt in the former edition, as well as to give new matter in almost every chapter.

In its present form the work comprises

twenty-five chapters, as follows: The Profit of Orange Growing; Of the Several Methods of Planting Orange Groves; The Wild Orange Grove Budded; Groves from Transplanted Sour Stumps; Planting the Orange Seed; Budding; On Selecting a Location for an Orange Grove; The Advantages of Partial Forest Shelter; "The Frost Line" and "The Orange Belt;" The Effect of Frost on Plants; Transplanting; The Distance Apart; Cultivation; Thorough Cultivation; Pruning; Fertilizing; Species, Varieties, etc.; The Lemon and the Lime; The Insects Damaging to the Orange Tree, the Natural Enemies or Seed Insects, and the Remedies to be Applied; Diseases to which the Orange Tree and Fruit are Liable, and their Remedies; Rust on the Orange; Gathering, Packing, and Shipping the Orange; Crops that may be grown among the Orange Trees; Oils, Perfumes, Extracts, etc., from the Citrus; and Conclusion. Besides these chapters there is

an interesting Appendix of about thirty pages containing an account of the origin of the orange and its introduction into Europe translated from Galesio's standard work on the "Citrus Family."

The author, it should be said, is a practical orange-culturist who has had more than ten years' experience, and whose range of observation has included not only Florida, but nearly all the orange-producing region of America and Europe. The information which he gives is precise and detailed, and those who have made practical use of his book are most enthusiastic in its praise.

WORDS, FACTS, AND PHRASES. A Dictionary of Curious, Quaint, and Out-of-the-way matters. By Eliezer Edwards. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

One does not generally think of going to a dictionary for entertainment, but that even a dictionary may be interesting as well as useful, is clearly proved in the pages of Mr. Edwards' book. It is eminently readable as a whole, and, opening it at random, the reader cannot fail to find some fact or explanation that will be a valuable contribution to his general stock of information. The author has been a diligent searcher in out-of-the-way places of knowledge, and from the abundance of his gleanings has formed a kind of "collectanea curiosa," composing about four thousand articles, relating chiefly to the life and growth of our common speech, but including also topics culled from many other fields of curious, quaint, and forgotten lore. A passage from old Roger Ascham, for example, shows that a "rascal" is literally a deer unfit for hunting; and from an old ballad it is discovered that "Jack-a-napes" is Jack the Knave, a term of derision applied to the Duke of Suffolk. It is interesting, if not profitable, to learn that Noah's Ark was not so long by one hundred and forty-seven feet as the "Great Eastern;" that a quack doctor is really a "quake" or ague doctor; that the word "flirtation" comes from the practice of flirting the fan; that a newspaper "leader" is so called, not because it is the leading article, but because it is generally "leaded" or spaced; that the head of Oliver Cromwell, after being exposed for twenty years on the top of Westminster Hall, was blown down one stormy night and came into the possession of a Mr. Wilkinson, in whose family it still remains, and so on indefinitely and indiscriminately. Many new etymologies are given and many old ones corrected, thus making the work a convenient supplement to the standard dictionaries. Great care has been taken to attain accuracy, and original authorities are cited wherever practicable. It

is pleasant to observe that the author's researches have led him to the discovery that the majority of so called "vile Americanisms" are traceable to their proper sources in the best periods of English literature—a fact which, if it needed further illustration than has been given by several American writers, might be abundantly illustrated from the pages of this volume. The familiar words "guess" and "well" are as old as Chaucer, and both occur in a single line of Richard III. The "vile and barbarous vocable *talented*" is found in the works of an Archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of James I., and many of our conversational vulgarisms and slang phrases have a similar honorable origin. To "make no bones at it," "not worth a straw," "on tick," "over the left shoulder," "turning the tables," and many more of the same class, have been in use for three hundred years. Mr. Edwards has given prominence to the history of these proverbialisms, which almost every one is ready to condemn and almost no one able to avoid in the varied exigencies of writing and speaking.

ENGLISH SONNET WRITERS OF THE PAST.*

A perfect sonnet has two outward properties, dimension and shape. It may be likened to many things—among others, to a vase of which the cup is fixed in shape, and the stem left, within certain limitations, to the humor of the artist. But many, indeed most, English poets have felt only the usefulness of the dimensions, and not the beauty of the form, with which the very first of English writers of sonnets began to tamper. Spenser made endless experiments to no good purpose, even venturing upon a poem of fourteen blank lines and calling that a sonnet. This *reductio ad absurdum* of a fixed form luckily found no supporters; but Milton was the first to feel the nobility of the Petrarchan or, as Mr. Waddington will have it, the Guit-torian form. Meanwhile, Shakspeare adopted and adhered to another form (which is, at least, a form, and a beautiful one), and called that a sonnet; and many others wrote poems in fourteen lines of no shape at all worth speaking of, and called them sonnets, until perhaps, the lowest rhymed degradation was reached—namely, the so-called sonnet of seven couplets. Thus Herrick and Habington wrote sonnets in which dimension was only left. As a canister to a finely proportioned goblet is the sonnet of Herrick to that of Petrarch; indeed, we are not sure that a canister is not too fixed for the couplet abomination; a bag which takes uncertain shape from its contents

* English Sonnets by Writers of the Past. Edited by Samuel Waddington. London: George Bell & Sons.

is, perhaps, a more accurate image. Yet Mr. Waddington includes Herrick's sonnets in his book; and we cannot greatly blame him. There are too many beautiful (if irregular) English poems of fourteen rhymed, five-footed lines, which have always been called sonnets, for us now to deny them the name they have adopted. If we allow this, Mr. Waddington's argument, "if Habington, why not Herrick," is unanswerable.

As in his previous delightful volume of "Sonnets by Living Writers," Mr. Waddington has here freely used his own personal taste; and, however we may dissent from some of his judgments, we are clear gainers thereby. To take no account of those few poets whose name Death has enabled him to add to his roll of immortals, Mr. Waddington's book contains some good sonnets which have not been before included in any similar anthology. Among these may be mentioned two by Burns, both fine and characteristic, though we do not share Mr. Waddington's high opinion of the final couplet in that "On Hearing a Thrush Sing," nor admire the introduction of alexandrines. Another happy addition to the sonnet gallery is Horace Smith's "On a Green House," despite the rhyming of "holy" and "holly." We are clear gainers, we repeat, by these additions, as well as by others; whereas we are not losers by his omissions, which can be found in other selections. Among the more recent singers now included for the first time in such a book, the most important are Dean Milman and George Eliot; but we prefer to give as specimens of Mr. Waddington's gleanings the following by two writers less known to fame. The first is by Alice Mary Blunt, and if it be, as is said, the authoress's sole composition in verse, it deserves a place among the beautiful curiosities of literature:

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

"Spring, of a sudden, came to life one day,
Ere this, the winter had been cold and chill.
That morning first the summer air did fill
The world, making bleak March seem almost May.
The daffodils were blooming golden gay;
The birch trees budded purple on the hill;
The rose, that clambered up the window-sill,
Put forth a crimson shoot. All yesterday
The winds about the casement chilly blew,
But now the breeze that played about the door,
So caught the dead leaves that I thought there flew
Brown butterflies up from the grassy floor,
But some one said you came not. Ah, too true!
And I, I thought that winter reigned once more."

The other is by George Morine, who printed his poems for private circulation only. It contains nothing but an image, and that a

not very original one, but it is ingeniously carried out.

SUNSET.

"Day—like a conqueror marching to his rest,
The warfare finished and the victory won,
And all the pageant of his triumph done—
Seeks his resplendent chamber in the West:
Yon clouds, like pursuivants and heralds drest
In gorgeous blazonry, troop slowly on,
Bearing abroad the banners of the sun
That proudly stream o'er many a warrior's crest,
In the azure field a solitary star
Lifts its pale signal, and the glorious train
Of errant sunbeams, straggling from afar,
Reform their glittering ranks, and join again
Their father Phœbus, in his golden car,
Whose panting steed have snuffed the western
main."

The many critical questions raised by Mr. Waddington's selection and in his notes we do not feel it necessary to discuss at any length. Although Mr. Dennis has been as bold before him, we admire the "courage of the opinion," rather than the opinion itself, which could banish Sir Thomas Wyatt from his due place in the front of British sonnet-writers to the cold shades of an appendix. To have given him the Earl of Surrey for a companion was, perhaps, considerate to Wyatt; but shows strange insensibility to the sweetness of Surrey's numbers. A similar narrowness of literary sympathy marks the note on Lamb; and we cannot see the use or justice of his comparative depreciation of Charles Turner's exquisite "Letty's Globe." The comparison between the "grandeur" of the sonnets of Mr. Rossetti and those of Shakspeare and Milton strikes us as particularly unhappy—as none has ever thought of "grandeur" as a notable characteristic of Shakspeare's sonnets. In short, Mr. Waddington's critical sagacity is more evident in his selection than in his comments; but the book may fairly claim an honorable place beside his own previous volume on the shelf devoted to the literature of the sonnet.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

A FRENCH translation of *Daniel Deronda*, by Ernest David, has just been published by Calmann Lévy.

A NEW work on Japan, entitled "The Land of the Morning," by Mr. W. G. Dixon, is promised shortly.

A SECOND edition of the Browning Society's Papers, is in the press and will contain, besides Mr. Browning's Shelley Essay and Mr. Furnivall's Browning Bibliography, considerable additions to the latter.

MESSRS. Firmin Didot have nearly ready a volume entitled "Japanese Marks and Seals,"

by Mr. James L. Bowes, comprising 1300 marks and seals copied in fac-simile, with examples in colors and gold.

IT is said that Mr. Leslie Stephen has undertaken to write for the series called "English Men of Letters," a monograph on Swift, Mr. Morley having been forced by the pressure of other engagements to abandon his intention of performing the task himself.

THE editorial staff of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which, from its able advocacy of moderate Liberalism, has sometimes been called "the German Times," will shortly remove their headquarters from Augsburg to Munich, at which latter place the paper will for the future be published.

MESSRS. BENTLEY have published their six-penny edition of the "Ingoldsby Legends," with a number of illustrations by Cruikshank, Leech, and Tenniel. Over sixty thousand copies were, it is said, subscribed for on the day of publication.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. have in preparation a translation of the "Mémoires" of Hector Berlioz. The version is in the hands of Mrs. W. H. Holmes, and the book will be edited by Mr. George Grove, with such notes as may be desirable from the two volumes of Berlioz's letters and other sources.

PROF. OLDENBERG, of Berlin, the learned editor of the "Vinaya Pitakam," will shortly publish his "Buddha: his Life, his Doctrine, and his Followers," the result of his extensive studies of Pali writings. An English translation by a competent hand is preparing for publication.

HERR ARNOLD RUGE has left behind him "A History of Our Own Times," from the year 1848 till the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, which will be shortly published (Leipzig: C. F. Winter). Not the least interesting feature in this work may be expected to be the author's personal recollections of the revolution in Germany in 1848.

A VIENNA paper, the *Deutsche Zeitung*, offers a prize of 100 ducats for a national hymn, which shall embody the aspirations of the German-speaking peoples that inhabit the Austrian empire. "The Wacht am Rhein," the "Deutsches Vaterland" of Arndt, and the "Deutsches Lied" of Kalliwoda are manifestly inadequate to represent the desired combination of German with Austrian nationality.

A NEW edition of Prof. Max Müller's *Essays* has been published by Wilhelm Engelmann at Leipzig. It contains several papers which are wanting in the "Chips from a German Workshop"—for instance, the arti-

cles on "Wolf Children," on "Cinderella," on "Aryan, as a technical Term," on "The Ablative in *d*," on "The Family-books of the Rig-veda," on "Native Translations of the Rig-veda," &c. It has also a very full Index.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. will publish Book IV. of the "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius, edited with a new translation and a Commentary, by Mr. Hastings Crossley, M.A., sometime Scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, and Professor of Greek in Queen's College, Belfast. In his Preface, Prof. Crossley will show the interest of Roman Stoicism for men, and especially Englishmen, of the present day.

THE Braille system of embossed letters for the use of the blind is now so largely practised in this country that the British and Foreign Blind Association, founded in 1868, has decided to adopt these types, instead of Moon's system, in all their publications, among which are several of Shakspeare's plays, "Ivanhoe," selections from Byron, Milton, etc., besides educational works. Within the past few months the Association has also published an embossed magazine, with the title of *Progress*, the aim of which is to present the blind with information likely to be specially interesting to them, and also to give short general articles.—*Academy*.

A FAC-SIMILE has been made, by the process of photo-lithography, of the remarkable MS. of Marco Polo preserved in the Royal Library at Stockholm. The work has been undertaken at the expense of Baron Nordenskiöld. A limited number of copies have been printed before the plates were rubbed off, and subscribers in this country should address themselves to Mr. Bernard Quaritch. The work is issued in one volume (quarto), bound in the Roxburghe style; and its value is enhanced by an elaborate Introduction from the pen of M. Delisle, of the Bibliothèque nationale at Paris.

WE have already stated that a casket containing letters of Alfred de Musset, not to be published till 1910, has been deposited in the Bibliothèque nationale at Paris. It is now said that these letters have been placed in a large iron chest, containing also the secret correspondence of Napoleon III. with Mme. Cornu, which will be edited by M. Renan and published in 1885.

SCIENCE AND ART.

VEGETATION FORCE.—Some years ago the town of Basingstoke was paved, and not many months afterwards the pavement was observed to exhibit an unevenness which could not easily be accounted for. In a short

time after the mystery was explained, for some of the heaviest stones were completely lifted out of their beds by the growth of large toadstools beneath them. One of these stones measured twenty-two inches by twenty-one, and weighed eighty-three pounds, and the resistance afforded by the mortar which held it in its place would probably be even a greater obstacle than the weight. It became necessary to repave the whole town in consequence of this remarkable disturbance. A similar incident came under our own notice of a large kitchen hearthstone which was forced up from its bed by an under-growing fungus, and had to be relaid two or three times, until at last it reposed in peace, the old bed having been removed to the depth of six inches, and a new foundation laid. A circumstance recorded by Sir Joseph Banks is still more extraordinary, of a cask of wine which, having been confined three years in a cellar, was, at the termination of that period, found to have leaked from the cask and vegetated in the form of immense fungi which had filled the cellar and borne upwards the empty wine cask to the roof.—So writes Dr. L. Cooke, in his "British Fungi." Another example of the force of vegetation is the familiar one of the bursting of a cocoa-nut by the imprisoned germ, when immense force is needed to break the shell from without. The best way to force open the dovetailed sutures of a skull is to fill it with peas and let them begin to germinate.

BURSTING OF BUBBLES.—M. Plateau has studied the phenomena of the bursting of bubbles. When a bubble bursts it disappears almost instantaneously, leaving behind it a multitude of small liquid drops. The order of the phenomena is really as follows: The bubble begins to burst at one point, the film rolling away in a circle round the opening, and its edge becoming a rapidly-enlarging liquid ring. This ring draws itself together into segmental portions, which ultimately become small spherules. At the same time the contraction of the rest of the bubble causes a rush of air through the aperture, and blows off the spherules into the air with a kind of small explosion. The phenomena are best observed by blowing a bubble of glyceric solution upon an iron wire ring, and then bursting it at the top by touching it with a needle whose point has been dipped in oil.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF HICCOUGH.—At a recent meeting of the Medical Society of the College of Physicians in Ireland, Dr. A. W. Foot detailed the clinical history of a lad aged fifteen, whom he had been called to see on April 9, 1881. The patient had been hiccupping incessantly, except when asleep, for

twenty-two weeks, since November 5, 1880. The hiccough "came on in a second," just after he had got up on the morning of that day. He had been previously dyspeptic and was using pepsin wine and Eno's fruit salt. The hiccough began immediately after he had taken a dose of Powell's balsam of aniseed. He had had two similar but less severe attacks—one in the summer of 1879, and one in the summer of 1880. The cure of the second attack was attributed to a visit to Knock, but on the present occasion he had derived no benefit from a visit. Among other measures adopted for his relief, Dr. Foot froze the skin over the epigastrium and along the course of the phrenic nerves in the neck and over the upper cervical vertebræ with the ether spray, with the effect of producing slight temporary improvement. But the patient began to recover quickly immediately after he was put on pills of iodoform (one grain), extract of Indian hemp (one-third of a grain), and extract of hemlock. The dose of the Indian hemp was increased by degrees to two grains a day, and the hiccough gradually got less frequent, softer, and less noisy. On May 14 he left the hospital quite well, after a stay of four weeks and six days. The rate of the hiccough was calculated on thirteen occasions. It varied from 8 to 22 per minute, or from 480 to 1320 per hour. Its average rate was 14 per minute, or 840 per hour. It lasted without intermission, except during sleep, for twenty-six weeks.

MEAN DENSITY OF THE EARTH.—The balance has been applied by Herr v. Jolly, at Munich, to the problem of gravitation thus (*Wied. Ann.* No. 10): The instrument was placed in the upper part of a tower, and from each of the scales depended a wire (through a zinc tube), having a second scale at the lower end, 21.005 m. below. These lower scales were 1.02 m. from the ground, so that a lead ball one metre in diameter might be brought under one of them. A body brought from an upper scale into a lower one has an increase of weight corresponding to its degree of approach to the earth's centre and to the increase of acceleration. When the lead ball is brought under the same lower scale its pull is added. The difference of the increments of weight, with and without the lead ball, indicates the amount of pull of the latter, and the quotient of this pull and that of the earth alone furnishes a means (with the law of gravitation) of comparing the density of the earth with that of the lead, and, the latter being known, of determining the mean density of the earth. Referring to the original for details, we merely state that the author finds the mean density 5.692 (probable error not more

than ± 0.068). This agrees more or less with other determinations; from the mean of those with the torsion balance it diverges about 2 per cent.

THE PHYLLOXERA.—The Phylloxera Congress, which met at Bordeaux last month will be watched with interest not only by the people of France, but by the inhabitants of all civilized countries. The threatened extinction of a great industry, such as vine cultivation presents, is a matter of such serious importance to thousands of bread-winners and those dependent upon them, that even the most callous cannot regard it with indifference. The Phylloxera has already utterly destroyed one quarter of the vineyards of France, and it is said that an equal area will soon have to be rooted up on account of its ravages. There are, probably, many who will rejoice that so many thousands of acres may be thus made available for bread-stuffs, and crops which they would describe as being of far more importance than the grape. But, as a matter of fact, the vine will flourish on coarse, stony soils which will not produce even the ubiquitous weed. In other words, if the vines fail, the ground is quite useless for any other purpose. It is noticeable that although the Phylloxera scare has been before the eyes of the growers for about twenty years, only a few thousand acres in the whole of the country have been subjected to any remedial measures. Whether the remedies tried give promise of success, or whether any new method of coping with the plague has been found, we shall soon learn from the Bordeaux congress of practical men.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR JUTE.—In a French journal devoted to textile industry, M. Bordier has lately pointed out the advantages derivable from a plant indigenous in South America, and known in France by the name of the *fafetone*. It abounds in the wild state in France, and in other parts of Europe, especially Italy, where there are several varieties of it. It is an Asclepias, with opposite leaves, and simple stem, and the flower, composed of two oblong petals inclosing the seed, is crowned with an aigrette of white silky hair. In Italy several attempts have been made to utilize these hairs, but with little success; for, it is said, they are too short and brittle to be spun and woven alone, and, in mixture with other fibres, they weaken the stuff. Now, according to M. Bordier, it is not these hairs that should be treated, but the stem—from which an excellent fine white resistant fibre may be obtained capable of replacing silk. M. Bordier says the fibre is superior to that of jute, of which French commerce imports annually, by England, a quantity valued at six-

teen to eighteen million francs. The stem of *fafetone* has the advantage of being incorruptible by water. These important statements by M. Bordier will doubtless be fully tested.

THE DISADVANTAGES OF COD-LIVER OIL FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.—According to the *Revue Médicale*, the Council of Public Health has recently submitted for the sanction of the Academy of Medicine of Paris a report on the disadvantages of cod-liver oil administered to infants and young children. The commission on the hygiene of infancy has not yet reported its opinion on this subject; but the accusations brought against this medicine by the Council of Hygiene are worth notice. All physicians are aware what disastrous influence is exercised on the health of young infants by defective alimentation, and especially animal nourishment; fatty matters are as little suited to the alimentation of the newly-born infants as albuminoids, excepting always casein, which exists normally in milk, and is found to be perfectly assimilable. In fact, in the first period of life, the juices necessary for emulsifying fatty matters are almost entirely wanting. The liver, in spite of its enormous development in this stage of existence, secretes only a small quantity of bile; and the researches of Langendorf and Zweifel have proved that, in young children, pancreatic juices possess an emulsive power which is almost *nil*, or, at least, very slightly marked. These physiological considerations sufficiently indicate that—far from being profitable to the infant—fatty matters, and especially cod-liver oil, can only injure its health, and gravely compromise the integrity of its digestive functions.

GROWTH AND WEIGHT OF CHILDREN.—Some interesting studies with reference to the health and growth of children have been made by Dr. Boulton, of the Samaritan Hospital, London. Instead of taking the average of a large number of children measured once, he adopted the plan of measuring a number of children of normal growth, brought up under average circumstances, many times, thus ascertaining their rate of increase. By this means the annual rate of growth was found to vary between two and three inches for each child per year. Dr. Boulton believes that when a child varies more than a quarter of an inch annually, or when the increase of weight does not correspond with the height within a margin of safety—put at seven pounds—then it is safe to conclude the child's diet is not good, or possibly some disease is lurking in his system. The curious fact appears that loss of weight always precedes the development of consumption.—*Sanitary Record*.

THE ACTION OF POISONS ON THE MOLLUSCA.—The tolerance exhibited by many of the lower organisms to poisons which have a profound effect on higher animals is well illustrated by some experiments made by Yung on the lamellibranch mollusca, and communicated to the Paris Académie des Sciences. Elevation of temperature up to 104 deg. F. accelerates the cardiac contractions. Reflex movements and nervous irritability disappear before the heart is paralyzed. Soft water has a very prejudicial action, quickly causing muscular relaxation and death. Curara, in small quantities, has no influence; a large dose weakens the movements of the animal, but does not arrest them; it has no special action on the heart. Strychnine has a transient stimulant effect; whatever dose is employed, a few local contractions constitute the only effect; general tetanus is never produced. A small dose of nicotine has a similar action, but a large dose causes death with muscular relaxation; the cardiac pulsations are accelerated, and the size of the heart is increased, probably in consequence of a contraction of the peripheral arteries. Atropine, even in large doses, has no appreciable effect. Digitaline only influences the heart when applied to it directly; in this case the number of pulsations is lowered, and the heart is sometimes arrested. The effect of veratrine is similar to that of nicotine. The action of muscarine is not uniform; in most cases it causes general muscular contraction and an acceleration, followed by a rapid retardation of the cardiac pulsations. Upas antiar has no general effect, but quickly paralyzes the heart if applied to it directly. Sulphocyanide of potassium weakens the reflex actions, while altering but little the nervous excitability. A small quantity seems to accelerate the action of the heart, but a large dose arrests it in diastole. If the poison is applied to the exposed heart a permanent arrest is produced. The experiments were made on *Anodonta anatina*, *Solen ensis*, and *Mya arenaria*.—*Lancet*.

MISCELLANY.

ADULTERATION OF TEA.—Tea is sometimes adulterated with leaves of other plants, as for instance, sloe, ash, hawthorn, etc., but by a careful microscopical examination these adulterants can be easily found out. Genuine tea-leaves, when moistened with hot water and opened, and then examined by the microscope, show a very characteristic venation; when once seen, this character will not be easily forgotten. Tea is adulterated in other ways besides the admixture of foreign leaves. Firstly, the leaves are often

“faced” or artificially colored with Prussian blue and turmeric, or indigo and talc-powder, to give a green color. Black tea is often “faced” with plumbago. Secondly, the leaves are sometimes mixed with sand and other mineral substances; all these bodies can be detected by microscopical and chemical analysis in the ordinary way. There is still another method in which this leaf is rendered not genuine; that is, by the practice of selling the tea more or less exhausted. A pretty fair judgment as to adulteration of a sample of tea can be arrived at by a simple process. This process is based on the extraction of the theine contained in tea, and ascertaining the percentage of theine extracted from a known weight of tea. Tea contains from a half to five per cent of theine. The way to proceed in this new process of extraction is to weigh out about 180 grammes of the sample of tea, and boil with two litres of distilled water in a glass beaker; allow the infusion to boil for five minutes; then add to the infusion a small quantity of glass (reduced to a fine powder) and magnesian oxide. Keep this mixture in strong ebullition for about twenty or twenty-five minutes, at the same time occasionally stirring with a glass rod. Again, add 250 cc. of water, and boil for fifteen minutes longer. The aqueous extract is now to be evaporated very carefully to complete dryness. The residue left on evaporation is to be treated three or four times with rectified ethylic ether by means of Payen’s percolator. Three or four treatments with ether generally suffice to remove all the theine. The last portions of the ethereal washings when evaporated should leave no residue. These ethereal solutions are to be gently heated, and then allowed to evaporate in a shallow dish of known weight. The solid remaining is the pure alkaloid theine. The dish and its contents are now weighed; the weight of the dish and the theine, minus the weight of the dish alone, gives of course the weight of the theine. From this the percentage of theine in the original weight of tea can be ascertained by means of simple proportion. If the percentage is less than a half per cent, you may conclude that the sample has been either adulterated with foreign leaves (which can easily be recognized by their botanical structures under the microscope) or the leaves have been exhausted.—*Hardwicke’s Science Gossip*.

THE JORDAN VALLEY.—The beautiful park-like and woodland scenery round the place where the City of Palm Trees once stood (the last of the palm trees of Jericho is now gone) has often been described; but there is a peculiar pleasure in going through it in the

company of a naturalist. The ornithology of Dr. Tristram is one of his strong points. He is in love with all the birds around him, though he cruelly shoots them down. If he is on the Acropolis of Beisan, and a black kite comes to share his meal, he kills it. When he is examining the entrance of the Jordan into the Dead Sea, where cormorants are sitting on the snags, and herons fishing from them, and white gulls from time to time sailing down the stream, a fine golden eagle comes pouncing in pursuit of them, and he "gives him a couple of cartridges," when he provokingly falls in the land of Moab. When he was waiting outside the walls of Jerusalem, drenched and hungry, on his dripping steed, at a time when the gates were shut, a black-headed jay tried his patience too much, when, with the familiarity of a sparrow, it lighted under the Damascus gate; and that bird, too, "secured its niche among his *souvenirs* of the Holy Land." In the woodland region near Jericho Dr. Tristram obtained twenty-five new species of birds to add to his collection. Among them he names the Palestine nightingale, the Indian blue kingfisher, the Egyptian turtle-dove; the sun-bird, hitherto only known in Europe by one specimen; the long tailed wren, Galilean swifts, and the wildest of rock doves in swarms. Beyond Jericho, and in the wild region near Jerusalem, he finds a new desert lark, with rich russet-red plumage and varied note, and the beautiful little partridge of the Dead Sea basin, with bright orange legs and beak, and its flank striped with black, white, and chestnut—the very bird that David must have had before his eyes when he compared himself to a partridge hunted in the mountains.—*Churchman*.

MOVED BY THE ICE.—On the slopes of the Jura Mountains, which run in a north-westerly direction along the valley of the Rhône, are scattered many huge blocks of granite. Some of these blocks have a volume of 176,000 cubic feet, and are deposited at an elevation of 4600 above the sea level. Similar blocks may be found along the slopes of all the Alpine valleys. One near Interlaken, although it has been extensively quarried and carried away, a block to serve as the pedestal of a monument to Washington in America having been taken out of it, has still a volume of 460,000 cubic feet. Another, known as the *bloc monstre*, on the hill of Montel, near Bex, above the valley of the Rhone, has a volume of no less than 530,000 cubic feet. Professor Williamson mentions one in the Pass of St. Gothard, called the Devil's Stone, upon the surface of which is planted a potato garden. Well, the peculiarity about these blocks is that they are composed of a

kind of rock altogether different from any that exists in the immediate neighborhood. When we find an isolated rock resting upon strata to which it is evidently foreign, we are forced to accept one of two conclusions respecting its presence there; (1) either it was "created" where we now find it, or (2) it was broken off from its parent rock and carried to its solitary position by some powerful natural agency. The first assumption is so eminently unscientific that we unhesitatingly adopt the second. Where, then, did the prodigal blocks come from? From the Alps. The composition of the boulders has been carefully examined and compared with that of the Alpine rocks, and the result is that we are able, in many instances, not only to point out the locality from which the wanderers set out, but the route which they followed in their journey. This block of granite, we can say, came hither from the Monte Rosa; that mass of mica schist from the St. Gothard. That all these vast rocks moved from their parental mountains to their present positions is not a hypothesis; it is a well-established fact.—*Tinsley's*.

LECTURES IN GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.—The manner of lecturing is tolerably uniform throughout the German universities. The lecture-room is large and bare, with rows of desks and a raised seat at one end. Almost invariably every student is in his place before the quarter past the hour strikes. Punctually at the stroke of the quarter the professor enters, and almost before he is in his seat one hears the invariable introduction, "*Meine Herren*." If a student is late he receives his reproof—not from the professor, but from the scraping boots of his fellow-students. The common plan of lecturing is to spend about half an hour in tolerably rapid discussion of the subject, and the remaining quarter in deliberate dictation of a summary of the lecture. The advantages of this plan are obvious, and it is surprising that it is not more adopted in England. If a professor lectures throughout slowly enough for his words to be taken down, the student feels that it would have been a great saving of time if the lecture had been printed. If, on the other hand, the lecturing is rapid throughout, the student's notes are disorderly and comparatively useless, and if it is a difficult subject, the lecture has probably done him little good. As it is, a student's notes do not represent all that he has acquired, but so far as they go, they are perfectly orderly and complete. The notes are always taken, not in books, but in small packets of paper stitched together, which can be added to according to need, and these manuscript notes (or "*Hefte*," as they

are called) are available, not only for the student himself, but for any one studying the subject. One continually sees notices posted in a university: "Wanted, notes of Prof. —'s lectures for such and such a semester." I have in my possession a considerable batch of notes of Prof. Lotze's lecture, copied in this way from the "heft" of a fellow-student, and they are a perfect reproduction of the parts of his lectures dictated. I venture to doubt if any Oxford undergraduate's notes would have any such market value. —*Fraser's Magazine*.

THE BUFFALO IN AMERICA.—The march of civilization bids fair to improve the red men and the buffalo, his principal means of support, simultaneously off the face of the earth, or at least off that part of it which lies within the boundaries of the United States. The tour of the Marquis of Lorne has afforded the North American Indians dwelling on British territory the opportunity of bringing prominently under the notice of the Governor-General the various grievances of these interesting people, who, although brimful of loyalty and professing gratitude for the generous treatment they have received at the hands of the Canadian Government, as compared with that experienced by their brethren in the States, have still certain grounds for complaint. One of these is the scarcity of buffaloes. It is to be hoped that some steps will be taken to preserve these valuable animals in Canada from the fate which is rapidly overtaking them in the United States. The principal resort of these animals in the States is the Yellowstone country, Montana, where last winter, owing to the severity of the weather and the scarcity of food, they "bunched" themselves in the few valleys in which pasturage could be found, and were shot down by the so-called "hunters" by thousands at a time. It is estimated that in this one district alone over 100,000 buffaloes were slaughtered, and, as the average number of hides collected during the last few years has been under one fourth of the total of last winter, the stock must have been reduced to the smallest possible proportions. There is a close time for wapitis in the maritime provinces of Canada, and it is high time that there should be some legislative enactment to preserve the noblest animal of the prairies of the West. Whether regarded from the point of view of the red Indian, to whom they are both food and raiment, or of the manufacturer, to whom they supply a valuable hide, or of the hunter, in whose eyes they are among the noblest game in the world, these magnificent creatures demand that some means should be adopted to

save them from utter extermination.—*Colonies and India*.

THE PERFUMES USED BY THE EGYPTIANS.—The consumption of essences must have been enormous at the highest tide of Egyptian splendor, for the people were actually enjoined to perfume themselves on Fridays; corpses were anointed with aromatic essences; sherbets and sweetmeats were flavored with fine vegetable extracts; perfumes filled the air in every well-to-do house, and saturated the letters and presents which were constantly being exchanged. The ladies bathed in perfumed water, the men used scented oils for the hair, and both made use of red, yellow, and green soap. During great festivals incense was burnt in all the streets, so that even the poorest might be regaled by the mere act of breathing. Nor was there any lack of narcotics. The mode of preparing opium, introduced from Syout in Upper Egypt, was well known, and the Sultan Beybars promulgated several edicts prohibiting the use of Hasheesh, a stupefying and intoxicating preparation of Indian hemp. In spite of the Prophet's prohibition, the juice of the grape continued to be indulged in; alcohol (as its name indicates) is an Arab discovery, and beer—the favorite beverage of the ancient Egyptians—was also brewed and drunk under the Khalifs. Many a jovial song in praise of wine was sung by Arab poets, and in early times many Arabs would by no means admit that the Prophet had forbidden its use. In an old MS. copy of Tha'âlibi it is said, "The Prophet—may God bless him and accept him—permitted wine, and mercifully allows us to strengthen ourselves with it at our meals, and to lift the veil of our cares and sorrows."—"*Egypt: Descriptive, Historical, and Picturesque*."

CHILDREN AND LOVERS.

We were children, playing together
On Mona's magic isle,
In her witching April weather
Of laughter, and sigh, and smile.
We were children, playing together,
For a happy, happy while.

We were lovers, straying together
So lightly over the land
That we scarcely ruffled the heather,
Hardly printed the sand.
We were lovers, straying together
On Mona's fairy strand.

And still there are children playing
On the self-same shore and hill;
And still there are lovers straying
By Mona's elfin rill;
For our children are round us playing,
And we—we are lovers still.

ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES.



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HAS SCIENCE YET FOUND A NEW BASIS FOR MORALITY?

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

To ask whether science has yet found a new basis for morality, or even to answer that question in the negative, is a widely different thing from saying that morality cannot exist without religion. It is still more widely different, if possible, from imputing immoral tendencies to science. No sane being doubts that the tendency of truth of every kind is moral, or that the tendency of falsehood of every kind, if persisted in, is immoral. But we are not bound to accept at once as science everything that is tendered as such by scientific men on subjects with which perhaps they have not long been familiar, and at a time when the excitement created by great discoveries is sure to give birth to a certain proportion of chimeras. If we were, we should have to accept the theory of the automaton man, which has been pressed upon us by the very high-

est scientific authority with a confidence bordering on the despotic, and that of the "Citizen Atoms," which, according to Haeckel, while diffused through space, concerted among themselves the structure of the world. Nor in any case can we allow ourselves to be hurried headlong by the current of new opinion into negative any more than into positive conclusions; above all, when the abjuration of a belief involves not merely a change in treatises of philosophy, but the greatest practical consequences, such as the abolition of religion. For abolished religion ought to be, and must be, as soon as it is proved to be founded on falsehood; the proposal of freethinkers, like Renan, to keep up the system as the means of restraining the vulgar and protecting the refined enjoyments of the cultivated, being no less shallow and, in an age of educated

artisans, impracticable than it is repugnant to morality. We may accept with admiration and gratitude Darwin's scientific discoveries without feeling ourselves obliged to draw from them inferences which the discoverer himself has not drawn. We may recognize the breaches made by science, history, and criticism in the evidences not only of Christianity but of natural religion; we may admit with sadness that the world is at present left without positive proof, in a producible form, of articles of belief deemed but a few years ago as indisputable as they were fundamental; yet we may decline at once to pronounce that the religious sentiment in man is devoid of meaning, and that the evidences are absolutely incapable of rational reconstruction. Doubt, frankly avowed, and coupled with a resolve under all perplexities to be patient and see what the future of inquiry may have in store, is the attitude, as I am persuaded, of many men of science in whose characters caution and reverence have a place, as well as of many thoughtful and cultivated men of the world.*

* I take this the first available opportunity, of saying that a paper professing to be a critique of three articles of mine—two in *Macmillan*, and one in the *Atlantic Monthly*—on subjects akin to that of the present paper, by Miss Louisa Bevington, which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* of August last, was as complete a misrepresentation of the purport of those articles, of their spirit, and, above all, of the attitude of their writer toward science and scientific men as angry prejudice could produce. The most recent of the three articles attacked had appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* a year and nine months before this sudden outpouring of the vials of philosophic wrath, the immediate motive for which it is difficult to divine. The nature of my offence however is apparent enough. In her exordium, Miss Bevington discloses her intention of suppressing what she is pleased to term the "noisy literature" of people like me who accept Darwin's scientific discoveries, and yet refuse, as at present advised, to draw inferences which, as has been said in the text, Darwin himself has not drawn, and which he has given us no reason for believing that he is disposed to draw. She hardly displays the spirit of the philosophy of which she is the devotee. The highly evolved ought to have patience while inferior creatures are going through the necessary stages of their evolution. I am charged with "reading Evolutionism into the views of persons not commonly credited with paramount scientific authority, for the purpose of taking it out again ethically

He must be a scientific optimist indeed who refuses to admit that society has come to a critical juncture. That

besmirched and reeking with the blood of the weaker peoples." If the charge were true it would justify any amount of denunciation, and almost any mixture of metaphors. But the passages of my three articles on which Miss Bevington founds it (and which she represents as the main purport and substance of the articles, though in truth they are of the most cursory kind, and comprise in all only three or four sentences) do not relate to evolution at all; they relate to the doctrine of the moral inequality of races, and their different claims to legal protection, put forth by Professor Tyndall at the time of the Jamaica affair. Professor Tyndall, not Dr. Darwin, is the "eminent man," to whom I allude, as I have thought that anybody who remembered the Jamaica controversy would have known. To the scientific doctrine of evolution I gave the frankest adhesion, acknowledging "that it was unspeakably momentous, and that great was the debt of gratitude due to its illustrious authors." This Miss Bevington does not quote, but she satisfies her sense of justice by alluding to the passage as "certain ethical admissions favorable rather than not to the evolution hypothesis." I am incapable of such folly as ascribing immoral consequences to any genuine discovery of science. Science, in combination with historical philosophy and literary criticism, is breaking up religious beliefs; and the break-up of religious beliefs is attended, as experience seems to show, with danger to popular morality. To say this, and to illustrate it historically, as I did in the *Atlantic*, is a very different thing from saying that science is immoral. The inroads made, not more by science than by the other agencies and influences enumerated, on the Evidences of Religion have been recognized by me in the article on "The Prospect of a Moral Interregnum," with a freedom which must, I should think, have shown anybody not blinded by philosophical antipathy, that it would be absurdly unjust to identify me with reactionary and obscurantist orthodoxy. My position, frankly avowed in all the articles, is that of doubt. I think I may venture to say that no one who is acquainted with me, and knows what my course has been on University questions, and questions of education generally, will deny my loyalty to genuine science. Instead of disparaging the morality of scientific men, I have expressly recognized their moral superiority as a class, only pointing out that we cannot reason from their case to that of the multitude. To those of the number who served on the Jamaica Committee, I have paid the best tribute in my power by saying that they were "among the foremost champions of humanity on that occasion;" as Miss Bevington finds herself compelled with very manifest reluctance to admit. There can be no harm in saying that the passage was inserted in the second *Macmillan* article to satisfy Mr. Herbert Spencer, who, as I learned in a conversation with him, had misconstrued, strangely as it ap-

the rule of human life may ultimately be placed on grounds wholly independent of religion is a possibility which, once more, is not here disputed, though it is reasonable to wait for the demonstration of experience. But the interval may be one of serious disturbance. To use an undignified comparison, the crustacean may be sure to get another shell, but he will be soft in the meantime. It seems impossible to question the fact that the morality of the mass of the people, at all events, has hitherto been greatly bound up with their religious belief. Ecclesiastical dogma may have had no effect on them; perhaps it has had worse than none, inasmuch as it has put forms in place of moral realities—an evil equally great whether the forms are articles in irrational creeds or outward observances. But can it be maintained that the belief in an All-seeing eye—in infal-

peared to me, a passage in the first. I assured him that I felt, and had always expressed in public and private, the greatest admiration and gratitude for the noble conduct of Mr. Huxley and others of that school in the Jamaica business, and that if there was any possibility of misapprehension on the subject, I would take the first opportunity of removing it. In what respect I failed to fulfil my promise, I am at a loss to see. I could not say that science was the main support of the movement in the country; the main support of this, as of the Anti-Slavery movement, Miss Bevington would have found, if she had carried her statistical researches a little further, was the Christianity of the Free Churches. What a political clergy might do from political motives, could in no way affect religion. That in the case even of the men of science, a philanthropy, the offspring of the Christianity in which we have all been nurtured, was likely to be the impelling influence rather than Anthropology, was an opinion for which I had my reasons, and which at all events was not offensive. In the interest of scientific truth Miss Bevington does not shrink from affecting to believe that I am assailing science when I deprecate the invasion of Afghanistan in quest of "a scientific frog-tier." Nor does she shrink from making up a quotation out of two passages, one of which is taken from an article in *Macmillan*, the other from an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and which, if they relate to the same controversy, do not relate to the same persons. The tone of the article in the *Fortnightly* was such as could hardly fail to act as a warning against too ready an acceptance of its statements. But anything published in so eminent a journal goes forth with some authority, and the idea, that a large circle of readers might be led utterly to misconceive my feelings toward science and men of science, gave me, I confess, some pain.

lible, inflexible, and all-powerful Justice—in a sure reward for well-doing and a sure retribution for evil-doing—has been without influence on the conduct of the mass of mankind, or that its departure is likely to be attended by no consequences of importance? There are two miners, say, by themselves, and far from human eye, in the wilds of the Far West; one has found a rich nugget, the other has toiled and found nothing. What hinders the man who has found nothing, if he is the stronger or the better armed, from slaying his mate as he would a buffalo, and taking the gold? Surely, in part at least, the feeling, drawn from the Christian society in which his youth was passed, that what is not seen by man is seen by God, and that, though the victim himself may be weak and defenceless, irresistible power is on his side. I say in part only; I say at present only; and, once more, I do not prejudice the question as to the possible appearance of an independent and self-sustaining morality in the future. We dwell too exclusively on the restraining principle. Who can doubt that religion has, as a matter of fact, largely impelled to virtue; that it has formed characters at once of great force and of great beneficence; that it has sustained philanthropy and social progress? Who can doubt that many good and noble works have been, and are still being performed, from love of God and from a love of man which is inspired by belief in our common relations to God? Who can doubt that heroes and reformers have been led to face peril, to risk their lives in the service of their kind, by the conviction that they were doing the divine will, and that while they were doing it they would be in the divine keeping? Would it be so easy even to man a life-boat if all the ideas and all the hopes which centre in the village church were taken out of the seaman's heart? Go to the beach; tell the men that if they sink there will be an end for ever of them and of their connections with those whom they love; are you sure they will not be rather less ready to take an oar?

Hundreds of thousands have suffered death for their religion. Is it conceivable that the belief for which they died can have had no influence on their lives? Is it conceivable that the influence

can have been confined to the martyrs? Is not Christendom almost coextensive with moral civilization? And does not the whole face of Christendom—do not its literature, its art, its architecture, show that religion has been its soul? So, at least, thought that eminent Agnostic who pronounced the eighteen centuries of Christianity a retrogression from the happy and scientific age of Tiberius, and by that strange burst of antitheistic frenzy showed that we may have to be on our guard against a fanaticism of hostility to religion as well as against a fanaticism of religion.

The opinion of those who are confident that no moral disturbance is coming, but, on the contrary, a great and universal improvement in morality, might have more weight with us if we were sure that their eyes were turned in the right direction. But their observation is apt to be limited, or too much directed to the circle of scientific men around them. Scientific men are pretty sure to be above the average in point of morality; they have dedicated themselves to a high calling, they are elevated by its pursuits, they are free from the more violent passions, and removed from the coarser temptations. For the signs of change we must look rather to the scenes on which men struggle for wealth or power, and the social regions in which the common vices prevail. We must look to the multitudes, who being now told that they have no hope beyond this world, are apparently making up their minds to have as large a share of the goods and pleasures of this world as their force will give them. Communism, Intransigence, and Nihilism, are not well represented in scientific reunions. They who sat round the dinner table of Helvetius and congratulated each other on the coming of an age of reason and happiness, were the destined victims, not the workers, of the guillotine.

Moreover, as has been said before, the intellectual world, at all events, is still in the twilight of religion. That expression is indeed too weak in the case of the Positivists, who, not only call themselves a church, but make good their claim to the title by sermons which would do the highest honor to any pulpit, and, though they prefer the name

of humanity to that of God, must be really worshipping a deity, not an abstract term, which would be as deaf to prayers or praise as a stock or a stone. An abstract term, in truth, would be rather less susceptible of adoration than that which, like a stock or a stone, has at all events a real existence. But even the man of intellect who rejects all churches and all worship has still sentiments, hopes, and a conscience formed under the influence of Christianity. The same thing is indicated by the repudiation of the name Atheist, and the adoption of the strange term agnostic. Blank absence of belief or inclination either way is probably an impossible frame of mind; in nine cases out of ten, when a man calls himself an agnostic, he most likely means that he retains his belief in the existence of a God, though without being able to present the proof distinctly to himself. The very term law, which physical science continues to use, though we can physically be cognizant of nothing beyond general facts, has a theistic significance, and carries with it a certain sense of religious elevation and comfort. Small probably, as yet, is the number of those who have fairly looked in the face blind force and annihilation.

But to the present question. A heroic physician—we remember to have come across the case in some Italian history—finding that a new and mysterious plague is ravaging his city, devotes himself to the preservation of his fellow-citizens, shuts himself up with a subject, takes his observations, consigns them to writing, and feeling the poison in his own veins, goes calmly to the hospital to die. On the other hand, a man, between whom and a great fortune there stands a single life, takes that life in such a way as to escape suspicion, gets possession of the fortune, and instead of a life of drudgery to which he would otherwise have been doomed, passes his days in the healthy development of all his faculties, in the enjoyment of every pleasure, intellectual and social, as well as physical, amid the troops of friends and grateful dependants with which his hospitality and munificence surrounds him, and after an existence prolonged by comfort, ease, and immunity from care, dies universally honored and lamented. Why is the first man happy,

and the second miserable? Theism, on its own hypothesis, has an answer ready. What is the answer of agnostic science? We must prefix an epithet, because without it a distinction drawn between science and theism begs the question. A rational theist maintains that theism is science.

We are likely to find the answer, if anywhere, in the "Data of Ethics," by Mr. Herbert Spencer—a book belonging to a series which has earned for its author, from Darwin himself, the title of "our great philosopher," and which every one, whether he accepts its general conclusions or not, will allow to exhibit powers of acute criticism, and to be written in a most lucid and attractive style.

Mr. Spencer commences, as might have been expected, not with humanity, but with the mollusks, and treats men simply as the last (he says the highest, but we have a *caveat* to enter against that phrase) of the evolutionary series. His tests of right and wrong in the actions of the most evolved of animals, as in the case of the least evolved, are pleasure and pain—pleasure denoting that the action is favorable, pain that it is unfavorable, to the vitality of the organism. His "supreme end" is "increased duration," together, if we understand his phraseology rightly, with increased intensity, "of life." An authoritative conscience, duty, virtue, obligation, principle, and rectitude of motive, no more enter into his definitions, or form parts of his system, than does the religious sanction. Of that which constitutes moral beauty, he has no word. Actions of a kind purely pleasant are absolutely right. The highest instance of right conduct is a mother suckling her child, because "there is at once to the mother gratification, and to the child satisfaction of appetite, a satisfaction which accompanies furtherance of life, growth, and increasing enjoyment." That the action is a mere performance of a function of nature, involving the exertion of no high quality, does not lower its place in the scale. Conduct, even the noblest and most heroic, which has any concomitant of pain or any painful consequence, is, to that extent, wrong, and the highest claim to be made for such conduct is that it is

the least wrong which under the conditions is possible. We need not shrink from the hypothesis, or even commit ourselves to the rejection of it. Possibly the conclusion ultimately reached may be that man is nothing but the highest mammal, and in that case the hypothesis will be true. The present question is, whether it affords a new basis for morality.

Applying the tests, then, to the cases mentioned, we find that the action of the Italian physician is at least partly wrong; it gives him pain, and instead of prolonging or intensifying, terminates his own life; it is ethically inferior to that of a Kaffir woman suckling her child. On the other hand, the action of the murderer is at least partly right; to himself it is unquestionably productive of a great deal of pleasure, and by releasing him from toil which might have been injurious to his health, it very likely prolongs his life, and certainly intensifies his enjoyment. The benefit extends to his family, and to all those who will profit by his judicious and liberal use of the wealth which comes into his hands. If the murdered man was a fool, a niggard, or a selfish voluptuary, who would have made no use of his riches or have used them ill, it really may be said that all the visible and calculable consequences of the action are good. One human life, indeed, is sacrificed, but from Mr. Spencer's point of view nothing can be said about the indefeasible sacredness of human life. Sacredness in general, and the sacredness of human life in particular, are religious conceptions, and as such have no place in his philosophy. Man may be "the highest of mammals," but is there any assignable reason why you should not put him, as well as any other inconvenient mammal, out of your way? When a stag gores his fellow-stag to death, that he may have exclusive possession of the does, we do not think that he does anything wrong, but, on the contrary, regard his action as a striking instance of the law of natural selection carried into effect through the struggle for existence. Mr. Spencer may say, and does say, that a few æons hence, by the progress of evolution, or, to use his own formula, by "our advance towards heterogeneity," matters will be so ad-

justed, and men will have become so sensible of altruistic pleasure, that it will be not less disagreeable to you to kill your neighbor than to be killed yourself. But the murderer, if this is pressed upon him, will say, "A few æons hence I shall be out of the way; I will do that which, as it brings me present pleasure, with increased duration and intensity of life, is, as far as I am concerned, right." It is not very apparent what answer could be made. We are in quest, be it observed, at present, not of a moral horoscope of humanity, but of motives which, by making the men of our day—not the Herbert Spencers, but the ordinary men—do good and abstain from evil, shall save the world from a moral interregnum.

Pleasure is relative to the organism. There is no such thing as a type or ideal of perfection. This also Mr. Spencer lays down with the same distinctness with which he lays it down that pleasure and pain are the sole and universal tests of right and wrong in conduct. The master will perhaps be somewhat startled by seeing his twofold doctrine developed under the fearless hands of one of his disciples. Dr. Van Buren Denslow, the author of "Modern Thinkers," is one of the Americans who, sometimes with more of mother wit than of erudition, are grappling vigorously, and in a practical spirit, with the great problems of the age. His work is introduced with a preface by Mr. Robert Ingersoll, the foremost teacher of agnosticism on that continent. The Doctor is a profound admirer of Mr. Spencer, whom he depicts in grandiose language, as assisting in the majesty of science at the birth of worlds. But he wants to push the agnostic principle to its logical conclusion, which, according to him, is, that there is no such thing as a moral law, irrespectively of the will of the strongest:

"It is generally believed to be moral to tell the truth, and immoral to lie. And yet it would be difficult to prove that nature prefers the true to the false. Everywhere she makes the false impression first, and only after years, or thousands of years, do we become able to detect her in her lies. . . . Nature endows almost every animal with the faculty of deceit in order to aid it in escaping from the brute force of its superiors. Why, then, should not man be endowed with the faculty of lying when it is to his interest to appear wise

concerning matters of which he is ignorant? Lying is often a refuge to the weak, a stepping-stone to power, a ground of reverence toward those who live by getting credit for knowing what they do not know. No one doubts that it is right for the maternal partridge to feign lameness, a broken wing or leg, in order to conceal her young in flight, by causing the pursuer to suppose he can more easily catch her than her offspring. From whence, then, in nature, do we derive the fact that a human being may not properly tell an untruth with the same motive? Our early histories, sciences, poetries, and theologies are all false, yet they comprehend by far the major part of human thought. Priesthoods have ruled the world by deceiving our tender souls, and yet they command our most enduring reverence. Where, then, do we discover that any law of universal nature prefers truth to falsehood, any more than oxygen to nitrogen, or alkalis to salts? So habituated have we become to assume that truth-telling is a virtue, that nothing is more difficult than to tell how we came to assume it, nor is it easy of proof that it is a virtue in an unrestricted sense. What would be thought of the military strategist who made no feints, of the advertisement that contained no lie, of the business man whose polite suavity covered no falsehood?

"Inasmuch as all moral rules are in the first instance impressed by the strong, the dominant, the matured, and the successful upon the weak, the crouching, the infantile, and the servile, it would not be strange if a close analysis and a minute historical research should concur in proving that all moral rules are doctrines established by the strong for the government of the weak. It is invariably the strong who require the weak to tell the truth, and always to promote some interest of the strong. . . .

"Thou shalt not steal, is a moral precept invented by the strong, the matured, the successful, and by them impressed upon the weak, the infantile, and the failures in life's struggle, as all criminals are. For nowhere in the world has the sign ever been blazoned on the shop doors of a successful business man, 'closed because the proprietor prefers crime to industry.' Universal society might be pictured, for the illustration of this feature of the moral code, as consisting of two sets of swine, one of which is in the clover, and the other is out. The swine that are in the clover, grunt, 'Thou shalt not steal, put up the bars.' The swine that are out of the clover grunt, 'Did you make the clover? let down the bars.' 'Thou shalt not steal' is a maxim impressed by property holders upon non-property holders. It is not only conceivable, but it is absolute verity, that a sufficient deprivation of property, and force, and delicacy of temptation, would compel every one who utters it to steal, if he could get an opportunity. In a philosophic sense, therefore, it is not a universal, but a class, law; its prevalence and obedience indicate that the property holders rule society, which is itself an index of advance toward civilization. No one would say that if a lion lay gorged with his excessive feast amid the scattered carcass of a deer, and a jaguar or a hyena stealthily bore

away a haunch thereof, the act of the hyena was less virtuous than that of the lion. How does the case of two bushmen, between whom the same incident occurs, differ from that of the two quadrupeds? Each is doing that which tends in the highest degree to his own preservation, and it may be assumed that the party against whom the spoliation is committed is not injured at all by it. Among many savage tribes theft is taught as a virtue, and detection is punished as a crime. . . . Having control of the forces of society, the strong can always legislate, or order, or wheedle, or preach, or assume other people's money and land out of their possession into their own, by methods which are not known as stealing, since instead of violating the law they inspire and create the law. But if the under dog in the social fight runs away with a bone in violation of superior force, the top dog runs after him bellowing, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and all the other top dogs unite in bellowing, 'This is Divine law and not dog law'; the verdict of the top dog, so far as law, religion, and other forms of brute force are concerned, settles the question. But philosophy will see in this contest of antagonistic forces, a mere play of opposing elements, in which larceny is an incident of social weakness and unfitness to survive, just as debility and leprosy are; and would as soon assume a Divine command, 'Thou shalt not break out in boils and sores' to the weakling or leper, as one of 'Thou shalt not steal' to the failing struggler for subsistence. So far as the irresistible promptings of nature may be said to constitute a Divine law, there are really two laws. The law to him who will be injured by stealing, is, 'Thou shalt not steal,' meaning thereby 'Thou shalt not suffer another to steal from you.' The law to him who cannot survive without stealing, is simply, 'Thou shalt, in stealing, avoid being detected.'

"So the laws forbidding unchastity were framed by those who, in the earlier periods of civilization, could afford to own women, for the protection of their property rights in them, against the poor who could not. . . . We do not mean, by this course of reasoning, to imply that the strong in society can, or ought to be governed by the weak; that is neither possible, nor, if possible, would it be any improvement. We only assert that moral precepts are largely the selfish maxims expressive of the will of the ruling forces in society, those who have health, wealth, knowledge, and power, and are designed wholly for their own protection and the maintenance of their power. They represent the view of the winning side, in the struggle for subsistence, while the true interior law of nature would represent a varying combat in which two laws would appear: viz., that known as the moral or majority law, and that known as the immoral or minority law, which commands a violation of the other."

This is strong doctrine, and the passage seemed worth extracting at length. It is curious, both as a specimen of the practical tendencies of a certain school

of thought, and as a reply to the historical scepticism which refuses to believe that the teaching of the Sophists really was what it is represented to have been by Socrates and Plato. It would also seem to be a pretty conclusive answer to those who deride the apprehension of a moral interregnum, and feel confident that society is going to sail, without interruption or disturbance of its rule of conduct, out of the zone of theistic into that of scientific morality. It appears that between one state and the other there may be an interval in which the question will be not between the moral and the immoral, but between the top and the under dog.

The Marquis of Steyne is an organism, and, like all other organisms, so long as he succeeds in maintaining himself against competing organisms, is able to make good his title to existence under the law of natural selection. He has his pleasures; they are not those of a St. Paul, or a Shakespeare, or a Wilberforce, but they are his. They make him happy, according to the only measure of happiness which he can conceive; and if he is cautious, as a sagacious voluptuary will be, they need not diminish his vitality, they may even increase it both in duration and intensity, though they may play havoc with the welfare of a number of victims and dependants. He may successively seduce a score of women without bad consequences to himself. Why is he doing wrong? In the name of what do you peremptorily summon him to return to the path of virtue? In the name of altruistic pleasure? He happens to be one of those organisms which are not capable of it. In the name of a state of society which is to come into existence long after he has mouldered to dust in the family mausoleum of the Gaunts? His reply will furnish the Anthropologist with a fine illustration of the faculty of facial expression. Suppose you could induce him to try a course of virtue, or of altruism, if the term is more scientific, what in his case would be the practical result? Would it not be a painful conflict between passion and conscience, or perhaps, in the terms of the evolutionary philosophy, between presented sensations on the one hand, and represented or re-represented sensations on the

other? Is it not probable that he would end his days before that conflict had been brought to a close? Its fruits, however imperfect, would, of course, be both happy and precious in the estimation of Theism; but in the estimation of the philosophy embodied in the "Data of Ethics," what could they be but pleasure, unquestionable pleasure, lost, and pain, pain of a very distressing kind, incurred? And so with other organisms, which, as Dr. Van Buren Denslow would say, are pursuing their peculiar and congenial, though conventionally reprobated walks of life. The assassin, the robber, and the sharper have their status in nature, as well as any other members of the predatory tribes. It is possible that by the gradual triumph of industry over militarism, and the general progress of evolution, those changes which Mr. Spencer confidently predicts may be brought about. The wolf may become as the lamb, and may even in the general competition for altruistic pleasures tenderly conjure the lamb to eat him. At present he is a wolf—a wolf with two legs it may be, and with the other physiological attributes of the highest of the mammals—yet as much at liberty as the lowest of the mammals to gratify his appetites so long as he does not eat any one who will disagree with him.

The author of the "Data of Ethics" discusses, in three lively and interesting chapters, Altruism and its relations to Egoism. But Dr. Van Buren Denslow flouts all this as "theological," and wonders that his sage should have allowed himself to be so much affected by the atmosphere of modern Christianity. The doctor hits the nail hard as usual, and there seems reason to suspect that he hits it on the head. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," is commonly cited as the precept of the Gospel. But the full commandment is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." Supposing the Theistic hypothesis to be true, and the communion of the Christian Church to represent a reality, to love one's neighbor as oneself is rational; if the two are members of each other, each in loving the other loves himself, and there is no need of any elaborate comparison or arbitration.

But on any other hypothesis it seems difficult to press the claims of Altruism on an Egoistic organism. You must alter the organism, or wait till it is eliminated by evolution. If a man is selfish, his pleasures will be selfish; and there, so far as we can see, according to the philosophy of the "Data of Ethics," is an end of the question.

Hear once more Dr. Van Buren Denslow:

"The unphilosophical element in Herbert Spencer's scheme is its dogmatical assumption that there is a moral law, philosophically deducible by argument from the facts of nature; that this moral law is unique and single, not dual, though all the forces of nature whose study is to lead up to the knowledge of this law are dual and not single; that while at some points it may not yet be clearly definable, yet all the facts indicate both its existence and its philosophical deducibility from nature. On this point he says, p. 282: 'For reasons already pointed out a code of perfect personal conduct can never be made definite. Many forms of life, diverging from one another in considerable degrees, may be so carried on in society as entirely to fulfil the conditions of harmonious co-operation. And if various types of men, adapted to various types of activities, may thus lead lives that are severally complete after their kinds, no specific statement of the activities universally required for personal well-being is possible. But though the particular requirements to be fulfilled for perfect individual well-being must vary, along with variations in the material conditions of each society, certain general requirements have to be fulfilled by the individuals of all societies. . . . Perfection of individual life hence implies certain modes of action which are approximately alike in all cases, and which therefore become part of the subject-matter of ethics. That it is possible to reduce even this restricted part to scientific definiteness, can scarcely be said. But ethical requirements can here be to such extent affiliated upon physical necessities as to give them a partially scientific character. . . . That it will ever be practicable to lay down precise rules for private conduct in conformity with such requirements, may be doubted. But the function of absolute ethics in relation to private conduct will have been discharged, when it has produced the warrant for its requirements as generally expressed [*i.e.*, that the individual should so promote his own pleasure as not to mar the pleasure of others]; when it has shown the imperativeness of obedience to them; and when it has thus taught the need for deliberately considering whether the conduct fulfils them as well as may be.'

"While Spencer gives away reluctantly nearly his whole position here (for of what value is an ethical system which can shed no light on the path of private duty?), yet the small portion he retains is retained unjustly, and must be surrendered. An ethical system

which boils down into an exhortation to all men to promote their own interests, has no ethical quality left in it; for, as we have seen, the mere doing of that which is clearly essential to self-preservation pertains to business and not to morals; since, to have a moral quality, an act must raise the question, Is it right? which mere attention to business does not raise, any more than the flight of birds, the falling of water, or the explosion of gases."

The nearest thing to an authoritative and universal rule which we get in the "Data of Ethics," is the assertion that "the life of the social organism must, as a rule, rank above the lives of its units." Supposing even that society is in any but a figurative sense an organism with a life of its own distinct from those of its members, this canon as it stands in Mr. Spencer's pages, appears to be almost as much a dogma and as little supported by demonstration, as anything in the Athanasian Creed. Prove to a man, if you can, that to enjoy his own pleasure he must avoid interfering with the pleasure of others, obtain the co-operation of his fellows, and pay a certain tribute to the interests of society. But to tell him that where there is a question between the life or the pleasure of the social organism and his life or pleasure, the claim of the social organism must rank first, is to tell him what, we venture to think, you will not be able to prove with any arguments supplied by the "Data of Ethics," the reasonings of which, like the promptings of nature apart from Theism, point rather the other way. The chapter on the Sociological View of Ethics is not, at least I have not found it, the clearest in a book generally remarkable for perspicuity; but if I do not mistake, it forecasts a diminution of the claims of society on the allegiance of the individual man, in proportion as militarism gives way to industry, and the need of protection against the violence of other social organisms becomes less.

In one remarkable passage Mr. Spencer seems practically to avow the inability of his principle to settle what have hitherto been deemed the plainest questions of morality:

"In men's wider relations frequently occur circumstances under which a decision one or other way is imperative, and yet under which not even the most sensitive conscience, helped by the clearest judgment, can decide which of the alternatives is relatively right. Two ex-

amples will suffice. . . . Here is a merchant who loses by the failure of a man indebted to him. Unless he gets help he himself will fail; and if he fails he will bring disaster not only on his family but on all who have given him credit. Even if by borrowing he is enabled to meet immediate engagements, he is not safe; for the time is one of panic, and others of his debtors by going to the wall may put him in further difficulties. Shall he ask a friend for a loan? On the one hand, is it not wrong forthwith to bring on himself, his family, and those who have business relations with him, the evils of his failure? On the other hand, is it not wrong to hypothecate the property of his friend, and lead him too, with his belongings and dependants, into similar risks? The loan would probably tide him over his difficulty; in which case would it not be unjust to his creditors did he refrain from asking it? Contrariwise, the loan would very possibly fail to stave off his bankruptcy; in which case is not his action in trying to obtain it practically fraudulent? Though in extreme cases it may be easy to say which course is the least wrong, how is it possible in all those medium cases where even by the keenest man of business the contingencies cannot be calculated?

Take, again, the difficulties that not unfrequently arise from antagonism between family duties and social duties. Here is a tenant farmer whose political principles prompt him to vote in opposition to his landlord. If, being a Liberal, he votes for a Conservative, not only does he by his act say that he thinks what he does not think, but he may perhaps assist what he regards as bad legislation; his vote may by chance turn the election, and on a Parliamentary division a single member may decide the fate of a measure. Even neglecting, as too improbable, such serious consequences, there is the manifest truth that if all who hold like views with himself are similarly deterred from electoral expression of them, there must result a different balance of power and a different national policy; making it clear that only by adherence of all to their political principles can the policy he thinks right be maintained. But, now, on the other hand, how can he absolve himself from the responsibility for the evils which those depending on him may suffer if he fulfils what appears to be a peremptory public duty? Is not his duty to his children even more peremptory? Does not the family precede the State? and does not the welfare of the State depend on the welfare of the family? May he, then, take a course which, if the threats uttered are carried out, will eject him from his farm; and so cause inability, perhaps temporary, perhaps prolonged, to feed his children? The contingent evils are infinitely varied in their ratios. In one case the imperativeness of the public duty is great and the evil that may come on dependants small; in another case the political issue is of trivial moment and the possible injury which the family may suffer is great; and between these extremes there are all gradations. Further, the degrees of probability of each result, public and private, range from the nearly certain to the almost impossible. Admitting,

then, that it is wrong to act in a way likely to injure the State ; and admitting that it is wrong to act in a way likely to injure the family ; we have to recognize the fact that in countless cases no one can decide by which of the alternative courses the least wrong is likely to be done."

In the first case nothing, according to common conceptions, could appear more certain than this, that a man has no right to borrow money under any circumstances, or for any purpose whatever, unless he is sure that he can pay, or, at least, has fully apprised the lender of the risk. In the second case, it seems equally clear that in the exercise of a public trust public duty ought to prevail over all private considerations, and that though a man may be justified in abstaining from voting if the State fails to afford him protection against the tyranny of his landlord, he cannot possibly be justified in voting wrong. But we can easily see how, in both cases, the philosophy of the "Data of Ethics" breaks down. It finds itself involved in a hopelessly bewildering calculation of the relative amounts of pleasure and pain attending either line of conduct in its bearings on the sensation of the agent and of other people. Whether any other philosophy capable of distinct statement holds good is, of course, a different question, as we bear in mind throughout.

By the very method of his inquiry the author of the "Data of Ethics" is cut off from any appeal to human morality as essentially distinct from that of other animals. He is committed to the position that the conduct and ethics of man are merely an evolution of those of the mollusks. When he takes a woman suckling her child as his highest type of a right action, it is difficult to see why he might not as well have taken any other mammal. The sentence would run just as well, "Consider the relation of a healthy cow to a healthy calf. Between the two there exists a mutual dependence which is a source of pleasure to both. In yielding its natural food to the calf the cow receives gratification, and to the calf there comes the satisfaction of appetite—a satisfaction which accompanies furtherance of life, growth, and increasing enjoyment." There is a *caveat*, as was said, to be entered against "higher" and "lower," applied

to the earlier and later products of evolution ; they carry with them the suggestion of a moral difference which might form a foundation for ethics. But, if the evolutionist were asked why the later and more complex was higher than the earlier and simpler organism, we apprehend his only answer would be, that it was higher because it was later and more complex. If the pleasures of the other animals are less intense so are their pains, and from a large class of the pains which beset humanity they are altogether free. A seagull lives, it is said, longer than a man ; it has found a sphere in which it has few enemies ; it knows no care for the morrow, no moral effort, no moral conflict, no strivings after an unattainable ideal. At least it gives no sign of anything of the kind. Why is it to be dubbed lower ?

Besides the list of pleasures denoting the conduciveness of the action to vitality, there may be said to be in the "Data of Ethics" a set of characteristics derived from perfection of evolution. Such are "adjustment of an action to an end," "definiteness," "exactness," "heterogeneity," "complexity," "multiformity," subordination of immediate to remote objects and of motives connected with presentative to those connected with representative and re-representative sensations, all regarded as placing the highest mammal at the top of the ascending scale ; while the mollusks, with whose rudimentary ethics Mr. Spencer sets out, are at the lowest. Such, also, are the criteria stated in the terms of Mr. Spencer's special and, to common minds, mysterious theory of the movement of evolution, his "rhythms," and his perfect state of "moving equilibrium." Mr. Spencer, as he has eloquently avowed, thinks the First Napoleon about the greatest enemy of his kind who ever lived. Yet in which of the attributes of perfect evolution did Napoleon fall short ? Were not his actions as admirably adjusted as possible to their evil ends ? Was he not in the highest degree "punctual," methodical, and exact ? Was any man ever more multiform in his activities or heterogeneous in the parts which he enacted ? Did any man ever keep his eye more steadily fixed on remote objects or play a longer game ? No one can ques-

tion the vastness of his brain-power, and his historian boasts that his head was the largest and the best-formed ever submitted to the investigation of science. History cannot pretend to say anything about his "rhythm," but during a considerable part of his life, at all events, he may be said to have been in moving equilibrium, for he was always on horse-back, and had so loose a seat in his saddle that he rode merely by balance, and when the horse stumbled was apt to be canted over its head; though the powers of evil always preserved his neck. He is a figure to be noted by Agnostics, for though he lived before Positivism, he was a perfect Positivist. He had, as he tells us himself, shut all religious ideas out of his mind as hindrances to action; he had learned to discard metaphysics and philosophy altogether as the dreams of ideologues; he insisted on positive education, and he took his own propensities as the parts of his nature which were to determine his conduct without respect for any moral conventions. There is a curious *jeu d'esprit* (such, no doubt, it is) which connects, across the gulf of centuries, Bonaparte with that other great Positivist before Positivism, Machiavelli. It is a copy of the "Prince," supposed to have been found in the emperor's carriage at Waterloo, with a running commentary by his hand, showing the correspondence of his own policy with Machiavellism; and the likeness is very striking.

Are not "punctuality," and whatever it denotes, as much shown in keeping a guilty assignation or a rendezvous of crime as in appearing at the hour fixed for a charity meeting? Was "the adjustment of an action to its end" ever more exact, were the qualities which adjust actions to their ends ever more signally displayed, than when Ravaiillac, having marked his opportunity and chosen his position well, drove the knife, which he had chosen with care and thoroughly sharpened, at a single stroke into the heart of a king whose life was the hope of the world?

Mr. Spencer, in his present work, wisely forbears touching the question of moral necessity. So far as the "Data of Ethics" is concerned, therefore, he avoids the reef marked by the wreck of the automaton man. The reasonings by

which automatism is supported, it may be noted by the way, are simply a reproduction of those of Jonathan Edwards, who was not in quest of truth, but of a philosophic basis for his Stygian dogma, and was himself half conscious that he had reduced his own argument to an absurdity when he found himself logically compelled to ascribe to the All-Good the personal authorship of crimes; for, of course, it could signify nothing to the question of agency, if no new spring of action was interposed, how long the chain of mere instrumentalities might be. He was right in asserting moral causation, which is given us by consciousness, and without which the moral world would be a chaos. His fallacy lay in the assumption that moral causation was the same as physical. What has been inappropriately called free will may be roughly defined as the difference given us by consciousness between moral and physical causation. Though it is the most certain, as well as the most momentous, fact of our being, we shall probably never succeed in precisely formulating it by any phrase that we can devise, even supposing it to be fixed, and not to be increasing, with our ascent from a lower to a higher, from a more material to a more spiritual life.

Though not a declared Automatist, however, Mr. Spencer is, by virtue of his general philosophy, a Necessarian. He holds that evolution, which is the order of the universe, "consists in a change from an indefinite coherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity, through continuous differentiations and integrations." The universe may well have heaved a sigh of relief when, through the cerebation of an eminent thinker, it had been delivered of this account of itself. Yet it must be a curious universe if this is its secret. As the Yankee said of the enormously rich church with a very scanty congregation, it must be doing the smallest business on the largest capital of any concern in this State. Man, the insect, aims at producing things which we feel to be noble, and which, according to the measure of his span, will endure; but the power of the universe does nothing but turn the homogeneous into the heterogeneous, and back again through the same treadmill round of differentia-

tions and integrations, every round ending in the same fatal "equilibration," and total wreck of all the results of the process. The higher the fruits, the more senseless the destruction. What set the homogeneous moving in the first instance, and made it become the heterogeneous? This would be the question which we should have to ask if the law were tendered as a physical explanation of the origin of the world. Why, we might also ask, is the coherent to be called the heterogeneous, and the incoherent the homogeneous? Might not the terms as well be reversed? But it is enough here to say that the theory is mechanical necessarianism, and that as such it is scarcely reconcilable, in a scientific point of view, with the high strain of ordinary morality and the passionate denunciations of wrong which we find in such passages of Mr. Spencer's work as this:

"Such a view (of the progress of altruism) will not be agreeable to those who lament the spreading disbelief in eternal damnation; nor to those who follow the apostle of brute force in thinking that because the rule of the strong hand was once good it is good for all time; nor to those whose reverence for one who told them to put up the sword, is shown by using the sword to spread his doctrine among the heathens. The conception set forth would be received with contempt by that Fifeshire regiment of militia, of whom eight hundred, at the time of the Franco-German War, asked to be employed on foreign service, and left the Government to say on which side they should fight. From the ten thousand priests of the religion of love, who are silent when the nation is moved by the religion of hate, will come no sign of assent; nor from their bishops, who, far from urging the extreme precept of the master they pretend to follow, to turn the other cheek when one is smitten, vote for acting on the principle—strike, lest ye be struck. Nor will any approval be felt by legislators, who, after praying to be forgiven their trespasses as they forgive the trespasses of others, forthwith decide to attack those who have not trespassed against them, and who, after a Queen's Speech

has 'invoked the blessing of Almighty God' on their counsels, immediately provide means for committing political burglary."

This is enough to show that whatever the writer's moral system may be, his own moral sentiment is strong. But, surely, it is a splendid inconsistency. The bishop and the Fifeshire militiaman were in certain stages of evolution, or, in other words, of progress from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, through the necessary differentiations and integrations. The episcopal organism in its state of comparative homogeneity could no more help being fond of converting Afghans, by killing them and burning their cottages, than a tiger can help wanting to eat the bishop, or the Buddhist sage in Mr. Arnold's "Light of Asia" can help wanting, in the immensity of his benevolence, to be eaten by the tiger. Bishop and militiaman alike will surely give their censor the crushing answer, that they could not possibly be more differentiated or nearer the perfection of moving equilibrium than they are, without breaking the Spencerian law.

Another strong point, which any organism indisposed to altruism might make, is the warrant apparently given to purely selfish action by the struggle for existence. "In large measure," says Mr. Spencer, "the adjustments of acts to ends which we have been considering are components of that 'struggle for existence,' carried on both between members of the same species and between members of a different species; and, very generally, a successful adjustment made by one creature involves an unsuccessful adjustment made by another creature, either of the same kind or of a different kind. That the carnivores may live, herbivores must die; and that its young may be reared, the young of weaker creatures must be orphaned." Why, a Borgia or a Bonaparte will ask, is the law to be confined to the case of carnivores and herbivores? Do not I equally fulfil it by making a prey of the herbivores of humanity, or by destroying in any way I can other carnivores who happen to stand in my way? If my acts are well adjusted to these ends, as Machiavelli says they are, why are they not good? The result will be that survival of the fittest which sci-

* We have always suspected that with regard to the sociological portion of Mr. Spencer's theory of Evolution, and perhaps even with regard to the whole theory, a very considerable part had been played by our old friend the Division of Labor. Adam Smith knew the bounds of his discovery, if discovery it could be called. Though the employments of men diverge and multiply, the unifying influences of civilization generally on the members of a community are greater than the diversifying influences.

ence proclaims to be the decree of nature. Is it not difficult to find an answer which will not involve what Dr. Van Buren Denslow derides as Theistic Altruism?

The motive power to which, at bottom, Mr. Spencer's ethic mainly appeals in urging to moral effort or self-restraint is the hope of a future social state, which in his, as in other Agnostic philosophies, fills the void left by the discarded hope of a future life. Here, again, he is confronted by the logical consequences of his mechanical necessity: what must come will; we need not make any effort or forego any gratification to bring it about; the "co-operation" which he speaks of is needless or, rather, illusory; nor is it in our power to forestall the process of evolution. Apart from this, however, the prospect of a social goal indefinitely distant, and to be attained not by the individual man but by humanity, influences only highly educated imaginations and refined natures, if it greatly influences even these. What does Bill Sykes, what does a director of the Glasgow Bank, what does William Tweed, what does Fisk, or St. Arnaud, or St. Arnaud's employer, care about the fortunes of humanity a million of years after he as an individual being has ceased to exist? What impelling force, to keep that side of the matter in view also, will such visions have with the multitudes of common people, unread in the "*Philosophie Positive*," on whose conscientious performance of duty society depends, and whose goodness is the salt of the earth. The philosophers of the ultra-evolutionary school put out of sight, in the scientific sweep of their social theories, two commonplace facts—individuality and death. Death some of the philosophers of the last century thought might be abolished; those of the present appear to think that, if we will all be quiet and refrain from ill-omened words, it may be hushed up. They constantly quote Spinoza's saying, that true wisdom concerns itself not with death but with life. Spinoza had inherited the creed of religious secularism which in his active intellect took the form of Pantheism, without, however, losing its essential character as a belief generated at a stage before the wisdom or the folly, as the case may be, which

concerns itself with death and the life beyond death, had come into the world. But does any one seriously believe that man can now be put back into that infantine state in which he once passed his days like the other animals, without spiritual aspiration, and like them, lay down at last to sleep without hope or fear? What a clearance of art, architecture, poetry, philosophy, and history does a return to contented and dreamless secularism imply! Yet the other part of the undertaking is even more arduous. That men should be made to feel themselves members one of another, granting the theistic hypothesis, is not absolutely impossible; it may even be said that, tremendous as the obstacles were, in a space of time very short compared with the total duration of the race, an appreciable, if not a great, progress has been made. At least it will hardly be denied that in philanthropy the world at the present day is more advanced than it was in the reign of Tiberius. Of that, Mr. Spencer's own sentiments are proof enough. In no ancient writer is there to be found a protest like his against the oppression of the weaker races. But to get this sensible warm motion to lose itself in a mere generalization, whether the generalization be humanity, animality—which for all that we can see has just as good a claim as humanity—or simply evolution, and to be content with the prospective welfare of this generalization instead of thinking about its own, does seem to us absolutely impossible, unless it be in the case of a very extraordinary temperament, or during the brief continuance of an artificial mood. Besides, all end sooner or later in a physical catastrophe; in the catastrophe, according to Mr. Spencer, of equilibration; and how can it be expected that people will be animated to moral effort by the idea that they are "co-operating with evolution in producing the highest form of life," when evolution itself flings all the results of so much differentiation and integration back into homogeneity with the recklessness of a child overturning its castle of sand?

There surely goes a good deal of quasi-religious faith to the making of this evolutionary millennium. We have in effect to assume that all the agencies

of progress now at work will continue in full force, notwithstanding the departure of the beliefs with which some of them have been hitherto bound up, and that no new evils will emerge. Unhappily, the last part of the assumption is contradicted by the evidence alike of the sanitary, social, and political spheres. That physical nature will become kinder to us there seems no reason to believe. The author of the "Data of Ethics" does not promise that she will: he says that flood, fire, and storm will always furnish occasions for the display of heroism—heroism which there will no longer be any very tangible motive for displaying. On the progress of science we may count; and this is so important as to make us feel that humanity altogether has at last struck into the right path. Yet if we shut our ears for a moment to the pæans which are being sung over telegraphs and telephones, we become conscious that while science has been making miraculous strides, the masses have not yet made strides equally miraculous, either in character or in happiness.

Mr. Spencer seems to expect unbounded improvement from the final ascendancy which he confidently anticipates of industry over war. He is no doubt aware that the distinction between the military and the industrial types of society is familiar, though his use of it as a universal key to history is new. There never can have been a purely military state of society; somebody must have produced, or there would have been nothing for the warriors to pillage; nor is the difference between the ancient community, in which there was a warrior caste of masters with an industrial people of slaves, and the modern community, in which there is an industrial people of citizens with a standing army of professional soldiers, though most momentous, quite so radical as Mr. Spencer assumes. The most perfect type of a purely industrial community, perhaps, is China; not a very encouraging example, as the Chinese, besides their servility, their unprogressiveness, and their total lack of political life, are untruthful, vicious in some other respects, mean, and, as their punishments show, abominably cruel. In London and our other great commercial

cities the military element is trifling, even taking in the volunteers; yet of vice and unhappiness there is surely enough. Biographers at some future time, seeking in Mr. Spencer's works materials for a life of the great philosopher, will find that he evidently had experience in his own person of some of the special evils of industrialism, such as plumbers who make business for builders, and crockery-breaking servant girls, to whom he was compelled to apply that article of his ethical code which forbids you, when your crockery is concerned, to allow your line of conduct to be decided by altruism alone. These are but trifling instances of an industrial depravity over which jeremiads innumerable have been chanted, and which in its consequences even to life is hardly less destructive than war. The final transition will also be a most critical affair. A society wholly destitute of military force and without martyr spirit, which can hardly exist apart from religion, will be at the mercy of any surviving six-shooter of the past.

In a recent number of this review there was an article by Mr. Spencer on "The Industrial Type of Society,"* to which was appended a note drawing a comparison between the morality of religious communities and that of savages who have no religion. The Christian era was represented as a hideous succession of public and private atrocities, innumerable and unmeasurable, of bloody aggressive wars, ceaseless family vendettas, bandit barons and fighting bishops, massacres—political and religious—torturings and burnings, assassinations, thefts, lying, and all-pervading crimes. Nor was this description confined to the past. We were called upon to read the police reports, the criminal assize proceedings, the accounts of fraudulent bankruptcies, political burglaries, and criminal aggressions at the present day. With this picture we were invited to contrast the honesty, the truthfulness, the amiability, the mild humanity of the Bodo, the Dhimáls, the Lepchas, the Santáls, the Veddahs, the Arafuras, and the Hodas who have no notion of God or belief in the immortality of the soul. Decisive judgment was given in favor of

* *Contemporary Review*, October, 1881.

the savages by the philosopher, whom we cannot suppose to have been indulging in mere rhetoric. But it will be allowed that the Christian nations are in general respects, and notably in every thing pertaining to science, the most civilized. If in the most important matter of all they have retrograded to this extent, what becomes of the hope of civilization?

Yet Mr. Spencer himself sees the promised land of evolutionary adjustment and felicity from a very advanced Pisgah. His man is a man in a suburban villa with a good business in the city, who has only to be content with a sufficient income, avoiding the moral gulf of overwork, and that of "snatching a hasty sandwich," instead of taking a regular luncheon every day. Alas! to say nothing of the myriads who in the past have lived and died in slavery and misery of all kinds, how many centuries must elapse before the question between a hasty sandwich and a regular luncheon becomes a practical one for any appreciable portion of mankind! To do too much office work is bad for health, and therefore, as Mr. Spencer most truly says, bad in every way; but how many are there who must either do too much work or starve! It is not healthful to be on the wintry Atlantic clinging to the frozen shrouds, to pant all day beside the fiery furnace, to be delving in the dark mine, to be sitting as a cab-driver exposed to all weathers, to be toiling as a farm-laborer with overtaken sinews from dawn to dusk. Of the labor which is the lot of most men, and in which their lives are almost entirely spent, very little is, like that of the artist, relieved by any sense of enjoyment; the bulk of it is drudgery and nothing else. Schopenhauer exaggerates, of course. Were it not so, the end, in spite of his super-subtle objection to the exertion of will in self-destruction, would be universal suicide. There is happiness in life; above all, the happiness of affection, though it is in this that we most keenly feel the sting of death. Yet if this life were all, and if enjoyment were the object of being, it would be difficult to deny that the Pessimist had a formidable case, or that the world, on the whole and for the majority of mankind, was a failure. It is, at least it may be, other-

wise if the Theistic hypothesis is true, if the secret of the universe is not mechanical but moral, if the paramount object is the formation of character, and if the results of effort are to endure, in any form whatever, beyond the physical catastrophe of the planet. Trying to be good is within the power of a galley slave; and it is conceivable that by being ever so little better than himself the most abject of mankind may cast into the moral treasury a mite more precious in the estimation of the Author of our moral being than the effortless virtue of a born seraph. In touching upon such points we feel that the criticism which repels a physical account of morality is not merely destructive but conserves something on which it is possible that a rational theology may hereafter be partly based.

In short, while we find, as was said before, in the "Data of Ethics" much that is acute, much that is eloquent, much that is interesting, we do not find in it a new basis of morality. We do not find a practical answer to the question which was put at the beginning. We do not find anything that, on the mass of mankind, is likely to act as a strong inducement or as a strong deterrent. We do not find anything that can be relied on to save society from the danger of a moral interregnum. An exaggerated interpretation is not to be put upon that phrase. Society will hold together, and the milkman will go his round. For that, daily needs, habit, human nature, the examples of China and Japan, both of which are Agnostic, sufficiently answer. Society has held together during former intervals between the fall of one morality and the rise of another; but it has been in rather a sorry way. Things have righted, but before they have righted there have been times to which nobody wishes to return. The continuity of history is indisputable; yet it is not such as to preclude very terrible convulsions; and surely the doings of Nihilism, which in its speculative aspect is clearly a product of the present disturbance of religious and, at the same time, of ethical beliefs, are warning enough of the existence of subterranean fires. Once more, it is not from the personal tendencies of the distinguished party which surrounds an in-

tellectual tea-table that we can gather with certainty those of the masses inflamed by fierce passions and goaded by animal wants, or even those of genius itself, like that of Napoleon, in pursuit of selfish aims. That all will be well in the end, Theists, at any rate, must implicitly believe ; yet the day of salvation may be distant.

"It is strange," says Mr. Spencer, "that a notion so abstract as that of perfection, or a certain ideal completeness of nature, should ever have been thought one from which a system of guidance could be evolved." Call the notion abstract, and the remark may be true. But it is certain that a personal type, or supposed type, of perfection, has furnished Christendom with guidance, with a rule of life at all events, up to this time. The sudden disappearance of that type must fill all, except the most serenely scientific minds, with misgivings as to the immediate future, it being admitted by "our great philosopher" that there is nothing to be put in its place.

There are one or two points which, though not strictly pertinent to the present inquiry, it may not be wholly beside the mark to notice. One of these relates to the Theistic notion of morality, which we cannot help thinking the author of the "Data" misapprehends, so far as rational Theists are concerned. "Religious creeds," he says, "established and dissenting, all embody the belief that right and wrong are right and wrong simply in virtue of divine enactment." In another passage he represents the religious world as holding that "moral truths have no other origin than the will of God." There is a fallacy in the term "will." A law is not made by the will of the legislator ; it is enforced by his will, but it is made by his nature, moral and intellectual, the goodness or badness of which determines its quality and the salutariness of obedience. Wise advice given by a father to his children is useful in itself, not merely because he gives it. Moreover, what a rational Theist may be said to hold is simply that our moral nature points true to that of Him in whom we have our being ; that He is with us when we do right, against us when we do wrong ; that our well-doing moves His love, our

evil-doing His aversion. There is nothing apparently more absurd in this than in believing the same thing with regard say to a friend, or even with regard to the community of which we form a part, and the good-will of which is a motive and a support of our rectitude. Nor is there any sort of necessity, so far as this belief is concerned, for entangling ourselves in a metaphysical labyrinth by going behind the divine nature and speculating on the possibility of its having been other than it is ? Being is an inscrutable and overwhelming mystery ; there is no more to be said.

That religion had its origin in primæval worship of the ghosts of ancestors or chiefs, and that, these ancestors or chiefs having been ferocious cannibals, we are hence enabled to account for the belief in propitiation by self-torture and the other diabolical characteristics of modern creeds, is a theory which Mr. Spencer habitually propounds as certain and almost self-evident. Scientific the theory may be, and on questions of science the utmost deference is due to its inventor's authority ; that it is historical must be denied. In truth, when it appeared some of us could not help being reminded of Voltaire's prompt explanation of the fossil shells found on mountain ranges, and adduced by ecclesiastical writers in proof of the deluge, as cockles dropped by pilgrims from their hats. Euhemerus explained the Greek mythology in some such way, but his explanation has not been applauded. Not in the Hebrew Scriptures, not in the Rig Veda, not in the Zendavesta, not in any of the monuments of primitive religion which philological science has been placing before us, not in any important mythology, whether Greek or of any other nation, can we find the slightest confirmation of the cannibal chieftain view. Everything seems to show that the earliest religious impressions were those made by the great powers of nature, especially by the sun in his glory ; and that this was the real origin of natural religion ; though, be it remembered, there must have been a religious impressibility, however rudimentary, in man, otherwise religious impressions could not have been made. As man advanced, the power seen through his moral nature became, instead of

those seen with his eyes, the paramount object of his worship. There would surely be something utterly preposterous in the supposition that evangelical Christianity was a survival of the primitive worship of dead chieftains. Mr. Spencer seems to have swallowed whole Mr. Tylor's theory of Animism, and to have given it an application which was not given it by its acute and learned author; for Mr. Tylor, if I do not misunderstand him, would allow that nature-worship was the origin of religion. The result, at all events, historians will say, is an unhistoric presentation of the most important subject in the history of opinion. In his volume on "Ceremonial Observances," Mr. Spencer maintains the surprising thesis that ceremony was primordial, and that politics and religion (or to use his exact expression, political and religious control) were developed out of it by divergent evolution. His proof is the similarity of the modes in which reverence is shown to gods and to political rulers, and which, he says, denotes the kinship of the two sets of observances and their community of origin. In tracing this similarity he allows his fancy a pretty free range, as, for example, when he identifies the visit of a worshipper to a temple with a morning call paid to a great man, and the payments made for the support of a Christian clergy with sacrifices to a heathen deity. But it does not occur to him that man, being provided with only one set of organs of expression, is obliged to use them in the case of a ruler as well as in that of a god, and may do so without at all confounding in his mind the different characters and claims of the two. The abject adulation which deified the Roman emperors is a proof of this, not a contradiction; for the adulators were perfectly aware that they were giving to a man that which properly belonged to a god, and in the profanation lay the very point of the sycophancy. So with regard to the names of God, which Mr. Spencer thinks we shall be much startled by finding to have been originally descriptive words, and to have expressed superiority. Man has no celestial vocabulary. However distinct his conception of God might be from his conception of anything else, he would have to use the same words to

express his reverence in this case as in that of a father or a chieftain. We do not see that the question as to the origin of religion is in any way affected by this discovery. Men speak now of the majesty of the king and the majesty of God, of the honor due to one as well as of the honor due to the other, without any confusion of ideas as to the respective natures and claims of the two beings. The most startling thing surely would have been to find a name for the deity, unconnected with anything else in human thought or speech, a linguistic aerolite, as it were, dropped from the sky.

Mr. Spencer's view of the origin of religion is perhaps not unaffected by his extreme notion as to the importance and influence of militarism, of which he sees everywhere the malign traces. According to him, the Home Office, when it crops the head of a convict (and washes him) is unwittingly perpetuating the custom of taking trophies by cutting off the hair. When you give a man a lower seat at table, or in an assembly, the Survivalist sees in the act a desire to have the force of gravity on your side in the conflict for which everybody is mentally preparing. There is something rather laughable in the idea that the high table on a dais in a college hall is a military vantage ground, from which the "Don" may be able to make an onslaught on the undergraduates with the force of gravity on his side. Between sun myths and survivals there will soon be no room left for any natural belief or action.

The twist, as many readers will deem it, extends to every subject connected with religion, among others to that of Asceticism, at which Mr. Spencer tilts ever and anon with a good deal of vehemence, and of its connection with Christianity. Religion is represented as still imbued with the belief, derived from bloodthirsty ancestors, in a diabolical God, who is to be propitiated by self-torture. Nothing of the kind is to be found in the Gospel, in the Apostolic Fathers, or in any form of evangelical Christianity. Jesus was denounced by his enemies for not being an ascetic. Paul lived a life of self-denial and voluntary exposure to suffering and peril; but it was not for the purpose of self-

torture, it was, like his celibacy, for the purpose of propagating the Gospel, as a soldier undergoes toils and privations for the sake of victory, or a man of science for the sake of a discovery. Even the Baptist was not a self-torturer, he was a reformer preaching by austerity. Launched into the world, Christianity felt the influence of the various currents of thought and tendency—Hellenic, Roman, Alexandrian, and Oriental—nor did it escape that of the Fakirism which had been generated in the mud of the Ganges. The monks of the Thebaid were Fakirs, and may be left to Mr. Spencer's mercy. But so was not Benedict, or Bernard, or Anselm. Western asceticism on the whole corresponded to its name, which denotes not self-torture but self-training—the self-training of the spiritual athlete. Its central idea was that of liberating the soul from the shackles of the flesh in order to its complete union with the deity. Chimerical it was, no doubt, and extravagant in some of its manifestations, but it was not diabolical, nor did it point to anything diabolical in the nature of the ascetic's God; and it is by no means clear that in such a case as that of Anselm, it would not have stood Mr. Spencer's test of pleasure, though the pleasure would have been a peculiar and perhaps fantastic kind. It was compatible with immense usefulness, social, educational, and even industrial; for monasticism in its prime was a great agricultural improver. Moreover, as alchemy helped to give birth to chemistry, asceticism may have helped, by conquering the brutish appetities which hold unlimited sway over the barbarian, to give birth to rational temperance. No portions of the "Data of Ethics" are better worth reading than those in

which the writer inculcates attention to health, both for our own sakes, and for the sake of the offspring to whom our constitutions are to be transmitted; and preachers, if they wish to be practical, might do a great deal of good by dwelling oftener on the last point. But, waiving the theological form of expression, it is difficult to put the duty of caring properly for the body higher than it was put by the apostle who called the body the temple of the Holy Spirit. And though no one wishes to detract from the dignity of physiological science, or to underrate the benefits which a diffused knowledge of it might confer, it is certain that the temperance, soberness, and chastity which Christianity has labored not without effect to inculcate, are keeping unscientific people in perfect health with the cheerfulness which attends it, while even a thorough knowledge of physiology seems often to be of little avail for self-management.

In conclusion, I must say again that I am not here contending that Theism or that Christianity is true, nor do I blink the tremendous difficulties with which at this moment the proof of both of them is beset. I stand up for history, and decline either to reject existing beliefs before they are confuted, or to accept new beliefs before they are proved. There is nothing in this inconsistent with the most grateful veneration for science, or the most perfect willingness to embrace any kind of truth. *Vincat veritas, ruat cælum.* Only, if the catastrophe does happen, it will surely be better, with such spirit as we can summon, to confront the void, and not to try to delude our souls by putting figments in the room of that which has been lost.—*Contemporary Review.*

A MODERN SOLITARY.

SENANCOUR, the author of "Obermann," was born in Paris in the year 1770. His parents were in comfortable circumstances and able to give him a good education. He showed considerable precocity in his studies. When only seven years of age, he is said to have astonished his friends by his knowledge of geography and works of travel. This habit of

study was connected with the want of bodily vigor which precluded him from the active employments of youth. He seems to have suffered from muscular weakness in the arms. In an interesting passage in "Obermann," which may be pretty safely taken as autobiographical, he lets us see himself at this time. When fourteen he was taken by his par-

ents to Fontainebleau. "After a childhood," he writes, "passed in the house, inactive and tedious, if I felt myself a man in certain respects I was a child in many others. Embarrassed, uncertain, glimpsing every possibility, yet knowing nothing; a stranger to that which surrounded me, I had no decided characteristic beside that of being restless and unhappy." On this visit he felt the attractions of the vast forest, and he recalls the impression that it was the only place he had ever wished to revisit. The following year he did revisit it, and now the far-reaching mysterious vistas of his forest-world drew him irresistibly. "I eagerly traversed these solitudes; I purposely went astray in them, content when I had lost every trace of my course, and could not perceive any frequented path. When I reached the outskirts of the forest, I saw with pain those vast naked plains and those steeples in the distance. I returned at once, I dived into the thickest part of the wood; and when I found a region bare of trees and shut in on all sides, where I could see nothing but sand and juniper trees, I had a feeling of peace, of liberty, of wild joy—the power of nature felt for the first time in the age which is easily made happy. Nevertheless, I was not gay; though almost happy, I only had the agitation of well-being. I fatigued myself while enjoying, and I always returned sad."

Such a nature was a soil well fitted for the seed of Rousseau's visionary ideas of a return to primitive life, and when only a lad he ardently entered into Rousseau's dream. When nineteen years old, he declined to go to the Séminaire de Saint Sulpice, where his father wished him to carry on his studies, and resolved, apparently with the connivance of his mother, to leave Paris for some quiet retreat in Switzerland. By a curious coincidence this synchronized with the time at which René, another disciple of Rousseau, exchanged society for solitude.

During the first part of his stay in Switzerland, he busied himself with painting, and did not attempt to write. He went to live with a family in Frimbourg, and managed at the unripe age of twenty to get entangled in a marriage with the daughter of the house. He

tells us in some notes about himself, which Sainte-Beuve has discovered, that his physical helplessness was the cause of his marrying. If, as Sainte-Beuve thinks, his experience is shadowed forth in that of Fonsalbe, narrated towards the end of "Obermann," we may take it that the union was entered on in haste and repented at leisure. Troubles now fell thickly on our young wanderer. The Revolution pronounced him *suspect*, and in consequence of this he lost the fortune to which he was heir. The Swiss Government, moreover, deprived him of the property which should have come to him through his wife. Two children were born to him. Then his wife succumbed to a long illness and died; and finally he appears to have been deprived of the custody of his children.

After a youth which, as he tells us, was full of trouble, Senancour took to writing. His first work, "Rêveries sur la Nature primitive de l'homme," was published in 1799. It is clearly the work of a youthful rebel against society. It inveighs eloquently against the evils of social institutions, and grows bitter in its denunciations of Christianity, and religion in general. It betrays, too, a youthful confidence in prescribing remedies for social disease, exhorting men to carry out the teachings of the Stoics and of Rousseau combined, and so to rid themselves of the burden of modern existence. Owing to the din of the Revolution, this pagan gospel found no ears capable of listening; yet the young teacher went on undaunted. In 1804, there appeared his best-known work, "Obermann," of which more will be said presently. Here it is enough to mention that it shows a softening of young rebelliousness, and a toning down of young assurance. The writer no longer prescribes for society with the old self-confidence. He appears less as a teacher of others and a social reformer than as an observer of his own nature and experience, and as an alleviator of the evils of his individual life.

We need not follow the author very closely through the rest of his life. At the Restoration (1814) he returned to Paris, and mixed in journalism. Among other publications which come from his

pen, the most noteworthy is "*Libres Méditations d'un Solitaire Inconnu*," which shows little of the early spirit of revolt against society, and is marked by a calm and more conciliatory tone. He died in 1846 after a long and painful illness.

"Obermann" is in appearance a number of letters addressed by a solitary, who is most of his time in Switzerland, to an unnamed friend. The dates and references give an air of reality to the correspondence. It is known, moreover, that there is a general agreement between the events narrated and the acts of Senancour's life. Yet the agreement fails in certain respects, the author seeming to have wished to conceal his personality. This fact, together with the absence of all knowledge respecting the recipient of the letters, and an allusion or two to a public, seems to shut us up to the conclusion that the solitary chose the form of letter as the most appropriate for his purpose. And we may at once recognize this appropriateness. It serves as the natural prose vehicle for the outpourings of personal feeling, the confession of personal experience, which make up the chief part of the subject-matter. It is possible, indeed, that the writer was able to realize at the moment of writing that he was addressing some individual friend. At least, this idea naturally occurs to one when reading passages like the following: "If I were absolutely alone, these moments of restlessness would be intolerable; but I write, and it seems as if the task of expressing to you what I experience were a distraction which lightens the sense of it. To whom could I open myself up then? What other would bear the wearisome chatterings of a gloomy madman, of so futile a sensitiveness? It is my one pleasure to tell you what I can only tell to you, what I would not say to any other, what others would not understand."

It may be added that the epistolary form very well suits the intellect and habits of the writer. His is not a logical intellect, braced to follow out ideas to their remote conclusions. Thought with him is apt to be wandering and desultory, being ever swayed by changing currents of emotion. And this light discursive kind of reflection is just what

we look for in the composition of a letter. "Obermann" gives us, then, just what the letters of a recluse to a sympathetic friend might be expected to give. They present in broad outline the few external incidents of the quietly flowing life; they paint its natural surroundings; they afford glimpses of its daily round of occupations; and lastly they record its strange inner experience, the mixed feelings, the yearnings, the dreamy musings which make up the chief part of the solitary's life.

It is not difficult to account for the fascination which the book has exercised on the few. There is a tone of sincerity in this long personal disclosure which arrests the attention. We feel that the writer is laying bare his very soul to our gaze. And what a soul is here laid bare! What a strange spiritual experience, this succession of momentary upheavings of aspiration and long swoonings of despair downwards to its deepest depths! Under all the wondrous pictures of nature, the vivid descriptions of mountain heights with their awful stillness and vastness of outlook, under all the reflections on man and the provisions of a happier destiny awaiting him afar off, there betrays itself the sensitive stricken soul of the writer with its fugitive flush of warm life, and its abiding cold pallor:

Yet through the hum of torrent lone,
And brooding mountain-bee,
There sobs I know not what ground-tone
Of human agony!

Such a revelation, while fitted to hold spell-bound the few, is not exactly what the many run after. For, as is well said by the writer from whom I have just borrowed—

Some secrets may the poet tell,
For the world loves new ways;
To tell too deep ones is not well—
It knows not what it says.

The characteristic charm of "Obermann" belongs to it as a whole. There is hardly any prose work of which it would be more difficult to give an impression by description and quotation. To enjoy the book, it is necessary to steep the mind awhile in the "air of languor, cold, and death" which brooded over the writer's soul. One must enter by an effort of imaginative sympathy into this unfamiliar remote type of

experience. Not only so, the very form of the composition is essential to the delight. The reader must listen to the wandering melody of the writer's story, with its long quest of the repose of harmony through a tangle of dissonance ; its unexpected yet never violent change of theme and of key ; its many gradations of force from those occasional notes of bitter despair which have something of the violence of passion to those soft passages which express a perfect subsidence of emotion and a drowsy languor which seem like the oncoming of a spiritual stupor. This being so, I cannot hope to do more here than excite in the reader's mind a measure of curiosity with respect to a book which is still comparatively unknown.

Obermann's burden is that of despair. He looks out over the world and recognizes that it is a world in which he has no part, or, to use his own words, that he does not really live but merely "looks at life." He looks into his own heart and detects the source of this incapacity to live.

This regretting of life, this sad renunciation of the world, may spring from different causes. The actual conflict with things may have been too painful owing to a weak organization, as in Leopardi's case ; or to the presence of some insuperable obstacle to the gratification of a ruling passion, as in Werther's ; or to a slow and painful process of disillusion, as in that of Wordsworth's Solitary. Or the despair may be the outcome not of positive pain and disappointment, but of a sense of want or of negation. And here we may follow George Sand and distinguish the suffering of René, which has its roots in a consciousness of high faculty unsupported by effective purpose, from that of Obermann, which arises from a distinct sense of incompleteness of power. Obermann abandons himself to grief because he is keenly conscious of wanting the most essential personal and spiritual conditions of life, power to effect something, purpose to attempt something, and even desire to possess something.

This consciousness of the want of desire is the characteristic note of Obermann's mood. One may almost say that he makes desire the object of desire. His recurring complaint is *ennui*.

Schopenhauer says that there are two poles of misery between which our life oscillates—that of positive disappointment, which follows desire and effort ; and that of the burdensome sense of life, or *ennui*, which remains with us when we no longer desire. If Manfred represents one of the pessimist extremes, Obermann represents the other. Without desires," he says in one place, "what are we to make of life Stupidly vegetate." He is a prey to the fatigue which attends the possession of life without its effective impulses. The futility, the nothingness of such a vegetative existence continually forces itself on his mind. "Why," he cries, "vegetate a long time yet, useless to the world and fatiguing to myself ? To satisfy the futile instinct of life ! in order to breathe and advance in years ! to awake bitterly when everything rests, and seek darkness when the earth is blooming ! to have nothing but the want of desire, and to know only the dream of existence ! to remain displaced, isolated on the scene of human affliction, when no one is happy through me, when I have only the idea of the *rôle* of a man ! to cling to a dead life, a spiritless slave whom life repulses and who attaches himself to its shadow, greedy of existence, as if real life were left him, and wishing to exist miserably for want of the courage to exist no longer !"

Obermann is far from that stage of perfect quietism in which the allurements of life have faded away from the victim. He is consciously tearing himself away from the world ; he suffers through a long wrench from the beguilements of life :

A wounded human spirit turns
Here on its bed of pain.

And this suffering is connected with his richly endowed poetic nature. He possessed in a high degree those passive sensibilities which seem to promise fullness and multifariousness of enjoyment. Sights, sounds, and odors were charged for his mind with profoundest meanings, and stimulated his imagination to fashion ravishing forms of beauty and happiness. The charm of equal companionship, the warm solaces of a quiet, well-ordered home still appear to his vision in the misty distance. Yet, though he gazes on the lovely phantoms, he

cannot approach and seize them, but is chained to the spot as by a moral paralysis.

Obermann's lament is thus a regret ; his monody is an elegy in which images of delight recur mingling their sweetness with the bitterness of loss. The sad dirge-like movement becomes now and again for a moment more rapid and more joyous as life beckons to him with her rosy fingers, wooing him back to her arms. Yet it is but for a moment, and then the spirit sinks again in a swoon-like movement downwards to its accustomed depth of despair :

"Soft climates, beautiful nights, the sky at night, certain sounds, old recollections ; the time, the occasion ; nature beautiful and expressive, gentleness, affection, all has passed before me ; all calls me, and all abandons me. I am alone ; the forces of my heart do not expand, they are in suspense. I am in the world, wandering, solitary in the midst of the crowd which is nothing to me ; as a man long since struck with deafness whose eager eye fixes itself on all those dumb beings who pass before him. He sees everything, and everything is refused him ; he divines the sounds which he loves, he seeks them and does not hear them ; he suffers the silence of all things in the midst of the noise of the world."

Among the allurements which life still holds out to him love seems to be the one which Obermann can least easily put away. He lingers fondly on the picture of married life sustained by mutual sympathy and graced by delicate courtesies. "The pleasures of confidence and intimacy are great among friends ; but animated and multiplied by all the details which are caused by the feeling of the difference of sex, these delicate pleasures have no longer any limits." "Do you believe," he says elsewhere, "that a man who ends his life without having loved, has truly entered into the mysteries of life, that his heart is well known to him, and that the extent of his existence is unveiled to him ? It seems to me that he has remained in something like a state of suspense, and that he has only seen from afar what the world might have been for him."

He looks on this as his own case.

The author's marriage, as we have seen, brought him little of the happiness which he here extols. A nearer approach to an experience of love seems to be recorded in the reminiscences of an incipient attachment to a Madame Del — which recur in the Letters. When he accidentally meets her, or when he is reminded of her by her brother Fonsalbe, who shares his retreat towards the end, his thoughts linger tenderly about her image. Yet he soon dismisses the pleasing phantom from his brain, and tries to persuade himself that his sentiment comes far short of love. Here, again, the far-off gleam of happiness finds a way into the darkness of night.

"This recollection was not love, since I did not find any consolation in it, or any nourishment ; it left me in the void and it seemed to hold me there ; it gave me nothing, and it seemed to prevent my possessing anything. I remained thus without possessing either the happy intoxication which love sustains, or that better and pleasurable melancholy with which our hearts like to consume themselves when still filled with an unhappy love."

Obermann is deeply convinced that there is no escape from his condition of lassitude and sad regret. It is not the present only that is darkened with the shadow of despair ; the whole of his past shows the same gloomy hue. The references to his youth, its want of the customary joys, its freedom from the usual illusory hopes, are all full of pathos. In going back to his early youth, he tells us, he still finds the "fancy of a melancholy heart which has never had a real childhood, and which attached itself to strong emotions and extraordinary things before it had decided whether it would like games or not." And again "Here is my twenty-seventh year : the beautiful days have passed, and I have not even seen them. Unhappy during the years of happiness, what shall I expect from other years ? I have spent in emptiness and *ennui* the happy season of confidence and hope. Everywhere repressed, suffering, the heart empty and broken, I reached, when still young, the regrets of old age."

And in looking onwards he is certain that his suffering will not diminish. He meets the proffered consolations of his

imaginary friend, as Job met those of his acquaintance. "Wait, I shall be told ; moral evil exhausts itself even by its duration : wait, times will change, and you will be satisfied ; or if they remain as they are you yourself will be changed. In using the present, such as it is, you will have dulled the too impetuous presentiment of a better future ; and when you have tolerated life, it will become good to your more tranquil heart—a passion ceases, a loss is forgotten, a misfortune is repaired ; I have no passions, I deplore neither loss nor misfortune, nothing which can cease, which can be forgotten, which can be repaired. A new passion may divert from another which is growing old ; but where shall I find nourishment for my heart, when it shall have lost the thirst which consumes it ? It desires everything, it wishes everything, it contains everything. What shall I put in the place of that infinite which my thought requires ? Regrets are forgotten, other possessions efface them ; but what possessions can cheat universal regrets ?" And again : "During the storm hope maintains itself, and you stand up against the danger because it may have an end ; but if the calm itself fatigues you, what do you hope for then ?"

Life is to him an unreal phantom, the shadow of a reality, a thing without aim or reason which must disappear like other futilities in the great shadow-spectacle which we call the world. I quote a passage in the original in which this falling away of the soul from things as unreal, this conscious lapse into nothingness, seems to be expressed in the very drowsy rhythm of the language

"Que nous restera-t-il dans cet abandon de la vie, seule destinée qui nous soit commune ? Quand tout échappe jusqu'aux rêves de nos désirs ; quand le songe de l'aimable et de l'honnête vieillit lui-même dans notre pensée incertaine ; quand l'harmonie, dans sa grâce idéale, descend des lieux célestes, s'approche de la terre, et se trouve enveloppée de brumes, de ténèbres ; quand rien ne subsiste de nos affections, de nos espérances ; quand nous passons nous mêmes avec la fuite invariable de choses, et dans l'inévitable instabilité du monde ! mes amis, mes seuls amis, elle que j'ai perdue, vous qui

vivez loin de moi, vous qui seuls me donnez encore le sentiment de la vie ! que nous restera-t-il, et que sommes-nous ?"

Yet while the burden of Obermann's song is thus a sad one, he is by no means disposed to exaggerate his misery. On the contrary, with what looks like a touch of unconscious inconsistency, he is concerned to make out that his state must be distinguished from unhappiness. It is a negative rather than a positive condition. "Others," he says, "are much more unhappy than I, but I doubt if there were ever a man less happy." Not only so ; in other places he teaches that his state of moral indifference, in which the impulses of will slumber, and no eager longing brings conflict into the soul, is one of which the writer is in a measure proud. He speaks of it after the manner of Schopenhauer as something which it is much to have reached,* as something the consciousness of which brings even a *positive* satisfaction. At other times again, with more palpable inconsistency, he talks of the sweet pleasure of his suffering condition. "Whence," he exclaims, "comes to man the most lasting of the enjoyments of his heart ? that pleasure of melancholy, this charm full of secrets, which makes him live on his griefs and love himself still in the consciousness of his ruin ?" He enjoys, he says elsewhere, without being happy ; for enjoyment is not the same thing as happiness, just as suffering is different from unhappiness. There is a deep sincerity about Obermann which marks him off from the ordinary pessimist. He does not want to pose as the martyr of martyrs, nor does he even claim to be a martyr pure and simple. His honesty shows itself, no doubt, at the expense of his consistency, but we ought not to look for consistency in a writer who openly confesses to be the subject of the passing mood, and who has expressly warned us against expecting logical connectedness in his writings.

Obermann's nature retains a sound and healthy core beneath all its surface disease. His suffering never extin-

* In two passages, pp. 205, 272, he shows that this calm is occasionally disturbed by sudden unexpected revivals of impulse.

guishes the deeply rooted instincts of man. In the very act of putting away happiness as a phantom, a kind of will-o'-the-wisp, which can never be grasped, he seeks to fill up his life with quiet solaces. In his lonesome retreat he finds his interests—natural objects to contemplate, homely plans to make and carry out, a rough but sincere type of human nature to understand and aid, and many a difficult problem to ponder.

Our author is a curious illustration of the combination of qualities which make up the Solitary. On the one hand, he is, as we have seen, bound by a kind of moral lethargy. He sees the allurements of life, but without actively desiring them. Yet he lets us see plainly that he has energy enough when a sufficient stimulus presents itself. He needed to be roused to exert himself by some pressing external difficulty or obstacle. In his seventh Letter he describes an ascent of the Dent du Midi, which he made alone, having sent his guide back, and relieved himself of watch, money, and most of his clothes. And he tells us that he felt his "being expand, delivered thus alone to obstacles and dangers of a difficult nature." And in another place (Letter xcl.) he narrates an adventure of still greater hazard, and thus winds up: "The two hours of my life when I was the most animated, the least discontented with myself, the least removed from the intoxication of happiness, were those in which, penetrated with cold, worn out with efforts, consumed with want, thrust sometimes from precipice to precipice before perceiving them, and only escaping alive with surprise, I kept ever saying to myself, and I spoke simply in my pride without witness, 'For this one minute more I will that which I ought, and I do that which I will.'"

A measure of this surprising energy called forth by a critical position among precipices and torrents, was evoked by the daily necessities of the solitary condition. Obermann displays something of the industry, practical insight, and inventive resource of Robinson Crusoe, in arranging the details of his simple life. Although he is renouncing the world in a sense, he means to make the most the most of what he retains. It is by no means a matter of indifference

to him where he lives. He chooses a valley for his seclusion where his own language is spoken, which, moreover, "offers a pasturage isolated, but easily accessible, is of a somewhat mild climate, well situated, traversed by a stream, and from which one may hear either the fall of a torrent, or the waves of a lake." He shows the same thoughtfulness in constructing his house, in laying out his grounds, in selecting the kinds of produce to be cultivated in them. Thus he will not have vines planted because they demand painful labor, and he likes to see men occupied, but not swelking and moiling, and because their produce is too uncertain, too irregular for one "who likes to know what he has and what he can do." All this arrangement evidently gives him a good deal of quiet enjoyment *à son insu*. He describes this hermitage, just as Crusoe describes his hut, with a certain complacency. His keen sense of order, which makes itself felt throughout the work, lends a special interest to all this planning and arranging. He has the satisfaction of surrounding himself by an orderliness of his own invention.

The passages of the Letters in which he describes the construction of his dwelling, the quiet activities of his life, his simple habits with respect to eating, drinking, sleeping, etc., are a pleasant relief to the ear, after the long strains of lamentation. The reader feels that a man who is interested in all the little details of his house and garden, to whom it is a matter of importance to regulate his habits of tea and wine-drinking with a view to sound sleeping, has preserved something of the common instincts of his species. He has, it is plain, not completely narcotized the "will to live." Indeed, one can hardly help being gently amused at the idea of a Solitary who imagines himself to have renounced happiness, taking so much trouble to make the place in which the renunciation is to be carried out, comfortable, and even delightful, with its pleasant outlook, and its tinkling fountain set against the deep roar of the distant cataract.

A still more valuable element of relief in Obermann's monody is the presence of so much fine description of nature. If he did not, like Shelley's Alastor, go

into seclusion for the express purpose of contemplating the universe, this contemplation served very materially to solace him in his retirement.* He looked on the scenery about him with the eye of an artist and with the imagination of a poet. He appears to have had no special interest in her living forms except as beautiful or poetically suggestive; and he was, in general, destitute of scientific curiosity. Thus throughout his Letters the problem how these stupendous Alpine forms arose, never presents itself to him. *En revanche*, his artistic and poetic insight was keen and true; and his Letters preserve a singularly clear impression of the effect of Alpine scenery on a refined sensibility.

Obermann selected Switzerland as a resort because it was "the single country in Europe in which, with a tolerably favorable climate, are to be found the severe beauties of natural sites." There seems, moreover, to have been a peculiar affinity between his mind and mountain scenery. The wide plain fatigued him with its monotony. The scenery of valley, lake, and towering peak offered more stimulus to his eye and imagination. A slight change of altitude alters the world in these places, hiding, revealing, and transforming. And then "the changes, more sudden and grand than in the plains," due to passing storms, to the progress of the seasons, were grateful to his mind. "An irregular, stormy, and uncertain climate becomes necessary to our unrest." To this must be added that our Solitary, like Manfred and his other brethren, was keenly susceptible of that effect of perfect solitude which is only obtained at a great elevation; where one seems to be transported into mid-space, and where the lifeless and dreary character of the surroundings, void of the note of bird, void of the passing bee or butterfly, void even of the lower life of shrub and grass, strikes home on the heart a chill yet bracing sense of being cut off from the living world.

The value of nature to the wounded

* There is a curious passage in which he rejects the idea of travel. He does not want to see many places, but only to have seen them.

heart of man is," that it takes the thoughts away from the consuming grief, absorbing the spirit in the sense of a larger impersonal existence. Obermann feels this salutary effect, but not always. Sometimes, indeed, so far from distracting his thoughts, the objects about him seem directly to image and express them. Such an image he finds in "the fir placed by chance on the border of the marsh. It lifted itself, wild, strong, and proud, as the tree of the thick forests: energy too vain! The roots are soaked in a foul water, they plunge into the unclean mud; the trunk grows weak and fatigued; the summit, bent by the damp winds, bows down despondingly; the fruits, sparse and poor, fall into the mire, and are lost there, useless. Languishing, ill-shapen, yellowed, grown old before the time, and already leaning towards the swamp, it seems to crave for the storm which is to overturn it: its life has ceased long before its fall."

Even when his own suffering condition is not thus distinctly symbolized by some object in nature, it is now and again brought to his mind by the more indirect path of contrast. The sense of the want of permanence in human things, the frequent use of the word *permanent*, which Sainte-Beuve regards as one of his characteristics, is without doubt closely related to the fact that he was habitually confronted with the enduring work of nature's hands. On the other hand, the activity, life, and progress of nature bring home to him his own arrested animation, his living death. "Spring comes for nature, it comes not for me. The days of life woke all creatures: their uncontrollable fires wearied me without reviving me: I became a stranger in the world of happiness. . . . The snows melt on the summits; the stormy clouds rise in the valley: unhappy that I am. The sky glows, the earth ripens; the barren winter has remained in me. Soft glimmerings of the fading western glow! great shadows of the abiding snows; and that man should have only bitter pleasures when the torrent rolls afar in the universal silence, when the chalets are shut for the peace of night, when the moons climb above Velan!"

Sometimes, again, the very force of

the beauty around him, instead of drawing him out of himself, drives him back to his old regrets. On one occasion, at midnight, seated near the lake amid the rustle of the pines, the murmur of the waves, and the rare note of the nightingale, nature appeared to him to be too beautiful. "The peaceful harmony of things was too severe to my agitated heart. I thought of the spring, of the perishable world, and of the spring of my life. I saw these years which are passing dreary and barren."

Yet in general nature is quieting and soothing to our Solitary. The mountain world, with its vastnesses, its silences, its mysterious movements of light and shadow, acted as a sort of narcotic on his wounded heart. The impression of this world answered to his mood sufficiently to insinuate itself into his mind and take captive his sense without any feeling of shock. His feelings, when on the summit of the Dent du Midi, illustrate this. "I could not give you a just conception of this new world, nor express the permanence of the mountains in a language belonging to the plains. The hours seemed to me at once more tranquil and more fruitful; and, as if the rolling of the stars had been retarded in the universal calm, I found in the tardiness and the energy of my thoughts a succession which nothing precipitated, and which nevertheless outstripped its usual course. When I wished to estimate its duration I saw that the sun had not followed it; and I judged that the sum of existence was really more weighty and more barren in the commotion of inhabited countries. I saw that, in spite of the slowness of the visible movements, it is in the mountains, on their peaceful summits, that thought, less hurried, is truly active Before I was aware of it, mists rose from the glaciers and formed clouds under my feet. The glitter of the snow no longer tired my eyes, and the sky grew still gloomier and deeper. A fog covered the Alps; an isolated peak or two rose out of this ocean of vapors; fillets of shining snow, caught in the crevices of their uneven surface, made the granite blacker and more severe. The snowy dome of Mont Blanc lifted its immovable mass above this gray and mobile sea, these accumulated mists

which the wind hollowed out and raised into immense billows. A black point appeared in their gulfs; it rose rapidly, it came straight to me; it was the mighty eagle of the Alps; his wings were damp, and his eye fierce. He sought his prey, but at the sight of a man he took to flight with a weird cry. He disappeared, plunging into the clouds. This cry was repeated twenty times, but in sounds which were sharp, without any duration, like to so many solitary cries in the universal silence. Then all returned to an absolute stillness, as if sound itself had ceased to be, and the property of sonorous bodies had been effaced from the universe. Never can silence be known in the noisy valleys; only on the cold mountain peaks does there reign that motionlessness, that solemn permanence, which no tongue will ever express, nor imagination ever reach unto."

A still closer approximation to self absorption in the repose of nature is seen in the following passage, which gives us a picture that reminds one of Salvator Rosa or Claude:

"Imagine a plain of clear and white water. It is vast, but bounded; its form, oblong and somewhat round, stretches towards the winter sunset. Lofty summits, majestic chains enclose it on three sides. You are seated on the slope of the mountain above the northern strand, which the waves are ever leaving and re-covering. Behind yon perpendicular rocks, they reach to the region of the clouds; the dreary north wind has never blown on this happy shore. To your left the mountains part; a quiet valley stretches into their depths; a torrent descends from the snowy peaks which enclose it, and when the morning sun appears among the frozen peaks or the mists, where the mountain rivers point out the chalets above the meadows which are still in shadow, it is the dream of a primitive earth—it is a monument of our ignored destinies.

"The first moments of night are at hand, the hour of repose and sublime sadness. The valley is reeking; it begins to disappear in the darkness. Towards the south the lake is in the night; the rocks which enclose it are a dark belt under the frozen dome which sur-

rounds them, and which seems to hold in its rime the light of day. Its last fires yellow the numerous chestnuts on the wild rocks ; they pass in long rays under the lofty spires of the Alpine fir ; they embrown the mountains, they light up the snows ; they kindle the air ; and the water, waveless, brilliant with light and blending with the sky, has grown boundless like this, and still more pure, more ethereal, more beautiful. Its calm astonishes, its clearness deceives ; the aerial splendor which it repeats seems to penetrate its depths ; and beneath the mountains separated from the globe and as it were suspended in the air, you find at your feet the void of the heavens, and the immensity of the world. This is a moment of enthrallment and of oblivion. You no longer know where the sky is, where the mountains are, nor on what you are yourself borne ; you no longer find any level, any horizon ; the ideas are changed, the sensations unfamiliar ; you have left the familiar life. And when the shades have covered this valley of water—when the eye discerns no longer objects or distances—when the evening breeze has lifted the waves—then towards the west the end of the lake alone remains lit up with a pale glimmer, while the rest of it that is surrounded by mountains is only an indistinguishable abyss ; and in the midst of the darkness and the silence you hear, a thousand feet beneath you, the movement of the ever renewed waves, which pass and cease not, which quiver on the sand in equal intervals, which are lost among the rocks, which break on the shore, and of which the sounds seem to echo in a long murmur in the invisible abyss."

One is tempted to linger over these strange dream-pictures, these nocturnes in which every feature contributes to the mood of melancholy calm which they induce. But I must pass on and say a word or two, in conclusion, respecting the mass of reflection which the letters contain. Obermann's thoughts on human nature and life are, on the whole, much less interesting than his record of personal experience and his portrayals of the nature he had studied so well. They have something of the vagueness which belongs to the man's mind, and

do not show a firm grasp of tangible realities.

Much of this reflection, is, of course, tinged with the pessimistic mood of the writer. There is a good deal of vague outcry against human life as a miserable sham and burlesque. And in these denunciations the evil appears to be regarded as inevitable, as a proof of the aimlessness of nature, or even of some sinister intention on her part. "You do not see," he writes, "that this state of things in which an incident ruins the moral life, in which a single whim removes a thousand rules, and which you call the social edifice, is nothing but a mass of masqued miseries, and illusory errors, and that you are children who fancy they have toys which cost a great deal because they are covered with gilded paper. You say quietly it is thus that the world is made. No doubt ; and is not this a proof that we are nothing in the universe but burlesque figures which a charlatan moves, confronts one with another, walks about . . . makes laugh, fight, weep, leap, in order to amuse—whom ? I do not know."

All appearance of happiness, he elsewhere tells us with something of the grimness of Schopenhauer, is a make-believe. It is a mask put on before strangers :

"If all secrets were known, if we could see in the recesses of the heart the bitterness which is eating it away, all these contented men, these pleasant houses, these frivolous gatherings, would be no more than a crowd of unfortunates gnawing at the bit which chafes them, and eating the thick dregs of that cup of sorrows of which they will not see the bottom. They hide all their pains, they parade their false joys, they move about in order to make them flash before the jealous eyes which are always directed to others. They so place themselves that the tear which remains in their eye may give it an apparent lustre, and be envied from afar as the expression of pleasure." Nature, too, presents itself to him as a blunder. The presence of general laws does not convince him of any beneficent purpose. And even were it made out to him that the totality of living things is well provided for, this would be but a poor

comfort for the individuals who are excluded from the providence. "These laws of the whole, this care for species, this contempt of individuals, this march of beings, is very hard for us who are the individuals."

Yet amid these bitter, despairing tones there are heard more cheerful strains. Obermann shows in many passages of his Letters an unexpected capability of rising out of his own individual experience. He recognizes that his case is a peculiar one, having a certain morbid character and even a ludicrous aspect. He does not make his own experience the measure of the common life, but surveys this with tranquil eye, seeing it as it is, and no longer as it appears through the colored spectacles of the surveyor's pessimistic mood. Add to this that he displays at these moments something of that shrewd practical sense which stands him in such good stead in carving out alone the framework of his own life.

In this calmer contemplative mood our author no longer ridicules the idea of happiness, but seriously discusses its conditions, and, oddly enough, is not at all disposed to be exacting as to these. In one place he specifies four conditions of contentment—"much reason, health, some fortune, and a little of the good luck which consists in having fate on our side." In another place he says that "he would need only two things—a fixed climate, and truthful men." He sets a high value on wealth, combating again and again the stoical underestimation of its importance. In one place he throws himself so cordially into the common ways of men that he quite seriously discusses the advantages of town and country, and concludes that Paris, although he has turned his back on the city, is "the capital which combines the advantages of towns in the highest degree."

Our author not only displays an unexpected practical shrewdness in considering the external conditions of comfort and contentment; he manifests a keen and subtle insight into the internal or psychological conditions of pleasure. One might almost imagine that in some of the passages referred to it was an experienced Epicurean rather than a poor famishing Solitary who was speaking.

"I said to myself that pure pleasures are in a manner pleasures that one only makes trial of; that economy in enjoyments is the industry of happiness; that it is not sufficient that a pleasure be without regret or even without mixture of pain in order to be a pure pleasure; that it is desirable, further, that one only take so much of it as is necessary for recognizing its quality, for cherishing the hope of it, and that one should know how to reserve for other times its most seductive promises." On the other hand, he sees the risks of overcalculation in enjoyment. "It is of the nature of pleasure that it should be possessed with a kind of *abandon* and plenitude."

Of useful practical suggestion for the bettering of life Obermann has little to offer. He is still too fully possessed with the Rousseau fancy for primitive life to apply his mind seriously to the problems of social amelioration. The only approach to such practical counsel is to be found in his observations on marriage, a subject about which he has a good deal to say. His estimate of woman is a lofty one. He looks on marriage as it is, as tending to stunt her growth and to debase her. And in the ideal pictures of married life to which reference has been made, he goes as far as the most advanced defender of woman's rights to-day in claiming for her equality of position and liberty.

"Is there," he asks, "a domestic custom more delightful than to be good and just in the eyes of a beloved woman; to do everything for her, and to exact nothing from her; to expect from her that which is natural and fair, and to make no exclusive claim on her; to render her estimable and to leave her to herself; to sustain her, to advise her, to protect her, without governing her, without subjecting her, to make of her a friend who conceals nothing and who has nothing to conceal?" At the same time he sees that women themselves are often answerable for the failure of conjugal relations, and he puts his finger on the weak spots in their mental training, their want of that "width of view which produces less egoism, less obstinacy of opinion, more good faith, an obliging delicacy, and a hundred means of conciliation." Thus in every way he an-

ticipates the latest ideas respecting woman's function and destiny.

These fragmentary thoughts, which never aspire to become carefully elaborated reasonings, are chiefly valuable as showing how, in spite of his anxiety to prove his complete severance from the aggregate human life, Obermann is still attached to it by hidden ligaments. Although he writes in one place in open revolt against society, claiming the perfect right of suicide, if ever this last resort of the wretched becomes necessary, he cherishes in his heart a remote interest in the large collective life from which he has shut himself out. The reader's assurance of this attachment grows much stronger towards the close of the Letters, where the whole tone becomes more cheerful, approaching in

some places a playful gayety, and where the common human impulses of friendship, love, conviviality seem to be struggling into life again through the thick crust of apathy under which they have so long lain.*

It is the sense of this distant attachment to the great human family which completes the reader's interest in Obermann. In his far-off mountain hermitage his thoughts are still occupied with ourselves, our aims and our cares. We feel that the recluse is leaning tenderly towards us out of his mysterious dream-world, and we instinctively respond to the movement by straining the ear to catch his soft and unfamiliar tones, and to seize the clew to his mazy musings.
—*Cornhill Magazine*.

ROMANCE IN BUSINESS.

THERE is more romance in the world than ever there was, though it changes its aspects and becomes popularized as society grows older. Any keen-sighted bystander at one of the great London railway stations can hardly doubt it, as he watches the crowded morning trains discharging their loads on the bustling platforms, and traces the deep-worn signs of the never-ending struggle for existence on faces sharpened by intelligence that are sickly, anxious, or excited. And what a freight of hopes and cares, of doubts and eager ambitions, is carried out of port in each ocean steamer that puts forth from our shores for America or the colonies! Material might be found in the feelings or passions of the passengers—to say nothing of the actual stories of the older of them—for any number of sensational studies of character by such an analyst of human nature as George Eliot. The emigrants who go abroad to seek their fortunes are of all ranks; and the more ignorant or unsophisticated they may happen to be, the more apprehensive they may feel of the unknown that lies before them; while enterprise goes hand in hand with education, and the great majority of the middle classes are forced into a battle of life in which the prizes are to the intelligent, the enduring, and the fortunate.

Most of them, it is true, must be content to scrape along as best they can. Yet even careers that are apparently the most uneventful are often sufficiently checkered; while to counterbalance some brilliant triumphs, there are failures which are simply unmitigated tragedy.

As for the stirring romance of the olden time, it chiefly took the form of warlike adventures. Yet even then there were striking exceptions, and the story of trading under difficulties from the earliest ages might furnish abundant material for a most fascinating work. Great gains by commerce were only to be got at extreme personal risk. Any peaceful trader with the reputation of wealth was likely enough to lead the life of the lucky digger among the roughs and refugees of a mining camp in the Sierra Nevada; and the moneyed minority of the helpless middle class went in perpetual terror of violence and exactions. In the way of personal adventure, think what yarns the forecattle-men in the Phœnician fleets must have had to spin, when after their interminable cruises to Tarshish and elsewhere,

* The companionship of Fonsalbe, who joins him in his retreat, may be said perhaps to prepare the way for his return to society.

they came home with their holds full of apes and ivory. Everything seen by those primitive navigators and their successors was new and strange; ruthless savages were everywhere in waiting for them on the inhospitable coasts they skirted without a compass; monsters were known to lurk in the currents and whirlpools of the ocean; and rumor, distorted by unfamiliar tongues, magnified mysterious perils till the wildest tales took form and substance. As to the feats of the seamen of antiquity, fancy might have to fill in the meagre outlines supplied by sacred or secular writers; but if we leave the hazes of semi-mythical story for the adventures of the middle ages, we emerge into the clear light of history. The Italians, succeeding the Greeks and their Roman ancestors, have inherited the empire of the seas. We see the men of Pisa and Amalfi, the Venetians and the Genoese, fitting out expedition after expedition for the gorgeous East, storming cities, settling colonies, making wars and alliances with kings and emperors—and all, be it remembered, in the way of trade. Chivalrous soldiers, like the "blind old Dandolo," or Embriaco, the dashing crusader of Genoa, might be carried away by the thirst for fame, and seek to emulate the exploits of the martial heroes of feudalism. But it was the policy of their States that furnished them with the means of fighting, and that policy was steadily directed to opening up profitable markets. The Genoese in particular, warlike as they showed themselves, were traders *par excellence*—so much so, that when the fanaticism of the Crusades, fanned by the preaching of zealots, was plunging half Western Europe into insolvency, they never lost their heads for a moment. Peter the Hermit would have thundered to heedless ears had he set up his pulpit in a Genoese piazza. They sent their fleets to Palestine, it is true, but only to carry freights of Crusaders; and the leaders who chartered their galleys had to pay handsomely, either in hard cash, or concessions of mercantile privileges. So it was all in the way of business that they hired out the famous crossbowmen who served against the Montforts in Brittany, and fought for the unfortunate French monarch at Crecy.

We have merely indicated some of the most stirring episodes in mediæval trade; and its chronicles of active adventure are scarcely so thrilling as the stories of sustained endurance by money-getters. The whole history of the Jews is sensational, from the time they were singled out as the chosen people; but nothing concerning them seems more wonderful than the tenacity of resolution with which they would persist in growing rich, though their reputation for wealth and their helplessness must have made their lives well-nigh intolerable. The Jew had no protection from the Church, which was almost the sole shelter of the feeble from the tyranny of the strong. On the contrary the superstition of the age, which otherwise put some check on violence and exactions, was all enlisted against him. Kings curried favor with the clergy by plundering the common victim, and, by consecrating a share of the spoil, made easier terms with their confessors. Each rapacious baron and robber-knight was always on the lookout to lay hands on the wandering Israelitish trader, and to hold him to ransom. If the Jew were rich, he had to bleed his money-bags freely before the castle-gates were unbolted for him. He might be penniless and an object of charity to his kinsfolk, but no one believed his asseverations of poverty; he was put to the torture all the same, till possibly he expired in agony. The scene in the dungeons of Torquillstone, which Scott has depicted so vividly, was no imaginary one. In the cities, the Jew had to wear the meanest clothing when he went abroad; though probably at family festivals when the house was shut up, his women were dressed in the most costly garments and jewelry. So he had not even that vain satisfaction of display in which his enfranchized descendants are fond of indulging. Then, where there was a Jewish colony in a city, the inhabitants were locked up like wild beasts in their quarter after certain hours. Nor was the humiliating confinement altogether unwelcome, since in a measure it assured their safety. Yet every now and then would come an outbreak of popular fanaticism, when the mob insisted on having their share in the spoil, which was ordinarily monopolized by their betters. Any improbable fable

of Jewish bigotry served for the pretext ; and the general form of these fables showed that churchmen were more or less at the bottom of the movement. It was a Christian child stolen and sacrificed with horrible rites, or an insult to the sacred wafer that had been sanctified in transubstantiation. The ready credence given to those malignant reports showed the horror with which the infidel Jew was regarded ; and yet the people who held him practically at their mercy, had more substantial grievances against him. For he thrived by usury, more than by ordinary trade ; and we may be sure that his terms were sufficiently extortionate. In the first place, having monopolized the mediæval loan and discount business, he could deal with the impecunious very much as he pleased. He knew that he made an enemy when he placed a loan, and the speculations on which he staked his life were risky enough to justify him in charging usurious interest. The acquisitive and greatly enduring race had just as much precarious protection as it chose to pay for ; it had to resign itself to a fluctuating percentage of sacrifices ; and the perpetual apprehension of ruthless exactions must have been more trying to covetousness than the bitter reality. Yet they persisted in the worship of Mammon with the same constancy with which they clung to their creed, and suffered for the sake of their money with the sublime heroism of martyrs.

Passing on to times comparatively recent, we have the romantic perils of the Southern trade, when Moorish corsairs swept the Mediterranean, and when the captive merchant or mariner had to languish in captivity till his friends could forward the amount of his ransom ; when the ailing succumbed to the hardships of the *bagno*, and the strong who were unredeemed were chained to the benches of the galleys, and had to face the Christian shot while mercilessly flogged to their tasks. Many a fiction that falls far short of the reality has been composed on the miseries of these floating hells ; on the desperate sea-fights of the pirates with the cruisers of the Christian powers, and those that were manned by the warlike knights of Malta ; on the scenes that were witnessed when the church-bells and the signal-

fires announced a descent on some unguarded bay of the Mediterranean. Not that the Grand Turk and his Moorish tributaries had a monopoly of piratical trading. The buccaneers, who succeeded the gentlemen-adventurers, and were the precursors of the modern privateersmen, called themselves traders after a fashion. The money they invested in swift-sailing ships brought them in great profits and quick returns, though the risks were proportionate. With a courage worthy of nobler objects, they made it their business to seize the harvests that others had gathered in. In their own wild way, like the vindictive Frenchman De Montbar, they set up for redressers of wrong and ministers of righteous vengeance ; and so they speculated in the capture of Spanish galleons, and of the strongly fortified seaports that were the treasure-houses of the Indies. And some of these early adventurers may be said to have been among the original promoters of joint-stock enterprise. Not only did they club their means to fit out their ships, associating their crews with them on the co-operative system, but they found sleeping partners among respectable merchants, who were content to pocket a handsome though uncertain percentage, while closing their eyes to questionable proceedings. *Non olet* was the British Solomon's "most princely answer" when informed by Master George Heriot that the money procured for his necessities came from an Alsatian usurer of indifferent repute. *Non olet* was the motto of many a decent churchgoer in the good cities of London or Bristol when he built up the foundations of some family of landed gentry with the gold that had been stained with the blood of Indians and Spaniards, or with the more infamous gains of the cold-blooded slave-trade.

But modern joint-stock enterprise may be said to have been fairly floated with the gigantic bubble companies of the eighteenth century. Strangely enough, the sums risked in the infancy of those undertakings were relatively out of all proportion to anything that has been witnessed in our own times, which are generally believed to be the days of speculation *par excellence*. Nor, so far as the romance of widespread suffering

and ruin was concerned, are they ever likely to be surpassed. The Scotch, though energetic and enterprising enough, 'have a well-earned reputation for "canniness,"—yet Scotland actually went mad over the Darien scheme; and the difficulties interposed in the way of the enterprise, only urged the Scots to foolhardy and desperate persistence in it. Disowned by the king who had granted their charter; intrigued against by his servile representatives abroad, who closed the foreign bourses and our colonial markets to them; deserted by the wealthy subscribers in England, Holland, and the Hanseatic cities—they still pressed forward the Darien venture on their own account, sending expedition after expedition on forlorn hopes to a pestilential territory infested by savages and menaced by a powerful civilized enemy. We may measure the hopes that were doomed to crushing disappointment by the fact that half the coin then circulating in the northern kingdom had passed into the coffers of the ill-fated company; while the mortality among the miserable adventurers shows figures still more melancholy.

When Paterson dazzled his country-people with visions of his Darien El Dorado, he addressed himself to their intelligence as well as to their cupidity. The site of the proposed colony had commanding commercial advantages; and had it not been for an outbreak of English jealousy, the scheme might have been a grand success. Even the English "South Sea bubble" had a certain solid foundation. But it was another Scotchman, the son of an Edinburgh goldsmith, who proved the grand magician of speculative finance. Undoubtedly William Law enjoyed opportunities which must be the envy of his ambitious modern imitators. The materials his constructive genius went to work upon were a lavish, embarrassed, and almost arbitrary Court; a needy aristocracy that had pledged their expectations beyond reasonable hope or even possibility of redemption; and a trading class whose narrow notions of growing rich had been hitherto limited to drudgery and economy. He appealed alike to the shrewd, the half-educated, and the ignorant. The magnificent faith he professed in the boundless resources of

credit made ready converts among statesmen who had ideas without information, and were only too eager to be dazzled by golden illusions. Adventurer, gambler, and enthusiast as he was, Law might have been a sound though daring financier had he been gifted with greater discretion or self-control. We may understand how difficult it must have been, even for men of judgment unguided by experience, to draw the line between the practical and the fantastic in his programme, and to resist the seductive sophistry of his eloquence when it was apparently backed up by tangible results. The prudent Duke of Savoy listened, was tempted, and reluctantly held back. He had no objection to offer to the specious arguments of the projector, except that "he was not rich enough to ruin himself." The more reckless Regent Orleans could "plunge" with the Scottish projector with great confidence. If he had not capital, he had what seemed to represent it, in his power of issuing those peremptory decrees that created a spurious currency and opened to the State a fictitious credit. Had the Regent contented himself with moderate profits, his authority, with Law's ingenious audacity, might have made an excellent thing of a temporary partnership. But it was not in the nature of the brilliant spendthrift to draw the stakes and realize, so long as fortune befriended him. Besides, excitable and impoverished Paris had fairly lost its head; and it was easier to set such a ball rolling than to arrest it. Then were witnessed such scenes of financial excitement as the world has never seen before or since. There was a rush to the Bank of France, to exchange gold and silver for empty promises. There was a crush of escutcheoned carriages in the Rue Quincampoix, where the magician had his hotel; and his *levées* were crowded day after day by nobles and ladies of the highest quality. The heads of the great hereditary houses of France had become the courtiers of the *parvenu*, and jostled each other in their obsequious servility. Nor, although rank and position had their advantages in the way of securing preference in applications, was there any jealous exclusiveness of classes. Anybody who had scraped together a handful of livres

could buy some scrap of the scrip in the open market. The purchase effected, the gain was sure, for the inflated scrip was going up like a balloon. The Prince of Conti took advantage of the convenient situation of his hotel, and a Bourbon prince was seen hiring out booths in his gardens to vociferous stockbrokers at fancy ground-rents; while a hunchback is said to have done even a more ingenious stroke of business, by offering his hump as a writing-desk to the mobs in the Rue Quincampoix. Nor was it only French treasury-paper that was offered for sale. In the Mississippi project, which was affiliated to the credit schemes, Law anticipated the idea of recent projectors who have palmed American silver mines on sanguine English investors. He had to deal with a public who were even more ignorant of geography, if not more confiding. And so, on the faith of golden ingots, falsely guaranteed as genuine by being displayed at the Bank of France, a league of swamp or forest in Louisiana, poisoned by fever and overrun by savages, came to sell readily for 3000 livres. Considering the novelty of the whole idea, which based a lucrative joint-stock enterprise, with shares duly numbered, allotted, and registered, on the wild dreams of such a delusive El Dorado as had lured so many English adventurers to their ruin, it is difficult not to admire the magnificence of the swindle. The inevitable day of reckoning came, when, owing to the ingratitude of the great nobles, whose avarice outstripped his liberality, the enchanter's wand was to lose its virtue prematurely. A run for money on the Bank, originating in the malice of the Prince de Conti, precipitated panic and universal ruin; while Law, who was with difficulty protected from the rabble, disappeared ignominiously from the scene of his triumphs. We have dwelt at some length on his career, because he was undoubtedly the greatest and most original of "city men;" although we must confess that his dying poor after all, leaves an indelible stain on his reputation. It would almost appear as if he had succeeded in deluding himself—a sure indication of weakness. He left his realized capital behind him in France, having actually locked away a great part

of it in landed property. Had he lived in our days, he would have taken the obvious precaution of insuring against misfortune in the Dutch and English funds—if, after consultation with the most eminent Parisian jurists, he had deemed it unsafe to make magnificent settlements on his wife.

Speculation was a novelty in Law's time, and great fortunes made in trade or commerce were far from common. No doubt there were cases where some English merchant showed abilities and energy that carried him out of the beaten track, and many another great house beside that of the De la Poles had been built up upon dealings in the warehouse or over the counter. But it is singular that trade had fallen out of favor with our higher classes since the Wars of the Roses and the reigns of the Yorkish princes, when members of the aristocracy and dignified churchmen, buying and selling by accredited agents, had regular business relations with French and Flemings. Business had come to be held in contempt; the grandson of the trader, who had possibly been ennobled, lived among the landed gentry, ignoring his mercantile origin; and the gentry, who might be envious, as they were certainly contemptuous, professed to hold money-making in any shape as ignoble. They would draw no nice distinctions between the petty tradesman who lived over the shop, and the merchant who traded to the Levant or the Indies with his argosies floating upon every sea. So that even success in trade became a social disability. The wealthy son of the great Turkey house longed to cast his city slough, and shine in the circles his business closed to him. But as his money was the surest card he had to play, where his father had been frugal he was apt to turn spendthrift; or else he bought a high-born wife with the paternal gold, and made a fresh start in life on the strength of his noble connections. Now we have changed all that, though the process has been a gradual one. The old social barriers have been breached in so many places, that they may be said to be practically broken down. The younger sons of dukes and marquises get a respectable living out of cottons and sugars; peers of good descent, who may be Cabinet Ministers

as well, are sleeping or active partners in famous mercantile firms ; while we know, of course, that no big joint-stock company has a chance of success without the countenance of the aristocracy. But above all, there are moneyed houses of colossal means and connections, which form in themselves a select financial aristocracy, with such an influence as no mere landed magnate could ever boast. It is true that we can point to many a great nobleman or prelate in history who for the time has made himself practically omnipotent either by commanding gifts as a statesman or by his obsequiousness as a Court favorite. But his influence, great as it may have been, has died with him, if circumstances did not put an end to it in his lifetime. While such an ascendancy as that of the Rothschilds, for example—we make no apologies for mentioning by name a family which has asserted an absolutely unique position—is extended over all the world without exception, and seems as solidly established as anything can be in the precarious conditions of mortal existence.

The rise and progress of the Rothschilds is certainly the most remarkable chapter in the personal romance of business. The old Judengasse of Frankfurt, though it has always teemed with shrewd and scheming brains, never sent forth a more quick-witted lad than the progenitor of the line of mighty millionaires. Beginning as an errand-boy, we believe, and raising himself steadily, he made many losses as well as profits in his time ; but he was never known to miss an opportunity. He possessed dash, prudence, and extraordinary calculating powers in an almost perfectly balanced combination. The pet of fortune, he never presumed on her favors ; and the troubled times in which his lot was cast, marvellously served his extraordinary sagacity. Europe was convulsed from one end to the other, and the funds everywhere were rising and falling with the changing fortunes of successive campaigns. Rumor, with its innumerable tongues, was mingling truth with falsehood in almost inextricable confusion, and making the wildest forecasts of probabilities. At first Rothschild felt his way cautiously with an extraordinary tact. With constant prac-

tice his tact developed into a genius which seized the occasions for its exercise when less prudent men stood hesitating, and so missed the golden chance. As his speculations turned steadily to gains, he played his game with increasing assurance, by securing exclusive and early information. When once a man can make his game upon certainties, his gains are only to be measured by his credit. And the daring speculator's reputation for probity kept pace with his financial successes. Never did a life better point the moral that honesty is the best policy, than that of the original Rothschild. When half the princes of Europe were running for their lives, to borrow Mr. Bright's kindly observation on the troubles of the Irish landlords, more than one of these potentates, like the Prince of Hesse, intrusted the shrewd Hebrew with the treasures they had to abandon. Though there were no legal means of "checking his intromissions," he accounted for everything to the uttermost farthing. No doubt he was richly paid by commission, as he deserved to be ; but his best reward was in the character for integrity which has been bequeathed to his representatives and successors. Yet though Rothschild was scrupulously upright in his dealings, he is said to have been formidable to remorselessness. He went ordinarily on the principle of "live and let live ;" nor was the Leviathan known to have done any injury to the smaller fish who did not wantonly interfere with him. But no aspiring rival ever directed an attack on him without having bitter cause to repent it. Tales are told of the fatal though legitimate traps laid by the long-headed old man as he stood under his favorite pillar. For a brief season the course of the stock-markets would seem to have turned against him, and the securities it was his interest to "bull" would be handed over to the mercies of the "bears." The turn of the markets was only delusive ; when his adversaries were fairly involved at a considerable temporary sacrifice, the many strings he pulled would mysteriously tighten, and the exulting gang of enemies would be "cornered" and crushed.

Bon chien chasse de race ; and it is remarkable how the heirs of the family

have taken after their founder. Their Jewish blood may have had something to do with it, and the pride of a position absolutely unique. Baron James, who died the other day in middle age, was one of the rare exceptions. He loved the arts for their own sakes, in place of simply patronizing them as one of the duties attaching to a millionaire's position. But even in Baron James the hereditary instincts came out so far that he attended assiduously to the business he never cared about. The Rothschilds, till lately, have married among themselves, keeping their vast accumulations in the family, and making the firm a close corporation; while no one of them seems to have been tempted by the possession of unlimited means to fritter away his time and talents in dissipation. Nor are their habits of steady application in any way surprising; for, setting aside their natural business aptitudes, the interest of such a connection as theirs must be almost inconceivable. Not only are they colossal financiers, but necessarily cosmopolitan politicians on the grandest scale. Before now they have put their veto on a European war by closing their strong boxes to an emperor's application. If funds are indispensable to the regeneration of a struggling country, and to the pleasant understanding of the powers who are concerned in its fortunes, it is the Rothschilds who are appealed to for the necessary advance. When once an appeal of the kind is made, they are very much masters of the delicate situation. Should they decline for any reason, when the refusal is published minor capitalists are shy of entertaining proposals which are already prejudiced in the opinion of the public. Should they accept, their very name launches the loan handsomely. So it is in a lesser degree with mines, railways, land-schemes, or anything else; for unlimited credit is an irresistible force, and money must necessarily breed money. So when the active members of the firm go on progresses abroad, they are *fêted* by princes of the bluest blood, in defiance of antiquated state ceremonial; while they drop in to dinner in an off-hand way with the presidents and past ministers of brand-new republics. We may conceive the delicate flattery paid to the omnipotent financier by the

host who is meditating on future loans for the schemes that are associated with his dearest ambitions. Nor is it merely on such a magnificent scale that the Rothschilds carry on their lucrative business. The avowed establishments of the great firm are the head-centres of innumerable ramifications. From Hamburg to the Havana, from San Francisco to the Spice Islands, we understand there are leading local firms which in reality are anonymously affiliated to the Rothschilds, and which, being on the spot and thoroughly conversant with the local trade, are on the outlook to avail themselves of profitable openings.

For money must go on gathering like the avalanche, which accumulates more rapidly the longer it rolls. The undertakings of a house of European reputation may be measured by its energy or ambition rather than by its actual resources. Everybody is ready and eager to deal with it, knowing that its co-operation in any rational speculation almost suffices to insure success. When we are tiding through times of financial agitation, it has reserves to meet any conceivable strain. The vessel is not only well found, but strongly manned and ably commanded; and when the storm has swept over and the air has cleared, it profits by the shipwrecks of its weaker rivals. We remember how the Count of Monte Christo, in Dumas's famous money romance, expressed his views to Danglars the banker as to fortunes of various classes. So there are houses of the second and third rank, of the highest respectability or something more, that work smoothly along in the old grooves, and transact an extensive business on the hereditary traditions. In these there is very little romance, though their profits fluctuate with the conditions of trade. As partners die or withdraw, they bequeath their interest to their representatives; and the reversion to a share may be a more reliable asset than the prospective succession to a large landed property nowadays. Occasionally, nevertheless, there is a disagreeable surprise and a dramatic catastrophe. People rub their eyes one fine morning over a paragraph in the city articles, announcing the stoppage that spreads dismay among confiding creditors. The books have been placed in the hands of

a distinguished firm of accountants whose names have sinister associations with many similar disasters, and the stereotyped assurance is expressed that the liquidation will prove favorable. The hope carries little consolation for the initiated. Now that the mine has been sprung, they understand all the melancholy story by intuition, and are as much surprised as disgusted at their blindness. There are almost invariably reasons for such a crash, which it ought to have been almost impossible to keep secret. Large sums had been paid out on the death or retirement of moneyed partners, and the business had been unduly drained; or it had passed into the hands of men of a younger generation, too enterprising to walk in the ways of their fathers. The gentlemen who have gone into the *Gazette* are no doubt to be blamed, and possibly they may have come to grief under aggravated circumstances; yet even then it is difficult not to pity them. If sufferings can atone for faults and follies, they must already have wiped out a heavy instalment of their moral liabilities. We can hardly conceive a more wearing life than that of a man of naturally honorable nature who has been clinging desperately to a slippery ledge with the abyss of dishonor yawning beneath him. While making efforts as desperate as discreditable to avert the evil day, he fully realizes the fate that awaits his confiding business connections, and his tormenting conscience refuses to be silenced. In the fear that any show of retrenchment will irretrievably shatter his credit, he resigns himself to lead the life of a swindler. The dinners at which he entertains his victims, his equipages, the expensive education and allowances that are suited to his children's imaginary prospects, are all become parts of a shameful system of imposture. He dare not take the wife of his bosom into his confidence, though she begins to be troubled by ominous forebodings, as she listens to his mutterings in restless dreams, and marks him in the gloomy moments of reaction that follow his ghastly attempts at joviality. The sufferings he has endured and the sacrifices he has submitted to, show the importance he attached to maintaining his position; yet it is almost a relief when the crash

comes, and he breathes more freely when the mask has been dropped. The worst of it is—and he has been lamenting it when too late—that he has cast his character after his fortune. But in a worldly point of view, unless he has been driven into overt criminality, it is likely that he comes off better than he deserves. For creditors in the city under circumstances of the kind, show themselves strangely lenient and forgiving—partly, perhaps, because they have a sympathetic sense of the temptations to which their defaulting comrade has succumbed, but chiefly because they have no idea of throwing good money after bad by wasting valuable time in vindicating public morality. They write off the loss, and all is said, excepting by some irrepressible outsider with limited means, who, unluckily for himself, happens to be beggared.

But frequently of late years, under circumstances very similar, the circle of outsiders has been indefinitely enlarged; and the transfer of a well-known business to the promoters of a joint-stock company, seems to us to be always *prima facie* suspicious; so far suspicious, at least, that a prudent investor should always make searching inquiry before applying for shares. There are many cases where the business and goodwill have proved worth the purchase-money, as reference to the share-lists will show. But at best, as the sellers best know their value, they cannot possibly be worth more; and if the prospectus holds out expectations of high profits, that only proves that the concern is essentially speculative. One can merely buy into it, as you purchase the shares of a flourishing bank—where, though original holders may be drawing 20 per cent or more, at current prices the returns may represent about a quarter of that. We take it, then, to be a simple axiom, and no want of charity to assume, that those who turn a private concern into a public one have made a good bargain for themselves. They have estimated at a fancy price "potentialities of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice," and probably have exacted a handsome consideration for hazardous liabilities that began to make them uneasy. They may be honestly sanguine, though anxious. They "show their

good faith," as the prospectus intimates, by consenting to accept a portion of the price in paid-up shares, and by giving their invaluable assistance to the board in the capacity of managing directors. Schemes of the sort are not the less dangerous that the public is likely to be seduced by well-sounding names and plausible figures. Perhaps the company has been floated in a time of general confidence, when money is plentiful and speculation buoyant. As it receives an influx of capital, it has a fresh accession of business. For a year or two it pays wonderful dividends, and the shares go on mounting in proportion. The great annual meetings are scenes of general congratulation; and any inquisitive shareholder who asks inconvenient questions is civilly sneered down or summarily silenced. Anything that tends to depreciate the market-value of the shares revolts the best feelings of the assembly. The hands of the managing directors are strengthened by cordial votes of confidence, and they are encouraged to increase the stakes and go on extending their operations. But times grow bad, and money tightens. The high-pressure income can only be maintained by doing business that becomes more and more risky, while engagements are renewed on onerous terms. But the dividends must be kept up by hook or crook; for any sharp drop in the shares means the collapse of indispensable credit. If time were no object, and the city kept calm, things might work round. But similar operations are being carried on simultaneously in innumerable quarters; over-confidence has engendered a rotten state of trade; and the city is on the eve of one of its periodical panics. It must be remembered, too, that the tendency to such panics is far greater than formerly. Now, with the general diffusion of speculation, London is but one of many speculative centres; and causes operating in Paris, Berlin, or New York, communicate themselves directly in English enterprise. Confidence is shaken; money is called in; doubtful paper is subjected to the most searching scrutiny, and can be only negotiated on ruinous terms. Ugly rumors circulate freely, and respectable reputations are whispered away. Trifling failures are succeeded by others of growing consequence, till

some conspicuous establishment like that we have been alluding to, suddenly comes to the ground with a crash that shakes everything in the neighborhood. So the panic is in full swing and the Stock Exchange in frenzied agitation.

The most disastrous of all panics happened fifteen years ago, when Overend, Gurney & Co. closed their doors. Nor have we even now recovered altogether from its consequences, though it may be feared that its lessons have been in great measure forgotten. No one who witnessed it will be likely to forget the aspect of the City on that memorable Black Monday. Men were slow to realize the extent of the disaster; but when once it had come home to them, they lost faith in everything. "Overend's," or the "shop at the corner," as it was familiarly called, had been a typical house. It had been built up carefully by cautious Quakers; the names of its successive partners had been synonymous with philanthropy and probity as much as with substance and safe trading. When it had been transformed into a limited company, its shares had been taken up by shrewd capitalists, and its transactions were known to be more extensive than ever. Few people suspected that, before it changed hands, the character of the management had also been changing. Experience and prudence, or the reverse, make all the difference in bill discounting, between handsome returns and desperate risks. And it is a golden rule in money-dealing as in cobbling, that a man should stick to his last and not meddle with promiscuous irons. Thanks to neglecting some elementary rules, the great establishment at the "corner" came down while the mass of City folks still firmly believed in it. It was rumored, as it might have been taken for granted, that the most strenuous efforts had been made to avert the catastrophe. The managers were said to have taken a cab-full of their books to the parlor of the Bank of England; but the Bank directors had not seen their way to lending the needful assistance. It was not to be expected that the national loan establishment should have stretched a point to assist competitors who had been in the habit of systematically underbidding it. But it was argued, in ignorance of the cir-

cumstances, that where Overend's failed to find accommodation, other credit-houses must seek it in vain; and there were those who went so far as to say that the Bank itself might be in difficulties. And in fact there was some slight foundation for that assertion—inasmuch as, soon afterward, on the question of the discount rate, the associated joint-stock banks put pressure on the old lady in Threadneedle Street by threatening a combination to exhaust her reserves.

All that serves to explain the frenzied state of mind into which the great failure had thrown the City. Operators on the Stock Exchange saw their opportunity, and hastened to avail themselves of it. Never did the "bears" have a better time; and the faces of legitimate investors who flocked eastward to look after their property, and who had thought of cutting short probable losses, were so many pitiful studies in the tragic and grotesque. It was then that the ignorant who had been investing so lightly began to realize the full meaning of "limited" liability. It was then they began to suspect the policy of the brokers' favorite maxim, which warned them against putting all their eggs in one basket. The feelings of the father of a family who held shares in a single shaky credit-establishment were by no means enviable; but in cases where he had "distributed his risks," excitement was wrought up to agony-pitch. It was not simple ruin that stared him in the face, but he might be saddled with a load of contingent liabilities which he could not shake off in a lifetime. Next to the immediate victims of the crisis their professional advisers were perhaps most to be pitied. For hardly could the profits of innumerable sales recompense them for the worrying scenes they had to pass through; while the bitterest reproaches were heaped upon their heads for advice they had lightly given and forgotten. They had little hope to hold out; and the dens of the stock-broking firms during business hours in these evil days resembled the consulting-rooms of the popular consumptive doctors, who in the course of one busy morning's work may dispatch their death-sentences by the dozen.

Meanwhile in the Stock Exchange, on

the other side of the way, business was going cheerily forward. Speculative selling was so far absolutely safe, for everything was tending steadily downwards. The droop, in some instances, was astounding, and men made hundreds or thousands in the scratching of a pencil. The danger to be avoided was the being "stuck" for shares that were worse than useless; for the sudden stoppages took the very people by surprise who had been laboring for them remorselessly. Many failures were inevitable, no doubt, but more were the work of villainous combinations. Bands of conspirators leagued themselves to "pepper," as it was pleasantly termed, some particular class of investments. Of course the credit-associations were chiefly selected for attack, as being most susceptible to sinister influences. The Indian banks especially had a bad time of it. The Indian trade had been bad since the close of the American war, and the collapse of the ephemeral prosperity of the great East Indian cotton-port had affected all who had commercial relations with it. The new banks that had been bolstered by the Bombay cotton-bales were in difficulties already, and this English crisis administered their *coup de grâce*. Then the wreckers turned their attention to the new financial establishments, which, by going in wholesale for reckless promotion, had hitherto paid fabulous dividends, and seen their shares at fancy prices. They had lent out their capital to subsidiary establishments; and now all these affiliated societies were in difficulties. Picture the feelings of the family investors of the day, who had been receiving their interest regularly for a couple of years or so, at the rate of twenty per cent or upwards, and had been counting on the future accordingly. When the shares were issued, they had received allotments for a fraction of those they had applied for, as a matter of favor, from influential friends. We can recall many cases where the allotments had been only assigned on the understanding that the shares were to be held for permanent investment. The shareholders with available means, besides, had made the most of the privilege of their preferential claims to an allotment of the scrip of subsidiary companies. So the clergyman and the wid-

ows, the half-pay officers and the maiden ladies with a few thousands for their portions, found themselves indefinitely entangled in "securities" that were practically unsalable. Then the romance of city business in its most tragic aspects was brought home to thousands of struggling households. We may fancy the palpitation of the heart and the trembling fingers with which the arrival of the post was expected in many a melancholy breakfast-room. The stock-brokers' curt letters brought little consolation, with their news from the falling markets, where quotations were often nominal. At last suspense would be relieved by a line or two in conspicuous type in the journal, announcing the collapse of a company. The Discount Association or the Financial Corporation had succumbed, and the cherished scrip, which was the symbol of the family prosperity, represented something much worse than so much waste-paper.

The excitement of suspense is bad enough; but if we wished unwary investors in speculative insecurities to realize the risks to which they carelessly expose themselves, we should like to impress them with the lingering torments of liquidations. If you lose a large sum of money, there is an end it; and the healthy mind begins to recover its elasticity, or at all events learns to resign itself. But with a failure under limited liability, you are only at the beginning of the end; and the end, which may be indefinitely deferred, is involved in doubts and darkness. Except in an exceptionally bad case, like that of the City of Glasgow Bank, the first formal circulars of the official liquidators are pretty sure to minimize the misfortune, and they lighten the first despair with fallacious gleams of hope. The Company was brought to a stoppage by stress of circumstances, but time is all that is needful to realize assets that are locked up. In fact, your shares still represent the reversion to a valuable property, and possibly you are encouraged to believe that time may set you all on your legs again. Anxious still, but plucking up heart, you hurry off to the city to attend the first meeting of the shareholders. Nothing can seem pleasanter than the party assembled on the platform, and your spirits begin insensibly to go up as

you contemplate their serene and smiling faces. The liquidator is smiling, as he well may, for your misfortunes have let him in for an excellent thing. The directors appear serene, because they have screwed up their courage to the sticking-place, knowing that they must make the best of awkward disclosures. While the secretary and manager smile like the liquidator—albeit, to the close observer, their grins have something ghastly in them—because they have an uneasy suspicion that they are unpleasantly compromised, and may have laid themselves open to civil, if not criminal, proceedings. The liquidator's exposition of the circumstances would be more satisfactory did it not deal chiefly in specious generalities, which seem odd in a man who has been bred to figures. But you cannot complain that it has no point, and the sting lurks in the peroration. It may be hoped that all will come right in the end; but in the meantime a heavy call is indispensable, "to place the Company in an advantageous position for liquidation." A call! and all your money is locked up in companies that are already entered on the black-list. A call that must be paid, with the alternative of insolvency, and a certainty of pauperism or a future of privations. All your sense of independence is gone with your hopes in that unlucky speculation; and now there is nothing left you but to endure, or to appeal to the cool friendship of acquaintances. And call succeeds to call; for the first estimate of the ruined company's future was colored by the interests of those who had compromised it. It may be that the directors had disposed of the capital in flagrant contempt of the articles of association. There may be good grounds for an action for compensation against them. But even should they be worth powder and shot, no man of energy and business experience seems disposed to take a lead in the matter; for, as we said already, city men in such circumstances seem to have a kindly fellow-feeling for the gentlemen who have victimized them.

But the loss of one is the gain of another. If the confiding public were not periodically victimized, what would become of promoters and professional speculators? We have spoken of the great fortunes of such families as the

Rothschilds and Barings. But side by side with these hereditary magnates of finance and commerce, we see the rise of a class of millionaire *nouveaux riches*, who have apparently for the time an even greater command of money, or who scatter it, at all events, with more ostentatious profusion. Some of these unscrupulous upstarts have made themselves sufficiently conspicuous; for they are often not only cunning men of business, but they aspire to shine before society as well. Though far from hiding their light under a bushel, they do their best to keep their business secrets; and so long as all goes prosperously and their ventures turn to profit, their gold gilds the scandals of their careers, and their profusion stifles rumors to their disadvantage. But occasionally over-confidence will bring them to grief: their doings become the subject of judicial proceedings; and so we can compile a tolerably faithful biographical sketch from the impartial charge of a judge and the testimony of unimpeachable witnesses. We hear, perhaps, of an ambitious tradesman in a very small way, who recognizes that he has a happy turn for finance. He keeps a "coffee divan," and is brought into friendly relations with the clever Bohemians, invariably out-at-elbows, who lounge away their time in his establishment. He has "a friend" who has a little money to turn over, and he puts it out for him on bills at exorbitant interest, though generally on pretty safe personal security. His establishment is in the city, in the purlieus of the Stock Exchange, and some of his shady clients are hangers-on of "the house," or fifth-rate solicitors struggling for a practice. All these needy individuals have dreams of growing rich, should fortune ever give them a cast of her favors. And the chance comes in a period of inflated speculation, when doubtful companies of all kinds are shooting up like funguses, and their letters of allotment are as good as bank-notes.

Our friend of the coffee-divan has his council of confederates, ready to scent out "good things," and to conspire to turn them to advantage. In picking and choosing among "rubbish" of purely ephemeral value, in deciding on the happy moment to realize he shows him-

self possessed of keen financial sagacity. He gets talked of as a shrewd fellow—he forms friendships with the rather disreputable brokers he employs—till at last his advice is applied for by promoters in a small way. When he has once insinuated a finger into the city pie, the whole of both hands is sure to follow. For be it remembered that he is really gifted in his way, and no impostor as to his ability in "rigging companies;" and his self-confidence growing with a run of good luck, his counsels come to be regarded as those of an Achitophel. He casts his slough, and sells the stock and good-will of his establishment. He comes out in garments in advance of the fashion, wears flowers in his button-hole, and acts the *petit-maitre*, though overdoing the aristocratic swagger of his manners. He gathers a good balance at his banker's; he is ready to adventure with it boldly; and thenceforward his rise is assured. From being consulted by men of some character and position, he takes to getting up companies upon his own account. With the characters and connections he has made, that is by no means difficult; and he begins prudently in a modest way. He can find money for advertising and circulating prospectuses; and the investing public bear him out with the rest. Generally, there is something ingeniously plausible in the scheme—at all events, he knows how to make a prospectus seductive, and how far he may take liberties with the public credulity. He selects his directors with judgment, so far as circumstances will admit, leavening the board of respectable dupes with a sprinkling of ready accomplices. His talents as a promoter come to be favorably regarded in speculative circles; and embarrassed members of the aristocracy who are looking out for directorships, pay him court as a promising patron. So it comes about that his enterprises develop with his opportunities. He sends safe emissaries across the ocean to draw up secret engagements, and secures concessions of undertakings, to be settled for after the shares are subscribed. He has his sumptuous offices, where a numerous staff of clerks is daily issuing prospectuses by the thousand; he has his luxurious reception-room, where he has his interviews with schemers of his own

stamp, and the jackal-directors and "guinea-pigs" who act as his providers; while, on the strength of his 'city triumphs, he becomes a sort of lion on the outskirts of society. Men talk of the Monte Christo-like magnificence with which he has furnished his residences in town and country. He entertains mixed companies with vulgar ostentation, and pays hack-writers in the press to chronicle his entertainments. He subscribes liberally to the advertising charities; he builds schools and restores churches; or he bestows public recreation-grounds where municipalities are willing to accept them. He has been making his game, in fact, with the money of the people whom we sketched as the victims of unhappy liquidations. Perhaps the day arrives when he is brought up with a sharp turn. Reaction following inflation has taken the wind out of his sails; his affairs are thrown into insolvency; he becomes the defender in numerous actions, brought with heavy damages by gentlemen who allege frauds, and seek to make him responsible for their losses; his establishments, with their contents, are in the hands of the auctioneers. But it is astonishing how one of these piratical navigators manages to weather the most appalling storms. He has made himself friends of the Mammon of Unrighteousness; he has it in his power to make compromising disclosures; he has done his best to secure himself means of retreat; and he avails himself of the services of practitioners who are versed in all legal chicanery. As a rule, he slips through the toils that he has spread for himself, and he has hidden money out of the way in a reserve fund that eludes the perquisitions of his creditors. What is even more strange, though his character may have been torn into tatters, his reputation for financial adroitness still stands him in good stead; and before the scandals with which he is associated have been forgotten, he may be actively, though less obtrusively, engaged in business again. For it is a fact that however a really capable promoter may have been blown upon, his services are still in request, though his name is no longer paraded.

The professional jobber and speculator on the Stock Exchange is a more commonplace character, though perhaps

the qualities he should possess are even rarer. He is the last man in the world to lose his head, and he ought to be exceptionally gifted—mentally and physically. He must have a stong constitution to stand the constant wear and tear of excitement, and a strong brain to bear the perpetual strain on it. In forecasting the immediate future of a stock, he must be able to combine and analyze the circumstances that influence it. And it is scarcely necessary to add that he should have perfect self-command, and invariably assume an imperturbable countenance. Men know that he is in the habit of dealing largely, and generally to good purpose, so they keep a watch on him and his operations accordingly. Either on private information, or from the exercise of his judgment, he has decided that a certain stock should go up. If he went to the Exchange and gave his orders openly, the dealers would immediately raise the prices on him. The more eager he is, the less he shows it; he strolls quietly into the house with his hands in his pockets, drops some careless words of depreciation here and there, and probably makes a feint of selling. When he belives he has thrown the curious off his trail, he goes in earnest about the business he has in hand. It is evident that such an operator must have few scruples; and though he may deal fairly according to his own ideas, he has his peculiar code of morality. Though possibly less lax than that of our friend the promoter, it is easy enough in all conscience. He sees no harm in circulating false intelligence, nor does it give him a twinge to think that the profits of his day represent losses he may have gratuitously inflicted on his neighbors. In fact, the anxieties of his own life must naturally tend to make him indifferent to the sorrows and misfortunes of other people; nor can we imagine a more miserable existence, from whatever point of view we regard it. He might take for his Bashi-Bazouk motto the line of Byron, "I think not of pity; I think not of fear;" his life of care never knows a holiday; and should he be fortunate enough to retire on a competency, he is as miserable without his stimulants as the reformed laudanum-drinker. But what chance in the long-run, we may ask, with such cold-blooded professionals as

that, has the outsider who lightly ventures into the City, to win his loose hundred or two on one lucky deal of the cards?

Look at the inevitable odds against the latter. It may be assumed that he would find no professionals to deal with him, were they not morally certain of having the best of it in the end. He has to face better information and superior equanimity of temperament; and beside, to begin with, he must pay the broker's commission, which represents the fixed profit of the City gaming-table. There are minor circumstances he is apt to ignore, but which nevertheless may tell considerably. There are periodical seasons when the markets are sluggish, and slow to respond even to a decided impulse. In the first weeks of the year, for example, it is found that business is almost always dull; men are meditating over the Christmas balance-sheets or meeting Christmas liabilities, and are slow to commit themselves to new engagements. Then bad weather notoriously depresses the markets, and the operator may be caught in a downpour of rain, when the mud that is flying in showers from cart-wheels on the crossings disposes everybody to look at speculative prospects *en noir*. It is found in practice, moreover, that rises are for the most part very gradual, and are apt to be arrested by slight reactions, while some "bulls" are realizing small profits. The outsider who has bought on a reliable piece of news, or on conclusions which are substantially just—a very rare case indeed—hopes, let us say, to clear five per cent on his purchase. But he finds that though things may be tending upward, he is likely to have long to wait, and the settling day is approaching, when he must either close or carry over. While, on the other hand, some complication may upset his calculations; uneasiness tells far more quickly on sensitive stocks than hopeful expectation, and a fall of five or even ten per cent is nothing uncommon. It may be said, that being the case, that the outsider would do better to go in for "bearing;" but in fact, "bearing" is altogether antagonistic to his inclinations.

So we may imagine him retracting his way from the City, having effected a bargain for £5000 in one of those noto-

riously speculative railway-lines, the stock of which, though essentially sound, seems to be bandied about like a shuttlecock among operators. Perhaps he has acted on a happy inspiration; perhaps on a chance paragraph in a newspaper; possibly on the whispered intimation of a pushing broker, that parties behind the scenes have been buying. What objects of interest the papers become to him from that moment! How closely he scans the share-lists in each new edition! For it may be assumed that our acquisitive friend is hard up, and that the stake he is playing is of vital interest. A fractional movement upward excites his hopes; but the stock sticks there or thereabouts till the eve of the settlement. He hardly likes to pay a commission merely for a prolonged trial of his patience and cabs off to take advice. His broker arranges to carry over on easy terms, and he takes out a fresh lease of expectation—when one evening his appetite for dinner is spoiled by an item of intelligence in "our latest edition." It may be the announcement of an issue of fresh stock; an unfavorable estimate of dividend, given with judicial authority; or possibly a collision is set forth in glaring type, with a melancholy report of dead and maimed. The paragraph appeared after the closing of the market, so he has to wait for the morrow to learn results. The bulletin of the opening sales is deplorable; and the latter ones, with unimportant fluctuations, are going from bad to worse. The bears, who are always sniffing at the stock, come down upon it with the full weight of their paws, and the weak holders are alarmed. Our friend, who scarcely contemplated the chance of losses, goes through paroxysms of mental anxiety in his hesitation as to cutting them short, but finally resigns himself to a sacrifice which leaves him £300 or £400 out of pocket. Had he resources to fall back upon, he would have done better to hold on, as the effects are out of proportion to their causes; but for the moment he almost feels happy in having made up his mind to the worst—a mood which changes in a week or two, when he has the bitterness of noting the stock going up again. Being hit so hard is perhaps an extreme case, and may possibly prove a blessing

in disguise if it drives the victim in disgust out of the betting-ring. If he merely burns his fingers, he has a craving to have his revenge ; and when an embarrassed and excitable gentleman takes to gambling, we pity him almost as much as his family.

Speculative enterprise is one thing, and speculation in stocks is another ; and the growth of both has been almost beyond calculation in the lifetime of the present generation. As to Stock Exchange dealings, it has been estimated on good authority, that barely one bargain in twenty in London is genuine, while the percentage of *bond fide* purchases on the Paris Bourse is probably even smaller. As for speculative enterprise, it necessarily expands as the world becomes richer ; and the wealth of the world seeks outlets and remunerative undertakings, which increase it indefinitely when judiciously undertaken. So the one goes on reacting upon the other, and fresh centres of activity are opened everywhere. Take our own manufacturing and mining districts for example. In prosperous times they yield a flowing volume of superfluous capital which floods the stock-markets, seeking safe securities. That has been going on to such an extent of late years, notwithstanding periods of stagnation and depression, that now the stocks of the choicer railways scarcely give higher returns than consols formerly ; while the funds of America and the leading Continental States have been rising till they no longer tempt the needy. So shrewd promoters have their innings periodically, competing for the employment of the plethora of capital, with schemes and concessions more or less plausible. On the solid foundation of the capital they can obtain, they rear a vast superstructure of credit that gradually becomes top-heavy. And as we already remarked, speculation is so diffused nowadays, that its hazards are vastly increased. Formerly, a man who stood heavily committed in London might content himself with watching the storm-warnings in the City. Now, the foul weather that breeds financial cyclones may be blowing up on the other side of the Atlantic, or on one of those *bourses* of Eastern Europe which are the creations of yesterday. As the activity of

the volcanoes of Iceland and South Italy preluded the great earthquake of Lisbon, so the "cornering" of a Vanderbilt in New York, or the collapse of a Strousberg in Berlin and St. Petersburg, may send a panic through the London Stock Exchange, and swallow up a shoal of small speculators.

In fact, the sudden commercial activity of the Eastern Continental nations is one of the most suggestive signs of the progress of the world, and it presents some remarkable phases of business-romance. Not so very many years ago the greater part of Europe was still lying fallow, while the riches of the East were being leisurely *exploité*, chiefly by nations of hereditary traders, who confined their commercial pursuits to their own groups of colonies. The Continent was like an unimproved farm, partially cultivated with primitive simplicity by men who sometimes saved but seldom ventured. The scanty surplus of produce was almost worthless for want of communications ; and the use of credit was almost confined to governments that spent what precarious accommodation they could obtain on wasteful wars and the redemption of territory. The railways have changed that. People who never stirred from their homes have taken to travelling and picked up ideas. New wants have been created and new ambitions awakened, and the example of rapid money-making has proved contagious. There has been an energetic propaganda by Anglo-Saxon promoters, whose success has inspired a feverish jealousy, tempting the steady-going natives to turn speculators and take enterprise out of the hands of the foreigners. Notably our old friends the Jews have come to the front, working together, as is their habit, with the unanimity which is the characteristic of their race, and which has incited some of their Christian fellow-countrymen to fresh outbreaks of persecution. Great powers, in spite of their crushing armaments, have found means to subsidize useful public works, which have proved sufficiently remunerative to encourage them in similar undertakings. The imposing architectural proportions of the new Bourses of Berlin and Vienna are the outward and visible signs of a financial revolution that has subverted social re-

lations and levelled the old landmarks. Banking firms that have risen from inconsiderable beginnings, form syndicates to float promising schemes. Tradesmen whose fathers lived in dingy apartments over their unpretending shops, have pushed their connections, put plate-glass fronts to their establishments, and gone to inhabit handsome villas in the suburbs ; but nevertheless find money somehow to be turned over on the Stock Exchange. Nay, the great landed nobility, who used to wrap themselves in the pride of their caste, leaving the management of their properties to land-stewards and "mayors of the household," no longer stand aloof from the vulgarity of traffic. Princes and arch-dukes have set the example of either transferring great stretches of country to land societies; of granting concessions of their forests and mines on condition of heavy "fines" and handsome royalties ; or they have invested largely in the appliances of modern machinery, and become miners or manufacturers, stock breeders or vine-growers, on a scale that reminds one of West American enterprises.

The *boursiers* began by encouraging the citizens to reconstruct their cities ; and in fact it is in urban building operations that speculation has had its wildest swing. The stirring of the dry bones has been universal. Flourishing seaports, from Hamburg to Trieste, have received a vast accession of trade, because the volume of imports and exports from the interior has been swelling steadily. Decayed imperial cities, like Nuremberg, are resuming the activity that enriched them in the middle ages, and breaking through the picturesque girdle of their venerable walls, to the intense disgust of artists and antiquarians. Swampy tracts of the Hungarian plains, where herds of cattle and horses used to run wild, are smiling, year after year, with golden harvests ; while the sheds on the quays of towns on the Danube are stacked with the agricultural machinery of our Howards and Fowlers. For even backward states, like Roumania, have not only entered on the race, but are already outstripping more powerful competitors. Yet this sudden awakening to activity has its dangers. Nations that had been in the habit of hoarding

and looking closely to each shilling they spent, appreciate the excitement of easy money-getting, and are becoming dependent on unfamiliar luxuries. But they are nervous as ever about their savings, though they speculate freely, and a serious check will bring a severe revulsion at any moment. The great *krach* of Vienna, during the exhibition year, shows how lightly even the comparatively sober Austrians become excited. We chanced to be in the Kaiserstadt at the time, and we shall never forget the abject panic that prevailed. Doubtless a great deal of risky business had been done, and the collapse of inflated stocks was inevitable. But the depreciation of intrinsically valuable building property and of solid land securities, was out of all proportion to the causes affecting them ; while the credulity which took the wildest falsehoods for gospel, was simply inconceivable. And now Vienna and Berlin, even Constantinople and Cairo, are in the closest speculative relations with London and Paris—a truth which cannot be too often repeated for the warning of our home investors. As for the present rage for financial speculation in France, which is said to be sending many lunatics each settling day to the Paris and Lyons asylums, we should hope that English eyes are open to its risks, as we believe it is carried on with foreign capital.

The Old World has been making marvellous progress, and rival nations running each other hard, have been amassing fortunes undreamt of by their fathers ; but the United States of America are, after all, the stage for dramatic business *par excellence*. They boast the broadest field, the biggest capitalists, and the boldest ventures. There would seem to be something in the climate and soil that breeds a certain quick-sighted daring, which is nevertheless tempered by caution and shrewdness. While not a few are attaining to enormous wealth, while many are making splendid competencies, multitudes are continually being ruined and beginning again, for hope springs eternally out of disappointments and misfortunes, nor is anybody inclined to resign himself to failure. The average American seems to turn to business as Charles Fox betook himself to the

hazard-table. Making money is the greatest pleasure in life, but next to winning comes the excitement of losing. In fact, the Americans are perpetually playing at games of chance; from the agricultural pioneer who shifts westward from farm to farm, selling each successive holding in a vague notion of bettering himself; from the miner who goes prospecting for the precious metals in the wild solitudes of the Western Territories, to the tradesman who starts his dry-goods store on credit, and the professional man who stakes his savings in railway stocks. Nowhere does money change hands more quickly; nowhere is retail trade brisker in good times; nowhere does any plausible schemer or inventor so easily find backers with dollars in their pockets. An American who has "made his pile" hedges against future ill-luck while making free with his capital. Should all continue to go well, he lives in luxury and dies respected as a "cute" capitalist. Should his hopes prove fallacious and his business speculations unfortunate, he has the satisfaction of having had his fling and the zest of recommencing an animated struggle. Nay, even the ladies of go-ahead Chicago, as we see by the journals of that city, have left the parks and the ball-rooms to go upon the corn exchange, and have taken to gambling heavily in grain, which may or may not prove profitable to their husbands. While those magnates of finance who tower above the mass, have attained to the acme of financial enjoyment. They stand together in groups and "rings," intriguing and forming alliances, to monopolize the control of vast national undertakings, which fluctuate according to the results of their combinations. In fact they are the men who hold the national hazard-banks against all comers. And whatever may be the changing fortunes of individuals, the great tide of prosperity flows and swells, thanks to the inexhaustible natural resources of the mighty watershed it drains.

But, notwithstanding all the marvels of modern enterprise, the most sensational chapters of American commercial history were the earliest, and relate to the rivalry of Englishmen with the natives of the States. The name of Jacob Astor, the father of American millionaires, associ-

ates itself naturally with the fur trade; and we know nothing more thrilling in historical fiction than the lives of the trappers and *voyageurs* of the fur companies. When the greater part of the northern continent was an unreclaimed game-preserve, stretching from the icebergs that skirt Alaska and Rupert's Land to the waterless deserts in the old Spanish province of New Mexico; when the strength of the savage Indian tribes was still unbroken, as the countless herds of buffalo were scarcely diminished—the Indian trader of those lawless days literally carried his life in his hand as he tracked his way into the pathless wilderness, laden with such seductive treasures as powder and fire-water. He risked his scalp on the doubtful guarantee of the self-interest of the "friendly" Indians he hoped to deal with. Yet the trader, though his scalp might be "raised" at any moment, at least made his journeys in comparative comfort. But the trapper had to skulk like the beasts he hunted, in a country swarming with hostile savages, who always kept their eyes "skinned" in search of "sign." Scalps at any time had an irresistible attraction for the wandering braves; and, moreover, they naturally gave no quarter to the intruders who scared the game from their hunting grounds. So when some little knot of trappers was caught and "cornered," there was nothing for it but to sell their lives dearly. The chance of death had few terrors for them. But whether game was abundant or plentiful they still might have to endure terrible privations, for when they knew the Red men were around them on the war-path, they dare neither discharge a rifle nor kindle a fire. They followed the fur-bearing animals like the sleuth-hound, and though they never neglected immediate precautions, no fear of consequences stopped their advance. They committed themselves on brawling torrents flowing into unexplored wildernesses, to the frail canoes they constructed of birch-bark, and were swept down between walls of precipices and past coverts that might be alive with lurking enemies, to the rapids that sucked them towards plunging cataracts. Farther to the north, or in the depths of the winter, they had to endure such terrible extremes of cold,

that even these men of iron often succumbed. Nor was it only with the savages and the elements they had to contend. Competing companies of merchants and respectable investors winked at the ruthless warfare of the people in their service, if they did not positively encourage it. It might have been supposed that the lonely, white stragglers meeting in these inhospitable wastes, would have readily lent each other help and sympathy. Not a bit of it. In the territory of the United States, the American Fur Company and the Rocky Mountain Company—in the British Dominions, the Hudson Bay Company and the North-Western Company—perpetually carried on a remorseless warfare, subsidizing for one side and the other the tomahawks and scalping-knives of the tribes. In these circumstances the trading posts of the Companies, dotted over the wilds, and isolated in the winter by hundreds of leagues of frozen snow fields, were comparatively luxurious havens of refuge. Yet even in these, mere handfuls of roughly armed whites had to garrison imperfectly stockaded wooden shanties against mobs of savages, who, when they were brought together for the sake of trade, were maddened as a preliminary with drugged whiskey. So there was hardly a fur robe in the palmy days of the fur trade, but was stained with the blood of the trappers who had toiled for it; hardly a beaver hat or bonnet that might not have bristled with the memories of some desperate mountain-fight or hair-breadth 'scape.

The history of the United States is emphatically that of a trading people. Other nations have emerged slowly into wealth and prosperity through ages of war, waste, and ignorance, and in spite of the prejudices, indifference, or discouragements of the aristocratic caste that governed them. The Spaniards, who preceded our English emigrants in the New World, were a race of conquerors—literally men of blood and iron—who sacrificed their new subjects to their lust for silver, and left only garrisons behind them in their territories. The French settlers in Canada and on the Mississippi had few of the qualities of successful colonists had the fortunes of war not gone against them. But the pilgrim fathers, and even the cavaliers

who turned planters in the Southern States, carried mercantile and industrial aptitudes with them as the most valuable part of their freight. They found the grandest openings ever offered to agriculture and commerce, in an unlimited expanse of fertile soil with every variety of genial climate. They had magnificent harbors, with an unrivaled network of water communications, that brought each fresh bit of country they broke up into cheap connection with their seaports. They had only to contend with wild animals and roaming tribes of savages, who could offer no appreciable resistance to their advance, and who were inevitably doomed to slow extermination. And when once they had fairly organized themselves together for their *clan*, their progress was as rapid as irresistible. Recruits swelled their hosts from the commercial nations of Europe; and the energy of the Englishman was backed up by the stolid resolution of the Dutchman, and the perseverance of the frugal German. Ireland has sent them legions of sturdy arms, though the mass of Irishmen there, as at home, seem destined to do the rough drudgery of the community. But the result of that blending of blood and races has been a people of feverishly earnest temperament, working with the restless force of a high-pressure engine, abounding in ideas they are bent on realizing, grappling with the difficulties they are determined to vanquish, carrying business into their brief hours of relaxation, and making money one way or another, in season and out of season. Never has a nation lived faster in every sense; and their very distractions take the form of speculations and business enterprise. The lives of the careworn men who scramble through their meals, who pass their moments of conviviality standing up at refreshment bars, who sleep night after night in the railway or on the steamboat, travelling thousands of miles with nothing but a hand-valise, is typical of their pregnant national history. They can boast of no venerable associations, but already the country is one vast World's Fair, exhibiting on the grandest scale and in infinite variety the whole broad range of modern invention. Already the "New" England States, offshoots almost of yesterday from our Pu-

ritan England, have fallen behind in the race of enterprise, and are comparatively overcrowded. Already the town of San Francisco, whose "Golden Gate" was only yesterday an outlying postern, giving admission to the wildernesses and back settlements of the Union, has assumed such imposing proportions, and admits such a flood of traffic and population, that it seems likely to dispute with the Empire City the claim to be the principal entrance to the country. The rival railway lines, running parallel across the continent, are fast obliterating the picturesque memorials of the wild Western society of the last generation. Not a dozen years ago the railway bridges had to be picketed by pairs of armed watchers, who earned inadequate wages on the understanding that their scalps might adorn an Indian wigwam. It was nothing unusual for a through-train to Truckee or Omaha to be brought to a stand-still by a stampede of buffaloes. Now the last of the Sioux or Cheyennes have been relegated to their reserves, or lounge about the stations in the last stage of moral dilapidation, ready to lend the Palefaces a hand with their luggage. The buffalo have been wantonly massacred for their robes, and have retreated behind the Red River or to the confines of Texas and New Mexico. The Smoky Forks, famous in frontier warfare, are dotted over with farms and thriving townships; while the "Bloody Creeks," so named from the massacres of mountain-men, are moorings for fleets of canal-boats and grain barges.

The scope that is offered to financial and industrial ambitions in developing and manipulating the resources of such a continent, with its inexhaustible water-power, is practically unlimited. How quickly may money be turned over, and how general must be the diffusion of wealth, when a cluster of wooden shanties in some favored situation springs into a town in the course of a year or two, and grows by geometrical progression from a town to a great city! Steady men are placed in comfortable circumstances by ordinary industry or by the natural advance of legitimate investments. They buy the land or building sites, and bide their time, till the price goes up with the spread of population, in

the meanwhile raising money upon mortgage, which they turn to profitable account. Others with keener brains seize on one of the chances that are always presenting themselves in a new country, and originate some local industry that is the making of a neighborhood, and yields fabulous returns. While others, again, who are pronounced still more fortunate, hit off a vein of silver, discover a coal-field or a copper-mine, or strike petroleum, probably selling the concession for millions of dollars to a company who can find the capital for gigantic works. What with the extraordinary impulse given to joint-stock enterprise; with the growth of the grain trade, the cattle trade, the pork trade—which not only supply fifty millions of home consumers, but flood the foreign markets; what with the constant construction of railways and other indispensable works—a class of men have come into existence who are leviathan speculators *par excellence*. They have no fancy for locking up their money in land. They have no temptation to turn their attention to politics, except in so far as controlling the legislatures may serve their purposes. They have no ambition even to found a family, for those who come after them may take care of themselves, which generally they are very well able to do. They have, for the most part, few personal wants, and no extravagant tastes; and even their lavish expenditure, which has usually a practical object, bears an infinitesimal proportion to their fluctuating incomes. The one pleasure of their existence is making successful hits, and, to do them justice, they care less for the stakes than the excitement of playing for them. They have their friendships of convenience, and their bitter feuds, like those mediæval barons who were always at daggers-drawn. They have their trusted retainers, too, and their troops of dependants, who hold stock by their favor or in their name, and back them up at the board meetings. And, like the feudal barons, they are unscrupulous enough in their dealings, though they may have their peculiar notions of chivalry and honor. So the Vanderbilts and the Drews and the Jay Goulds, with many others whose names have been less familiarly known in England, using the spare

millions which are really of little use to them except as counters, give a strange zest to their feverish lives, by devising combinations to the discomfiture of their opponents. Sometimes the war is waged openly, as when a concerted attack is opened on some combination of lines which has been appreciated by a group of rival capitalists. Or the snares are laid with such skill, that even a "long-headed" ring plunges headlong into them; and then the question is, whether they be strong enough to hold the victims. Only the other day a daring conspiracy of outsiders caught the knowing ones, almost without exception. An incident of this kind is of rare occurrence, and says more for the courage of the plotters than for their wisdom, unless they are satisfied with the *coup* they have made, and take their leave of Wall Street with their profits. The men who were victimized accepted the defeat with

characteristic stoicism, saying as little as possible as to the extent of their losses. But, sooner or later, they are sure to take their revenge; and indeed it would be contrary to all the principles of successful operations, if so unparalleled a piece of audacity went unpunished.

Within the limits of an article, we can but cursorily indicate what might be matter, as we said, for a most entertaining work. Nor would it be an anticlimax, even after allusion to the gigantic speculations and colossal enterprises of the American continent, to end, as we began, with a reference to the life romances of the humble business-folk who are toiling to keep body and soul together. For only genius with dramatic gifts of description could do sympathetic justice to the struggles that are sustained from day to day, and unbrightened by a gleam of either hope or excitement.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

ELECTRIC PROGRESS.

LET no reader groan on seeing this title, fearing that he is to be treated to an *olla podrida* of scraps from scientific textbooks, served up with a mysterious sauce of algebraic and technological spicing. There is no intention to set on the table any such indigestible and unsavory compound. No dishes with long and incomprehensible names, more puzzling to the uninitiated than the things they profess to describe, will be thrust before him. No jargon of Volts, and Ohms, and Webers shall bewilder him. No magnetic molecules shall dance a maddening war-dance round his chair. Neither internal nor external "resistance" shall vex his soul. That mystic EMF over which scientific men gloat as schoolboys over plum-cake, will not be allowed to enter here. Polarization and induction, tension and electrolysis, foot-pounds of energy, anodes and cathodes, $A + B - X$ and $SO + HO$, with all their kindred, will find no place. The table is spread for natural and not for scientific palates. The bread is not to be cut in mathematical figures, as in Laputa, nor the food provided made hideous by being dissected before the eyes of the guests, with the scalpels of

learning. "Ladies," said the Professor of Chemistry, on finding a screen before the fire, "I observe you are repelled by the caloric." "That 'saturated solution' of pedantry should be 'precipitated' down-stairs," was the prompt reply of the guest who followed him into the room; and who shall not say he was right?

Electricity has long been a subject which had little interest except for the lovers of scientific research. A generation has not yet altogether passed away in which all industrial use of electricity was unknown; and the only practical application of knowledge in regard to it was not one to apply it usefully, but only to check its powers of destruction. Fifty years ago, lightning conductors were the only electric works in common use; and the proper construction of these themselves was so little understood, that to this day such appliances are constantly made and put up in the worst possible way for effecting their purpose. Now all this is changed. The thick network of wires that disfigures all our great cities is a daily demonstration to all of electricity being put to most important practical uses, and our means

of communication are such as the most imaginative fairy-tale that ever was written could not excel for wonders. The putting of a "girdle round the earth in forty minutes," was a pretty flight of fancy; and Ben Jonson's *Fortunate Isle*, where

"You have made

The world your gallery, can despatch a business

In some three minutes with the Antipodes,
And in some five more negotiate the globe over,"

was intended to please mortals with a vision of the unattainable; yet such things are now done prosaically for a payment of so many shillings—the G. P. O. Ariel, with his yellow envelope, bringing us tidings which have outstripped the sun; so that we know by noon what occurred in the evening of the same day elsewhere. But wonderful as has been the development of the telegraph, it appears likely that ere long we shall look upon it as but one, and by no means the most marvellous, of countless applications of electricity. We seem to have discovered a giant whose powers are illimitable, yet whose strength can be applied to do the most delicate and subtle work—who is always ready for duty, and whose energies can be drawn out in a thousand ways—whose strength can be generated at one place, and carried to another for use, without serious loss—who can accumulate his vigor, so that, if it is not employed for a time, he can then do work much harder than he could do continuously—who will begin working, and stop working, at a touch—who will bore our hardest rocks, and carry our gentlest whisper to a friend miles away—who will be always docile, noiseless, untiring, never capricious, and ever on the alert.

No doubt many will say, and many do say, that the electrical world has got excited, and is promising too much; that insuperable difficulties will come in the way; that when the temporary excitement is over, electricity will not be found to be so much more advantageous than other forces after all; in short, there is plenty of pointing at cold water, a good deal of throwing of it. Even scientific men are found now pooh-poohing in a grandiloquent manner the future of electricity, magnifying difficulties and minimizing advantages. But let the

reader be patient in the reflection that it always was so, and always will be so. The greatest men are sometimes behind their age in practical matters. It is not much more than sixty years since the most learned men of the day gave evidence on the subject of gas which to us now seems almost comic. The Royal Society reported, in 1814, that no gasometer larger than 6000 feet capacity should be permitted. Such men as Sir Humphry Davy and Sir William Congreve gave evidence before a Select Committee that gasometers of 20,000 feet capacity were too large for safety; that they could not understand the "temerity" of the Parisians, who then were building one of 300,000 feet capacity—Sir Humphry declaring that 12,000 was his limit, and that he would be uneasy if he lived near one of 20,000. Great fear was also expressed that if a street-lamp went out, the wind might *blow down the burner and cause an explosion in the main!* And other witnesses prophesied the most disastrous consequences from jets flaring up and setting fire to everything near them. In the same way, when the first steamer was launched, it was averred that no steam-vessel could ever cross the Atlantic; and later, when the screw was introduced, one of the largest and most successful Atlantic shipping companies was satisfied, on full investigation, that no screw steamer could ever make an Atlantic voyage. That same company but a few years ago possessed the only remaining paddle-ship on the American route, and has lately launched the largest screw-steamer in the world for the Atlantic traffic—the *Great Eastern*, though larger, being both paddle and screw.

But it is in the history of electricity itself that the most extraordinary instances are to be found of the narrow-mindedness and want of foresight, even of learned men, in regard to the practicability and usefulness of discoveries and inventions. The man who first suggested an electric telegraph, in a letter to the *Scots Magazine* in the year 1745—Charles Marshall—was looked on as having dealings with the Evil One, and had to leave his native country and go to America. When Ronalds, about the year 1817, laid his plans for an electric telegraph before the Government, they would not even take

the trouble to investigate the matter. An under-secretary, in the usual official style, informed him that he was "directed by his Majesty's Secretary of State, etc., etc., to inform Mr. Ronalds that a telegraph is of no use in time of peace, and that in the time of war the semaphore then in use was quite sufficient for the purpose." The full effect of this sapient deliverance will be understood if it is imagined that it were proposed now for the first time to introduce the electric telegraph, and Sir William Vernon Harcourt should intimate to the inventor that no telegraph was required, as we were not at war; and that, if war should break out, Mr. Childers could use things like the signal-posts with the projecting arms, which we see on railways, put up at distances of a few miles, and by waving their arms about into different positions, telegraph news quite rapidly enough. Again, after the electric telegraph had been established in this country, the French Government refused to have anything to do with it, unless it could make the same signals as the semaphore with its waving arms; and an ingenious clock-maker had to invent an instrument by which the electric current waved about the arms of a miniature semaphore into the required positions. And when Mr. Cooke, who had successfully introduced the telegraph in England, went over to Paris and proposed the erection of an electric telegraph between Paris and Havre, the idea was laughed to scorn, as being Utopian and impossible, and he came home disgusted.

Coming to the present time, it is easy to find instances of the same tendency to put aside with contempt things that are destined to effect enormous changes in our daily life; and in no branch of science has the wisdom of the Yankee—"Don't you prophesy unless you know"—been so strongly exemplified as in the case of electricity. In 1878, a French *savant* declared that when the Exposition of that year was over, the fanciful mode of lighting by electricity would disappear, and we should hear no more of it. In 1879, scientific men declared that it would be found impossible to adapt electric lighting to dwelling-houses or small rooms. In the same year one of the most able and experienced electricians of the day stated, before a select committee,

that he did not think the telephone would be very much used in this country, giving such reasons as the following:

Query 539.—"Do you consider that the telephone will be an instrument of the future which will be largely adopted by the public?—I think not."

Query 540.—"It will not take the same position in this country as it has already done in America?—I fancy that the descriptions we get of its use in America are a little exaggerated; but there are conditions in America which necessitate the use of instruments of this kind more than here. *Here we have a superabundance of messengers, errand-boys, and things of that kind. In America they are wanted.*"

People in all positions in life sometimes speak nonsense; still it may safely be said that no one but a scientific man would have uttered such folly as this.

Another extraordinary instance of similar narrowness of mind on the part of scientific men is to be found in a most admirable electric treatise, in which the author gives a description of modes by which two messages can be sent at once along the same telegraphic wire, or cross messages sent from opposite ends of the same wire at the same time. He concludes his description by saying:

"Both these systems of telegraphing in the opposite directions, and of telegraphing in the same direction more than one message at a time, must be looked upon as little more than 'feats of intellectual gymnastics,' very beautiful in their way, but quite useless in a practical point of view."

This was written so late as 1869; yet now telegraphing is practically carried on not by two messages only on the same wire, but by four, and sometimes even five and six.

But perhaps there is no instance so remarkable of this want of foresight and practical grasp which is often displayed by the most able and learned men, than what was said about gaslight when it was first introduced, particularly as what was then said of gas is almost word for word the same kind of thing as some are now saying of electric lighting.

In 1819, Desormes wrote of gas:

"The light is of a disagreeable color, entirely different from the red and warm gleam of our oil-lamps. It is of a dazzling brightness; its distribution will be impossible and irregular, and it will be much dearer than oil-lighting; and even if it should be improved, it will still remain much dearer than those lights which we already possess."

Substituting the word "gas" for "oil," and reading the passage as if electricity were being spoken of instead of gas, the kind of criticism which is now being made on the electric light is exactly reproduced—"cold, dazzling, impossible to distribute it, irregular, dear."

The moral of all this is, that the public, while not adopting any new developments of electricity until they are practically and economically useful, should refuse to allow the pessimist croaking of men, even though they be learned and scientific, to deter them from giving encouragement to the development they must see going on all round them. And the aim of this paper is to give to the non-scientific public some notion of what has been accomplished already, from a practical point of view, in electric development; and also to endeavor to point out how recent discoveries and inventions may be extended in the future, not by way of prophesying what will be accomplished, but of indicating what seems likely. But of this at least the reader may be assured, that if at any point what is said may go beyond that which is actually to happen, what is within that point embraces marvels beyond the wildest imagination possible a generation ago, and practical applications of these which will be beneficial everywhere and in countless ways.

Till lately, the practical applications of electricity were limited to those appliances which could be worked without very much power. No means had been discovered for producing electric energy in powerful form and in large quantity with ease and cheapness. The modes in use were cumbrous and expensive when applied on a large scale; so much so as to debar their use for work requiring great power. But in those departments in which a moderate quantity could be made use of, enormous progress was made from the time when the first great practical use of electricity was begun in the establishment of the electric telegraph. It seems to us now almost incredible, with our tens of millions of telegrams yearly, that the importance of this great step in science was so little understood, that on the opening day of the first Electric Telegraph Company in the world, in London, only two messages were handed in for transmission during

the whole forenoon. But when the success of the telegraph in securing the arrest of Tawell, the Quaker murderer, drew public attention to its value, a great stimulus was given to interest in electrical subjects, and rapid strides were made in such industrial inventions as could be worked with the moderate quantities of electricity that could then be obtained. Still, all that could be done was but as the twitching of the finger of the sleeping giant, compared to what men who understood the subject knew they might expect, if only means could be discovered by which electricity could be developed on a large scale cheaply and easily. This difficulty has at last been overcome, and machines have been constructed which produce electricity in enormous quantity, no other appliance being necessary to cause the machine to produce, than rotary motion obtained from a steam or gas engine, or a water-wheel or windmill, or even from horse or hand labor. This has effected a perfect revolution in the electric world; it has brought electricity from the field of scientific research and delicate appliance into the field of actual mechanical labor; and this not only as a substitute for other modes of doing mechanical work, but in another infinitely more valuable character—that of a vehicle by which such power can be carried at small expense, and practically without loss, from any place at which there is the means of producing it, to any other distant spot where it may be desired to apply it. A very simple illustration will make this plain. A windmill is the cheapest of all sources of powerful mechanical work, if wind is always available. But as there is generally most wind high up where there is no shelter, while the work has to be done on the plain, windmills are rapidly disappearing. Now, however, that electric power can be produced on a large scale, the fact that it can be transmitted along wires makes it possible to use the prevailing wind on the top of the hill to produce electricity, and to use its power at the bottom of the hill to do the useful work required. In the same way there may be great water-power at a spot where no mill can be built, and where the labor and expense of bringing material to be worked in it would be too great.

But now the water-power can be used where it is found, and its strength, converted into electricity, conveyed to a mill erected in any convenient place, to do the work required.

This, then, is the first giant stride that has been made in matters electrical. But its full importance cannot be estimated by considering the power to do mechanical work above described. It has other and enormous advantages. Power in the form of electricity is not only as useful for the kinds of mechanical work which other powers, such as wind, water, steam, or horses, can perform—and convenient from the ease with which the power can be carried to any required spot to do the work required—it will produce a great number of practical results which cannot be obtained from any of the other mechanical sources of power without its aid, and many which can be obtained from others it will produce in a more easy and efficient manner. Take once again the illustration of a water-wheel. In former days, such a wheel could give power to grind our corn, or weave our cloth, or make our paper, or crush our quartz, provided the materials could be conveniently brought to the water-power. Now, not only can such water do the same work miles from where it is running, by its power being used to produce electricity; not only can it work our clocks, drive pater-familias's lathe and mater's sewing-machine, pump the water, turn the spit, work the dinner-hoist, in our private houses, and thresh, grind, spin, weave, and calender in our factories—it can with ease do much more than the water-power could not do, even if close at hand and with the most complicated appliances. It can make the running water far way ring our bells, regulate our clocks, rectify our alcohol, plate our spoons, gild our ornaments, multiply our engraving-plates, make permanent our photographs, and work our ploughs and our tram-cars. These are but illustrations of what can be done and is being done. But even here the wonders do not stop; for not only will power such as water, when employed to produce electricity, be available at a distance from the place where it exists, and for purposes which it could not of itself fulfil—strange as it may sound, the

power of water will produce by its new application heat and light. A water-wheel, by being employed to generate electricity, may light our rooms, cook our dinner, and ripen our peaches. We can have light from it by which we can work as easily at night as in the day—a light which will neither consume our fresh air, nor vitiate it with foul gases, nor smoke our ceilings and destroy our curtains; which can set fire to nothing; the globe of which can be hooked to an invalid's bed-curtain, without risk, or attached to flexible wires and taken into the most confined corner to give light to a workman, without danger of fire. It would fill a volume to state at length all the practical advantages which this development of electricity has opened up already, and more than a volume to state all that it may be expected yet to accomplish. Let it also be understood that while the foregoing illustrations have been stated in relation to water-power, they are equally true for any other power, such as steam-engine, gas-engine, horse-power, or human labor. The fixed engine on a farm can do the ploughing hundreds of yards off. The gas-engine that pumps water by day, can light the house at night. The horses that drag coal-carts for many miles to work a steam-engine in some outlying place, can be used at home instead to work an electric machine, with no loss of time, and in many cases with less waste of labor. The convicts on a treadmill can be doing work by it at any part of, or even outside, the prison. In a word, the power for work can be generated by any ordinary means, and at any place where the means exist, and can then be economically conveyed to the spot where it is to be usefully applied, without loss of time, and practically in full strength. The tide on the shore can do work inland; the stream in the mountain-gorge can do work on the hill-top; the wind-mill on the eminence can do work in the valley; the horse in the yard, or the man in the outhouse, can do work inside the dwelling. And with all its power, and its universality of application, this new servant which science has supplied us with is the most docile of menials. A touch of a lady's finger will bring into action a power which a thousand men

could not resist ; another touch will stop its action or reverse it in a moment.

But even this is not all. This power, that can be thus used for a thousand different practical purposes, and with countless varieties in the mode of application, can not only be obtained freely, and at a moment's notice, at any place, and in illimitable quantity ; it can also be stored up when needful for future use. It may be said that our genii will not only come at the rubbing of the ring or the lamp, but that they can be bottled up harmless, like the *jin* hauled ashore in the copper vessel by the fisherman's net, and yet remain in full vigor, ready to stand up in his strength when liberated. It is almost literally true that the lightning can not only be seized and made do our work, but that it can be bottled up and stored, and carried from place to place at pleasure. Within the last few years the problem of producing electricity, and storing it up ready for immediate use, has been practically solved ; so that Sir William Thomson could in Glasgow perform powerful mechanical work by electricity which had been generated in Paris, and brought ready for instant application from Paris to Glasgow, just as a clock wound up abroad could be brought to this country and set going here. Of course it will be understood that this is only a popular description of the operation—the reader being presumed to be at present only interested to know what can be done. A scientific explanation of the process would be out of place here. The fact it is desired to impress upon the reader is, that not only can the force of electricity be carried far from the generating source for immediate use by being conducted along wires, but that it may be bottled up in movable vessels, which can be carried like any other goods to a distance, and at once made available for any purpose for which the electricity could have been used at the spot at which it was first produced. Electricity can be stored in square cases, which can be conveyed by hand or carriage to any spot where it is required. The doctor can take his bottled electricity to the sick-room under his arm to perform an operation. The lecturer can bring it stored up to the lecture-table. The

aeronaut can carry it stored up in his balloon. The owner of a boat with a screw can convey electricity in a wheelbarrow to the water's edge, place the cases in which it is stored in the bottom of his boat as ballast, and turn his propeller with it. The lady can have it delivered at her door as the milk is, and work her sewing-machine with it. The tricyclist can put a case under his seat, and run by it. Lamps can be lighted, clocks can be worked and regulated, safes secured, spoons plated, copper-plates made, by electricity stored up in cases. Indeed any operation within the power of electricity to accomplish otherwise, can now be done by stored electricity.

Still there is something more. Not only can we control this power to do work, whether directly or after storing up. The storing up does not merely enable our genii to come out of their bottles at any time ready for work ; we can roll a number of weak genii into one of enormous strength. We can apply the power we possess for producing electricity in a concentrated form by the aid of the discovery of the means of storing it. The *jin* of the "Arabian Nights" was no stronger when he left his copper bottle than he was when he entered it ; but the one who is now impressed into our service excels all those of the Thousand and One Nights in this, that if we choose we can work up his strength for hours, so that in the next hour he shall be many times stronger than he was. If he was strong enough to lift a ton in one hour, we can store up his strength for six hours, and use him then to lift six tons. We can store up his strength all night, so that he can do twice the work he would otherwise be able for during the day. In other words, we are not limited to using this power at once to its full extent when it is generated, or allowing it to go to waste ; we can store it up, and apply it as concentrated power afterward. This, it will be seen at once, is an incalculable mechanical advantage. It very often happens that there is power available and work required, but that the power available is too weak for the work to be done. One horse is useless if a weight to be moved requires the strength of two ; but if a man who owned only

one horse could by any means get it to do the work of two horses for one hour, instead of doing its own work for two hours, he could then with one horse move a weight that at present it requires two horses to move. This is practically what can be done. A source of power which can only produce electricity in very limited strength, may have what it does produce accumulated, so that it can do work requiring great strength. A feeble fall of water which would only keep up one electric light continuously, can by the power it develops during the day being stored up, keep several lights up for a few hours at night. A steam-engine or gas-engine of limited size, kept constantly going, can enable work to be performed for a short time that could only be done by a very much larger engine of the same kind.

But if our giant is thus a prodigy both of strength, and of application and concentration of strength, let it not be supposed that he resembles other giants in an unfitness for work that is refined and delicate. He is no lumbering clumsy mass of power merely, too rough handed for work that requires sensitive touch, and too gross in perception to be able to separate the coarse from the fine. Powerful as he is from the merely mechanical point of view, his powers in regard to minutiae are quite as marked, and, if possible, more marvellous. The hand that is so weighty has a touch as fine as the most delicate woman. It can catch up and repeat along a long conductor the most minute vibrations caused by the human voice, reproducing them with most perfect accuracy. It can grasp and magnify the vibrations of the movements of the tiniest insects, so that they become audible to the human ear. It can detect the most infinitesimal speck of metal in any substance, and disclose its presence unerringly. It can record permanently the rhythm of the feeblest pulse. It can measure, in degrees so close that it is difficult to put them down on a scale, the variations in the heat of a body. It can detect a trace of moisture to which a drop is as the Pacific Ocean. It can act with such rapidity, that by its aid a photograph can be taken in the 5000th part of a second, so that several distinct pictures of

a horse can be taken in the successive stages of one bound. It can correct clocks long distances apart to the tenth part of a second. It can move in motions so minute and rapid as to resemble the vibrations of an insect's wings. It can take a cast of the most delicate moulding without losing a shade of its perfection. It can record the variations of the speed of a bullet from the time it moves from the breech till it leaves the muzzle of the gun. There is almost no limit to the minuteness of its action, or the refinement to which it can be brought.

The extraordinary development of this wondrous force of nature which has taken place during the last few years, has led to the subject of electricity being more popularly treated than it formerly was, and to exhibitions devoted to electrical science only being opened to the public. The very great interest which these have excited, will doubtless stimulate the development of the industrial appliances of this power to a greater extent than ever, and may lead to still more interesting and useful discoveries in regard to it. But already the day is gone by when electricity was a thing of mystery, associated with telegraph rooms sealed to the public by the "No Admittance except to the Company's Officials" placard. It is becoming rapidly our servant in the social region, as it has been for some time in that of business. The interesting pet of the *savant*, the amusing child of the amateur, has developed itself into a youth of promise, already doing great things, and giving certain hope of still greater.

The recent Exposition in the Palais de l'Industrie at Paris, enabled many thousands to form some idea of what is being done in this comparatively new field for invention. The building, originally erected for an International Exhibition of the industries of all nations in all departments, was filled from end to end with machinery and models all relating to the subject of this paper. A visitor might wander about in the Palais for weeks, and find every day some new marvel to astonish and interest him. Whatever his tastes might be, he could not fail to encounter something congenial to them from time to time. Those

interested in the culture of plants might inspect greenhouses in which shrubs and flowers were growing freely without any other light than that supplied from an electric source. Lovers of art could see the operation of reproducing in metal, with the utmost delicacy of finish, statues or bas-reliefs. Students of photography saw pictures of exceptional excellence taken by electric light. Meteorologists could watch the variations of the barometer and thermometer, and the speed and pressure of the wind, being automatically recorded from minute to minute. Tradesmen had recommended to their use electric tills in which every payment was recorded. Millers gazed with astonishment at electric rollers sorting bran from flour. Nautical men saw M. Trouvé steering his boat, driven by electricity, in the basin of the fountain. Aeronauts were encouraged to hope for balloon navigation by M. Tissandier's model balloon driven by stored force. Members of Parliament were shown how their weary journeys through division lobbies on obstructionist motions might be saved by electrical voting machines, each member's vote being recorded by pressing a button marked Aye or No. Crowds heard the performances of the Opera or Comédie Française by telephones connected with the theatres. People who require to have their premises guarded at night, saw how their watchman could be checked on his rounds as often as desired. Soldiers could inspect the appliances by which communication is kept up between the divisions of an army, and a telegraph erected or taken down as rapidly as the column can march. Those interested in gunnery saw how the speed of shot, both within the bore of the cannon and during their flight in the air, can be recorded. Divers were shown lamps which they could take to the bottom of the sea, requiring neither air nor trimming. Owners of coal-mines had demonstrated to them how it was possible to light the underground workings without risk of explosion, and to know at once in a manager's office if there was a tendency to accumulation of fire-damp in them at any spot. Quarrymen could see the hardest rock being bored, and apparatus for blasting, by which the shots can be fired from a

distance. Musicians were amazed to see at work an instrument by which they will be enabled to sit down at a piano-forte and improvise for any length of time, and find all that they have played recorded at length. Ladies gazed in wonder at sewing-machines which seemed to go of themselves, and at a pace which no human foot could keep up. Travellers saw in all directions most ingenious devices for preventing collisions on railways. Lovers of punctuality rejoiced at the sight of clocks automatically regulated to fractions of seconds. Timid people were offered burglar-scarers and thief-detectors of most ingenious construction. Invalids had a choice of scores of medico-electric appliances, bands, baths, rubbers, and coils for curing all manner of nervous disorders. Surgeons could find many ingenious instruments for diagnosis and operation. Lovers of billiards were shown tables provided with appliances by which the game could be scored on the marking board without leaving the table. Persons going to or from the Palais could ride at twelve miles an hour in a carriage driven by no visible agency. Pumps going as unaccountably raised tons of water to a height. Lifts by which people could ascend and descend by electric agency were at work. Electric ploughs cut deep and well-turned furrows. At night the scene was like fairyland. Hundreds of brilliant lamps made the Palais far lighter than it had been at the brightest period of the day. Pictures were to be seen lighted by the electric lamp, demonstrating successfully that the colors are not changed by it, but remain as they were during daylight. Saloons, more perfectly lighted than they could possibly be by gas or oil, were as cool, and the air in them as pure, as when no lamps were burning in them.

But it would take pages even to state all the wonders of brilliant discovery and invention already made, far less to speak of what may be expected to follow. One final illustration in relation to recent sad events which have horrified the world, may give some idea of what can and will be done with this power as now developed. Within the space of a single year, two tragedies have occurred—one in the Opera House at Nice, and the other in the Ring Theatre at Vienna—in

which the loss of life has been appalling in its extent, and sickening in its details. So strong is the impression on the public mind by these harrowing events, that in all countries those in authority are anxiously considering what can be done to diminish the risk of occurrence of fire, and of its becoming serious when it does occur—fire being the primary cause of these catastrophes—and to prevent the panic which results from alarm of fire, which is the chief cause of the loss of life in such cases ; and should there be panic, to minimize the evil resulting from it.

To all these most desirable ends electricity can give most important help. A theatre can now be lighted in such a way that the lamps require no fire to be applied to light them, nor can they set fire to anything. The lights in the body of the building and in the passages can be freed from all connection with those in the parts devoted to the performance, and can be so adjusted that any accident affecting a portion of them cannot influence the rest. Matters can be so adjusted that pressure applied to any one of a number of buttons placed in different parts of the house will at once lower an iron screen dividing the building, throw open every door (ordinary and extra), summon the fire-brigade and the police, and raise instantly a powerful pressure of water.

An enterprising manager of a London theatre has already fitted up his house with electric lights, both behind and before the curtain. That his example will

soon be followed is not doubtful. Even were the light very much more expensive than it is, the additional expense would be by no means a costly insurance for all large public buildings, where not merely loss of property, but terrible loss of life, is the result of fire. And it is reasonable to expect that, as the march of invention goes on, cost of production will be substantially diminished. But when to safety from danger there are added the advantages of freedom from heat, non-consumption and non-contamination of air, and absence of smoke, the advantages of the new invention are seen to be such as to make it certain that its general adoption for use in all large buildings is only a question of time.

If what has been already accomplished in this now rapidly expanding region of practical science is so wonderful, the future prospect is still more so. A few years may bring about a state of things in which men will be astonished that they ever could have thought the appliances of 1860 practical and convenient, and the wonders of the steam-engine be to us as the loom of old days was to those in whose generation the Jacquard was introduced. That the development will be the more rapid and the more useful in proportion to the general interest taken in it by the public is sure ; and it is hoped that what has been said may tend to promote such a feeling of interest in a subject which is daily proving itself to possess substantial benefits for all.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

LINES TO A LADY WHO WAS ROBBED OF HER JEWELS.

WRITTEN SEVERAL YEARS AGO.

BY FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

WHEN, jewel-girt, the priest to pray
Entered his holy place alone,
From Judah's God flashed forth a ray
Which gave a soul to every stone.

Ay, and in other lands men taught
How gems with secret power shone bright,
And that their changeless charm was fraught
With something of a spirit-light.

Dead is that dream, but none the less
Life's fountain through their lustre flows,
And fills each sparkling barrenness
With growths which blossom as the rose.

As we look back, a diamond ring
 May Hope's white flag once more unfurl,
 Love's blush around some ruby cling,
 And Memories throb within a pearl.

Then, since no fresh gaud of to-day
 Can match what vanished hours endear,
 Let thy heart frankly have its way,
 And sorrow without shame of fear.

Yet, sorrowing, on this faith repose,
 That all who know and love thee feel
 The richest of thy gems are those
 No thief—not even Time—can steal.

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THE REVISION OF THE FRENCH CONSTITUTION.

BY JOSEPH REINACH.

I.

"HAPPY," said a certain Roman, "happy is the woman who has no history!" "Still happier," said one of our own times, "is the people which has no written constitution!" Of such peoples, the English occupy the first rank. Where, indeed, is the constitution of England? It is like Pascal's famous circle, whose centre is everywhere, and its circumference nowhere. There are in Westminster numerous old charters, old bills, old laws, old parchments, in which the customs and practices of the country are registered, and it is this mass of old, mysterious papers that contains the most solid political constitution in the world—a constitution more durable than a rock of granite, and as little to be analyzed as a mystic dogma.

Is it well that a people should or should not have a constitution mapped out like a code? The philosopher who reasons in the most absolute manner hesitates before such a question. The politician simply answers that all depends on the degree of latitude—in other words, on the people itself. The English eat more beefsteaks than the French, and the French drink more wine than the Italians. That is all. Were the English to eat less meat, and the Italians to drink more wine, they would fall ill—that is to say, regimens vary according to climate, as also they should according to age.

I have often thought that it is with political regimens as with other regimens, and that they also should vary according to the country, epoch, or other circumstances. Truth, pure and absolute, can be found but in the positive sciences, and should not be sought elsewhere. It is true all over the world that two and two make four, that the square of the hypothenuse of a rectangular triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides; but it is not true all the world over that a republic is the best of governments, or that a parliamentary monarchy is the best of republics, that centralization is better than federation, or the contrary, that universal suffrage is preferable to restricted suffrage, that the Church should be separate from the State, that the House of Lords should be hereditary, etc. "Truth this side the Pyrenees," said a philosopher, "is falsehood the other side." In politics nothing can be absolute. Those republicans who reproach Voltaire or Mirabeau with having been royalists are simply imbeciles, and he who writes these lines deems he affirms the simplest and most natural thing in the world when he declares that a republican on the banks of the Seine would probably have been a royalist had he been born on the banks of the Thames or the Danube. True good sense and true patriotism, from our point of view, by no means consist in examining which are the best political and social solutions

in the ideal republic of Plato. They consist in trying more simply, and at the same time more laboriously, to find out what political and social solutions would, at a certain epoch, and under certain circumstances, contribute most largely and most efficaciously to secure the grandeur, prosperity, and force of the nation. Thus it is that a constitution which exists only in name is excellent for the other side of the Channel, and that on this side of it we absolutely require a constitution as precise, as exact as our civil code.

Why can England do perfectly well without a precise constitution drawn up in a set number of articles? Why is a very strictly defined constitution indispensable to France? This problem is a complex one, and is capable of more than one solution. It must first be admitted that, if the English people is more practical than the French, the latter people is, in a certain sense, more idealistic, and at the same time more positive; more idealistic, in that we endeavor to obtain in politics as elsewhere more perfect solutions; more positive, because when we think we have found these solutions we must absolutely materialize them, for it appears to us that our political conquests only become real and definite when written down in some formula. Secondly, it must not be forgotten that the English Revolution is three centuries old, and that, after a short republican interim, it completed what it had begun by consolidating it and surrounding it with most liberal and parliamentary institutions; the monarchy, which at first it had thrown down, thus following up and continuing through succeeding ages the advantages it had gained. But how different is it with our French Revolution! This Revolution, indeed, is not yet a hundred years old, and what it last brought forth is this: the establishment of a republican democracy in a country which has behind it fifteen centuries of monarchical government, and monarchical government of the strongest and most glorious. The Republic may have been proclaimed in France as early as 1793, but between proclaiming a form of government and sustaining it the difference is great. Those who have studied our contemporary history know it to be in reality but a

long struggle between the *ancien régime* and the *nouveau régime*; the nation has very naturally felt a desire to mark each important step in this struggle by a new constitution. For this is worthy of notice: the old monarchical France was exactly like England is—that is to say, it had no written constitution. Our written constitutions date only from the Revolution.

Our constitutions, as has just been said, mark the great steps in the struggle between the *ancien régime* and the Revolution during the past ninety years. We must show how they have been brought about, for that alone will explain our having had in France so large a number of constitutions which have resembled each other so little. First, then, the men of that magnificent assembly, the Convention, endeavored to put into practice a form of government utterly impracticable. For the most part disciples of Jean Jacques Rousseau, they intended to form a constitution on the *Contrat Social*. Was not the *Contrat Social* the highest ideal of justice? The men of the Convention, with the exception of Sieyès, only forgot one point, which is, that one of the most powerful influences that act on the life of a people, as on the life of an individual person, is the influence of the past, of history. No matter what may happen, a people cannot raze to the ground its national history—that is to say, its customs, its habits, its education, all it has imbibed while still at its mother's breast, and breathed with its native air. Consequently, whatever spirit of progress animate a nation, whatever be its aspiration toward the future, that nation can create nothing, nor can it found anything serious without taking into account the past, without uniting, so to say, the past with the future.

Those who drew up the grand constitution of the year III. neglected to take this into consideration, and thence ensued their rapid failure. They drew up a constitution which, when contemplated purely and solely with the eye of reason, as said Kant, was admirable, full of the noblest and most elevated views, breathing justice from the first line to the last; it was patriotic, republican, and democratic in the highest degree; it would have met with the acclamations of Plato,

it would have been unanimously sanctioned in the country of Idalia. But this constitution had one drawback : it was like Roland's celebrated horse, possessed of every quality except life. This constitution took no deep root in the country. It was in itself a perfect monument. The Convention thought that to introduce and to proclaim it would suffice. But the old French soil was full of fissures, it was still covered and encumbered with the foundations of the old monarchical establishment, and these foundations by no means suited the new structure. Hence this inevitable and fatal result. The constitution of the year III. rested about as firmly on French ground as a house of cards on a table. Having no foundations it fell to pieces at the first breath of wind, whatever may have been its ideal beauty and its marvellous harmony.

The constitutions which followed that of the year III. fared the same. They were principally the work of theorists, and numbers of years had to pass before it was generally acknowledged that a constitution can live only if, besides its philosophical beauties, it corresponds to the real necessities of a nation ; it can only live if deeply rooted in the history of the nation. Sieyès understood this, Napoleon understood it a little ; the authors of the constitutional charters of 1814 and 1830, Benjamin Constant in 1825, already understood it better. Whether these statesmen conducted monarchical or republican institutions, it is certain that they made it their study in the Republican institution to keep in sight the grand centralizing traditions of the monarchy, and the solid establishing of the principle of executive power ; when they wrote monarchical constitutions, they kept in sight the victories gained by the French Revolution, that love of liberty which had taken possession of the country, those democratic customs which more and more it seemed to cherish. It must be even owned that, as a general rule, it was the authors of monarchical constitutions who, in 1814, 1815, and 1830, most carefully took into account and kept sight of the divers aspirations of the country, and whose work best corresponded to the general sentiment and the veritable wants of the nation. However sad a true French

patriot may feel even at the present day, when he calls to mind the causes that brought about the first Restoration, with whatever anger he may contemplate the attempted return from the island of Elba, whatever may be his feelings with respect to the monarchy of July, 1830, he will be forced to admit that these three charters were, for the time being, the best in the world, or nearly so. They took into consideration monarchical traditions which were, for the most part, simply governmental necessities, nor did they lose sight of the new and powerful aspirations of the new world. And this, indeed, occasions no Frenchman thoroughly acquainted with our contemporary history surprise or astonishment ; it is of little moment with what names our numerous constitutions are labelled ; these name were, as a rule, fallacious. Thus the Napoleonic Constitution of 1851 was called democratic, while, when compared with the constitutions of 1814 and 1830, it was the last degree of most detestable Cæsarian absolutism and reaction. It is true its frontispiece was universal suffrage, but universal suffrage becomes a solemn lie when coupled with plebiscitum, when *scrutin d'arrondissement* is substituted for *scrutin de liste*, when official candidature is cynically exercised.

In short, since 1789, modern France has been endeavoring to find, sometimes groping in the dark, so to say, and meeting with painful misadventures, but still endeavoring to find the truest political constitution. Is it to be wondered at that she has not found it at once ? No, for this constitution must attain two principal objects, which were indeed difficult to attain. It must first be the constitution of *France* in all the force and beauty of that name, which represents not only a geographical entity, but also an admirable historic entity. It must then be, but simultaneously, in perfect harmony, the constitution of that new world, the basis of which had been laid by the Revolution.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that this double aim was not reached at the first trial ; this aim was not even easily understood the first day, and many people have not even yet understood it. But I do believe that a very large majority of the French people has understood

what ought to be the general and leading character of our constitution. Of all our past constitutions, that of the 25th of February draws nearest to that character. Its revision has been asked by the *Président du Conseil*, Gambetta, in the name of the President of the Republic, Grévy. I will give a short account of this constitution, and of the *ensemble* of reforms actually proposed to Parliament.

II.

"The assembly elected in February, 1871, and which has successively borne the names of *Assemblée de Bordeaux* and *Assemblée de Versailles*, was monarchical, it was still so the very day it voted the Republic; for this vote was not a disavowal of its opinions, but a simple declaration of its own powerlessness to found a monarchy. M. Thiers comprehended this incapacity at a glance. He had understood that, in the face of a country of Republicans, all the efforts of a majority, united only in its hate for the Republic, but otherwise split into three irreconcilable factions, would only end in repeated defeats. And in this he proved to be a true statesman."

We have been desirous in these terms to cite literally what our judicious friend, M. Ranc, characterizes as the political history of the National Assembly of 1871. This Assembly comprised, at its origin, some 200 Legitimist, 150 Orleanists, 10 Bonapartists, and more than a hundred members without any decided political opinion, but who on the morrow of the Empire, and of the terrible events by which the *début* of the Third Republic was marked, thought that the fittest government to raise France from its ruins would be a constitutional monarchy. At the commencement, the National Assembly could not count 300 Republicans—a very feeble minority, one will say now, as was said then by the Republican party. But in the month of July, 1871, this minority represented the majority of the country. Indeed the National Assembly had been called not for the purpose of forming a constitution, but to make peace with Prussia. France was exhausted by the gigantic effort and strain of *défense nationale*; and though she had, during the four long months which

followed the fall of the imperial army at Sedan and Metz, astonished the world by the heroism with which the armies of Trochu, Faidherbe, and Chanzy were brought forth, though on the German invasion each inch of French ground was most manfully defended and ceded only at the last extremity, and though the heroism displayed at the siege of Paris eclipsed all heroism spoken of by history, in the month of February, 1871, our great and unhappy nation was exhausted. The most tenacious and courageous men would have liked to continue the struggle. But as a whole the nation felt incapable of further resistance; and in this they were wrong, according to my personal opinion. It must not be denied then, for it is a historical fact, that the National Assembly was elected for the purpose of making peace. In the beginning it was by no means called together for the purpose of giving France a republican or a monarchical constitution. The large majority of the electoral programmes may be consulted, and it will be found that the question there treated does not bear upon republicanism or monarchy. The question of war or peace alone is considered.

At first, the members of the *droite* in the National Assembly, whose numbers were not exactly known, thought so too. They thought nothing about a constitution of any kind; and a very manifest proof of this may be found in the double fact that in the first days, and very spontaneously, they named as their president that ancient and very eminent Republican, M. Grévy, and as head of the executive power that same M. Thiers who, as far back as 1848, had repeatedly said that the form of government under which France is least divided is a Republic. These two men were elected, then, without any political intention. Peace once signed and the insurrection of the 18th of March suppressed, thanks to the energy of M. Thiers, then only did political questions become preponderant; the *droite* prepared for the overthrow of M. Grévy, who was replaced by M. Buffet, and for that of M. Thiers, who was replaced by Marshal MacMahon.

At the present day it is a well-attested fact for sincere and honest minds, that to invest the National Assembly of 1871

with constituent power was not the intention of its first electors. It was a real abuse of power even to declare that it had the right of providing France with a constitution. The number of members of the *droite* was known now; the adversaries of the Republic were in the majority, from which they drew the apparently logical conclusion that a monarchical constitution could now be drawn up. All Republicans who walked in the same direction as M. Gambetta were violently opposed to this manœuvre, which was punished in the most curious way.

The National Assembly declared itself constituent in order to bring about a monarchy. In reality a Republic was founded by it, not until after much hesitation, it is true. As Virgil says :

Sic vos non vobis nificatis aves.

Why was not a monarchy founded by the National Assembly, the majority of which was for a monarchical government? There are several causes for this historic phenomenon; we will endeavor briefly to enumerate them. The first has been very picturesquely pointed out by M. Thiers: "Three pretenders," said he, "cannot sit on one throne." There were indeed three pretenders, the Count de Chambord, the Count de Paris, and Prince Louis Bonaparte. And note, that after the 24th of May, after M. Thiers' fall, when the Duke de Broglie had formed that most ungrateful coalition against *le libérateur du territoire*, M. Thiers, only in order to found a monarchy, after the Count de Paris had been to Frohsdorf to abdicate formally in the presence of the Count de Chambord, there still remained two pretenders, the one a Bourbon, the other a Bonaparte. It is true there was, or at least it was thought so, a legitimist-royalist majority. "We will have the monarchy," said M. Edouard Hervé, "even if we can get but a majority of one voice." But the Count de Chambord is a personage unique in history; he was offered one of the finest thrones in the world—this throne was known to be rather worm-eaten, it is true—but on one condition: the adoption of the national tricolored flag. The descendant of Henri IV. refused, and declared he would never give up the white flag. And then Marshal MacMahon summed

up in one happy phrase the second cause by which the Restoration was prevented. He said one day to the Duke d'Audiffret-Pasquier: "If the white flag were to be raised in opposition to the tricolored one, and if it were hoisted at a window while the other floated opposite, the *chassepots* would go off by themselves." That is to say, civil war would break out. The Duke d'Audiffret-Pasquier was too patriotic, the Duke de Broglie too prudent, and the Duke de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia not made enough to attempt such an undertaking.

Such are the two best known reasons which hindered the reinstatement of a monarchical constitution in this country. I must now set forth the third and least known, which really philosophic historians ought to consider as the principal one. The reason is this: If the majority in the National Assembly was unquestionably monarchical, the great majority of the nation was already (May-October, 1873) strongly attached to the Republic; and in a country such as ours, in a country where the Revolution had been made, and which had seen thirty or forty years of parliamentary government, *plus* twenty-five years of universal suffrage, no chance majority will hold good or even count. It is impossible to force a certain form of government on thirty-six millions of men who want none of it, except by bloody and violent measures, with the aid of fifty thousand bayonets, and with a most criminal and infuriated determination to stop at nothing.

This, in our eyes, is the true cause of the check to the monarchical restoration in 1873. France wanted the Republic. Its express desire was known even to those who were trying to re-establish the monarchy. They could find none but the most paltry pretexts for overthrowing M. Thiers. They never dared to speak openly to the nation of their ambitious plans. When they were trying to bring about the Restoration, they did so in secret, like people who defraud and deceive. I believe they tried to hide the true state of the mind of the nation from the Count de Chambord. But, however behindhand the Count de Chambord may be in some respects, he is perspicacious enough; he understands at a glance. Is it simply and wholly out of

respect for the monarchical tradition that he refused the tricolored flag, and thus compelled his own partisans to renounce their designs? We think not. We imagine the white flag to have been partly a pretext, that the Count de Chambord thought it the most honorable *porte de sortie*. He certainly must have been aware that even if his throne were built up, it would be but ephemeral, and that the Restoration would be the beginning of a frightful period of discord, which would be the ruin of France, and which, in the end, would probably cost him very dear. He was afraid, then. This fear, we admit, was patriotic and very praiseworthy. But what does it prove? It proves that the Count de Chambord himself understood that France wanted the Republic.

Yes, the France of 1873 wanted the Republic, and each day that passed after the failure of the negotiations at Frohsdorf showed this more and more. The coalition of the 24th of May, once convinced that it was not possible to form a monarchy, decided that at least they would form no republic. They had the most ingenious plans. They and Marshal MacMahon wanted to make a kind of Stadtholdership. Without giving it any precise denomination, it was to last seven years, time enough for the Count de Chambord to repent in or die. This machine was now called *septennat personnel*, now *septennat impersonnel*. In a word, the Dukes and their party would accept anything but the Republic. All their ability was brought to bear on one point—not to proclaim a Republic.

But what then took place in the country is well known. While the Republican party, whose courage increased with hope, was becoming more firmly established, and, under the powerful impetus given it by M. Thiers and M. Gambetta, was growing steadily to what it had never before been except by accident, one part of the Government, the monarchical party, was becoming completely disbanded. Some, with the wavering mass always so numerous in every country, came over to the Republic. The others, disconcerted, sick at heart of the growing disunion of the Assembly, went over to swell the Bonapartists. Directly after the war, this unlucky party was reduced to a state of impotence. It ap-

peared that, for the honor of the country oppressed by it for a space of twenty years, and finally dismembered by it and given over to invasion—it appeared then that this party would never be reorganized. It was otherwise. The numerous blunders committed by M. de Broglie and M. Buffet enabled them to find soldiers for the empty armor, and all at once, in 1874, the ill-omened men of Sedan and of the 2nd of December again raised their heads. They got the better of it in several elections. They raised their voices high. They threatened. They made frenzied protestations in favor of Louis Napoleon's son. But, as luck would have it, in this we found safety. The Orleanists were startled and afraid. It is true they were not fond of the Republic, but they remembered the *coup d'état* and the odious *régime* which had been so harmful to them, and which had ended in our losing Alsace and Lorraine. They feared for their country and for themselves; they feared this sinister and menacing Imperial Restoration, and resolved to overlook the past. The best of them were already among M. Thiers' followers in his adhesion to the Republic, and formed with M. Léon Say, the two Rémusat, Casimir Périer, Dufaure, and Count Duchâtel, the right wing of the Republican army. The others, who formed the *centre droit*, decided after some deliberation, in their patriotic hatred of the Empire, some to vote the foundation of a Republic, the others not to hinder a definitive Republic being proclaimed. M. Thiers and M. Gambetta availed themselves admirably of this favorable state of mind. They persuaded their colleagues of the Extreme Left to give up their old theories of 1848 before the more important interest of the constitution of the Republic. They decided Edgar Quinet, Louis Blanc, and Madier Montjón to accept the principle of two Houses and the Presidency of the Republic. They triumphed over M. Grévy's theoretic scruples; and when an understanding had been come to, the constitution, under the direction of an until then obscure author, was voted by the National Assembly on the 25th of February, 1875. The first article had been voted on the 30th of January with the majority of *one* voice, that one and only voice

which a friend of Orleanist princes had declared sufficient to found a monarchy. Fate is sometimes so ironical.

Such was the origin of the existing constitution of the French Republic. It was not the work of the Republican party alone. It being impossible to find a king, and being confronted with the menacing danger of seeing a third emperor, it was the work of standing Republicans for the time being, and of some twenty Orleanist patriots. And so was admirably effected the fusion of governmental traditions which belonged to the past method, and the aspirations after liberty and democracy which were to distinguish the future one. According to the definition stated above, this was really and truly the constitution of modern France. The Republic had been proclaimed by it, and universal suffrage was its basis. A strong executive power, under the hands of the President of the Republic, had been created by it, and its legislative power was divided into two Houses. It was the veritable concentration and summing-up of the political experience of the nation. When times were altered, the partisans of the *ancien régime* had thrust away universal suffrage; but patriots accepted it among themselves. When times were altered (M. Grévy, M. Louis Blanc, M. Edgar Quinet, in 1848), they had refused to receive the duality of national representation and Presidency of the Republic principles. They accepted them now, and as the Republicans had become a governmental party the constitution they voted was that strong constitution required by a country equally of liberty and order.

Such was the constitution of the 25th of February as a whole, and such are the reasons why it was accepted by a great majority of the nation. This constitution was certainly not perfect; but it contained an amending clause which, though the edifice was to be kept intact, allowed the amelioration and repairing of certain parts of it. The country has thought it necessary to make use of this clause in the election for the integral renewal of the Chamber of Deputies on the 21st of August, and that for the partial renewal of the Senate on the 9th of January. The Cabinet, presided over by M. Gambetta, has taken upon itself the responsibility of this revision.

We will now explain how he understands this revision, and upon what points it is to be brought to bear.

It will be seen that it is by no means destined to shake the constitution of the 28th of February, 1875, but, on the contrary, to strengthen and consolidate it.

III.

It would be tiresome for the English reader were I to enter into the circumstantial details of the causes which, in the month of July last, led to the popular movement for the revision of the constitutional laws of 1875. What is of moment to point out is, that although a great number of Republicans had from the first day been dissatisfied with the imperfections of the constitutional edifice, the nation on the whole was only roused the day when these vices brought about legislative measures in contradiction to the most legitimate aspirations of our young democracy. We are still a people of idealists, that is very certain, but the last ten years we have not been so utterly disdainful of practical necessities as we formerly were. I might sum up the transformation which is going on in France by saying that *opportunism* tends more and more to become the very basis of the new political character of the nation. Now, what is opportunism if not politics itself, that is to say the art of discerning the favorable moment for such or such social or legislative operation recognized by reason to be good and useful?

From the very first hour the leaders of the Republican party had been cognizant of the following flaws in the constitutional pact. First, the strange provision which fixed the place of sitting of the Chamber and Senate at Versailles. Secondly, the silence of the constitution as to the mode of electing the Chamber of Deputies, which, according to the spirit of democracy, ought to be by *scrutin de liste*. This is clearly demonstrated in my former article.* Thirdly, it was stipulated in the text of the constitution that three-fourths of the Senate, 225 Senators, should be elected by an assembly of electors composed, in each department and in the colonies, of dep-

* "Scrutin de Liste and Scrutin d'Arrondissement," *Nineteenth Century*, September, 1881.

uties, *conseillers généraux*, *conseillers d'arrondissement*, and of representatives, one of whom was elected by each municipal board. This led to the abnormal fact of each parish being uniformly represented whatever might be the number of its population; in other terms, a parish of one hundred inhabitants had the same share in electing the Upper House as had a parish of 300,000; a municipal board returned by fifteen electors, as one returned by 200,000 citizens. Fourthly, that the remaining quarter of the Senate, 75 Senators, was named for life and by the Senate alone. Lastly, in consequence of the inexact interpretation given, contrary to M. Gambetta's opinion, to Article 8 of the constitutional law of February 25, the fact, which must really seem monstrous to all Englishmen, that the Senate had the same attributions and legislative power as the Chamber of Deputies in matters relating to the Budget.

Such were the only serious objections that could be made to our constitution; for the rest, it corresponded marvelously to the historical and political wants of the nation. In our country with its monarchical past, it firmly fixed and supported the executive power, as indeed should be done in every well-organized country. The President of the Republic was elected by the two Houses, and not, as in 1848, by the nation. Directly he was named for a period of seven years, he had the right to ask the Senate for the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies, a right which corresponds to the American *veto*. Besides this, the legislative power was divided between two Assemblies; the dangerous principle of a single Assembly had been given up, it having been recognized that a single Assembly is without control, and that it tends then to grow into a tyrannical Convention whose slightest errors may be terribly fatal to the nation. Of these two Assemblies, one was elected by universal suffrage, so as to represent the progressive spirit of the country; the other was elected by suffrage two removes from universal, so as to represent the conservative spirit. All this, it cannot be repeated too often, was excellent, and all these and other provisions may be considered as having entered

into the very marrow of the French nation.

But it is precisely for this reason, it is precisely because the nation prizes and esteems, as the best of constitutional covenants she has until now possessed, the law of the 25th of February—it is precisely for this reason that at a given moment she ought to endeavor to efface from this monument these several defects, for these defects, were detrimental to the sincere and complete application of the fundamental laws themselves. On one hand *scrutin d'arrondissement* prevented universal suffrage from manifesting itself in all its force, independence, and wisdom. On the other the articles I have cited from the constitutional law relating to the Senate shut out our vivifying democratic spirit from that Assembly. The result of this was that politicians sometimes considered the Chamber of Deputies as not sufficiently political, and that the Senate became unpopular in the great centres. The National Assembly had stipulated that the constitutional pact should be revisable during the seven years, only if the movement was proposed by the President of the Republic; and indeed this was wise, for in seven years the true merits of the system would be tried and all hazardous and inopportune revisions averted. The revision was only to become common property when the vices of the constitution were undeniably established and known, and when the working of the machine had brought them to light. When it had been ascertained that *scrutin d'arrondissement* caused local interests to outweigh general interests in the Chamber of Deputies, and that the Senate, because of its too narrow origin, had ceded to reaction in dissolving the Chamber of 1876, refusing obligatory and lay instruction, throwing out certain laws relating to religious associations and electoral reform, then the cry for the revision became general. This was the cry of the elections of the 21st of August, 4th of September, and 8th of January. It was adopted by the very statesmen who in the beginning wished to put off the revision still longer; by M. Gambetta in his speech at Tours, by M. Jules Ferry in his speech at Saint-Dié, by M. Léon Say in his

speech at the *Hotél Continental*, by M. de Freycinet in his last Paris speech, by all Republicans in short, by the most moderate, as M. Teisserenc de Bort. M. Dauphin, M. Frédéric Passy, by the President of the Republic himself.

It is this national cry which has been at three different times sanctioned, as well by universal as by restricted suffrage, that the Cabinet presided over by M. Gambetta has just responded to by moving the revision.

I will not enter into the details of the proposed revision, but will only bring into relief the essential points of it, after having reminded my readers that M. Jules Grévy's first political act when he took the Presidency of the Republic was to ask for the return of the Houses to Paris.

The motions brought before the Chamber of Deputies by M. Gambetta at the sitting of the 14th of January, and which have been developed in an *exposé de motifs* to which it should suffice for the author of this article to refer, are the following :

1. In conformity with the vote of the last Chamber, and in order to comply with the clearly expressed will of our democracy, the re-establishment of the *scrutin de liste*.

2. In order that the Senate may be more easily impregnated with the spirit of the democracy, a provision according to which each parish shall not be restricted to naming one representative elector of the Senate, but that each group of 500 registered electors may name one representative, thus establishing the proportionality of the representatives of parishes in the electoral body by which the 225 Senators for departments are named.

3. The abolition of the naming for life (*mandat à vie*) of the remaining 75 Senators ; for, if the departmental Senators and the deputies had to give an account of their votes and acts to those who elected them, the Senators for life were only responsible to their own conscience, and that is not saying much when it is a question of a conscience such as M. Jules Simon's, for instance. So that we shall be imbued with true democratic principles, we propose that these 75 Senators shall from henceforth only be elected for a period of nine years, and

elected not by the Senate alone (co-optation being but a kind of academical nomination), but by both Houses, forming together a national body of electors and representing the entire nation. So that no one may suspect the government of wishing to take advantage of this opportunity to throw out of the Senate some senators who are against the Republic, such as M. Buffet, M. Jules Simon, and M. Chesnelong, the *Président du Conseil* has generously requested that all posts acquired may be retained.

4. In order not to depart from the spirit of constitutional verity, and to further the good administration of the finances, M. Gambetta demands that the Senate shall have no power over the Budget except that of controlling it—the House of Lords does not possess this privilege—and that the Upper House shall never be allowed to renew a grant abolished by the Lower House.

Such are the reforms in the constitution proposed by M. Gambetta in M. Grévy's name. You see how wise, moderate, and practical they are, and that they have but one aim—to consolidate the constitutional edifice of the 25th of February, to put it above all criticism, and, above all, to secure for it that essential condition of all parliamentary government and of all democratic government, viz., the dividing of the legislative power between two Houses. Accordingly, the Government bill has excited the most violent wrath of reactionary men, and especially of that band of madmen, the *intransigents*, who would like to do away with everything, the Presidency of the Republic, the Senate, and since communal autonomy is one of their favorite hobbies, with the very unity of the French land. For my part, I know nothing more in favor of the Reform Bill than the sarcasms, jeers, and abuse of the *intransigent* press. These people can never forgive M. Gambetta's being a patriot and a government man. Lately they have heaped imprecations on his head because he is a resolute adversary of all extravagant radical measures, because he wished the Republic, instead of being a small, closed church, to be a grand temple open to all good, intelligent, and capable Frenchmen, whatever may have been their past

political opinions ; because he has declared himself opposed to all scandalous disorder and riot in the street, and, especially, because he more than any one holds the national flag firm and high before all Europe, and that he replied to those miscreants who sought to dishonor our representative in Africa and to renew against him what some disloyal Englishmen, condemned by all good Englishmen, had done against Warren Hastings, by sending M. Roustan to Tunis again.

If M. Gambetta should succumb in this question through any coalition whatsoever, he will nevertheless come out of the battle greater than before,

and with the approbation of all true patriots and all true statesmen, but the country will be in the saddest state ; *intransigents* and *intrigants* would demolish in a few weeks the labor of long years, and great would be the damage for the Republic and for the nation. If, on the contrary, he comes out victor, as we have still great reason to hope, the Republic will be definitively established on immovable bases, and for the honor and happiness of the nation. The happiness of France is one of the necessary conditions for the peace of Europe, and for the prosperity of the entire civilized world.—*Nineteenth Century*.

MR. SWINBURNE'S TRILOGY.

BY G. A. SIMCOX.

MARY, Queen of Scots, has hitherto been unfortunate in her poets. She is one of the most picturesque figures in history, and till the last fifteen years it would have been difficult to refer readers in search of an ideal portrait to anything more satisfactory than Scott's sketch in the "Abbot," and the still more slightly filled outline in the "Tales of a Grandfather." Alfieri and Schiller were tempted by her fame ; but neither can be said to have succeeded. Alfieri, in spite of his instincts, could not escape the influence of the example of Metastasio, who hovered through a long and not unprosperous career on the confines of melodrama and opera. Alfieri's zeal (which decidedly outran his knowledge) for Greek severity and simplicity of treatment constantly tended to efface everything but the main lines of the situation, and to reduce the characters to puppets, who would seem sentimental if the strings that set them dancing were not held so tight. The whole tragedy of Darnley's death is transacted as if no one had been concerned in it except Mary and Murray (called La Moreë), Bothwell, and Queen Elizabeth's ambassador, called Ormondo. One may measure how much Alfieri cared for literal historical truth (perhaps how much he knew of it) by two or three facts. Morton does not appear or make himself

felt at any point of the action ; Murray is in Scotland, and in communication with the Queen to the last ; Darnley is simply a faithless and thankless husband, who has the bad sense to be jealous, instead of the tragi-comical zany whom it might have seemed easy beforehand to put away amid universal applause. As for the general local color, Murray exhorts Darnley—as he explains without any personal interest—to foster the chosen children of God, not the God of Rome, who is a God of blood and wrath, as if the God of John Knox were a God of sweetness and light. On the other hand, in Alfieri, Mary and Bothwell are at least well-bred. Mary is the perplexed lady ; Bothwell is the urgent champion, whose sense of his mistress's wrongs is, perhaps, a little over-quickened by his desire to possess and console her : but still they make a more dignified pair than modern historians, with the Casket Letters before them, are apt to reproduce.

Schiller cannot be accused of isolating his chief figures unduly. He brings Queen Elizabeth and all her court to Fotheringay ; he assumes that the French marriage and Mary's trial are on the *tapis* together, in order that he may bring upon the stage the whole intricate scene of Elizabethan politics, and make the long personal rivalry of two women, each

of whom had charms of her own, culminate in a skilfully managed scolding match. If one feels that Alfieri gives his readers too little history, one feels that Schiller gives them too much. He spends a great deal of ingenuity in providing his characters with opportunities to make reflections and express opinions which would have found a more appropriate place in a good quarterly article on a work on the subject, by Robertson or Alfieri, and with all his pains he is magnificently unhistorical. He passes dry-shod over the conspiracy of Babington, and invents a conspiracy of an imaginary Mortimer to rescue Mary at the last, which is only defeated by the intervention of Leicester. To be sure, there is a certain justification for this, as it enabled Schiller to make dramatic use of one of Queen Elizabeth's worst weaknesses. It is clear that it would have cost her less to have had her rival assassinated than to authorize her execution, and the most effective way of emphasizing this essential element in the situation is to place her in communication with a volunteer assassin, who deceived his employer as she deserved to be deceived.

Alfieri and Schiller had the good or evil fortune to write for a public which knew as much or as little of Mary Stuart as we know of the obscurer Lives of Plutarch or Cornelius Nepos. Mr. Swinburne writes after Mr. Froude, and gives his readers credit for having studied his predecessor diligently; the Elizabethan dramatists were more at ease in embroidering the stout canvas furnished to them by chroniclers like Hall or Holinshed. They did not feel themselves bound in any way to penetrate by dint of imagination into secrets that will always perhaps lie out of reach of historical knowledge. Victor Hugo undertook to do this with characteristic daring before the original documents of the past had been made accessible to contemporary readers. He divined what he announced to be the essence of the past, he expounded his own divinations in his prefaces, and he illustrated them by plentiful and impossible inventions in his plays.

Mr. Swinburne is too intelligent a disciple to be misled by the errors of his master, if he is too pious to detect them. The gravest liberty which he takes with

history, throughout his trilogy is a suggestion that Mary Beaton decided the fate of Mary Stuart. There may be authorities for the belief that Elizabeth was moved to sign the warrant by the sight of a letter which Mary had had sense enough to wish suppressed, because it showed too much of her inclination to believe all the scandal the plain-spoken Countess of Shrewsbury had to tell of her mistress. But no known historian has ever asserted that the paper was forwarded at the decisive moment because Mary Stuart, when she heard Chastelard's last song again after more than twenty years, could not or would not remember the name of the singer. Fletcher, it may be remembered, did not disdain a more or less imaginary accident of the same kind in Henry VIII., and since then dramatists have generally felt it due to their art to play Providence, even in historical plays, to their characters. Shakespeare himself leaves his principal characters to bear their historical fate, so far as he knew it, unaltered and uninfluenced by his own devices; but even Shakespeare has more than one half historical character like Falconbridge or Falstaff, who are at once actors and spectators, and give the kind of unity to the play which used to be given by the chorus.

Apart from her one decisive intervention, this is the position of Mary Beaton throughout Mr. Swinburne's trilogy; and her *rôle* is certainly indispensable. It would have been impossible to represent the real unity of Mary's checkered career as queen and captive through five-and-twenty years within any possible dramatic limits, and the three episodes which form the subject of the three plays have no visible connection of their own. But this is admirably supplied by making the victim of the tragedy of Chastelard the witness and the judge of the tragedy of Darnley, and witness, judge, and executioner in the final tragedy of Mary. The parallel is carried out in detail. Mary Beaton watches the death of Mary, as she had watched the death of Chastelard, and hears the same curse on the Queen's enemies after both. As a matter of stage management, perhaps the scene of Chastelard's execution is better contrived than that of Mary's. A conversation between two ladies at a

window about what is going on in the street, out of sight of the spectators, would look more lifelike than a conversation in a balcony about what was going on in the hall below, if the hall was to be out of sight of the spectators too. As a matter of dramatic construction, both may be said to combine the advantages of the Elizabethan method of leading the characters off the stage to execution, and the Greek method of sending a messenger from within to describe the catastrophe to the chorus.

One cannot say that these details are unimportant, because neither *Bothwell* nor *Queen Mary* can have been intended even for a regenerated stage; even a closet drama is acted in the imagination. Perhaps in all dramas the most beautiful figures owe something to the imagination not only of the writer, but of the reader.

And this, if true at all, is especially true of Mary Beaton: it is little that she can do, it is not much that she can say. We have to remember what she is. Upon this condition her simple reiterated—

“But I will never leave you till you die,”

has the same sort of impressiveness as the mute shrouded figure of Achilles mourning for Patroclus, which occupied the centre of the stage half through one of the most famous tragedies of Æschylus. She is an incarnate Nemesis; her pale, shadowy, placid features are the mask of the avenging deities who are always shod with wool. She helps her beloved to his doom without reproaching him; she watches her mistress without menacing her; she listens to her ecstatic piety without rebuking her; she prays to be delivered from the necessity of betraying her; and at last she sees her die without exulting over her. Her only hope in the death of her Queen is to be able to die soon after, with all her passion burnt out long ago. We heard already—

But now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are.

Mary Beaton makes us say the same of destiny; for the poet assumes throughout that destiny is bound to fulfil her desire and her trust. The retribution which makes her heart beat with intolerable satisfaction is not to be called ven-

geance, or even justice. Mary Stuart has suffered far more keenly before; in her last strait she feels herself comparatively innocent, more righteous at any rate than her denouncers; she has had the last triumph of putting them in the wrong; her death comes upon her as a not unwelcome surprise. To the last she sees in Mary Beaton only a faithful companion, who has never been able to speak out the love which she doubtless felt. After all Mary Beaton's awestruck waiting, after all her bitter heart-searching, death comes at last out of her hand more like a deliverance than anything else. It is seldom a tragedy which deals with such bloody matter leaves the reader so calm. We are made to feel that the worst does not need to be explained, or atoned; nature and time are sure to be too strong for it; at last it will be left behind and vanish away. In spite of Mary Beaton's mistrust, if we are to think she is mistrustful, it seems as if Mary Stuart met her own end in a nobler mood than Mary Beaton witnessed her beloved's, when Mary Beaton says—

I too have prayed.
God hear at last her prayers not less than mine,
Which failed not sure of hearing.

We do not ask who prayed most sincerely, but who prayed most generously.

The character of Mary Beaton has another value. She is the one ideal element throughout the trilogy, and brings the end into harmony with the beginning. As we turn from *Chastelard* to *Bothwell*, and from *Bothwell* to *Mary Stuart*, we feel as if we were going all the time from bad to worse, leaving a world of gracious imaginings, of bright passions, though their fruit is death, for a world of coarse violence, of brutal desires—a world of dull intrigue. It would be too abrupt a transition to the serenity of Mary's last hours, if through all we had not seen the same pure and patient figure watching for what she alone foresees, till she has ceased to wish for it.

Throughout we have spectators of another kind: representatives of the passionate Protestantism which made any real loyalty impossible in Scotland, while for the time it seemed to intensify loyalty in England. In *Chastelard* they only appear like the little black specks of cloud in a clear sky, that are the pre-

cursors of the hurricane in *Bothwell*. Knox and the citizens of Edinburgh make themselves felt as a greater power than Murray or Morton : though the action of the play is carried on without them, their part is more like the scrivener's scene in *Richard III.*, than like the tribunes and the citizens in *Coriolanus*. In *Mary Stuart*, again, Phillips is meant to show what was noblest in the temper of the Puritan Association in defence of Queen Elizabeth, of which we are shown less worthy samples in the citizens who meet to gloat approvingly over the spectacle of Babington and his fellows hung, drawn, and quartered. Mary herself is almost the sole representative of Catholicism until we come to Babington and the rest, and the only effect of their creed which the author cares to represent is that they were open to be convinced by Jesuits of the merits of killing heretical sovereigns. As Mary died a quasi-martyr, it is natural that poets and historians should combine to represent her as a zealot who only lacked the power to be a persecutor, though there is a good deal of evidence that at bottom she was of Catherine de Medici's mind, and cared more for the maintenance of her own authority than for any creed whatever. A zealous Catholic would have hardly enjoyed the defeat and execution of a rebel who offered to set up the mass again in three shires ; but it was Mary's interest to pose as a zealous Catholic in her correspondence with France and Spain, for her friends in France were zealots and the King of Spain was the paragon of bigots. For herself, so far as she was capable of conscientious attachment to any creed, she was attached to the creed of her mother and her uncles ; and she had a truly royal repugnance to see her own creed persecuted, especially when it was persecuted in her own name, which, so far as the evidence goes, was in a fair way to expand into a wholesome objection to persecution in general. In theory, and so far as they dared in practice, her descendants who came to the throne were decidedly in advance of public opinion in all that concerns toleration.

It need not be said that Mr. Swinburne takes the severest view from first to last, especially at first : historians have commonly hesitated to condemn

her in the matter of Chastelard, who certainly behaved as if he were crazy, and in those days criminal lunatics fared the worse and not the better for their frenzy. Mr. Swinburne makes Mary play with her mad lover like a cat with a mouse, enjoying his admiration and his accomplishments all the more because she sees his danger, and never so near loving him as when she has decided to let him die for her after she has humbled herself to coax and to scold him to get back the reprieve she had granted. At last Chastelard breaks out—

Why there it lies, torn up.

Queen.

God help me, sir !

Have you done this ?

Chastelard. Yea, sweet ; what should I do ? Did I not know you to the bone, my sweet ? God speed you well : you have a goodly lord.

Queen. My love ! Sweet love, you are more fair than he ;

Yea, fairer many times : I love you much.

Sir, know you that ?

Chastelard.

I think I know that well.

* * * * *

Queen. It may be, man will never love me more,

For I am sure I shall not love man twice.

Chastelard. I know not ; men must love you in life's spite,

For you will always kill them ; man by man Your lips will bite them dead. Yea, though you would,

You shall not spare one ; all will die of you.

Mary Beaton says to her—

Pray you love me, madam ;

And swear you love me and will let me live, That I may die the sooner.

This is in answer to a passionate protestation of Mary's resolution to save Chastelard, of which the only visible object is to send Mary Beaton and Mary Carmichael away. Indeed, all through *Chastelard* Mary's cowardice is as strange as her cruelty ; three-quarters of the play seems to be written on the hypothesis that she is a self-indulgent coward : * the other quarter, which on a first and second reading gives the tone to the whole, is mystical, and tragical. According to this Mary is—

A Venus crowned who eats the hearts of men.

Chastelard says of her before she has betrayed him or wronged him in any way—

* Mr. Swinburne relies upon Knox for his typical scene, where Mary begs Murray to save her from the risk of a public trial by having Chastelard taken off in prison.

I know her ways of loving, all of them.
A sweet, soft way the first is ; afterwards,
It burns and bites like fire ; the end of that,
Charred dust, and eyelids bitten through with
smoke.

The thought of love always seems to call
up the thoughts of God and of hell ; at
least, in the mind of the true lover, the
false Queen stops short at God.

All this element of the play belongs,
not to the subject or to the heroine, but
to a mood of the author which, while it
lasted, ransacked his richly-furnished
imagination for illustrations. Theatrical
performances used to be regarded as a
religious service. From this point of
view *Chastelard* might have been com-
posed for a feast of Dolores, and *Erec-
theus* for a feast of Hesperia, and, per-
haps, *Mary Stuart* for a feast of Proser-
pine.

There is nothing of this ambiguity of
aim in *Bothwell*. Mary is treated quite
objectively for her own sake, not as an
embodiment of a hectic day-dream, and
on the whole she may be said to gain by
it ; she is harder and coarser, and her
attractions are not represented as some-
thing to rave about, but her wit is keener
and her courage higher ; she has made
so much progress in honesty that she
even shrinks from deceiving her husband
at the bidding of her lover, and her
courage and faithfulness at Carberry Hill
are strong enough to rivet the mercenary
heart of Bothwell. And though her love
for Bothwell raises her to the highest pitch
of heroism, one feels that it is only an
episode in her pursuit of power and ven-
geance. True, there are still traces of
sentimentalism : when Mary is tired of
overruling Rizzio's good advice, she
wishes she could be a shepherdess.
Rizzio thinks she would weary if she
were.

Faith, who knows ?

But I would not be weary ; let that be
Part of my wish. I could be glad and good,
Living so low, with little labors set,
And little sleeps and watches, night and day
Falling and flowing as small waves in the sea.
From shine to shadow and back, and out and
in

Among the firths and shallows of low life.
I would I were away and well. No more,
For dear love, talk no more of policy.
Let France, and faith, and envy, and England
be,
And kingdom go, and people ; I had rather
rest
Quiet for all my simple span of life,

With few friends' loves closing my life days
in,
And few things known, and grace of humble
ways,
A loving little life of sweet small works.
Good faith, I was not made for other life.

But in the main Mary is a manful ad-
venturess who only trades upon her
womanhood when luck goes against her,
and she has to seduce her enemies from
Darnley to Murray upwards by a pathet-
ic display of her weakness. In *Chaste-
lard* she is striving vainly to live up to
her delight in the fight at Corrie, where
Huntley the elder was put down
in her name ; in *Bothwell* the delight in
battle is her truest and highest happi-
ness. Again and again the poet makes
opportunities to repeat speeches like
this—

I had in mind
Either to sail or drive the deer to-day.
I fear not so much rainfall or sea-drift
That I should care to house or hide my head.
I never loved the windless weather, nor
The dead face of the water in the sun.
I had rather the live wave leapt under me,
And fits of foam struck light in the dark air,
And the sea's kiss were keen upon my lip,
And bold as love's and bitter.

After these reflections she naturally
goes on to explain that the memory of
the past ought never to outlast the
blurred sunshine on a wave ; and find-
ing Bothwell ready to agree with her so
far, goes on—

If I were man, I would be man like you.

Bothwell. What then ?

Queen. And being so loved as you of me,
I would make use of love, and in good time
Put the scythe to it and reap ; it should not
rot,

As corn ungarnered, it should bring forth
bread

And fruit of life to strengthen me ; but mark :
Who would eat bread must earn bread. Would
you be

King ?

Bothwell. Nay ; but servant ever to my
Queen.

It is certainly a proof of courage that
any writer should commit himself to the
hypothesis that Mary was really in love
with Bothwell even for a time. The
only evidence available is that of the
Casket Letters, which were certainly
garbled when translated from French to
Scotch, and back again, though it is a
difficult question how far the bad faith
of Mary's enemies reached, whether they
were compelled to adapt her letters to
Darnley to their view of her relations to

Bothwell, or whether they had genuine letters to Bothwell in their hands, and had only to suppress any evidence they might have contained of how many accomplices Bothwell had in making away with her second husband. However, if Mary was in love with Bothwell, and not merely frankly fond of the one powerful noble who had been uniformly loyal and shown no desire to dictate to her, Mr. Swinburne makes the most of the situation. The apparition of Jane Gordon is unprepared and unexplained; it is inconceivable that she either could or would have thrust herself upon the Queen and her late husband in the way Mr. Swinburne describes. But if we will forget what is conceivable, her apparition is truly tragic both in itself and in its effects. She makes Mary jealous of Bothwell, and this makes Bothwell jealous of Mary, and in his jealousy he shows how little he cares for her as a lover, and how tyrannous he can be as a master, though even then as soon as luck turns against them, her blithe devotion forces him to recognize her as an invaluable comrade.

Her parting with Bothwell is characteristic. She sacrifices herself to save him, and she is desolate at losing him; but she promises nothing, she hopes nothing from him, she looks forward to no happier meeting; they have had their day together, and perhaps there may come better days for either or for both. Bothwell has reason for his jealousy; it was only the common peril that united them. If the scandal had not been so strong her fancy would have gone ranging again, even if it found nothing better in reach for the moment than the lay Abbot of Arbroath. At Lochleven Bothwell is already forgotten. Mary passes from pleading despondency to petulant irony, and from helpless bursts of baffled rage to well-acted penitence, which answers its purpose in playing upon the kindness of Murray. At Langside it is characteristic that she is less vindictive than at Edinburgh or at Dunbar. She actually is willing to content herself with five heads, which is moderate considering all she had gone through. When the battle is lost she finds consolation in the prospect of a hard ride by night to the border. One almost wishes the play could have ended

there. The long scene with Herries on the retreat into England is too full of political calculations. No doubt Mary reckoned, more or less rightly, that she would find it easier to make herself felt in England than in any other shelter that was open to her, but we may be sure that she did not unbosom herself at length to Herries. All through perhaps the author is a little over-anxious to explain the political situation: more than once the characters seem to be talking, not to influence one another or to carry on the story, but simply to give the reader information.

Babington and his fellows have a certain opportunity of action, and the poet represents them as wrangling over it through a long and vivid scene. The leader is vainglorious, and his comrades are jealous, sceptical, and scrupulous. The one man of business among them is the Jesuit Ballard, who is arrested almost as soon as he appears to rebuke them for their folly. Babington himself is a truly magnanimous fop; he is almost as exquisite in his way as Darnley; his mock wisdom is as edifying as Darnley's mock energy, and when the time of trial comes he is as unable to be true to himself as Darnley. He is not a thorough craven, and he does not turn against his confederates, but his last word is—

I have not conspired for profit, but in trust
Of men's persuasions, whence I stood assured
This work was lawful which I should have
done,

And meritorious as toward God; for which
*No less I crave forgiveness of my Queen,
And that my brother may possess my lands
In heritage, else forfeit with my head.*

Ballard judges him as he deserves.

*Yea, Master Babington,
Quoth he: Lay all upon me; but I wish
For you the shedding of my blood might be
The saving of your life; howbeit, for that,
Say what you will, and I will say no more.*

And Mary is really no less severe: she corresponds with him, and her letter sends him into an ecstasy of excitement, but upon the rest it has very reasonably the effect of a douche of cold water.

Tichborne. This rings well;
But by what present mean prepared doth hers
Confirm your counsel? Or what way set forth
So to prevent our enemies with good speed
That at the goal we find them not, and there
Fall as men broken?

Babington. Nay, what think you, man,
Or what esteem of her, that hope should lack

Herein her counsel? Hath she not been found
Most wary still—clear-spirited, bright of wit,
Keen as a sword's edge, as a bird's eye swift,
Man-hearted ever? First, for crown and base
Of all this enterprise, she bids me here
Examine with good heed of good event
What power of horse and foot among us all
We may well muster; and in every shire
Choose out what captain for them, if we lack
For the main host a general;—as indeed
Myself being bound to bring her out of bonds,
Or here with you cut off the heretic queen
Could take not this on me;—what havens,
towns,

What ports to north, and west, and south, may
we

Assure ourselves to hold in certain hand
For entrance and receipt of help from France,
From Spain, or the Low Countries; for how
long

Raise for this threefold force of foreign friends
Wage and munition, or what harbors choose
For these to land; or what provision crave
Of coin at need and armor; by what means
The six, her friends, deliberate to proceed;
And last, the manner how to get her forth
From this last hold wherein she newly lies.
These heads hath she set down, and bids me
take

In all seven points, counsel and common care.

Obviously Mary must have known what fools her last friends were, and can hardly have expected any real help from them, and yet she is "fey" with a pleasurable excitement at the prospect of their success. Apparently we are to understand that the mere physical restlessness of her confinement has thrown her judgment off its balance. Her spirits flag for a moment, and she sings an exquisite Scottish song:

And ye maun braid your yellow hair,
And busk ye like a bride,
Wi' seven-score men to bring ye hame,
And ae true love beside.
Between the birk and the green rowan
Fu' blithely shall ye ride.
Oh! ye maun braid my yellow hair,
But braid it like nae bride;
And I maun gang my ways, mither,
Wi' nae true love beside.
Between the kirk and the kirkyard,
Fu' sadly shall I ride.

But her spirits rise again as she rides to the hunting party, which was arranged on purpose that her papers may be rifled in her absence; while she expects Babington and his friends to meet her, and to carry her off to some place of safety, of which they have told her nothing, wisely and straitly as she questioned them. She bears herself with dignity when arrested; but when she finds that she has been robbed and cheated, her

indignation breaks out in a way that shocks Sir Amyas Paulet all the more, because he is heartily ashamed of the shabby treachery imposed upon him. With the writer's usual abstinence, we only get the news at second-hand. Paulet complains of Mary's invidious behavior to Mary Beaton, who justifies her mistress as loyally as Paulet tries to justify his. Even in the trial scene the characters seem more anxious to state the case for the public than to convince one another. Mary of course could not afford to press her points, but the Commissioners could not afford to stop short of their mark.

Any writer of a "chronicle history," from Marlowe to Massinger, would have made the trial prove Mary's guilt or innocence of complicity in Babington's designs against Elizabeth's person. No ancient dramatist, except perhaps the author of the *White Devil*, would have attempted to find a dramatic expression for all the points which were raised in the course of two days' debate within the limits of a single scene. Even Webster would not have worked through the State Papers as Mr. Swinburne has done, and he might, if it had pleased him, have undertaken to set forth the whole public controversy between Mary and Elizabeth more easily because he was not overweighted with knowledge of it. Mr. Swinburne, one thinks, is a little overweighted; he assumes Mary's guilt in her soliloquies, and does not trouble to prove it in the dialogues. Again, one fancies that an elder dramatist would have made less or more of the selfish vacillations of the French and Scottish Courts, would have given us the debates of Edinburgh and Paris, or else have spared us their sterile manifestations at Greenwich. Mr. Swinburne, it is true, gives us nothing but what is necessary to enable us to enter into the vacillations of Queen Elizabeth, whom he handles as tenderly as Isaak Walton would handle a worm. If it had to be done, it is done once for all with absolute objectivity: only the treatment is a little too objective to be in any measure ideal. Mr. Swinburne's Elizabeth is not impressive, or pathetic, or even hateful or ridiculous. She is simply a shrewd, kindly, elderly woman in a difficult situation, more than half spoiled by

adulation and bravado, for her courage, according to an uncontradicted saying of Mary, is only a matter of words. Before we have done with her we feel it was quite reasonable of her to expect her zealous subjects to rid her of Mary in some way without forcing her to take the pain and risk of a decision. It was they who desired Mary's death. As for herself, in the bottom of her mind she had a feeling that it was not safe for a queen to admit that another might be regularly and lawfully executed; and this feeling would have been satisfied equally well by a magnanimous pardon or a discreet assassination. Her long habit of deference to her subjects forbade her to pardon; and since she was prepared to give way in substance, it was hard that they would not give way in form. All the ideal side of her character is completely sacrificed; we never learn how men came to believe in her, how they came to burn incense before her, till they persuaded her that it was impossible to see her without falling in love with her, impossible even for her lovers to gaze steadfastly on the majesty of her countenance. Of course she was living upon her reputation, like most sovereigns who have reigned close upon thirty years; but one wishes Mr. Swinburne had shown us how he thought it was made. Perhaps it was made, after all, largely by Mary's method of giving little and demanding much. What he does dwell upon rather too nakedly is the contrast between the joyous nature of Mary and the joyless nature of Elizabeth. One never missed a pleasure, the other never failed in the long run; one commanded admiration from all and devotion from many; the other found as much profitable service as she wanted. Elizabeth's servants speak before her with bated breath; they never dare to remonstrate with her about her schemes for assassinating Mary, as Mary's servants remonstrate with her against her marriage with Bothwell. But none of them extol her, except to her face; when Phillips is trying to pacify Paulet's scruples about tampering with Mary's correspondence, he does not say that a man ought to be willing to dishonor himself for Elizabeth, but makes a splendid speech about devotion to England.

Against this we may set Drury's monumental character of Mary:

Such things will pluck
Hard at men's hearts that think on them, and
move
Compassion that such long, strange years
should find
So strange an end; nor shall men ever say
But she was born right royal; full of sins,
It may be, and by circumstance or choice
Dyed and defaced with bloody stains and black,
Unmerciful, unfaithful, but of heart
So fiery high, so swift of spirit and clear,
In extreme danger and pain so lifted up,
So of all violent things inviolable,
So large of courage, so superb of soul,
So sheathed with iron mind invincible,
And arms unbreached of fire-proof constancy,
By shame not shaken, fear, or force, or death,
Change, or all confluence of calamities;
And so at her worst need beloved, and still
Naked of help and honor when she seemed
As other women would be, and of hope
Stripped, still so of herself adorable,
By minds not always all ignobly mad,
Nor all made poisonous by false grain of faith,
She shall be a world's wonder to all time,
A deadly glory watched of marvelling men,
Not without praise, not without noble tears.
And if without what she would never have
Who had it never, pity—yet from none
Quite without reverence, and some kind of
love
For that which was so royal.

One of the subtlest things in the whole play is Mary's attitude in her fight for life. She hardly cares to live except when for the moment she fancies she is going to triumph. Pitiless as the poet calls her, she is not without regret for all who have perished in her defence or her service, especially as they all perished in vain. Of all, she seems to think most tenderly of David Rizzio; she fancies apparently in all good faith that it was he who warned her of her evil fortune, though Mary Beaton remembers but too well that the warning was given by Chastelard, and taunts her with being unable to remember her friends unless she has built them a monument. But Mary's vitality is stronger than her love of life: she cannot bear to surrender to her enemies. She boasts:

I am sure,
Or so near surety as all belief may be,
She dare not slay me for her soul's sake; nay,
Though that were made as light of as a leaf
Storm-shaken, in such stormy winds of State
As blow between us like a blast of death,
For her throne's sake she durst not, which must
be
Broken to build my scaffold.

Though she knows or guesses that her life hangs upon the scandalous letter which she gave Mary Beaton to destroy, though she knows that Mary Beaton has kept the letter, she persists in trusting her as she persists in trusting Curle, her secretary, when he is taken from her into the custody of Walsingham. Of course the confidence is not exactly uncalculating in either case, but one does not meet throughout the trilogy another character noble enough for such a calculation, which after all seems to be more than half instinctive. And her nobility is not something put on at will and put off when she is alone and unwatched : at least, in the last part of the trilogy she is always herself, in the first she is always false, in the second she is often fitful, in the last she is reckless, having outlived desire and hatred, even of Elizabeth, and her hope, if any, is mere constitutional buoyancy. When her doomsmen are at the door with her sentence, she says :

I cannot tell at last
If it should be fear or hope that should expect
Death. I have had enough of hope, and fear
Was none of my familiars while I lived
Such life as had more pleasant things to lose
Than death or life may now divide me from.
'Tis not so much to look upon the sun,
With eyes that may not lead us where we will,
And halt behind the footless flight of hope,
With feet that may not follow ; nor were aught
So much, of all things life may think to have,
That one not cowardly born should find it
worth
The purchase of so base a price as this,
To stand self-shamed as coward. I do not
think
This is mine end that comes upon me, but
I had liefer far it were than, were it not,
That ever I should fear it.

It is quite in character with this that when she hears her sentence she refuses to believe the Clerk of the Council until his testimony has been confirmed by

her old keeper, the Earl of Shrewsbury. She insists upon his testimony, simply out of coquetry to try how much of her old power upon him is left her, although she has no use for it.

The scene serves only to give the last touch to Mary's character, for it leaves Shrewsbury as colorless as Leicester, or Rosencrantz, or Guildenstern. Elizabeth's Court and Council were in reality a more interesting, as well as a more dignified, spectacle than Mary's ; but it is not Mr. Swinburne's fault that the background of *Mary Stuart* is tamer and more prosaic than the background of *Bothwell*. Morton, and Ruthven, and Lindsay, and Bothwell, and Herries, are much distincter and more picturesque than Burghley, and Walsingham, and Kent, and Paulet, just as a moss-trooper is more picturesque, though he is not really more interesting, than a gillie or guardsman. One cannot say in either case that the worthier object is excluded from artistic treatment ; art would come to a standstill if it were dependent for its material on reminiscences of barbarism, or compelled to concentrate itself upon the inner struggles of the highest natures. But it is true that in dealing with the material which civilization offers, new and subtler forms of art are needed. Much can be said in a novel which cannot be said in an historical drama. When Byron turned from the barbaric world of the *Corsair* and the *Giaour* to the modern world of *Don Juan*, he discarded his tragic mask. Mr. Swinburne has published his opinion that *Don Juan* is the greatest work of a poet whom he rates higher than any competent critic since Goethe. Many of Mr. Swinburne's admirers would, like the present writer, look forward with interest to meeting him as a satirist.—*Fortnightly Review*.

FASHIONS AND PHYSIOLOGY.

BY J. MILNER FOTHERGILL, M.D.

FASHIONS and Physiology are not linked together from their association, but because of their divorce. The spirit of unreason seems to inspire the inventive genius of the modern *modiste*, just as it inspired her mediæval predecessors

in the days of the farthingales and stomachers.

History repeats itself ; and so does fashion ! In its ceaseless round of variation common-sense rarely gets an opportunity ; and then never for long.

Fashion oscillates within extremes, and only now and then happens to cross the line of common-sense; from being on one side, it soon passes to the other. Paris is responsible for fashions. The taste of the French governs the world! The French, if they do not love extremes, certainly practise them. In politics they pass from Republicanism to Caesarism; from Democracy to Imperialism. So, when the pendulum of fashion begins to swing back from one extreme, it passes steadily on till it reaches the opposite extreme. Crinolines came in with the physical needs of a great personage; now for some time skirts have been so strait that it is impossible for the wearer to step out properly, and as to running—well, the less said about that the better; though we are passing through a phase of lawn tennis. When some person's hair grew thin she adopted "pads" and false hair to eke out her scanty locks; and, presto! every woman, whether she possessed abundance of hair or not, must follow suit, diseases and parasites of the hair notwithstanding.

The goddess of reason was once adopted as their deity by the French, at a time when such worship seemed singularly inappropriate; and her sway was brief. The goddess of unreason would seem the more permanent deity for the volatile race, though her worship is not avowed. Where is the unknown sanctum from whence issue these edicts, more absolute than Russian ukase or Turkish irade? Even the most obedient devotees cannot, in my experience, give an answer, or even a clew. Yet they obey, unhesitatingly. The car of Juggernaut is not more pitiless than is the rule of fashion. Victims fall under it, but their sufferings are unheeded by the admiring crowd of votaries.

Take the most recent fashion of shoes. The heel of the human being projects outward, or rather backward, and gives steadiness to "the sure and certain step of man." But fashion has decided that the heel of the boot or shoe shall get as near the centre of the instep as possible. Instead of the weight of the body resting upon an arch, in the modern fine lady it rests upon pegs with the toes in front, which have to prevent the body from toppling forward. Then the

heel is so high that the foot rests upon the peg and the toes, and the gait is about as elegant as if the lady were practising walking upon stilts. In order to poise the body on these two points, a bend forward is necessitated, which is regarded as the correct attitude of the "form divine." It is needless to say that there are few ankles which can stand this strain without yielding; and it is quite common to see young ladies walking along with their ankles twisting all ways, or perhaps with the sole of their shoe or boot escaping from under the foot, and the side of the heel in contact with the ground. With such modern improvements on sandals (which allow the feet perfect freedom and play) the present mademoiselle, when she attempts to run, is a spectacle at which the gods—well, not quite that, but at which her mother might well weep.

Then, again, what has physiology to say to evening dress? Decency hid her head in shame long ago at low dresses, and has been silent. Physiology says such dresses are a violation of the laws of health. Let it be granted they do not entail much harm in the heated atmosphere of dining-room and drawing-room, yet what of the drive backward and forward, even with the help of numberless rugs and wraps? What remarks have been made from time to time about the long tarrying in cold anterooms, halls, and passages at Royal drawing-rooms? of colds and chills and of unprotected lungs injured thereby? It be- seems us not to parade the horrors of "a drawing-room" here; but the fact is well enough known, that many a residence along the shores of the Mediterranean has been the long outcome of such exposure.

Whether it be that he is a less æsthetic creature, or that convenience presses more strongly upon him than upon the gentler sex, man certainly escapes the grave changes of dress seen in the other sex. He mildly oscillates from the weakness of pegtops or knickerbockers to continuations of a fan-like character, where the trousers almost conceal the boot, as is the apparently permanent fashion with our blue-jackets. The lapel of the coat covers the tip of the lung just where the low dress leaves it exposed, as if inviting disease to settle there.

The shirt-front is exposed in a very liberal manner in man; but a well-starched linen shirt-front is no bad protection against a rude blast, provided the exposure be not too prolonged.

Even when there is no low dress, the upper portion of the chest in women is often far too thinly clad. Above the corset there is nothing but the dress-body over the tender skin. Fair reader, my connection with a hospital for diseases of the chest tells me somewhat about female underclothing, or perhaps rather the want of it. In private practice, too, opportunities are afforded for observation of the scanty and utterly insufficient under-clothing worn by many whose means do not prevent their indulgence in proper raiment. A thin chemise is often all that is worn under the corset, even in the coldest of weather. It is a perilously pernicious practice. If ladies would only wear something approaching the merino vests, etc. seen in gentlemen's hosiers' windows, they would not require the heated rooms at present rendered necessary from the insufficient attire now in vogue. To be sure, this admits of heavy over-clothing being worn when out of doors—cloth jackets, furs, furs trimmed with fur, and all the paraphernalia of costly outer attire in which the female heart rejoices. But stouter under-clothing would be far, far better, in every way. It would admit of lighter outer-clothes, and be compatible with a healthy stroll, even for those who are not unfamiliar with a carriage.

Then what shall be said about the corsets? What does the Ladies' Rational Dress Association, with Lady Haberton at its head, say about the advertisements in the *Queen* anent corsets?—"They reduce the size of the figure without causing any injurious pressure, while their graceful shape adds a new charm to the form." Whether the audacity or the mendacity of this statement is the greater may be a matter on which opinions can differ, the magnitude of each being so great. A liver compressed till the marks of the ribs are visible after death; that is not "injurious pressure!" Neither is displacement of some of the less fixed organs "injurious pressure," I suppose? To have the viscera driven downward until displace-

ment follows is quite a trifle from the *modiste's* point of view, perhaps; but to the physician it is a grave matter, often entailing ill-health for the rest of a lifetime. And as to the "graceful shape" of a wasp-waisted lady—that, too, only exists from the *modiste's* point of view.

Then as to the lower limbs; why are they to be merely concealed from view by flowing skirts? decency is honored, but why not health? Warm woollen coverings to the lower limbs are quite as desirable for the softer as for the more robust sex.

Next as to hats or bonnets; common-sense, as representing physiology, has never attempted to seriously discuss a lady's head-dress. It is scarcely possible to observe the windows of a lady's outfitter's shop without weeping; and the only thing which prevents laughter in front of a bonnet shop is the prices. A lady may suffer from severe facial neuralgia on exposure to cold, but if the goddess of fashion decree that the bonnet shall be worn on the back of the head, she must suffer patiently till the reaction to poke-bonnets arrives; then she will have a temporary respite from her agony, till the next change again leaves the facial area exposed. She may have sensitive eyes; but no shade of head-dress shall protect her from the sun's piercing rays, unless broad-brimmed hats happen to be *à la mode*. If her skin is sensitive and given to blister, there is a legion of cosmetics advertised—at prices which make a serious inroad on a lady's pin-money. To beautify the skin and clear the complexion it is not essential to wear a suitable head-dress; the *modiste* settles the form of hat or bonnet, and if the cosmetic-vender is benefited thereby, why, there is no great objection to that. Is not the lady of fashion one of the fat kine, on which the lean kine can subsist? and the *modiste* plays into her fellow-trader's hands.

What can be said also of the fashionable life, so craved after by many who cannot enter it, so loathed by many who cannot get out of it? Ladies setting off at midnight to a ball, and dancing till daylight, with what stimulants, alcoholic and vinous, let the novelists who aspire to depict high life be the evidence; turning day into night, and night into day, for no earthly reason

except that such life contrasts with every other life. No wonder a cup of tea is requisite, the first thing in the morning, to rouse the jaded frame to sustain the effort of dressing, aided by a cold bath, to give a fictitious sense of energy; or some potent wine at lunch to keep up the delicate frame. A season of fashionable life requires an autumn in the country, or at Carlsbad—"for papa's gout"—in order to set the young frames up again. It may be a life of

pleasure to be looked forward to in the grand optimism of youth; but what is there in it to make it pleasant to look back upon? It is an outrage on all physiological laws. It makes the life of a lady of *bon ton* more arduous than her housemaid's, more irksome than a ballet dancer's. Yet because it is the life of the highest circles, those in the social strata beneath think it is to be coveted. The physiologist thinks otherwise, and very decidedly so too.—*Good Words*.

"LET NOBODY PASS."

A GUARDSMAN'S STORY.

I.

WHAT construction is an officer to put on the order "Let nobody pass?"

To Lieutenant Archie McEwen, of the Guards, the order seemed plain enough. His Colonel had set him at the head of a staircase which was barred at top and bottom with silken ropes, and said, "*Nobody must pass here.*" This was at Dublin Castle, and the Lord Lieutenant was giving a ball that night. Ireland was no quieter at the time than it usually is, and there had lately been rumors of plots and explosions. Officers were consequently on the strictest alert as to their duties, and it did not occur to Archie McEwen that there could be a twofold interpretation of his Colonel's order. "*Nobody must pass*" obviously meant that a passage must be allowed to nobody.

So the handsome young Guardsman stood on the landing, where, being alone, in full view of the guests who were sweeping through the vestibule below to a broader staircase on his left, he cut a gallant figure. He wore his bearskin, his gold sash and belt, and he held his drawn sword with its beautiful damasquined blade carelessly in hand. Behind him were some folding doors wide open, which gave access to a large room brilliantly lit, intended, he supposed, as a resting chamber for his Excellency's more distinguished guests. As he mounted his guard McEwen received many nods and smiles from ladies of his acquaintance passing below, and some

pointing with their fans to the staircase, arched their eyebrows, and inquired by this pantomime whether they could ascend and shorten their distance to the ball-room. But McEwen had to shake his head laughing. At last the stately Countess of Bellair appeared, with those lovely girls of hers, the Lady Flora and the Lady Amabel. Archie had often danced with the Lady Amabel, and there had been some little flirtations between them which had not left the Guardsman quite heart-whole. Her young ladyship now gave him a pretty nod, which he was going to return, when, to his confusion, he saw Lady Bellair coolly duck under the silk rope at the foot of the staircase and beckon her daughters to follow her.

Lady Bellair was a sister of the Lord Lieutenant's wife, and it was evident that she must rank among the most privileged guests. What was McEwen to do?

"I am afraid, Lady Bellair, there is no admittance this way," he said very deferentially, and standing aside, so as not even to seem as though he barred her progress.

"Oh, the order does not apply to me, Mr. McEwen," answered her ladyship good-naturedly. "It was only given so as to prevent the mob of people from crushing through the private rooms," and so saying Lady Bellair quietly unhooked the rope at the top of the staircase and swept on with her daughters.

"What a dragon you are!" whispered Lady Amabel in the Guardsman's ear as she passed by.

Unhappy young Scot! The ladies had scarcely gone when he perceived the awkward position in which they had placed him. Many people had seen them pass. Somebody unhooked the rope down-stairs, and a whole throng now ascended the steps, having at their head a gentleman in Windsor uniform, attended by another in Court dress.

"Confound it, that's the Chief Secretary," muttered Archie to himself; but this time he stood his ground, while he said politely, "I am sorry I cannot admit you this way."

"But Lady Bellair has just passed," answered the statesman astonished.

"Her ladyship was an exception."

"I should think I ought to be an exception, too?" suggested the Chief Secretary with a shy smile; but Mr. McEwen remained firm; and this displeased the right honorable gentleman. He was a Parliamentary politician who knew little of military ways; and having lately risen to office had an exaggerated estimate of his own dignity. Turning round he saw one of the Lord Lieutenant's A. D. C.'s at the foot of the staircase and signed to him to come up. The A. D. C. hastened, and told McEwen that, he could let the Chief Secretary pass. But the young Scot, excitable after the manner of his countrymen, reminded him rather bluntly that he had no business to give orders.

"Get me a written order from my Colonel, or else let the Colonel come and relieve me," he answered. "Otherwise, you know I can let nobody pass. You, as a brother officer, ought to uphold me in this."

The better disposed persons had already turned their backs to go down; but one of those ill-bred fools who creep in everywhere and who are always anxious to signalize themselves by misbehavior, thought to "show off" before some ladies who were with him by leading a rush who should force their way past the Guardsman. He was a florid barrister with big whiskers, and cried facetiously, "Up, Guards, and at 'em;" while he threw down the rope and charged across the landing with a girl on his arm. But in one bound McEwen had reached the door, and barred it by stretching out his sword.

The sight of the glittering steel had

its effect on the snob, who stopped, but cried out, "Come, sir, I don't suppose you've received orders to cut down his Excellency's guests with your sabre."

"I am ashamed of you, sir," replied McEwen, who had flushed scarlet. "You know I am but a soldier executing my orders. I request you to go down stairs this instant."

After that the staircase was promptly cleared, many ladies declaring, as they went, that, after all, the young Guardsman had been placed in a very trying position and had behaved remarkably well. But soon afterward the rumor of what had occurred, amplified and distorted by the blatherings of the man with the whiskers, reached the ears of McEwen's Colonel, and that worthy hurried to give his lieutenant a setting down.

This Colonel was not a good soldier, nor a good fellow. He was a time-serving courtier, a well-connected, stupid person, very conceited and vexatious in authority. He had never seen service, and would have been sure to blunder if sent into action. All his militaryism consisted in pipe-clay; and in a pompous, half-screaming tone, which he used in addressing his subordinates, he now asked McEwen why the d—l the latter had been making an ass of himself?

"An ass of myself?" echoed Archie, coloring to the roots of his hair. "I had your orders to let nobody pass, sir."

"And you allowed Lady Bellair to go by. Since you disobeyed me to please yourself, you might have had the sense to conclude that my orders did not apply to the Chief Secretary."

"Lady Bellair is the Lord Lieutenant's sister-in-law," replied McEwen; "but I admit, sir, that I was wrong to let her pass. As for the Chief Secretary—"

"Well, what about the Chief Secretary? Don't bandy words with me, sir. You have made yourself ridiculous, and me too. I relieve you of your duty. Go and dance—that's all you're fit for. I'll put a sergeant here who will understand my orders better than you."

McEwen bowed without a word as he sheathed his sword; but he was not the man to stomach such a lecture from a

Colonel whom he little respected. This affair of the guard was a slight matter in itself, but it formed the commencement of a hopeless misunderstanding between the pair. McEwen treated his Colonel thenceforth with all the coldness compatible with subordination; and the Colonel, who discharged his duties too ill to brook the presence of a subaltern alive to his faults, began to worry the Scotchman with petty annoyances. In consequence Archie McEwen soon applied for an exchange. It should have been granted as a matter of course, but the Colonel, pursuing his spite, contrived to raise obstacles, and thereupon the young Guardsman threw up his commission in disgust.

He was a younger son, however, and not over-rich, so that he did not know what to do with himself when he had left the service. Animated with the adventurous spirit of Scotchmen, he loved soldiering, and nothing but the unmannerly conduct of his Colonel could have made him forsake a profession in which he would have been pretty sure to acquire honor. But before long chance threw into his way an unexpected chance of buckling on the sword again. At a party in London McEwen met a Russian General, who knew his story and drew him on to talk about his wrongs. "Why don't you enter the Russian service?" asked this foreigner. "Our two countries are not at war, and I trust never will be. But in any case you would never be required to bear arms against England."

"But should I be admitted into the Russian army?" asked McEwen, recollecting that some of his ancestors had served in the Scottish Guard of the Kings of France.

"Oh, I think there would be no difficulty about it," replied the General. "We have many Germans among our officers, and a few French. A Scotchman would be welcome coming from the Queen of England's Guards. Let me see; you held brevet rank as captain, did you not? and you are of noble blood?"

"My grandfather was an earl," responded McEwen.

"And if your laws of succession were the same as ours you would be an earl too. All the sons of a count are with us

counts. You will be gazetted as Count McEwen. Let me manage the matter for you."

II.

Archie McEwen did not say Yes to the Russian General's proposal, but he did not say No. He gave the matter a few days' thought and consulted his relatives. They advised him that it would be better he should spend the next ten years of his life at least in some more profitable occupation than loitering as an idle man about town. They hinted that he might marry a wealthy Russian princess, which would be more sensible than dangling after Lady Amabel, who would never give her hand to a younger son. At the same time McEwen's relations used all their interest in his favor, so that his passage into the Russian army might be effected under the most honorable conditions possible. Thus it happened that the valorous young Scot one day found himself enrolled as Captain Count Maquine, in the Grand-Duchess Paulina's Cuirassier Guards, one of the finest regiments in the Russian service, and one which was always quartered near Court residences.

It was about a year after he had received his commission—a year spent very agreeably—that Archie McEwen was one night told off on just such a service as he had had to perform at Dublin Castle. By this time he had perfected himself in French, and, by dint of daily lessons, had come to speak Russian tolerably well. There was a ball at the Winter palace, and McEwen was posted in a passage leading to the Emperor's private apartments, with orders to let nobody pass on any account.

Remembering the trouble that had befallen him in Ireland about an order of this kind, the young Captain asked his Colonel (who was a thorough soldier and gentleman) whether this order was to be construed literally.

"Well, of course, if a member of the Imperial family presents himself, you must let him go by," answered the Colonel; "but I do not think that is likely. The order is absolute, except for their Imperial Highnesses."

Accordingly, McEwen stood with the confidence of a man who has explicit instructions. He was habited in a white

tunic, with gold epaulets and aiglets, white breeches, with knee boots and gold spurs, a silver breastplate with a double-headed golden eagle encrusted, and a silver helmet, with a gilt eagle perched with spread wings on the crest. Thus brilliantly accoutred, with a troop of men in the vestibule below to obey his behests, and with a lieutenant and cornet standing beside him in the corridor to give him support, our young Scotchman was in braver circumstance than when he had withstood the Chief Secretary for Ireland in the Lord Lieutenant's palace. And yet, though his stay in Russia had been a pleasant one, though his Muscovite comrades had treated him with that kindness and consideration which Russians can render extraordinarily charming when they please, Archie McEwen looked back with a passing regret on the days when he wore a red coat, and when his highest ambition was to win a smile from Lady Bellair's sweet daughter Amabel.

He was immersed in his recollections of "auld lang syne" when suddenly a tall officer, wearing a helmet and muffled in an ample cloak, climbed the staircase two steps at a time and stood before him.

"You cannot pass, sir," said McEwen in the peremptory tone more usual in Continental armies than in our own.

"What, Captain! do you not know the Grand-Duke Nicholas?" and the officer, throwing back his cloak, revealed a dark whiskered face, and a breast covered with decorations.

"I beg your Imperial Highness's pardon," said McEwen, lowering the point of his sword; and he suffered the Grand-Duke to pass.

Half an hour elapsed; then the Grand-Duke reappeared, hurriedly answered the salute of the three officers, and ran down-stairs. Scarcely had he gone when a tall form darkened the doorway at the end of the passage, and McEwen raised his hand to his helmet-peak on recognizing the Emperor.

"Captain," said his Majesty, in a voice which trembled from excitement, "did you not receive orders to let nobody pass?"

"I did, sire; but I thought the Grand-Duke Nicholas—"

"That was not the Grand-Duke," re-

plied the Czar, with undiminished agitation. "It is General Strenko, a half-mad fellow, who bears some resemblance to his Imperial Highness, and who thrusts his company on me for the purpose of giving me annoyance with his crazy advice. How came you to make such a mistake?"

"I am profoundly sorry, your Imperial Majesty," replied Archie McEwen, who truly felt ashamed, contrite, and sorrowful.

"I absolve you from all bad intention," said the Emperor, in a gentler tone; "but I am ill guarded in my own palace if my guards do not know the men who should be forbidden to approach me."

Archie McEwen thrilled all over as he heard these words. The consequences of his mistake might have been so awful, that, as soon as he was relieved from duty that night, he sat down, conscience stricken, and wrote out his resignation. Next day, his Colonel, who had heard an account of the matter from the Emperor's own lips, good-naturedly told him that his Majesty had forgiven his indiscretion, as he was inclined to lay the blame on the officers who were on guard in the vestibule, and who ought not to have allowed the crazy General to get so far as the staircase. The Colonel added that it was the Czar's desire to hush up the matter, for General Strenko was a man whom the Court wished to humor, while keeping him at a distance.

But neither the kindness of his Colonel, nor the supplications of his brother officers, nor the graciously expressed wishes of the Emperor himself, wrought any effect on the young Scotchman. He persisted in his purpose of resigning, and of course his application had at length to be acceded to.

As soon, however, as he had received the intimation that he was out of commission, Count Makuine, as he was called, made immediate use of his liberty to don civilian attire and to pay a visit to his former Colonel, of whom he asked a favor.

"Colonel," he said, "I would beg you to carry a challenge from me to General Strenko. So long as I was in the service I could not fight him, for he was my superior; but now I am a civil-

ian I can send to him to say that he lied foully in telling me that he was the Grand-Duke Nicholas. He is either a madman or a rascal."

"I am afraid he is only a fool," demurred the Colonel.

"Fools are as dangerous as rogues," retorted McEwen. "I had a fool of a Colonel to deal with in England, who would have been all the wiser if duelling had existed among us to teach him caution."

"Well, I don't think you will do General Strenko any harm by reading him a lesson in veracity," laughed the Colonel. "I will take a friend with me and bear your challenge, my dear Count."

General Strenko could not refuse Count Makuine's challenge. He protested at first; tried, with the fawning grace of a Russian, to explain that a lie was under certain circumstances not a lie; that he was laboring for his country's good, and that in politics subterfuge was sometimes a necessity; but finally he was obliged to accept the young Scot's cartel.

The two men met at early morning, the weapons chosen being swords. Before the duel commenced, General Strenko made a last effort to convince his puzzle-headed antagonist that a fib might sometimes be a laudable thing. "I have proved my courage often enough to say this without appearing to falter," he remarked, sword in hand. "I wished to see my Sovereign, and I availed myself of the only means at my disposal."

"You told an infernal lie, and you left me to bear the consequences," replied the contemptuous Scot. "I am unversed in your casuistry. We are here to fight, not to palaver."

The General ground his teeth, and the pair of antagonists set to. The science was all on Strenko's side; the ardor on McEwen's. The latter quickly got a cut which laid his arm open and drenched his shirt with blood; but he retaliated with a lightning stroke, which, breaking through the General's guard, fell upon his cheek and clove his head like an apple. The wretched man dropped senseless, and was dead before he could be removed from the ground.

"That will teach others not to trifle with soldiers on guard," remarked Mc-

Ewen, as the surgeon was binding up his arm. "If that man had not been my superior I might have remained in the army to derive some profit from the lesson I have taught."

It was understood then that McEwen had resigned his commission solely that he might wreak his vengeance on General Strenko. The news of the latter's death was received not without pleasure at Court, and the stubborn spirit which Count Makuine had shown in the affair commended him to the authorities as an officer who ought not to be allowed to leave the service too hastily. It was conveniently discovered that there had been some informality in the Captain's resignation, and he was asked whether it would please him to withdraw it. He gratefully accepted the proposal, and was reinstated, with promotion as Major, and with the cross of the order of St. George.

From that time, Count Makuine was often ordered for palace duty on important occasions, and the saying "*Let nobody pass when Makuine is on guard*" became a jesting proverb among his messmates. The Scottish officer's troubles were not yet ended, however; for in proportion as a man is trusted so do occasions arise for putting his presence of mind to the proof.

One summer night, while the Court was at Tsarskoe-Selo (the Russian Windsor or Versailles), Count Makuine being there also in command of a squadron of cuirassiers, it fell to the turn of one of his troops to furnish the outer guard of the palace. The guard consisted of a lieutenant, two non-commissioned officers, a trumpeter, and twenty-four troopers; and their duty was to keep two mounted sentries stationed at each of the four entrances to the palace grounds. Makuine, as Major, was not on guard himself; but he had to inspect the guards in and out of the palace twice in the day. He had just finished his evening inspection, toward nine o'clock, and was walking across the park in one of those soft June twilights which are so beautifully clear in Russia, when he heard his name called, and, turning round, saw a young captain of the Briskatstartine Hussars, Prince Wildotski, walking toward him with no very steady steps.

"*Makuine, mon cher, je suis gris*" (I am tipsy), said this young man, with an apologetic smile, and drawing a hand across his forehead as if his head swam.

"And you are on guard at the Grand-Duchess Paulina's apartments?" rejoined the Scotchman, holding out his arm for the hussar to lean upon.

"Yes, that's the mischief of it," faltered the captain, leaning upon Makuine with all his weight. "I was on guard all this hot afternoon without touching so much as a glass of lemonade; but at seven her Imperial Highness's *maitre d'hôtel* brought me dinner, with such a bottle of champagne as I had never tasted before. By St. Ivan of Kiew, I believe it was effervescing brandy! and I had no idea of its strength until I had emptied it."

"Well, there is not much harm done if nobody save myself has seen you," replied Makuine, with a laugh. "I suppose you want me to take your guard for you?"

"Yes, please do, for—for—a couple of hours," hiccoughed Wildotski. "I'll just go and put my head in cold water. As soon as I am fresh I will return."

For obvious reasons Archie McEwen never missed an opportunity of doing anything that could oblige one of his brother officers. In this instance he good-naturedly overlooked the fact that a subaltern officer had committed a serious offence both in getting tipsy on duty and in quitting his post without leave. He had learned to his cost that the heady champagne bottled in France for the Russian market was not a thing to be trifled with, and he could not help laughing at the lamentable plight into which Wildotski had put himself from not having dealt cautiously with this beverage.

He escorted the young man to a summer house, and advised him to remain seated there till a soldier could be sent to him with some water; and then he turned toward the palace. As he went, Wildotski cried after him:

"Of course you know the words for the night? *Neuchâtel* is the password, and *Nesselrode* the counterpass."*

* The password is always the name of a city; the counterpass that of a man. Both words must begin with the same letter.

III.

The Grand-Duchess Paulina and her suite occupied nearly a whole wing of the palace. Her Imperial Highness was a good-natured widowed princess about forty years old, who had many children, and kept a Court of her own, which was renowned for its easy intercourse and gayety. Her Highness—a handsome woman of majestic stature and mien—was very fond of the society of artists, authors, and wits, and almost every evening there was a gathering of such persons in her hospitable apartments.

On this particular night, however, no company was expected; and Archie McEwen had nothing to do but to sit in a nicely-furnished saloon, which was set apart for the officers on guard, and which by the thoughtful princess's orders, was always liberally stocked with pictorial albums and French novels. It was no business of his to prevent visitors from coming in or going out, unless summoned to do so by the major-domo, who of course had his own instructions as to what visitors were to be admitted. This confidential servant informed McEwen that her Imperial Highness was not at present indoors, having gone out with some of her ladies for a stroll in the park.

Seated near the open-window of the guard-room, with his helmet, sword, and gauntlets on (for he could not, while on guard, lay these aside for a minute), McEwen presently saw a party of ladies—among whom he thought he recognized the Grand-Duchess—cross the lawn and make for the principal entrance of the palace wing. He went forth at once to call out the guard and receive her Highness with due honors; but when they were at about a hundred yards from the door the party of ladies branched away to the left, and made for the main building of the palace, where the Czar's apartments were. McEwen remained standing under the portico to enjoy the evening air, and in a few minutes three ladies coming from another direction than that whither the first party had gone, approached the entrance. The lady in the middle was closely muffled in a cloak with a hood, and held a handkerchief before her mouth.

"It is the Grand-Duchess," said the major-domo, bustling forward.

"Impossible; I just saw her Imperial Highness go toward the main building," rejoined the Major.

"No; pardon me. It was the Grand-Duchess Anne whom you saw. And see, Major, you need not call out the guard. One of the ladies has waved her handkerchief, which is always a sign that her Imperial Highness wishes to enter unnoticed."

There was an anxiety about the major-domo's manner which made McEwen eye him closely. He had not seemed pleased when, an hour before, the cuirassier officer had come to relieve the tipsy hussar; and now he was over-desirous to pack off the Major to his guard-room. McEwen remembered how General Strenko had fooled him by pretending to be the Grand-Duke Nicholas, and a suspicion flashed upon his mind that the lady now advancing was not the Grand-Duchess Paulina. Considering the political condition of Russia, such a suspicion, once formed, had to be acted upon promptly.

"Please, Monsieur le Comte, stand aside!" exclaimed the major-domo, in agitation. "Her Imperial Highness does not wish military honors to be paid her."

"My post is here," answered McEwen, in a tone which struck the old servant dumb with dismay; and, flashing out his sword, he made the military salute as the three ladies entered.

The lady who was said to be the Grand-Duchess acknowledged the courtesy by a bend of the head. But this did this not satisfy McEwen. A true Grand-Duchess, thought he, would have shown her face, if only for an instant, to return the salute of an officer of her own guards. There was no reason for her keeping her features so closely muffled in summer time, unless, indeed, she had a toothache.

While these reflections passed rapidly through the soldier's brain, he remarked that the step of the suspicious lady was less assured and more quick than became her position. She tried to glide by with her face turned away; but McEwen, striding to the foot of the staircase, boldly confronted the three, though

he lowered his sword's point and made a low bow as he did so.

"Pardon me, Madam," he said, addressing the lady to the right, whose beautiful young face was unfamiliar to him. "Will you tell me whom it is that you are conducting to her Imperial Highness's presence?"

"Why, do you not know the Grand-Duchess herself?" exclaimed the young lady, her pretty features becoming pink with confusion.

"What is the password, Madam?" asked McEwen, convinced now that if he were really in presence of the Grand-Duchess, she would put an end to this scene immediately.

"I forget . . . isn't it the name of some cheese?" stammered the young lady, whose distress was now painful. "Roquefort, Brie, Gruyère. . . ."

"Make another guess," said the Scotchman ironically.

"Neuchâtel," whispered the lady in the middle to her attendant, but as she bent her head to do this McEwen whisked away the handkerchief she had been holding to her mouth, and lo! the mustached face of a man was laid bare before him!

"Soho, sir, who are you that come masquerading about palaces in this fashion?" cried McEwen, seizing the intruder by the wrist; and he was about to call for the guard, when the young lady hastily placing one of her small hands on his mouth implored him to be silent. Her looks had such a wild expression of entreaty in them that no soldier could have resisted it. At the same time the old major-domo, who was rushing about like an old hen frightened by the screech of a hawk, kept on cackling:

"For pity's sake, sir, have patience and all shall be explained. Let us come into the officers' room where we shall be out of earshot. Everything shall be explained."

"You had better explain things," cried McEwen, turning all his wrath upon the major-domo as a convenient scapegoat. "You were party to the whole affair; I read it in your eyes. March on in front, my man, I am not going to lose sight of you."

The old servant, trembling as if he

had the ague, shambled on in front ; the gentleman in female attire, followed, muttering some not very ladylike oaths; but of the two attendant ladies, the younger and prettier one suddenly darted away and ran up the stairs as hard as she could go, without once looking round. On reaching the landing, she darted through the door leading to the Grand-Duchess's private apartments like one who knows her way.

Archie McEwen twirled his mustache in perplexity, as he watched the fair fugitive escape him, but the other attendant, who was a middle-age person of lowlier station, touched his arm and said to him in Russian : " You need not feel uneasy, my lord. Mlle. de Cypri has gone to fetch her Imperial Highness in person." McEwen thereupon walked into the guard-room, where he immediately obtained proof that the adventure which he had nipped in the bud had no such serious complexion as he had at first feared. The gentleman in lady's clothes had thrown off his cloak, and an elaborate blonde wig, and showed McEwen the good-looking face of a young nobleman who was well known to him.

Addressing him in a tone wherein mortification and some amusement were blended with vexation, this young man said : " There, Makuine, do you recognize me—the Marquis de Cypri of the Preobajenski Guards ? "

" Certainly I do," answered the Scottish officer, who was too much astonished to laugh. " But why on earth did you come here in such a disguise ? "

" That is no business of yours. "

" I will leave your good sense to judge that. If you had been on guard and I had come here masquerading as the Grand-Duchess, what should you have done ? "

The young man (who was a nobleman of French descent, though naturalized in Russia) made no direct answer; but a moment later, breaking into an awkward laugh, he said, " Am I to consider myself your prisoner ? "

" Certainly not, now I know who you are," replied McEwen. " If you will send up your name to her Imperial Highness and she likes to receive you, the matter will not concern me. It was only that blundering old fool " (point-

ing to the shivering major-domo) " who made me stop you by saying you were the Grand-Duchess. If he had named you as any other lady I should have no right or desire to pry into your face. "

" I think, though, you might have guessed that any one coming here with my sister, who is a maid of honor to the Grand-Duchess, had a right to pass unquestioned," remarked the Marquis de Cypri, with French testiness.

" Is that young lady " (he was going to say " that beautiful young lady ") " your sister ? " inquired McEwen. " I was not aware that she belonged to her Highness's household. "

" It is true she was only appointed a fortnight ago," answered the Marquis. " But anyhow, Monsieur le Comte, this is a pretty kettle of fish which you have set stirring. We have not heard the last of it. "

McEwen guessed as much, and wished himself a hundred miles away. He was afraid that he had unwillingly discovered the secret of some gallant *liaison* of the Grand-Duchess, about which a loyal subject would have preferred to know nothing, and he muttered silent anathemas upon Wildotski, whose tipsiness had brought him to this predicament.

It was too late, however, for regrets. Suddenly the door opened, and the Grand-Duchess Paulina herself entered the room, followed by Mlle. de Cypri. Her Highness had a commanding figure, and now bore her head with an imperial air rendered the more significant by a flush of anger that suffused her cheeks. Her countenance fell, however, when she beheld Makuine : " I thought young Wildotski was on guard," she said, her blush fading away into pallor.

" So he was, but he is unwell, and Makuine took his place," answered Cypri, who looked sulky and ashamed in his feminine clothes, and remained seated in the Grand-Duchess's presence.

" Ah ! Malouieff, leave the room," said her Highness, addressing the major-domo ; and for a moment after the servant had retired there was silence in the room. The Grand-Duchess was agitated, and cast two or three inquiring glances at Makuine before she ventured to speak. She was trying to observe on his countenance what effect the scene

had produced upon him ; but he stood in a respectful attitude, his expression quite composed.

"Count Makuine, you are a man of honor and can keep a secret," said the Grand-Duchess at last. "I cannot let you go away with any false impression about what has happened to-night. The Marquis de Cypri is my husband." Makuine bowed first to the Grand-Duchess, then to the Marquis, and tried to refrain from any look of astonishment. The princess proceeded with more calmness and dignity now that her secret was out. "The Marquis and I were privately married a month ago, but for many reasons we cannot yet disclose our union. The Czar disapproves our attachment, and last week my husband was ordered to go and reside for six months upon his estates. If it were known that he was here he would be arrested. That is why he was obliged to come to my house in disguise."

"You understand now the importance of holding your tongue about all this," remarked De Cypri, whose good humor was returning, though he was still a little vexed, and cast disgusted glances at his petticoats.

"Not a soul shall hear the secret from me," promised the Scotchman, bending his looks rather toward the beautiful Mlle. de Cypri than toward the Grand-Duchess, as he spoke. The young lady reddened and turned her head away.

"It is well : I know our secret could not be in safer hands," declared the Grand-Duchess graciously, and a very sweet smile spread itself over her plump dimpled cheeks, that were like cream and roses. "Since you know the truth, however, Count Makuine, we must see whether we cannot make it turn to your advantage and to ours. Colonel Solojine, my aide-de-camp, is going to be promoted, and his place will become vacant. If you will please to accept it you will gain a step and be able to render us some services."

"And you must promise me that I shall not share the fate of Strenko," laughed the Marquis as he held out his hand laughing to the Scotchman. "We have all heard the saying '*Let nobody pass when Makuine is on guard.*' It seems you are a terrible fellow with those who sail under false colors."

Here the interview ended, for when Makuine had kissed the Grand-Duchess's hand, her Highness retired with her husband, who disguised himself in his wig and cloak again to pass up the staircase unnoticed. Presently Prince Wildotski returned sober, with his hair damp from cold water ablutions and a merry apology on his lips for the trouble which he had given his comrade. He learned nothing of what had occurred ; and Makuine left the palace to return to his lodgings.

As may be imagined, he was not quite at his ease, for a man who has surprised a momentous Court secret experiences many of the qualms of one who is possessor of stolen property. It was no slight matter that a Grand-Duchess of immense wealth should have bestowed her widowed hand upon a Frenchman of broken fortune, fifteen years younger than herself. The Marquis de Cypri had a reputation as a gay gambler and libertine, and McEwen quite understood why the infatuated Grand-Duchess should desire to keep her espousals with him a secret. But what if she in her almost sovereign power should entertain fears about the Scottish officer's discretion ? She might have him arrested on some trumped-up charge and spirited away to Siberia before he could raise a voice in his own defence. Archie McEwen was the reverse of a coward, but in going to bed that night he put a six-chamber revolver loaded under his pillow, and resolved to sell his liberty dearly if any one should come to molest him.

The Grand-Duchess Paulina would have laughed at these apprehensions had she been aware of them, for she was a kindly princess, who had never used her power to hurt a human being. At heart she was rather glad—now the thing was done—that her secret was known to the Scottish officer, and this for two reasons : firstly, because her young husband, being somewhat feather-brained and independent in character, was likely to be on his good-behavior now that his status was known to a brother officer so esteemed as Makuine ; and secondly, because the Grand-Duchess reflected that an officer like this Scotchman, brave, cool, and chivalrous, was just the kind of man whom it would be useful to have

about her person in order that her secret might be guarded against eyes less discreet than his own. So her Imperial Highness very quickly redeemed her promise of getting Count Makuine appointed to her household. To the great surprise of his comrades, who could not explain his unaccountably sudden rise in Court favor, Archie McEwen was in a few days promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and gazetted as Aide-de-Camp in ordinary to the Grand-Duchess. By virtue of his functions he had apartments in the palace, and became practically, by reason of the confidence which his mistress placed in him, Marshal of her household.

He quickly perceived that, although not blind to her husband's faults, the Grand-Duchess was madly in love with the scapegrace Frenchman. The Marquis de Cypri was just such a person as women love not wisely but too well. Handsome, mirthful, overweeningly vain and self-confident, he was alternately wilful as a spoilt child and docile as a good-hearted one. There were moments when his fits of passion made his wife tremble and cry, and others when by humoring his weakness she could do with him as she pleased. He had run through a large fortune as a bachelor; and now his wife was engaged in privately paying his debts for him and relieving his estates from encumbrances. It was the Marquis's grandfather who had settled the family of De Cypri in Russia, at the time of the French Revolution, but Gaston de Cypri, the Grand-Duchess's husband, though born in Russia, had been educated in the country of his forefathers, and both looked and talked like a thorough Parisian. He was so extravagant that had it not been for his lucky marriage he must have been reduced to utter poverty: as it was, he had brilliant prospects, for his wife was intriguing to get him created a prince, hoping that when this had been done, and when De Cypri's estates had been reclaimed, she might publish her marriage with him without derogating. Meanwhile her Highness was also interesting herself about her husband's sister, Mlle. Berthe de Cypri, whom she thought of matching with young Prince Wildotski—not because the latter was a very respectable member of society,

but because he was part owner of a silver mine, and belonged to one of the most powerful families of the Empire.

The last scheme of the good-natured princess was upset, however, by Berthe de Cypri and Archie McEwen contracting for each other an attachment that was not long in ripening into strong love. They saw each other daily, and the young Colonel, who was not bashful, promptly cut out the light-minded Wildotski, who felt as yet no decided vocation for matrimony. The Grand-Duchess discovered the courtship between her aide-de-camp and her maid of honor, when the young couple had already exchanged troths, and she was at first mortally angry, stamping her foot, as Imperial ladies will do when in a rage. For some days she would not speak either to Archie or to Berthe; and she even threatened to dismiss the former from his post, and to send Mlle. de Cypri back to her relations. But events shortly occurred which restored the loving couple to her Highness's favor, by putting her in need of their attendance and services.

The Marquis de Cypri was continually hankering after Paris; and, unknown to his wife, had applied to the Czar for permission to travel for six months in France instead of spending the term of his exile from Court upon his own estates. The truth is, he felt the danger of visiting his wife in disguise, and had an uneasy dread of being some night collared and transported to Siberia. The petition he had forwarded was acceded to, and the confidential servant who brought him his passports from his country mansion to Tsarskoe-Selo advised him to hasten off at once, as he was in some fear that his master was suspected of not being in residence upon his estates. The Marquis thereupon made instant preparations for starting. He was in such a hurry to be gone, and so anxious to secure the friendly co-operation of Makuine to abet his flight, that he said to the latter, "You shall marry my sister if you like, Count; but for Heaven's sake, help me out of this hobble, and *try to prevail on my wife not to follow me.*"

The Grand-Duchess, however, on being apprised of the Marquis's intended journey, resolved to go to Paris too.

She would not be separated from her husband. Perhaps she feared that sprightly young man's infidelity. At any rate, twenty-four hours after the Marquis had started, her Imperial Highness had set off in pursuit, taking only with her such attendants as knew her secret—that is Makuine, Mlle. de Cypri, and two female servants, besides four men servants. The rest of her suite, some thirty persons in all, including her children, were ordered to follow, for a Russian Grand-Duchess on her travels is something like an army on the march, and drags a long train of camp-followers behind.

As might have been expected, the Grand-Duchess's precipitate departure excited the Czar's suspicions, and before her Highness had reached Paris the Russian ambassador in that capital had received instructions about her by telegraph. His Excellency waited on the princess as soon as she arrived at the Grand Hotel, and remained closeted with her for an hour. When he was gone Makuine was sent for, and found the Grand-Duchess drying her eyes with her handkerchief and looking quite overwhelmed with sorrow. Mlle. de Cypri was endeavoring to console her.

"What am I to do, Makuine?" asked her Highness dolefully. "The ambassador has told me that I am on no account to receive the Marquis de Cypri, as the Czar will never consent to our marriage!"

"Let me return to St. Petersburg and tell his Majesty the whole truth," replied Makuine fearlessly.

"Ah, that is a fine proposal enough; but you do not know what you are saying. Before you could reach the Czar your errand would be guessed, and you be placed under arrest, so that you might not convey your message. You might remain in confinement for months before you could communicate with me."

"I am willing to run the risk, Madam," answered the Scotchman. "I think anything is better than secrecy in such an affair—especially transparent secrecy."

"It may be," replied the Grand-Duchess after a moment's reflection. "But I shall not consent to this. After all, I am free to marry whom I

please, and shall not let myself be bullied. Makuine, can you execute with the utmost strictness an order I shall give you?"

"Your Imperial Highness's orders would be obeyed to the letter, of whatever sort they were."

"Then, you must *let nobody pass* to my presence till you receive further instructions."

"Nobody, Madam?"

"Nobody—not even the ambassador, *not even my husband*. You are to say I am ill and can receive no visitors. Indeed, I do feel unwell, and require to be quite alone for reflection. Can I rely on you?"

"Certainly, Madam. But the Marquis de Cypri will no doubt think it strange that I should deny him admittance to his wife's apartments."

"No matter what he thinks. Do as you are told and you will understand my purpose in due time. If you obey me faithfully, Berthe's hand shall be your reward."

Archie McEwen bowed to the Grand-Duchess, exchanged a glance with the blushing Berthe de Cypri, and left the room to mount his novel guard. He little thought how long and arduous a one it was to prove.

IV.

Once more he was on duty with that trying order "*Let nobody pass*" to execute. But this time he was not in uniform, and he did not hang about passages.

The Grand-Duchess occupied in the hotel a large suit of state rooms, which was reserved for personages of her rank, and which had a private entrance. The servants of the hotel admitted nobody without referring to the Duchess's major-domo, Malouieff, and Malouieff had instructions to dismiss all the visitors of little importance himself, but to refer persons of high condition to her Highness's Aide-de-Camp and Acting Chamberlain, Count Makuine.

But this arrangement obliged Makuine to remain indoors all day and night. He did not dare to leave his apartments for an instant. On the morning after he had begun his guard the Russian ambassador arrived, and his Excellency evidently did not believe the story which

he had heard from Malouieff about the Grand-Duchess's indisposition.

"I must ask you, Colonel, to use your influence with the Grand-Duchess to procure me an instant audience," he said confidentially. "The matter is very important."

"I have no influence with her Imperial Highness, your Excellency," replied Makuine coldly.

"But you are aware that, as ambassador, I represent the Czar?"

"Certainly, but even his Majesty might hesitate to penetrate to the Grand-Duchess's bedroom if he heard she was ill."

The diplomatist bit his lips. "Will you ring for one of her Imperial Highness's ladies?" he said.

Makuine touched a bell and one of the Grand-Duchess's maids appeared. She was a Russian in the national costume, with a light-blue kirtle, and a velvet head-dress like a tiara. She was ordered to inquire if her mistress would receive the ambassador, and after five minutes' absence returned with a negative reply. Her Imperial Highness was resting after a sleepless night and could receive nobody.

The ambassador withdrew, looking ugly dispatches as a soldier is said to look daggers. Soon afterwards the Marquis de Cypri came tripping up the stairs as gay as a lark, with a flower in his button hole. He was not staying at the same hotel as his wife, and this was his first visit to her since her arrival. He pulled a very strange grimace when Makuine denied him admittance. "Why, why—what's the matter," he stammered. "Is she angry with me for not having called yesterday? Her arrival was only announced in the papers this morning."

"I think that the simple reason is that her Highness is ill—she can have no other reason for excluding *you*," answered Makuine.

"I say—you—you don't think she has heard of my having supped with actresses the night before last?" inquired the Marquis in a nervous and piteous tone.

"I am sure she has heard nothing to your damage," answered Makuine, who could not help laughing.

"And yet she gives orders to exclude me!" exclaimed the Marquis, whose

temper rose. "Do you know, Count, that, as her husband, I have a right to force my way into her presence?"

"Hardly that, for you are not officially recognized as the Grand-Duchess's consort."

"And supposing I *did* force my way through?" asked the Marquis, scanning the Scotchman, who was a full head taller than himself.

"I am sure you would not put me in such an awkward position," replied Makuine gently. "You would oblige me to give orders to the servants that you should not be admitted beyond the hall when you came again."

"Go to the devil," ejaculated the Marquis, and he went away muttering something about Jacks-in-office, and looking exceedingly uncomfortable under the fear that he had by some freak incurred his wife's displeasure.

He came again the next day, and the next; and so did the ambassador; but neither of them was admitted. Makuine was lost in wonder at the length of the Grand-Duchess's seclusion; but he could only obey the orders he received every morning from the Russian waiting-woman. The ambassador used to come with a very frigid expression, like an official who is prepared for an affront; but who only wants to be able to say, "This is the third—or fourth—time that I have had the door shut in my face." After the fourth day, however, his Excellency grew tired of this work, and began to send an attaché every morning in his stead. The attaché presented himself with a serious mien, asked *pro formâ* at what hour the Grand-Duchess would give audience to the ambassador, and on being told that her Imperial Highness was still confined to her room, he would shake hands smiling with Makuine, and go away without arguing the point.

The Marquis came every day in a far less philosophical mood. He had discarded flowers from his button-hole; he was pale and unhappy. Sometimes he tried to shake Makuine by question and arguments; sometimes he lost all patience, spoke with offended dignity, and used menaces. These scenes were very trying to the A. D. C.; but luckily De Cypri did not attempt violence. He was withheld from this extreme partly

by his sense of propriety, and possibly also by the recollection, as proved by the hapless Strenko's case, that the Scottish officer was a man to beware of. He confined himself to vowing that so long as he had a voice in the disposal of his sister's hand, he would never suffer her to become the wife of a man who seemed to take pleasure in flouting him.

Makuine took no such pleasure, as may be readily believed, for his tiresome guard was being prolonged beyond all reason. He had imagined in the beginning that it would last a day at most; but a whole week went by, and then another, and still he was not relieved. To make matters worse, at the end of the first week the Grand-Duchess's entire suite arrived from Russia—children, governesses, tutors, servants, in all thirty souls; and yet her Imperial Highness continued to be invisible. Every morning the children used to come in a row, with their tutors, governesses, and nurses, and ask the Colonel whether they would be allowed to pay their respects to their mamma, and Makuine had to inform them that their mamma was unwell, but without alarming them. He was beginning to feel alarmed, however. What if the Grand-Duchess should really be ill? If so, why was no doctor summoned? Makuine did not once see Berthe de Cypri, who might have told him the truth; but, on the whole, he was somewhat reassured by this, feeling sure that if anything serious had happened she would have come to tell him. For all this it was a weary, weary watch that the soldier kept. From his window he could see the bustle of the Paris boulevards; view the carriages going in the evening to the brilliantly lighted Grand Opera; and yet he durst not stir out. During the whole of his long guard he never once put on his hat; and withal his past experience did not afford him the comfort of feeling that a man who obeys orders with unrelenting strictness is always the better thanked for it.

It was on the seventeenth day of Makuine's vigil that a change at last occurred. He was taking exercise in one of the passages, in a state of mind approaching desperation, when he heard the Marquis de Cypri laughing in the hall below, as that gentleman had not laugh-

ed for a fortnight, and next minute he saw him ascending the stairs cheek by jowl with the Russian ambassador. This was news indeed, for hitherto the diplomatist and the Marquis had avoided each other like cat and dog. But now the Marquis waved his hat and cried to Makuine before he reached the landing—

"Well, you faithful guardian of empty coffers, I dare say you will be glad to be relieved from your watch?"

"Empty coffers?" echoed Makuine, without comprehending, for he saw a broad smile on the ambassador's face.

"Yes, my dear Colonel, you have been mounting guard for seventeen days over nothing," laughed the Marquis, deriving a keen, vindictive enjoyment from his friend's perplexity. "Why, the Grand-Duchess is at present in Russia!"

"Is that so?" inquired the Scotchman, scarce knowing whether he ought to feel very angry or very foolish.

The two gentlemen passed chuckling into a sitting room, and there, when they had taken seats, the Marquis, who was in the highest spirits, continued his explanations. "Why, on the very day when she gave you the order to mount this guard, the Duchess returned to St. Petersburg. She started on the evening of the day when she arrived here, taking my sister with her, and they both travelled in such strict privacy that nothing was heard of their movements till they reached the Czar's palace. . . . Well, as you imagine, this mysterious journey was not undertaken for nothing. The Grand-Duchess, perceiving that it would be unwise to conceal the marriage to which everybody, including his Excellency here, was objecting [the ambassador smiled and made a deprecating gesture of the hand], thought she would do best to go and make a clean confession to the Czar—taking him by surprise before any one could divine her intention and prejudice his Majesty's kind heart against her. The result has been that his Majesty, graciously yielding to my wife's solicitations, has created me Prince of Lukski, and has commanded that our marriage shall be publicly acknowledged. . . . Here, read this. . . ."

He handed Makuine a letter, in which the Grand-Duchess in great glee related the complete success of her expedition. The Colonel having glanced over it,

returned it to his friend, saying, "Well, Prince, I am happy in being the second to congratulate you, for I suppose his Excellency was the first?"

The ambassador smiled again. Whatever he may have thought of the whole affair, he had the diplomatic tact to accept irremediable facts with the best grace possible. "You have read her Imperial Highness's postscript, in which she says that we may relieve you from your toilsome duty?" he asked good-humoredly.

"It certainly *was* very toilsome," answered Makuine; "but may I at least have the satisfaction of knowing that I was of use to her Imperial Highness?"

"Why, unquestionably you were, for you concealed her movements," replied De Cypri, "and you played your *rôle* uncommonly well, too. If his Excellency here had suspected the truth, he would have set the telegraph wires going and my good wife's affectionate little plans would have been marred."

"I have not to mourn over lost time, then," exclaimed Makuine cheerfully. "And now I think I'll go for a stroll on the Boulevards."

"Yes, we'll all go together, for I invite his Excellency and you to dine with me at the *Café Anglais*!" cried the new Prince in the elation of his blushing honors. "But, I say," added he with another laugh as the A. D. C. was taking up his hat, "you will get quite a renown for your experiences on guard, Makuine. I do believe if you were told to mount guard over yourself and not kiss your wife till further orders, you would obey without a murmur."

"We shall see when the time comes," rejoined the Colonel smiling. "Remember, I have not got a wife yet."

Archie McEwen did soon get a wife, however, for when the Grand-Duchess returned to Paris she was so overjoyed as

to be in the humor for making everybody around her happy. She faithfully redeemed her promise of bestowing her maid of honor's hand on her faithful aide-de-camp; and on the occasion of the wedding, which was solemnized in Paris, she made the bride a magnificent present of jewels. It was not necessary that she should add a dower besides, for Mlle. de Cypri was passing rich, having a private fortune of her own, which her spendthrift brother had never been able to touch. So the Scottish officer in getting a beautiful wife obtained money enough also to support his rank as became him.

Here his story may end. Patronized by the Grand-Duchess, and recommended by his exploits and qualities to the highest Court favor as a trustworthy soldier, he rose from honor to honor in the Czar's service, and ended by becoming completely Russianized. A little time ago his former love, Lady Amabel, being at St. Petersburg with her husband, who was an attaché, saw a glorious being, all gold, fur and stars, riding behind the Czar in a pageant; and she fancied she recognized in his lineaments those of an old friend.

Somebody informed her that this gorgeous personage was the General of Cavalry, Prince Archibald Makuine, a Knight of St. Andrew and Governor of the Province of Tcheremiss.

"He is a Scotch gentleman, Lady, who is very brave and fortunate. It has become a saying among us that nobody passes Makuine as an enemy without rueing it."

"He does not look very savage, though," mused Lady Amabel as the General's eye falling upon her for an instant beamed with good-humored recognition. Possibly she reflected that younger sons may carve out brilliant careers for themselves after all.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

NATIONAL WEALTH AND EXPENDITURE.

BY M. G. MULHALL.

THE increase of wealth in the United Kingdom during the last twenty years is a subject that appears to many people so vast as to carry us into the regions

of conjecture. Yet it may be as clearly defined as the distance from London to York. We know that two per cent of the adult population die yearly; and

if we multiply by fifty the amount of property on which probate or succession duty is paid in any year, we arrive at the accumulated wealth of the nation—that is, of the moneyed classes. It is true that estates under £100 are not included, and that legatees sometimes defraud the revenue by under-statements

of assets; but if we add ten per cent for such omissions we may conclude that we have attained a mathematical accuracy on this point. The growth of wealth has been almost equal in the two decades under consideration, as the following table shows:

	1860.		1870.		1878-80.*
Probate returns.....	£95,000,000	£125,000,000	£153,500,000
National wealth.....	5,200,000,000	6,880,000,000	8,420,00,000

The accumulations averaged £550,000 a day in the first decade and £500,000 in the second, Sundays being deducted; and if we take the medium population for the whole period at 30 millions, we

find the average savings were fourpence a day per inhabitant. Whatever corresponding test we may take will confirm the above statement, but it will suffice to quote three important ones, viz.:

	Millions sterling.		
	1860.	1870.	1880.
House valuation rental	£58	£81	£110
Income-tax „	335	445	578
Insurance „	1100	1600	2100

In a nation's history there are a few things that record more eloquently the progress in wealth and civilization than

its advance in building, and in this respect we have made great strides since 1860:

	No. of houses.		Value, million £.		Per house.
1860.....	5,384,000	1160	£213
1870.....	5,912,000	1620	275
1880.....	6,871,000	2210	320

We have not only built 1½ million new houses, but we have rebuilt or replaced 800,000 old ones, and our people are 50 per cent better lodged than in 1860, as appears from the average value of each house. For it must not be supposed that this rise in value is artificial, since Mr. Howell shows, on the contrary, that the cost of building is much less than it was twenty years ago. An elaborate table before me shows that the average rental of each house is £43 per annum

in London, £15 in the rest of England, almost £15 in Scotland, and a little under £4 in Ireland, the average for the United Kingdom being £16 a year. It is something more than a coincidence that the number of carriages subject to Inland Revenue duty has risen in the same identical ratio as the Government rental valuation of houses—that is, 88 per cent since 1860—which shows the simultaneous improvement in the condition of our people:

	No. of carriages.		Inhab. to each carriage.
1860.....	245,000	120
1870.....	325,000	97
1880.....	463,000	75

The Income Tax returns show a greater increase by 9 per cent than we find in the Probate returns, which may arise from an improved method of collection. Formerly, the revenue was defrauded in the most outrageous manner, such was the hostility to income

tax; and of this a remarkable instance was quoted by Mr. Gladstone, in the debate on the Budget of 1853: "There were twenty-eight persons who claimed compensation in Cannon Street, on sworn testimony, to an aggregate income of £48,000, but who only paid tax on a

* Being the average for these years.

total of £9000 a year." Nevertheless, the income-tax assessments are not far from reality, for we find that the consumption of luxuries (tea, sugar, coffee, wine, tobacco, and dried fruit) averages 9 per cent of the value of assessed incomes in each year. The insurance returns are

only an indirect proof of growth of wealth, but it is notorious that London alone grows 20 millions a year under this heading. Bank deposits, including the market value of share capital and the deposits in savings banks, have risen 65 per cent since 1860, viz. :

	Millions sterling.		Per inhabitant.
1860.....	520	£18 12 0
1870.....	660	21 6 0
1880.....	850	24 6 0

So far, it will be said, we have seen only one side of the picture, as no account has been taken of the loss of capital from the depreciation of farming land. This is a matter of such moment, that estimates would be a statistical immorality. I have, therefore, summed

up all the land-sales reported in the London papers, at three distinct periods of two years each (excluding Welsh farms as of insufficient value, and all sales over £100 per acre, as not being lands for farming), and the result, for England only, is as follows :

	1860-61.	1870-71	1879-81.
Estates sold.....	285	107	166
Acres.....	71,360	43,276	37,783
Price.....	£3,254,000	£1,792,000	£1,458,000
Per acre.....	£45 10 0	£41 10 0	£38 12 0

Here is a decline of £7 per acre, or 220 millions for the area of England, being 11 millions per annum.* But this has been counterbalanced by the rise in suburban lands near London, Liverpool, and the other great cities, which explains the fact that the income tax assessment, for lands only, has risen from 64½ millions in 1870 to 69½ in 1880.

There is, therefore, nothing to be deducted on this score from the clearly

proved accumulation of 166 millions per annum in the first, and 154 millions per annum in the second decade. I shall now proceed to show how the said accumulations were invested.

II. DISPOSAL OF ACCUMULATIONS.

This is one of the most interesting points in connection with the economic progress of the nation, and may be set forth in a few words :—

	Million £ per annum.	
	1861-70.	1871-80.
House-building.....	46	58
New railways.....	18	20
Ships (increase).....	3	6
Banks and trade.....	14	18
Public works.....	6	10
Art, Furniture, etc.....	3	4
Foreign investments.....	76	38
	166	154

As regards the first four items we have the most positive and conclusive testimony. The outlay on public works has been a little over 100 millions in the last decade, as shown by the loans for sanitary and like purposes, and although

one class of the community owes another for the money so employed, the country is none the less enriched by the work, which, is moreover, a very useful employment of capital, since it prevents or reduces sickness, and thus increases

* It is remarkable that the decline in our farm-lands is coeval with the rise of Australia, where the sales of land during the last six years have been over five million acres per annum.

our capacity for labor. How close is the relationship between banking and commerce appears from the coincidence

that both have grown at the rate of 16 millions a year since 1860, viz. :

	Million £.				Annual increase.
	1860.	1880.	
Commerce.....	375	698	£16,150,000
Bank deposits.....	520	850	16,500,000

There has been a still greater increase in the Clearing-house returns, which averaged 295 millions monthly in the years 1867-70, and rose to 530 millions per month for the years 1880-81. It is very significant that in the second decade our home investments increased, and of the money that we placed

abroad at least three-fourths seem to have gone to the Colonies. Doubtless the revelations of Sir Henry James's committee about Peruvian and other loans induced British capitalists to be more careful about lending money to strangers. During the last ten years we lent our Colonies 268 millions, viz :

	Millions sterling.		
	Loans.	Companies.	Total.
Australia.....	54 44 98
Canada.....	19 25 44
Cape Colony.....	10 12 22
India.....	45 59 104
	128 140 268

The aggregate of our investments abroad, according to the *Economist*, produces us at present a yearly income of 65½ millions; so that (after deducting bad debts) we must have at least

1300 millions invested abroad, a sum almost equal to twice our national debt.

The following shows how the national wealth was distributed at the three dates under consideration :

	Millions sterling.		
	1860.	1870.	1880.
Houses.....	1160 1620 2200
Railways.....	348 530 730
Shipping.....	40 66 120
Bullion.....	95 118 143
Furniture, books, etc.....	330 400 500
Stock-in-trade.....	420 500 600
Public works.....	200 250 350
Lands.....	1740 1930 1950
Cattle, crops, etc.....	460 480 400
Sundries.....	87 66 127
Invested abroad.....	320 920 1300
	5200 6880 8420

Comparing these totals with population, we find that each inhabitant was worth £180 in 1860, almost £220 in 1870, and about £250 in 1880. With such an increase of wealth it is by no means surprising that the ratio of paupers to population has declined from 4 per cent in 1870 to 3 per cent last year, that the Savings Bank deposits have risen very

notably, and that the consumption of tea, sugar, and tobacco is higher per inhabitant than in the past years.

III. ANNUAL EXPENDITURE.

Having ascertained the accumulations, the next point is the expenditure, as by adding both together we shall arrive at the precise income of

the nation. Before going into details I may be permitted to state the principal items, and the average per in-

habitant as well as for a family of five persons, viz. :

	Millions sterling.		Average per inhabitant		Per family.
Food.....	474	£13 12 0	£68 0 0
Clothing.....	138	3 19 0	19 15 0
Rent.....	179	5 2 0	25 10 0
Taxes..	125	3 12 0	18 0 0
Sundries.....	177	5 1 0	25 5 0
	1093	£31 6 0	£156 10 0

Although the expenditure approaches 1100 millions, the consumption does not exceed 800 millions, since the rent is simply a payment from one Englishman to another, and even the taxes are pretty much the same. Most of the interest on the national debt will be found to go ultimately into food and clothing, and the same may be said of the principal sums paid to soldiers, police, and all

public officials. But if we are to regard the country as a large house of business, it is impossible to classify the expenditure more simply than in the above table. Food is, of course, the largest and most important item, and calls for special consideration in all its component parts, distinguishing how much is produced at home, and how much imported, viz. :

	Tons.		Value, million £.		Percentage, British.		Do. imported.
Grain, etc.....	19,500,000	160	60	40
Meat.....	1,850,000	111	78	22
Butter, cheese.....	410,000	31	45	55
Eggs.....	100,000	9	75	25
Tea, coffee, etc.....	95,000	11	0	100
Sugar.....	910,000	20	0	100
Wine, beer, etc.....	—	128	94	6
Sundries.....	—	37	90	10
			507		70		30

It will be seen that three-fifths of our breadstuffs are home-grown, this item including not only grain but also potatoes, of which we produce about 4 million tons. As regards meat, we import nearly one-third, but this item in the above table comprises moreover poultry and game, which are not usually included ; it is, however, irrespective of fish, of which we consume over 530,000 tons a year. Eggs of home production average 40 millions weekly, besides which we import 14 millions a week. We use annually $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of tea and barely 1 lb. of coffee per head, and if the duties were taken off these articles we might expect to see our bill for liquor much lower. Still, it is gratifying to note that the consumption of wines, beer, etc., has fallen 20 millions in value since 1876. The item for sundries consists of 25 millions for milk, 3 millions for fish, and the rest for fruit. From the above total of 507 millions it is necessary to deduct 33 millions for grain, corresponding

to the cattle annually slaughtered for our markets, and which comes back to us as meat, thus leaving the bill for food at 474 millions, as before stated. If we are dependent on foreign nations for one-third of our food supply, it is different with clothing, which (excepting two-thirds of our silks) is wholly of home production. Our expenditure under this head is shown as follows :

	Million yards.	Value, million £.
Cotton goods.....	1,100	15
Woollen ".....	330	30
Linen ".....	400	13
Silk ".....	55	19
Hats and boots....	—	26
Tailors' wages.....	—	28
Sundries.	—	7
		138

The home consumption of our textile manufactures is 35 per cent of all the produce, and just equal in value (65 millions) to what we pay annually to foreign nations for raw material. The

number of tailors, dressmakers, etc., employed in making clothes merely for our own population is almost half-a-million of persons.

Rent and taxes as stated in the summary before given are simply the Government returns on such matters. The rental valuation consists of 110 millions for houses and 69 millions for land. The taxes consist of 83 millions national, and 43 millions local. Furthermore, there are miscellaneous expenses that make up 177 millions as follows :

	Million £.
Locomotion.....	46
Fuel, gas, etc.....	30
Hardware, etc.....	63
Law, physic, press, etc.....	23
Church and charities.....	15
	<hr/> 177

Under locomotion I do not include freight, but only passenger traffic by rail and otherwise. Fuel does not comprise what is used in factories, etc., but merely in domestic use. Hardware comprehends all manufactures that are not textile. Finally, the last item includes 9 millions for the average amount of charitable donations.

IV. INCOME OF THE NATION.

We have seen that the expenditure amounts to 1093, and the annual accumulation to 154 millions, so that the in-

come *must* be 1247 millions, but when we proceed to inquire how the income arises, we leave the region of ascertained fact and enter on the debateable ground of estimates, viz. :

	Million £.
Agricultural products.....	249
Railway earnings.....	63
Shipping „.....	60
Minerals.....	73
Dividends on capital.....	115
Rents.....	179
Trade.....	140
Manufactures.....	368
	<hr/> 1247

Some fifteen years ago the late Mr. Dudley Baxter estimated the national earnings (without house rent) at 814 millions. Since then the income tax and probate returns have risen 40 per cent, so that, if Mr. Baxter were right, the national income would now be 1260 millions. This shows that he was within 1 per cent of the fact, although he has left no evidence of how he came so near the reality.

In my next paper I shall call attention to the distinctive feature of this last quarter of the nineteenth century—a more general distribution of wealth and a proportionate decrease in the number of paupers, as well as a “levelling up” of the middle classes, especially in England, France, and Germany, the result of industrial development in these countries.—*Contemporary Review*.

ODDITIES OF PERSONAL NOMENCLATURE.

FROM many different points of view personal nomenclature presents itself as an interesting object of study. What have been the main forces concerned in the production of personal names? When, where, and why were the several denominations now current in England introduced among us? What circumstances have conducted to the survival of some of these through many centuries, and to the total disappearance of others once popular? Or, again, what amount of reference may be traced, in the name-creations of our own time, to the men, movements, ideas, and events of the day? These questions and many others directly or indirectly connected with them

are, it will generally be allowed, not wanting in attractiveness.

It is now many years ago that such questions were considered by the present writer in the pages of this Magazine.* In the article referred to, the matter of personal names was, so far as available space would allow, dealt with at large, and its history, both past and contemporary, entered into. In our present remarks we shall be mainly concerned with the age in which we live, and with a single branch of the subject. Our facts will for the most part be drawn from the registers which have been kept

* See *Cornhill Magazine* for March, 1871.

under statutory provision during the last forty-four years ; and we shall, as our title implies, treat chiefly of the exceptional—the odd and droll—in personal names.

It may be noticed, however, as a help in classifying nominal oddities, that their sources are necessarily to some extent identical with the sources of personal names altogether. We will therefore begin our arrangement of facts by attributing to those causes with respect to which the identity exists, such names as seem to justify the assignment. The main original sources of personal nomenclature have been—(1) Some aspiration on the part of the parents as to the future character or career of the infant to be named ; (2) some fact relative to the circumstances of the child's birth ; and (3) some peculiarity of person or disposition in the child itself. But all existing eccentricities of personal denomination cannot be ascribed to these sources. Among their further causes we may mention (4) suggestive surnames, and (5) error and ignorance. It will, moreover, be convenient to keep a separate place (6) for names attributable to miscellaneous fancies ; while, lastly (7), we shall speak of those appellational oddities which cease to be oddities, or become less odd than before, when they are rightly understood. We are far from claiming perfection for this arrangement ; but it will suffice for the purpose now in view.

I. *Name-oddities answering to the description of aspiration-names.* Many of the current nominal peculiarities which appear to express the desires of parents for their children are of a religious character. The religious aspirations which in the time of our pagan forefathers had shown themselves denominationally by the simple adoption as personal appellations of the names and qualities of deities, and which, seeking a like mode of expression in the middle ages, had been mostly content to use the names of the saints—as pre-eminently in the case of *Mary*, probably to this day the commonest English name, whether male or female—found a more startling mode of utterance in the days of Puritanism. Not only did the Puritan ransack the Bible for appellations of the strangest sound, and call his child *Habakkuk*,

Epaphroditus, or perhaps *Mahershalal-hashbas* ; not only did he delight in fastening upon his offspring a preomen expressing some abstraction familiar in his religious phraseology, as *Experience Repentance*, or *Tribulation* ; but he sometimes invented for his infant's personal denomination a lengthy sentence, either admonitory, doctrinal, or otherwise ; such as *Fight-the-good-fight*, *Search-the-Scriptures*, *Hew-Agag-in-pieces-before-the-Lord*, or even *If-Christ-had-not-died-for-you-you-had-been-damned*.*

These well-known extravagancies are here referred to because, although they are not to be traced in all their forms among the names of to-day, most current nominal oddities of the religious-aspiration class are nearly related to them. Some of this class have been by continuous family usage handed on to us unaltered from the seventeenth century ; and those similar names with respect to which the remark cannot be made are distinctly owing to Puritan taste as it now exists. The following abstract nouns—most of them apparently representing parental aspirations, and many having, as it would seem, a religious meaning, occur as names in recent registers : *Admonition*, *Advice*, *Affability*, *Comfort*, *Deliverance*, *Duty*, *Equality*, *Faith*, *Freedom*, *Grace*, *Gratitude*, *Hope*, *Industry*, *Innocence*, *Liberty*, *Love*, *Meditation*, *Mercy*, *Modesty*, *Obedience*, *Patience*, *Peace*, *Piety*, *Providence*, *Prudence*, *Repentance*, *Sapience*, *Silence*, *Sobriety*, *Temperance*, *Truth*, *Unity*, *Virtue*, *Wisdom*, and *Zeal*.

We shall hereafter refer again to certain of these names in various connections, though for the moment we place them as abstractions in a single list. Some among them, it will be understood, do not *always* mean what they seem to mean. For example, *Grace*, *Hope*, *Peace*, and *Virtue* are surnames, distinguishing at this moment in most minds well-known laborers in different and somewhat incongruous fields of exertion, that is to say, a cricketer (or family of cricketers), a member of Parliament, a recent murderer, and a London publisher. It is manifest that any personal name existing also as a surname

* This last was the name of the brother of the famous Praise-God Barebone. See Hume's "History," chap. lxi. footnote. [Vol. vii., p. 230, ed. 1797.]

may have been given to children in its surname sense alone, without reference to the meaning of the word. This reservation as to surnames it will often be needful to make passingly as we go on; and in the proper place special remarks will be offered on the subject. The abstractions named were many of them used as prenoms in Puritan times, and are now common as such in America among the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. There are other appellations of religious reference, which may also have been handed down as they are from the seventeenth century. The daughter of a shepherd, born near Chichester in 1879, was named *Hopestill*; and an illegitimate child, born near Rye in 1878, was called *Faint-not*; we have noted also *Livewell* and *Diehappy*. These are quite in the religious style of two centuries ago. It may be noticed that Puritan tradition has still a remarkably firm hold of the personal nomenclature of Sussex, where two of the specimens last mentioned were found. The Old Testament names so commonly met with in that county—the *Enoses*, the *Ezras*, the *Jabez*s, the *Judah*s, the *Milcah*s, the *Naomis*, the *Reubens*, and the *Zabulons*—point probably less to present than to past religious feeling. Still, when every allowance of this kind has been made, there is good reason for recognizing in many eccentric names that are given the religious desires of existing parents for their children. Sometimes the aspiration is so vague as to find expression in a word merely sacred by association, and quite without meaning as a name. The titles of the books of Scripture thus become appellations. *Acts* and *Acts Apostles* have been observed as registered names, and a laborer near Lynn, called his son *Hebrews* in 1877. We have also met with *Abba*, *Olivet*, *Ramoth-Gilead*, *Selah*, *Talithacumi*, etc., which we suppose generally to represent indeterminate desires—very roughly expressed—for the religious good of the children thus named.

Among aspiration-names that are not religious must be ranked those given out of admiration for heroes; for mingled with the admiration, and with the desire to commemorate it and glorify the child to be named by applying to it the hero's

title, is usually, it is to be supposed, a wish that the infant may be worthy of its appellation and an imitator of its namesake's merits. Sometimes the hero appears to be *aristocracy in general*. The *Gordon Stanleys*, *Spencer Percys*, etc., so often now presenting themselves among the lower ranks, seem to disclose an indiscriminate worship of the patrician order. Or the homage may be more personal, the reference more specific. At Reading we recently found a *Richard Plantagenet Temple Nugent Brydges Chandos Gremville*; he was not a duke, but a waiter. The infant daughter of a farm-laborer near Bere Regis, Dorsetshire, lately received an appellation which appears to point to an opposite taste in heroes. She was registered *Archiner*, and this we suppose to be meant for *Archina*, and to be founded on the surname of *Joseph Arch*, the champion of the agricultural laborers. The embellishment of the last syllable will be recognized as representing a common tendency among the uneducated; it is one that received not long since another curious exemplification. A gipsy came to a Hampshire registrar to give information of a birth, and to his astonishment requested that the child's name might be entered *Liar*. He remonstrated; the informant persisted; and registration was put off, that further inquiry might be made as to what was meant by the offensive name proposed. It proved that the intention was to call the infant *Lia* or *Liah*, and this was an abbreviation of *Athaliah*, an appellation already in use in the family concerned.

The following are further examples of that variety of aspiration-names which is based upon hero-worship or something approaching it. They are given with the surnames to which they are found prefixed in the registers: *King David Haydon*, *Martin Luther Upright*, *John Bunyan Parsonage*, *General George Washington Jones*, *Lord Nelson Portman*, *Humphry Davy Avery*, *King George Westgate*, *Empress Eugénie Aldridge*, *John Robinson Crusoe Heaton*, and *Man Friday Wilson*. It is not necessary to prolong the list.

II. We go on now to consider the oddities of personal nomenclature which are suggested by *circumstances of birth*.

Twin or triple births supply opportunities for the selection of unusual names. Some of these are pretty. Twin girls were lately registered *Pearl* and *Ruby*, at Wantage, and others near Cranleigh, Sussex, *Lily* and *Rose*. In 1878, a laborer at Robertsbridge, in the same county, presented with three daughters at a birth, called them *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Charity*; and a farm-laborer near Bridport recently gave the names *Faith* and *Hope* to twin sons. But sometimes dual births render parents positively cruel in their choice of appellations. We have known the names *Huz* and *Buz* applied to twin boys. This was sheer inhumanity. *Peter the Great Wright* and *William the Conqueror Wright* figure in registration as twins. Here the parental selection seems to have been in part determined by hero-worship, though probably the duality of birth excited the primary desire for name-distinction. Another fancy created by twofold births is that of furnishing the children with identical names transposed. Twin sons of a gardener at Chard were a few months since endowed respectively with the names *James Reginald* and *Reginald James*; and at Ixworth, Suffolk, we noticed not many years ago the decease of a *Horace Horatio*, whose brother *Horatio Horace* attested the death-entry. These brothers we infer to have been twins also. An historian of parish registers remarks that about the sixteenth century it was not unusual for parents to give the same name to two or more of their children, with the view perhaps of increasing the likelihood of its perpetuation in their families. He cites, by way of proof, the following quotation from their will of one John Parnell de Gyrton: "8 Mar., 1545.—Alice my wife and Old John my son to occupy my farm together till olde John marries, and then She to have land and cattle. Young John my son shall have Brenlay's land plowed and sowed at Old John's cost."*

The inconvenient practice here exemplified does not, we believe, now survive except in the modified shape just instanced; but it is not unknown among the lower classes for parents to give to

their later children names which their earlier ones deceased have previously borne. Some babies have been named *Enough*, in indication, as it would seem, of numerous predecessors; and on the other hand is found *Welcome*, which appears to denote satisfaction at a novel kind of blessing. *Una*, *Unit*, and *Unity** point, it may be supposed, to first arrivals; *Three* and *Number Seven* express different degrees of advance in family multitude; *Last* and *Omega* suggest a resolute protest against further increase; while *Also* hints at the grudging acceptance of an unwelcome addition, and seems to need after it a note of (melancholy) exclamation. *Posthumous* is an unmistakable nominal memorandum of a painful fact. Places occasionally give their names to children, as in the cases of *Matilda Australasia Yarra Yarra Holden*, *Odessa Silly*, etc. It may be supposed that in these instances there is usually some family connection with the locality at the time of birth. In such appellations as *Tempest Booth*, *Hustings Moore*, *Farewell Hampshire*, etc., we seem to trace references to special incidents, and may infer again that the occurrences so celebrated are circumstantially linked to the arrivals of the infants whom they name; while the titles *Admonition*, *Deliverance*, *Repentance*, and others already mentioned in our list of abstract nouns used as appellations, have probably sometimes been employed, in the same way, in allusion to various conditions under which the births of the children so named have taken place.

Festivals, seasons, etc., have long lent their titles to those whose entrances into the world have been associated with them, and not a few of the names so rendered personal have become surnames. *Munday*, *Noel*, *Pascoe*, *Pentecost*, *Sumption* (i.e. Assumption), *Yule*, and others are family denominations thus originated. This class of personal names has apparently not declined in favor, and there is an oddity about many that belong to it. The months of the year and days of the week sometimes name children now, particularly found-

* See "History of Parish Registers," by P. S. Burn, p. 69.

* *Unity*, however, as we have seen, is at any rate sometimes to be otherwise understood.

lings; there is a *Sabbath Ada Stone* among our collection of curiosities. We have known an infant born on June 24 registered *Midsummer*, and another who came into existence on Loaf-mass day (August 1) named *Lammas*. *Newyear* we lately saw as a personal name. *Easter* is not unfrequent; nor is *Christmas*—a *Merry Christmas Finnett* is known to registration. *Trinity*, too, we have observed. *Lovedy* is often to be found in current registers, especially in Cornwall. The meaning of this name deserves a passing notice, although it is now, perhaps, seldom remembered when the appellation is chosen. "In former times there was often a day fixed for the arrangement of differences, in which if possible, old sores were to be healed up and old-standing accounts settled."* The *Love-day* sometimes gave its title at the font to children born or baptized upon it; hence the name mentioned, which may often have been handed down to our time as a personal denomination by continuous usage, while—since it was early appropriated by *family nomenclature*—it has probably, in other cases, been returned as a *surname* to the category of personal names. *Noan* is a name borne by a few people, and may sometimes indicate birth at midday; but it is also a surname, being as such, in all probability, a north-country corruption of *Nunn* phonetically spelt; hence it must not be claimed as necessarily pointing to circumstance of birth. Anniversaries of events in royal history occasion some unusual appellations. At Culham, near Abingdon, is a worthy shoemaker who was named *King Charles* because he was born on that now abandoned thanksgiving day, May 29; and an old man lately died near Oxford whose prenomen was *Jubilee*, his birthday having fallen on the fiftieth anniversary of the accession of George III.

Any matter of controversy or conversation which is current at the time of nativity may supply an appellation to the infant born. No one probably will ever know the number of *Rogers* who owe their names to the claimant of the Tichborne estates; but that number is certainly large. There are, too,

among us many living *Cypruses*, who came into the world when it was talking about the acquisition of the Mediterranean island; and in this case there would be no impossibility in reckoning the extent of the nominal appropriation. Again, if any future student of English registers is surprised to find that at a particular point in the eighth decade of our century the name *Cleopatra* was used a little oftener than before, he may discover the explanation in the fact that at the same period the famous "needle" made its difficult passage from Alexandria to the Thames Embankment. A name recently found in the registers, viz. *Sidney Joseph Anti-Vaccinator West*, seems to hint that the bearer was born in an atmosphere not unfavorable to the spread of disease; while *Temperance Sober Lane* must have come into being under conditions which would delight Sir Wilfrid Lawson. The circumstances of the birth of *Drinkall Cooper* might perhaps, on the other hand, be less satisfactory to that statesman.

III. We are to speak next of odd names referring to *some peculiarity of person or disposition* in the children to whom they are given.

Every one knows how largely our forefathers resorted to nicknames, both complimentary and otherwise, to distinguish individuals one from another, and how many of the sobriquets thus bestowed have established themselves among us as permanent surnames. The *Blythmans*, the *Coxheads*, the *Cruikshanks*, the *Curtises*, the *Gentles*, the *Lilywhites*, the *Slys*, and a host of other families give evidence of these facts in every quarter. But it was generally the outside world that conferred such nicknames, now become hereditary; hence it is not to be wondered at that a large number of them are unfavorable, for men are not given to be tender to the oddities of those who do not belong to them. The personal name, on the other hand, is for the most part of parental choice; and as parents usually take an indulgent view of the defects and weaknesses of their offspring, we should not expect to find among our prenomen many of uncomplimentary character. Some such, however, there undoubtedly are; for instance, *Giddy*, *Dirty*, *Faint*, *Fearful*, *Musty*, *Shady*, *Singular*, *Stubborn*, *Tempestuous*, and

* "English Surnames," Rev. C. W. Bardsley, p. 63. (Chatto and Windus.)

Troublesome are all recorded names. It will be conjectured that the infants thus styled must have fallen into hands other than those of their natural guardians. One name on the list is capable of the same interpretation as many other prenominal absurdities. *Giddy* is a surname; as such we lately came across it at Neath. It is perhaps possible that it has made its appearance as a personal name only in this connection.

Complimentary references to personal characteristics we are not surprised to find more common in personal nomenclature than the uncomplimentary. *Pleasant* is to all appearance one of these. When Dickens introduced this name into "Our Mutual Friend" he was not inventing. It has been a good deal used, and personal association, it is likely enough, has now as much to do with its employment as infantile sweetness of temper. *Happy* is to be met with as often. Any reader who may be familiar with the personal names about Loddon, Wyomndham, and other parts of Norfolk, will recognize it as not unfrequent, *Patient* we have seen in Suffolk; *Grateful*—as the last of four names—at Reading; *Choice*, near Merthyr Tydfil. We have also noticed *Smart*, which may sometimes belong to the same class; and *Treasure*, which is, it may be, now and then used as a parental testimonial to general personal excellence; but it will not be forgotten that the two names last mentioned lead us yet again into cognominal territory. *Affable*, *Bold*, *Cautious*, *Civil*, *Energetic*, *Irresistible*, *Nice*, *Placid*, and *Thankful* have all appeared in modern registration, and are most of them intelligible enough as expressive of infant characteristics. So are *Affability*, *Obedience*, *Peace*, and *Silence* (already mentioned in our list of names created from abstract nouns), which may sometimes have been used descriptively. *Wonderful*, too, is a registered name, but it means nothing, for all children are wonderful in the eyes of their parents. *Loving*, again, we have found, and *Amorous*; the former may perhaps sometimes point to disposition, but we look with suspicion upon the latter, because in some places the name *Ambrose* is so pronounced as to be easily mistaken for it. There is a *Sanspareil Scamp* in the registers, *Scamp* being the cognomen.

The compliment implied in the forename—if compliment it be—is rendered doubly doubtful by what follows it.

There are many other nominal fancies which, although not outspoken in their references to baby idiosyncrasies, appear to hint at them figuratively. When we find such appellations as *Violet Snowdrop*, *Primrose*, *Mayblossom*, *Rosebud*, *Cuckoo*, and *Melody*, we imagine at once that their bearers may have possessed early a flower-like sweetness, vernal benignity, or musical charm of disposition. *Angel* and *Cherubim* take us back again to the higher regions of metaphor, and offer suggestions of even celestial temper. It is scarcely needful to say that the characteristics alluded to in the appellations probably had a larger existence in the imaginations of fond parents than in fact. There some rather pretty plant names which may possibly have been founded on personal characteristics. Such are *Holly*, *Ivy*, and *Myrtle*, with their pleasant intimations of merriment and constancy.

IV. *Suggestive surnames* have a great deal to answer for in the way of strange and striking personal nomenclature. There is a story of a Mr. Salmon, who on becoming the father of three children at a birth, celebrated the event by naming them *Pickled*, *Potted*, and *Fresh*. The tale is probably apocryphal, but it is certain that names no less remarkable than these are often actually given as complementary to the unfinished ideas discerned in many cognomens.* Some of the combinations thus created are merely the names of familiar heroes. Let us adduce a few examples. *Julius Caesar* meets our eye at the outset; it is the name of a man who witnessed a marriage-register at Easthampstead not long ago, and is indeed a couplet that has often appeared.† *Caesar* is a surname that was probably conferred in the first instance as a nickname for some assuming person.‡ It commemorates the imperious, not the imperial; so that the conjunction in question merely emphasizes an old joke against pretension. Many other such combinations alter their

* Since the above was written we have met with a registered "Joseph Fresh Salmon."

† See Lower's "Patronymica Britannica," p. 49.

‡ "English Surnames," p. 173.

significance when closely inspected. *Mark Antony* was doing a blacksmith's humble work at Mynyddyslwyn, Monmouthshire, only a short time since.

Wat Tyler died scarcely two years ago at Dover. *George Frederick Handel* reappeared at Heytesbury, Wilts, in 1877; *Eveline Berenger* lately stepped from fiction into fact, and took the shape of a Margate shopkeeper's daughter; and there are *German Reeds* who have no connection with the Gallery of Illustration or St. George's Hall, and who perhaps never "entertain" any one.

Other tricks played with surnames by means of personal prefixes are very various, so much so as to render classification difficult. There is Mr. *Lance Lot*, who was married at Swansea in 1878. The manner in which a knightly turn has been given to his unattractive cognomen certainly shows resource on the part of the framer of the couplet. A little *Ivy Berry* lately fell prematurely to mother earth at Barnstaple. Surnames recalling seasons and days occasion some facetious combinations. The registers reveal an *Ernest Frosty Winter*, an *Autumn Winter*, a *Winter Summers*, an *Eve Christmas*, and a *Time of Day*. Sometimes a prefix is so judiciously chosen and applied to an ordinary cognomen that a title of dignity is the result; we have in the registers an *Arch Bishop*, a *Lord Baron*, etc. And, to be brief, those records further disclose, among other absurd conjunctions, the following: *Emperor Adrian*, *Rose Budd*, *Rose Bower*, *Henry Born Noble*, *J. Frost Hoar*, *Harry Bethlehem Shepherd*, *West Shore*, *Salmon Fish*, *Elizabeth Foot Bath*, *John Cake Baker*, *True Case*, *Major Minor*, *Phæbe Major Key*, *Helen Tight Cord*, *William Rather Brown*, *Henry Speaks Welsh*, *Thomas Christmas Box*, and *Newborn Child*.

V. Our next heading brings us to those strange names which must be ascribed to *error and ignorance*. Some such are mere misspellings, and are quite without interest. These may arise from inadvertency, or from the persistent adherence of illiterate people to what is wrong. In questions of name-orthography the most ignorant are not unfrequently the more obstinate. A child, it is often insisted at registration, must bear exactly the name borne by his

grandfather and father before him, which name—sometimes, in such cases as we refer to, an incorrectly spelt one—has perhaps been expressly written out by some "scholar" of the family for the registrar's guidance. This officer may not oppose a deliberate demand for a particular spelling; and so it happens that some nominal errors of one generation are handed on to the next. But the inaccuracies thus produced must gradually disappear as the work of elementary education goes steadily forward among the masses; unless indeed, while more ambitious studies are included in the popular curriculum, instruction in the art of writing one's own name should chance to be omitted from it.

The *inventions* of ignorance in the way of names are often entertaining. The inventive faculty displays itself largely with regard to female appellations, which are often very daringly created, or compounded, of known names and other elements not always to be traced. The following examples have lately come under our notice; *Almetena*, *Alphenia*, *Annarenia*, *Arthurrena*, *Athelia*—this last may be an attempt at *Athaliah*, which we have already pointed out in still more remarkable disguise; *Berdilia*, *Bridelia*, *Edwardina*, *Eldeline*, *Floralla*, *Fortituda*, *Hencrilita*, *Julinda*, *Louena*, *Margelina*, *Millennarianna*, *Perenna*, *Reubena*, *Sevena*, and *Seveena*—probably both founded upon the number seven; *Swindinonia*, *Tranquilla*, *Tributina*, *Uelya*, and *Uelia*. From such instances as these it is evident that Mrs. Kenwigs, when she invented for her eldest daughter the graceful appellation *Morleena*, did not lend herself to the charms of imagination in any exceptional degree. *Libertine* has been found registered as a name. It is perhaps an unfortunate attempt to give an especially feminine character to *Liberty*—an abstraction which might have been supposed to be sufficiently feminine before.

VI. Odd names owing their creation to *miscellaneous fancies* might obviously be more accurately classed, if only a knowledge of the facts which helped to shape the individual appellations were possessed; but in the absence of this knowledge it becomes necessary to

resort to some such inclusive heading as that now to be dealt with. Who could venture, for example, to state on what principle a Wiltshire girl inheriting the family surname *Snook*, came, not very many years ago, to be called *Grecian*? Who would presume to decide why a Master Rook, registered at Wye in Kent two or three years back, was named *Sun*? or—to match this glorious Apollo with a suitable Phœbe—whence *Luna Millicent Nation*, who figures among our notes for a somewhat later period, derived her first appellation? A quarryman at Portland, surnamed White, recently called his infant daughter *Mary Avalanche*. He would scarcely be personally familiar with Alpine disasters; is it to be inferred that the second name implies the child's unwelcome descent upon an unready household? Again, what volcanic impulse can have produced such a forename as that of Mrs. *Etna Brooking*, whom we noticed as having become a mother at Saltash not long since? It is quite impossible to answer such questions. A few more nominal riddles—as difficult of solution and classification as the foregoing—may be propounded. The registers introduce us to a *Doctor Alfred*, a *Tea Bolton*, a *Longitude Blake*, a *Crescence Boot*, an *Ephraim Very Ott*, a *Hempsced Barrass*, a *Purify Buckland*, a *Married Brown*, a *Quilly Booty*, a *Sir Dusty Entwistle*, etc.

Among the miscellaneous fancies must be placed that for registering, as formal appellations, those abbreviations and pet-names which are commonly applied only in familiar intercourse. Of these the ordinary monosyllabic appellatives, such as *Alf*, *Bob*, *Bill*, *Bess*, *Dan*, *Dick*, *Meg*, *Nat*, *Ned*, *Poll*, *Sall*, etc., are unfortunately not at all unfrequent in the registers. It is impossible to associate gentleness or refinement with a preference for such curt nomenclature as this, although in the domestic circle or among intimates the semi-jocose employment of these monosyllables is sometimes excused. On the other hand, the pet names ending *ie* or *y* are always tender, and often pleasing; and the fact that such are largely resorted to in registration forms an agreeable set-off to the circumstance that the inelegant and disrespectful monosyllables

are also much employed. Among names of this class, none has been more widely used than *Bertie*, which of course owes its popularity to the Prince of Wales. Pretty, however, as many such denominations may seem in the earlier hours of life, they are apt to become embarrassing possessions at a later period; and to register them—especially without any additional names—is a manifest mistake. What a pitiable contradiction would be a pallid *Rosie* of seventy-five, a *Pussy* on crutches, a blind *Daisy*, or a *Birdie* voiceless from chronic bronchitis!

Some name-choosers indulge a fancy for extreme brevity in personal nomenclature. This indulgence reaches its most foolish extent when *single letters* are inserted in the registers. Initials (or what may be supposed to be such) have, from time to time, appeared as names in those records; but they have not often been used without the addition of other appellations in completer form. *Ex*, *Is*, *No*, and *Si* are recorded names. The opposite taste for very voluminous denominations now and then displays itself. *Thomas Hill Joseph Napoleon Bonaparte Horatio Swindlehurst Nelson* is an incongruous combination in which length seems to have been aimed at more than anything else; and *Arphad Ambrose Alexander Habakkuk William Shelah Woodcock* may be classed with it. Then, again, in the higher ranks, we sometimes find ancestral names piled very heavily upon single heads, as in the case of *Lyulph Ydwallo Odin Nestor Egbert Lyonel Toedmag Hugh Erchenwyne Saxon Esa Cromwell Nevill Dysart Plantagenet Tollemache-Tollemache*.

VII. In the last place, something is to be noted concerning those personal name-oddities which cease to be such, or become less odd than before when they are rightly understood.

It has many times been conceded in the foregoing remarks that different drolleries of personal nomenclature are found to exist as surnames also. It does not follow from this that a single oddity mentioned has been wrongly classed; for any word that happens to form a surname, and that is personally applied at one time because it is a surname, may at another time be so applied in its every-day sense. Nevertheless, the cog-

nominal explanation ought to be constantly borne in mind when strange personal names are under consideration ; for it is nearly impossible to say where it may not apply, since surnames, which include among them so large a host of drolleries, are freely used as personal appellations, and have been so used ever since the Reformation.

But to show that forename-oddities are cognominal oddities is merely to shift the difficulty of accounting for them from one date to another, from the nineteenth century to any period since the eleventh, when the surname itself was created or moulded into its present droll shape. How did these absurd surnames come to be surnames ?

It is not easy to give a condensed answer to this wide question ; but it may be said that two principal causes have produced the odd cognominal results referred to. Firstly—the large use of sobriquets in the middle ages as a means of distinguishing persons bearing the same baptismal names ; and secondly—the almost endless *corruption* which surnames have constantly been undergoing since they came to be such. The corruptive forces have been : the tendency of men in former days—almost acknowledged as a right until quite lately—to follow their own pleasure as to the orthography of their own family denominations ; the common inclination to shape unfamiliar surnames into accustomed words something like them in sound ; the habit among uneducated people of deliberately turning foreign words (and surnames among them) to burlesque ; and the liability of local peculiarities of speech to affect cognominal spelling in places where these peculiarities are not understood. No surname, however absurd, can be greatly wondered at when these possibilities as to its creation and development are considered.

There is a kind of oddity in personal nomenclature which arises from seeming discrepancy between name and sex. For instance, a man bearing the name of *Jaël*—the wife of Heber the Kenite—lately died near Newbury ; a laborer at Ixworth, named Peck, registered his son *George Venus*, in 1877 ; *Margaret Absalom Hughes* was born near Ponty-

pool in 1878, and *Noah Oatley*, recently became a mother in the neighborhood of Devizes. Family nomenclature will account for all these apparent contradictions, and by reference to it the explanation of most others like them is probably to be found. The following female names we know to exist as cognomens : *Alice, Amy, Ann, Arrabella, Bessey, Betty, Dolly, Eliza, Ellen, Eva, Eve, Fanny, Frances, Hagar, Hannah, Harriot, Helen, Hester, Jaël, Jane, Judy, Kitty, Leah, Lucy, Mary, Maryan, Matilda, Maude, Meggy, Millicent, Molly, Nan, Nancy, Nanny, Nell, Patty, Polly, Psyche, Rosamond, Ruth, Sall, Sally, Sara, Sarah, Susan, Susanna, and Venus*. This list by no means exhausts the sum of these surnames which coincide with personal names of women, but it furnishes all that is needed in the way of example. It will now be asked, what is the explanation of such family denominations as these ? Many of the class are not actually female names at all, but are mere corruptions of men's names and of other words. A respectable remainder, however, are acknowledged metronymics. These may sometimes point to the illegitimate birth of the founders of the families bearing them ; or they may simply indicate that at the point from which the cognomen dates, the lady rather than the lord was the ruling spirit of the ancestral household. Of the personal names of men which have become surnames a large number have been modified by prefixes and suffixes, and consequently the seeming contradictions now under consideration cannot be produced through their means. But others have retained their original shape. The following are or appear to be examples of the latter class ; so singular, however, are the transformations which take place in family nomenclature that not every instance quoted can be guaranteed as being in reality that which it looks like. *Absalom, Adam, Ajax, Arthur, Balaam, Bertram, Felix, Gabriel, Gomer, Hector, Herod, Jack, Jesse, Lazarus, Louis, Matthias, Michael, Noah, Oliver, Priam, Ralph, Roderick, Simon, Stephen, Toby, Tommy, Valentine, Vincent, and Zebedee* will probably be thought specimens enough to produce.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

CRAB GOSSIP.

WITH the crab-race, as represented on our shores, every reader is familiar. The common crab itself, exposed for sale in the fishmonger's window, may be called truly a "common object" of the street, not to speak of the shore. Yet common as the animal in question is, there is a vast deal of natural-history romance bound up within the compass of its frame, and if we select this crab as a starting-point for our brief researches into some of its less familiar brethren, we shall not regret making its further and nearer acquaintance, especially as it illustrates some of the most important points in crab life at large. To begin with its early history. This well-known crustacean has a somewhat peculiar life-history. It begins its existence in a decidedly abnormal and unusual fashion. Instead of breaking free from its egg—carried about by mater Cancer in her "purse" in company with hundreds of its brethren and sisters, likewise in the egg-state—the young or baby-crab appears on the stage of existence as a curious little creature with an enormous head, and a short, jointed, and forked tail. It is no more like the perfect crab than it is like an alligator. It more nearly resembles an abnormal shrimp on a roving expedition, than the staid angular crustacean whose progeny it is, and whose likeness—on the idea that "like begets like"—we shall expect it sooner or later to assume. Its big head bears in front two great compound eyes, and is drawn out above and below into a long pointed spine; while two pairs of feelers, and three pairs of jaws complete the furnishings of this infant crab.

Behind the head, come at least two pairs of legs which will be represented in the perfect crab as "foot-jaws," and then succeed mere rudiments of six pairs of appendages, of which all but the first are represented in the adult state by the walking legs. The jointed tail, itself, has at first no belongings in the shape of appendages or aught else, but legs become mapped out at a later stage on the tail. Now when this young form was first noted by naturalists it was regarded as a new species of crustacean, and

was accordingly named a *Zoëa*. Now, however, we know that the *Zoëa* shows evident signs of changing into something different from its youthful state. Its body becomes broader, and the limbs behind the head come to resemble those of the full-grown crab. Then the jaws are completed in their transformations, and by-and-by the young crab appears before us, a crab as to its body, but a lobster as to its tail. For it still retains this latter appendage, and is known in this second part of its life history as the *Megalopa*—a name signifying "big-eyed," in reference to the large eyes it possesses; which organs have now become fixed to the end of a stalk.

Like the *Zoëa*, the *Megalopa* stage of crab-life was at first regarded as representing a new and before unknown animal form. Changing its skin frequently, as it did in passing from the *Zoëa* to the "big-eyed" stage, in which the crab looks more like a lobster than the tailless crustacean it is destined to become—the *Megalopa* or youthful crab begins to assume the full-grown form. The body becomes broader, and the tail grows "small by degrees and beautifully less," until it becomes tucked up under the body, and exists in matured crab-existence as the familiar "purse" which children are so fond of prying into. Thus we see that a crab's body is, to put it popularly, all head and chest. The lobster or prawn has not merely a head and chest (united to form the so-called "head" of that animal) but a tail or abdomen as well. And from the fact that our crab in its infancy possesses a tail, but afterward loses this appendage, we should be inclined in a zoological sense to believe that the crabs represent a higher crustacean race derived from the lower lobsters or their kith and kin. At least, it is certain that lobsters and their kind were crawling over the rocks and swimming in the seas of this world's former epochs, ages before the crabs appeared. This much we know from the history of fossils. As the lobster race preceded the crab race in time, so the latter, as the later products of life-development, evince the higher structure of the two.

The disappearance of a tail in the crabs is by no means unparalleled in other groups of animals. Man himself, for that matter, possesses at an early period in his history a tolerably well-developed tail, which shrinks into the "coccyx" or rudimentary bones at the tip of his spine. The frog begins life as a tadpole, but the tail of that form shrivels up to become the short and unrecognizable stump of the sedate frog. So that we find instances in higher life, bearing out the fact that abbreviation of body is by no means an invariable sign of deterioration and backsliding, but on the contrary may be more properly regarded as a sign of an animal's "getting on in the world," and rising in the scale of animated creation.

If, however, we wished for proofs of the high place of our crab in its own class as compared with the place of the tailed lobsters, we might discover such proof in an inspection of the crab's nervous system. A lobster's nervous system is a chain of nerve-knots lying along the floor of its body. Each joint of its body should possess a pair of such knots, either joined or separated. Now in a crab, whose nervous system likewise lies on the floor of its body, what strikes us as most remarkable is the concentration of that system. Instead of being a chain of nerves, the crab's system consists (1) of one big nerve-knot supplying the head-parts and organs of sense with nerves, and (2) of a very large knot or mass of nervous matter in the centre of its body. This last represents all the nerve-knots of the lobster rolled into one, and serves as a centre from which nerves pass to the surrounding organs and parts. In a word, on the principle that when a general wishes to obtain the fullest service of his troops, he concentrates them upon a given point, so nature, in giving the crab a superior nervous system to that of the lobster, does not proceed upon the plan of manufacturing new nerves, but, on the contrary localizes and concentrates those proper to the common type to which crab and lobster belong.

So much for our common crab and its history. One brief glance at its anatomy and development, has at least served to show us the position and rank

of crabs in general in the crustacean class. The nearest relations of our crabs include some forms which may certainly be regarded as very abnormal in some of their ways and works. For instance, the well-known land-crabs of the West Indies are creatures which exist in damp places, and which make periodical journeys to the sea for the purpose of depositing their eggs. These "up-country" species possess a structure essentially resembling that of the common crab; but the chief fact of interest in connection with them relates, of course, to their powers of breathing apart from water. The common crab is perfectly lively after a twelve hours' absence from his native element; and as he breathes like a fish by gills, placed in the sides of his body and attached to his legs, we must presume that he can retain in his gill-chamber moisture enough to purify his blood for a considerable period of time. For we must bear in mind that a crab's necessities of life in this respect, resemble our own. We require a constant supply of oxygen—derived from the atmosphere—to purify our blood; and the crab demands a supply of the same gas—derived from the water in which it is mechanically suspended—for the same purpose of blood purification. The crab's heart, placed on his back, is a square sac or bag, which goes on beating and pulsating, from first to last, circulating pure blood through his body. Cessation of breathing means, of course, stoppage of the heart's action, and consequent annihilation of crab-life; hence breathing, or aëration of the blood in the gills, must be as constant a function of crab-existence as breathing is in ourselves.

Now, it is evident that in the land-crabs, which live in burrows, there cannot exist that provision for blood-aëration by water, which is present in their neighbors of the sea. Hence, when we examine a land-crab's gills we find that its gill-arrangements exhibit an adaptation to its own peculiar way of life. For instance, between its gills—lodged as these are in a very capacious gill-chamber—are found certain hard stiff processes, probably modifications of similar structures met with in the common crab and lobster. These processes are believed to possess the function of keeping

the gills widely apart, so as to admit copious currents of air to the gill-chamber. If we presume that this air is moist, we can conceive how an animal with gills can therein obtain the necessary medium for blood-purification. But while moist air is a necessity for a land-crab's life, we must not neglect the all-important observation, that, with new ways of life, nature has probably modified the land-crab's constitution so as to render its peculiar breathing habits more readily discharged. Nobody doubts that land-crabs were originally water-living in habits. The whole history of the Crustacean class points to that conclusion, and no other, as the original way of life of all its members. Hence, we learn from the mere fact of a land-crab's existence the ever-recurring lesson, that living things, like the world on which they dwell, have been and still are the creatures of change and modification. Habits alter, and carry change of body and form with them; and although this is not the whole story of diversity and variety in living things, it involves a large part of the "reason why" that diversity exists and is perpetuated from day to day and from age to age.

The "hermit crabs," those crustacean Diogenes of our coasts, each ensconced in a cast-off shell for its "tub," are decidedly queer crabs in many aspects of their existence. Morally and mentally, so to speak, they are erratic. They are much given to sanguinary encounters, and are ferocious and vindictive enough, as may be seen when two hermit-crabs happen to light upon the same morsel of food. Then comes the tug of war; and the combat may only be terminated by the stronger dragging off not merely the morsel but the body of the vanquished along with it—the victim having pulled his tenacious rival out of his shell in the energy of his triumph. Hermit crabs represent zoologically a kind of half-way house between the true crabs and the lobsters and their long-tailed neighbors. The hermit does not possess the well-developed tail of the lobster, but he can boast of a much superior tail to the crab. This tail, however, is soft and unprotected; so Pagurus, as the hermit is named, slips his appendage and body into the cast-off

shell of a whelk or periwinkle; adheres to the shell by certain small "feet" at the tip of his tail, and defies the outer world at large when withdrawn into his abode, by placing the bigger of his two "nippers" across the door of the shell and effectually closing the aperture of his domicile.

Among the near relatives of the hermit crabs are one or two forms which deserve mention. Thus just as the land-crabs represent the terrestrial members of the common crab class, so we find in the West Indies a hermit-crab which likewise is a land-lover. This land-hermit creeps into the cast-off snail-shells, just as its sea-neighbor utilizes those of the whelk, and has its breathing system modified for its land-existence. Then also, ranked among the hermits by zoologists, we find the famous *Birgus latro* or "tree-crab," also known as the "cocoa-nut crab." With its great pincers, this crab certainly smashes open the shells of cocoanuts, and exhibits in this operation not merely much dexterity, but great muscular power. Whether or not the crab climbs the tree in search of the nuts, is a moot-point. Exact observation is yet wanting here; but the facts of its vegetarian tendencies, and its dexterous manipulation of the nuts, are sufficiently notable points in the history of the *Birgus* tribe.

Space will hardly admit of our dwelling upon such "queer crabs" as the little pea-crabs, which live inside mussel-shells and in the breathing sacs of sea-squirrels, on the terms of friendly lodgers, if not of boarders as well. These latter are cases of animal association very difficult to explain. Nor can we do more than mention the curious glass-crabs which swim freely on the surface of the sea, and in which the body consists chiefly of two very flat, transparent plates, the front one of which bears the eyes, feelers, etc.; while the hinder possesses among its belongings eight pairs of limbs, and behind these again, comes the very short and rudimentary tail. The "glass-crabs" only doubtfully claim from us a place in the list of "queer crabs." Good authority says they are most likely the young stages of lobster-like forms. If this be so, we may speculate on the time when, just as the *Zoëa* of old is now found in its prop-

er place as the young crab, the "glass-crabs" will have found their true place as the young of other crustaceans.

There are no more remarkable "crabs," with the mention of which we may bring this paper to a close, than the so-called "king-crabs" or *Limuli*, of the Moluccas and West Indian Islands. Every museum contains specimens of these crabs, with their great broad horse-shoe-shaped "heads," and their long spinous tail, from the presence of which their name of "sword-tails" has been derived. The "king crabs" are not "crabs" in the zoological or ordinary sense of that word. They are very far removed indeed, from the ordinary crab in structure; and belong, so to speak, to a branch of the crustacean stem, distinct and separate from all the other branches. Looking at a king-crab, we are reminded mostly of the crabs of the past. Their nearest relatives are buried as fossils in the rocks of the far-back past of the world, and they therefore stand well nigh alone in the present array of crustacean life; although time was, when the king-crabs and their ancestors represented in themselves the aristocracy of the class. One set of extinct "crabs" called "Trilobites" in particular claims kindred with the king-crabs. The young king-crab is remarkably like these fossil relatives. Hence we may conclude

that as the old trilobitic stock died out, the king-crabs as a later development remained to link a far-back period with our own times. The king-crabs are very peculiar in respect of their legs, of which there are some thirteen pairs in all, six of the front pairs surrounding the mouth, and curiously enough, serving to masticate and divide the food through the movements of their first or attached joints. The sword tail is highly movable, and serves as a kind of lever to aid the animal in regaining its position when untoward circumstances have tossed it on its back.

The history of the crabs may be shown to teem with much interest even to the reader whose daily avocations lead him from zoological paths and by-ways. But the study of living nature is fortunately the exclusive property of no scientist, and belongs to no special age, sect, or school of thought. On the contrary, such studies in their freshness and variety appeal to all; and among the infinite diversity of subjects and the wide range of topics on which the seeking eye and understanding mind may alight, there are to be found many less instructive chapters, and few which, properly pursued, may lead to truer or wider notions of this universe, than the history of the crabs and their neighbors kith and kin.—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE AMEER'S SOLILOQUY.

"LATEST news from Afghanistan promises ill for future tranquillity. The Ameer has failed in conciliating the Duranis, there is jealousy at Herat . . . the Kohistanis are discontented . . . the Ghilzais are restless, Lughman tribes are showing uneasiness. . . . No doubt the situation is far from reassuring, and calls for great tact and administrative ability on the Ameer's part."—(*Times* telegram.)

SCENE.—The Bala Hissar at Cabul. *The Ameer soliloquizes:*

I.

THUS is my banishment ended; it's twelve long years, well nigh,
Since I fought the last of my lost fights, and saw my best men die;
They hunted me over the passes, and up to the Oxus stream,
We had just touched land on the far side, as we saw their spearheads gleam.

II.

Then came the dolorous exile, the life in a conquered land,
Where the Frank had trodden on Islam, the alms at a stranger's hand—
While here in the fort of my fathers my bitterest foe held sway;
He was ten years building his kingdom, and it all fell down in a day.

III.

May he rest, the Amir Sher Ali, in his tomb by the holy shrine !
 The virtues of God are pardon and pity, they never were mine ;
 They have never been ours, in a kingdom all stained with the blood of our kin,
 Where the brothers embrace in the war-field, and the reddest sword must win.

IV.

And yet, when I think of Sher Ali, as he lies in the sepulchre low,
 How he died betrayed, heartbroken, 'twixt infidel, friend, and foe,
 Driven from his throne by the English, and scorned by the Russian, his guest
 I am well content with the vengeance, and I see God works for the best.

V.

But all God's ways are warnings ; and I, God's slave, must heed
 How I bargain for help with the Káfir, or lean on a venomous reed.
 For never did chief more sorely need Heaven for his aid and stay
 Than the man who would reign in this country, and tame Affghans for a day

VI.

I look, from a fort half-ruined, on Cabul spreading below,
 On the near hills crowned with cannon, and the far hills piled with snow ;
 Fair are the vales well watered, and the vines on the upland swell,
 You might think you were reigning in Heaven—I know I am ruling Hell.

VII.

For there's hardly a room in my palace but a kinsman there was killed,
 And never a street in the city but with false fierce curs is filled ;
 With a mob of priests, and fanatics, and all my mutinous host ;
 Like wolves they are watching my footsteps, and the Prince who slips is lost.

VIII.

And they eye me askance, the Moollahs, the bigots who preach and pray,
 Who followed my march with curses till I scattered Ayub that day ;
 They trusted in texts and forgot that the chooser of kings is a sword ;
 There are twenty now silent and stark, for I showed them the ways of the Lord.

IX.

And far from the Suleiman heights come the sounds of the stirring of tribes,
 Afreedi, Hazâra, and Ghilzi, they clamor for plunder or bribes ;
 And Herât is but held by a thread ; and the Usbeg has raised Badukshân ;
 And the Prince may sleep sound, in his grave, who would rule the unruly Affghan.

X.

Shall I stretch my right hand to the Indus, that England may fill it with gold ?
 Shall I reach with my left toward the Oxus ? the Russian blows hot and blows
 cold.
 The Affghan is but grist in their mill, and the waters are moving it fast,
 Let the stone be the upper or nether, it grinds you to powder at last.

XI.

And the lord of the English writes, " Order, and justice, and govern with laws,"
 And the Russian he sneers and says, " Patience, and velvet to cover your claws."
 And the kingdoms of Islam are crumbling—Around me a voice ever rings
 Of Death, and the doom of my country—Shall I be the last of its kings ?

Pall Mall Gazette.

THE CRISIS IN SERVIA.

BY O. K.

I.

THE other day I met an eminent representative of the Roman Church, whose name is familiar to all, not only in the West, but also in the East. "Is there actually a real power, a real superiority in that potentate?" I asked myself; "or is he a giant merely because the others are pigmies?" My curiosity and my cautious scepticism had been roused long ago, and I was impatient to verify the brilliant descriptions I had received from different parts. The desired meeting took place at last, and I was pleasantly surprised by finding that imagination had not too much outstripped reality. The prelate I saw before me was indeed no commonplace, no ordinary man. I was struck with the acuteness of his remarks, with the inquisitorial way in which he put his questions, as if grasping the quintessence of every fact, however insignificant. There was life in his look, but there was also a heartless contempt in his mouth, which seemed to have little in common with Christian love and compassion. "Ignatius Loyola must have had looks of that sort," I thought involuntarily; but nevertheless I felt attracted by the earnestness and simplicity of his tone and manners, which must fascinate many.

Our conversation turned upon the Servian crisis and the shameless treatment to which the Archbishop Michael had been subjected.

"It is very strange," observed I, "that the English, who are so keenly interested in every struggle, seem perfectly indifferent about a matter that to the Servian Orthodox Church is a question of life and death."

"No, it is not strange at all," answered he, with a slight contraction of his sarcastic lips; "it is only natural, because they have no conception of the Church. The moment they realize that idea, they go to Rome."

The supreme audacity of an assertion which ignored, as if absolutely non-existent, the whole Greek Orthodox world, would have silenced me, even if I had

been in a mood to question the arrogant claims of the Vatican. But there is undoubtedly a great deal of truth in the fact he pointed out, and not being able to convert my interlocutor, I preferred listening.

The Roman prelate recognized at a glance the importance of the whole question. I hardly needed to explain to him that in creating a schism in the Servian Church, Austria simply wanted to make political profit out of ecclesiastical discord.

"The present Servian Ministry," added I, "belongs to Austria heart and soul; these pseudo-Liberals sacrifice the unity of their country in reorganizing the Church and depriving it of its authority."

"Austria would never dream of doing such a thing within her own borders—at least not in dealing with the Catholic Church," he observed with pride. "But what has your Emperor decided in this matter?" asked he.

"His Majesty has no power over the Church," replied I. "It is for the Patriarch of Constantinople and the other Patriarchs, as well as the Synods, to decide."

"Then he has much less control over the Church than our Queen," remarked the prelate. "She can not only interfere in any part of the Church organization, she can even make new dogmas."

This last assertion, coming from so learned an authority, and from a man who himself has had the very best means of knowing the truth, seemed to me very striking. I did not know that Henry VIII. had bequeathed his theological prerogatives to all his successors. However, this explains why it is so difficult for the English people to appreciate the importance that the orthodox world attaches to the independence and the Apostolic character of the Church. The whole of our conception of the relations between Church and State differs from yours. To us, Greek Orthodox, the authority within the Church rests absolutely in the hands of the Church. Your Parliament can alter

the services, change the liturgies, and remodel the theology of the Anglican Church. It has done so once, and apparently it may do so again. With us the very idea of such a thing is impossible. The Apostolic Orthodox Church recognizes no right on the part of our autocratic emperors, or not less autocratic majorities, to alter the articles of her faith, as defined by the seven Œcumenical Councils. The power of our emperor, though absolute in many things, does not extend to questions of Church order and discipline. The Orthodox Church, while very careful "to render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," does not forget to insist as jealousy on the converse of the injunction. Sometimes, no doubt, evilly disposed rulers have attempted to abuse their authority, and have persecuted the servants of the Church, but they have not made her apostatize from her faith in the necessity of self-government, and in her independence of the control and interference of the State.

The supreme interest of the Servian crisis arises from the fact that at Belgrade there is now being fought out between Archbishop Michael—as the representative of spiritual independence, and Austria, through the Servian Ministry, the representative of the usurping tyranny of the State—one phase of the secular struggle between the spiritual and the temporal power, between the Church and the State, between the representatives and custodians of the Christian faith, and the selfish and intriguing politicians who wish to subordinate Christianity itself to the exigencies of Cæsar.

In discussing the matter with Englishmen, I find it difficult, almost impossible, to make them understand our standpoint. "The supremacy of the State," most of them say, "is a fundamental doctrine of Western civilization." And I may add, it is also accepted in the East, but with limitations. The State within its own sphere is supreme, but its sphere is not universal. The State has no dominion over conscience. It has no right to alter historic fact, scientific truth, or religious dogma. That these matters are beyond its province even Englishmen admit. But we also insist that it has no right to interfere

in the internal organization of the Church; and this I know is not the English belief, except among some of the High Churchmen, one of whose professors is reaping the reward of his convictions in Lancaster jail. The Nonconformists, with their ideal of a Free Church in a Free State, have less difficulty in understanding our position, but they have but little patience with a State Church which wishes to preserve itself free from the interference of the State. *Tu l'as voulu George Dandin!* they say; for with them it is almost an article of faith, that the Churches which accept State patronage and endowment, there and then deserve any treatment, no matter how unjust and iniquitous, which the State may give them.

But our State Church is not like the English, for in all orthodox lands the State is much more the creation of the Church than the Church the instrument of the State. Religion cannot be imposed by force, and the great Athanasius declared it "a characteristic of religion not to force but to persuade." But one scarcely needs to quote authorities upon truths which have already become truisms. When the Church forgets her real duties and the limits of her power, or, rather, when her servants occasionally imitate the policy of Rome (which is permanent there), she herself suffers for her mistakes, as Professor Vladimir Solovieff admirably described in Mr. Aksakoff's "Russ." This noble and courageous article on "Spiritual Authority," has made a great sensation, not only in Moscow, but also in the remotest parts of Russia.*

The relation between Church and State has been often compared to the relation between soul and body. It was only when the real union was lost, that concordats or contracts were introduced in the West. The moment there is a juridical contract one generally sees a desire to avoid or evade it either on one part or the other. The juridical law has no control over spiritual life. This is one of the arguments among orthodox people against the civil marriage.

An attempt is now made in Servia by

* See also on this point Dr. Overbeck's excellent work "On the claims of the Greek Orthodox Church," and his "Orthodox Catholic Review." Trübner & Co.

the civil power to usurp authority at the cost of the independence and self-government of the Church. In itself the matter in dispute may seem, to superficial observers, quite unimportant. It turns upon the question whether the State has or has not a right to use the organization of the Church as a means of collecting taxes levied upon the exercise of its spiritual offices. Prince Milan and his ministers (that is to say, Austria) say that such an exercise of authority is within the right of the State. Archbishop Michael asserts that the State has no right to levy taxes on the exercise of spiritual functions. The Servian Government replies by roughly deposing him, and appointing a creature of its own in his stead. Should the decision of the Ministry be finally confirmed by the Skuptchina, and the Church be reconstituted, with the sin of simony as one of its attributes, then the newly organized Church, instead of being, as before, an indissoluble part of the Eastern Church, will be separated from all the others, and a schism be thus artificially created.

II.

Before venturing to state the details of the politico-ecclesiastical crisis in Servia, let me mention briefly one consideration which governs the situation in those lands. Until the other day, at all events down to the conclusion of the Berlin Treaty, Servia was regarded as a Russian *protégée*, and denounced by our enemies as Russia's tool. *Protégée* she was; *tool* she was not. The ties that bound Servia to Russia were not formed yesterday. From the earliest dawn of Servian independence, from the first beginnings of the Servian struggle for liberty, we were their first, their only helper. When at the European Congress, held not at Berlin, but at Vienna, in 1814, the deputies from Servia implored European diplomacy to have pity on their hard fate, and secure them some release from Turkish oppression, they were scornfully told to go to Russia, and look to her for help. They obeyed the direction, given almost ironically; but they did not look to us in vain. Servia was then a pashalik of the Ottoman Empire, where for three hundred years the helpless Christian peasants had cowered in the dust before

their oppressors.* Servia to-day is a

* What that impression was people are too apt to forget. Distance lends enchantment to the view, and many people in England are, no doubt, inclined to believe that Servia under Turkish rule was quite as happy as, say Poland, under Russian despotism. But Servia did not exactly flourish under Turkish rule, whereas Poland is the most flourishing part of Russia.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 30th of December, 1881, says: "The report of Consul-General Maude, at Warsaw, on the trade and commerce of the kingdom of Poland for the year 1879, contains striking testimony to the reality of Polish prosperity. Although the harvest of that year was the worst that had been known for thirty years, the farm laborers were declared to be 'in a position of security and comparative contentment.' The rate of wages was rising throughout the country, and the value of land has been steadily rising for the last three years. New industries were being introduced, and the population of the capital was increasing at the rate of 20,000 per annum. Mr. Maude concludes his report by noting the 'remarkable fact that, notwithstanding the bad harvest and the fluctuations in the value of money, there was not a single case of mercantile failure during the whole year 1879' in the kingdom of Poland. Very remarkable confirmation of this testimony is afforded by a recent letter of the Warsaw correspondent of the *Journal de Genève*. The writer, who is apparently a Pole, and who is certainly a vehement anti-Russian, declares that, despite all the obstacles of a repressive system of government, Poland, or, more correctly, the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, has attained such a flourishing state that it is now a force with which Russia will have to count. Various causes have contributed to Polish prosperity. Among others he mentions the enormous material advantages accruing to Poland from the late war, the increased tariff on imports, which has fostered Polish manufactures, the great development of her industrial resources, and the abandonment of all political agitation. Whatever may be the cause, he declares the country has now become the 'Belgium of Russia;' and Warsaw, daily becoming more opulent, is now one of the most important cities in Europe. Nor is it Warsaw alone that flourishes. Everywhere throughout the ancient kingdom manufactures and industrial enterprises of all kinds multiply and prosper. Journalism, that sure index of popular intelligence, numbers in the Grand Duchy fourteen daily, four illustrated, and three comic papers, to say nothing of eleven weekly and twenty-six monthly and bi-monthly reviews. Much as the Poles chafe against the Russian system of administration, the correspondent in question declares there is no wish on their part to throw in their lot with either of their neighbors. Posen is eaten up by the Germans. Galicia is perishing of an economic anæmia. In Russian Poland alone the Poles preserve their nationality and their prosperity."

free and independent principality. The transformation is Russia's work. At each successive stage in the blood-stained path from servitude to freedom, Servia found ready sympathy and active help from Russia. Others may have wished her well, but their wishes never took any material shape. Even a Platonic sympathy she did not always find in England. For Servian liberty Russia spent her treasure, and poured out the blood of her bravest sons. As it was in the beginning, so was it in the crowning achievement of Servian independence. It was the Russian volunteers who nerved the Servian militia to check for months the advance of the flower of the Ottoman soldiery. It was the Russian ultimatum which arrested the Turkish legions when Djunis fell, and the road lay open to Belgrade; and it was the Russian campaign in Bulgaria which finally emancipated the Servian principality. As a Russian I might boast of this, but I merely record facts. It was our duty, and we did it. And why was it our duty, or what was it that constrained Russians to exert themselves as no other nation in Europe would have done for a little country such as Servia? Every one who knows anything of the real forces which govern the East will answer at once: It was because the Servians were Slavs, as we are—and Greek Orthodox, as we are.

Of late years the conception of the Slavonic nationality spread rapidly; but the root idea was not nationality, but religion. It is a fact which has to be admitted. Russians fought and died, and conquered for the Servians, just as Englishmen would fight for brother Englishmen in India or South Africa. To talk in sonorous words about Christianity is very often nothing but cant, but there is no hypocrisy when faith is attested by death. You may believe what you may please of the Machiavelian and skilful policy of Russian diplomatists. We cannot share your admiration; but, if you obstinately shut your eyes to the deep, genuine sense of Christian fraternity throughout all the Orthodox East, you ignore the central fact of the situation. Your efforts to understand the historical development of the East will then be about as successful as if you were to formulate a theory of the

steam engine which ignored the existence of steam.

Yes, in the East the conception of a kingdom, not worldly but divine, not temporal but eternal, not based on geographical accidents but on religious faith, still illumines the hearts and consciences of mankind; the sense of brotherhood is not extinguished among us. The faith which roused Europe at the time of the Crusades is extinct in the West, but still survives in the East. It manifests itself with intense power at every opportunity. It is because of this strong and binding religious unity between Russia, Servia, and all orthodox peoples, that the deposition of the Archbishop Michael excites such intense 'feeling' throughout Russia. So vital and sensitive is that unity, that a touch at one point is felt through the whole body. The Rev. W. Denton, in his excellent book on "Servia and the Servians," written as long ago as 1862, brings out very clearly the reality of Christian unity in the Eastern Church. He says:

"In no part of Christendom are the obligations of brotherhood so felt and acted upon as throughout the Christian Church. The bond of union which connects all who are in communion with the Patriarchal See of Constantinople is stronger than in any other part of the Church. Such brotherhood does not depend upon race, for the Slavonic Pole has always been as hostile to the Slavonic Russ as, to say the least, the Englishman to the Frenchman. It arises solely from the possession of a common creed. The sympathy between the members of the Eastern Church is so real that wars of any duration between people belonging to this branch of the Church have scarcely or never arisen. This sympathy is independent of political intrigues. The cab-driver of St. Petersburg feels for our brother in Montenegro without the intervention of government, and without reference to secular politics. This sympathy, however, is necessarily impressed upon the actions of the Russian Government, and a fact often determines its actions. The bloody wars arising out of the rivalry of co-members of the Western Church, such as that between England and France, had their origin in the times before our Reformation, and have never arisen between co-members of the Eastern Church. Nor so long as the tie of religious sympathy is so strong as at present between the various nations in communion with the See of Constantinople are they possible."

It is because this unity is true and real that the trouble has risen. Servia, Slavonic and Orthodox, is united to Russia by ties which not even Austrian exhor-

tations can destroy. But if Servia were severed from the Orthodox Church—if a schism could be created by which the sense of fraternal unity would be destroyed, then indeed Austrian policy would have secured a triumph which would be full of sinister consequences to the Servian race.

III.

What is Austria? She is the very negation of every principle of nationality and unity. How can she be guided by an ideal, religious or otherwise,* when all her thinking and feeling faculties are in constant struggle and opposition? If there has ever been a bad neighborhood, it is that of Austria to Servia. From that material contiguity arises a material dependence, both political and economical. Whatever else might be lacking to secure Austrian influence in Servia, was supplied by the treaty of Berlin—that "thrice-cursed Treaty," as Aksakoff says in his graphic and unparliamentary way. As on some palimpsest you may still decipher the glorious poetry of Homer, although overwritten by the prose of some mediæval scribbler, so traces of the Treaty of San Stephano are visible beneath most of the clauses

* But if she has no faith, Austria has a full share of intolerance, or English newspapers would not have published the following statement: "The Council of the Evangelical Alliance is directing attention to the utter absence of anything worthy of the name of religious liberty in Austria at the present time. For instance, at a place near Prague, a few people calling themselves the 'Old Reformed Church,' have been forbidden to admit to their family worship any individual who is not strictly a member of the family. The police have forced their way into their houses, and have ordered even the servants out of the room while family prayers lasted. The Attorney-general at Prague, in connection with the case, boldly and publicly maintains that it is not even lawful to say grace at meals if any stranger is present. Last autumn the adherents of the 'New Church' at Vienna, who have had public worship for ten years, were forbidden to hold any meetings at all; and another Protestant community in the city received orders not to admit strangers (non-members) to their services. It is most anomalous that Austria should be guilty of these acts of intolerance within her Empire, while she has been, in conjunction with England and the other Great Powers, demanding the establishment of religious liberty in Servia, Roumania, Bulgaria, etc."

of the shameful patchwork drawn up at Berlin.

But of the clauses giving Austria dominance in Servia there is no trace in the original San Stephano Treaty, which was spoilt by the diplomatic "wisdom" of entire Europe. By the Berlin Treaty, which sanctioned the Austrian occupation of Bosnia, Servia became almost an Austrian enclave. Nor was that all. The clauses giving Austria the right to make railways through Servia secured her domination even more effectually. England then, under the Beaconsfield Ministry, pointed to Salonica, and even further, as the natural goal of Austrian ambition. Servia was looked upon but as a stepping-stone to the Ægean. Russia, exhausted with her exertions, and demoralized by her concessions, partially withdrew from the arena. Servia, in short, is being Austrianized, and the deposition of Archbishop Michael is one step in the process. A step of that sort is fatal. How the Servian Ministry fail to understand the importance of their mistake is quite incomprehensible! It is sheer blindness. Austria is not particular. Whether it is to create a schism or blockade a mountain, she looks solely to results. Servia, on the contrary, does not foresee the logical results she is preparing for herself in a very near future. I am not indulging in any polemic against Austria. I only recall some few facts, which people seem to forget. I do not say she is going to Salonica; friends of mine in official circles, *qui sont payés pour le savoir*, say she is not. Though Count Karolyi's letter to Mr. Gladstone has never been allowed to be published, from the published reply of Mr. Gladstone we all know that the "Hands-off" pledges have not been retracted. That reply has been reprinted in the second volume of Mr. Gladstone's "Political Speeches in Scotland," and forms, as it were, the *bonne bouche* of this interesting work.

One likes to admit what is written in black or white, but how are we to account for the numerous correspondences from the Western Balkans, full of evidence that the Austrian advance is to take place without delay? Who is deceived after all, I wonder?

The unfortunate provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which first rose for

their independence, and which were to be occupied and administered by Austria, are now practically annexed. Here is a little specimen of Austrian good faith and honesty. Austria has no right, no legal power, to levy the conscription in provinces she was sent to pacify. She is levying the conscription notwithstanding. She has not restored order (how could she?), nor has she made peace; this, again, was not in her power. But she has achieved another great result, which few people ever expected. She has even made the Turks regretted. Yet people should not be surprised. General Chrzanowski, a Pole and a Catholic, speaking of the Austrian occupation of Roumania in 1855, said, "The Austrians are brutal and impatient, always bringing the people to the brink of insurrection."

Compare General Chrzanowski's account with the descriptions which Mr. Arthur Evans sends home to-day of the state of things in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and there is a remarkable resemblance.* Nevertheless, many Englishmen, who went into raptures when the Tedeschi were turned out of Italy, see no reason for objecting to the permanent establishment of the Tedeschi among the population of another peninsula, which loves them just as little as did the Italians. For proof of this I need only point to the war Austria is

* But Austria, after all, changes very little. The "Austria" of Shakespeare has quite a family resemblance to the Austria-Hungary to-day. I wonder how often the justice of Contance's reproaches have been recognized since "King John" was written:

Con. O, Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch,
thou coward!

Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never
fight

But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! Thou art perjurd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art
thou,

A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side,
Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! Doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant
limbs!

King John, Act iii. Sc. 1.

now waging to compel the Bocchese and the Crivoscians to submit to a conscription which is illegal and unjustifiable, and to the insurrectionary agitation which prevails throughout the whole of the "pacified" provinces.

IV.

When Serbia was emancipated by Russia's sword, simple people said that the little principality would be virtually a Russian province. It was not our aim at all to "make Serbia a Russian province;" besides, we knew perfectly well how true the saying was, that in politics there is no gratitude. Russia, who in 1848 saved Austria from complete ruin, could not have forgotten the way in which her foolish generosity had been rewarded, and the cynical laughter which accompanied the exclamation of Metternich: "L'Autriche étonnera le monde par son ingratitude." We may pardon the harm done by people incapable of doing good, but we do not forget that harm—we ought not to forget it. The ingratitude of Prince Milan and his Minister has shocked even *The Daily Telegraph*. The first use they have made of the liberty which Russia gave them was directed against the Russians. The excuse given is, that "Austria is near, Russia is far off," and that the former could close her markets to Serbian exports. But even in submitting to Austrian influence, Serbia might have preserved some of her independence, and she ought not to have allowed her overbearing neighbor to interfere in the regulations of her church. Even the humblest are bound to defend their spiritual life, the atmosphere of their soul. History shows us noble examples of great, unflinching characters, resisting every threat, every persecution. English people feel little interest in the Orthodox Church, but they appreciate the Serbian market. At Vienna, English competition and Russian Orthodox "intrigues" are regarded as the two worst enemies. Indeed, there is even more said about "English intrigues," against the Austrian commercial treaty, and the Austrian State railways, than there is against Russian "Panslavism," which is supposed to be so great a danger to the whole world, Old and New. In the eyes of the Austrian speculators,

Russians and English are alike enemies to be excluded, as far as possible, from the principality, and, of course, also from every region which falls beneath the shadow of the Hapsburg. Already, in the Danube Navigation Commission, Englishmen find which power is the real aspirant for predominance; nor, perhaps, would the Government of Vienna-Pesth have any objection to insist upon asserting itself in Egypt.

Russia, to the Servians, stands as a liberator and benefactor; Austria, as the persistent foe of their emancipation, and their persecutor. From Russia they have nothing to fear, and if they have little to hope it is simply because Russia has already realized for them almost all they have dreamed. Austria, on the other hand, threatens them with annihilation or mediatization. Yet, fascinated by their danger, they surrender themselves heedlessly to the Austrian grasp. The poor Servians are not wiser than moths flying to the fire, and always coming nearer and nearer. If Austria, however, can cajole or coerce Prince Milan and his creatures to sacrifice the independence which Russia gave them, that is their business, but they should not expect Russians to applaud their suicide. The surest way of giving a death-blow to Slavonic lands is to attack the Orthodox Church. Austria has understood it from the very beginning.

I well remember what a painful shock I experienced when an Austrian friend of mine, in a moment of inadvertence and light-heartedness, said: "As for Bosnia and Herzegovina, we soon can settle that trouble. Surely it is easy to send there some clever Jesuits to bring them to reason." That was said in the early days of the occupation; and since then the Government of Vienna has not failed to send plenty of its "Black Dragoons" to the unfortunate provinces. The Pope, too, has established there his hierarchy, which, though deserving much blame, cannot be accused of apathy. In Servia the Roman Catholic propaganda had small chance of success. Even Prince Milan would have resented the establishment of a papal archbishop in Belgrade. But if they could not force the gate of the fortress, they might make their entrance by a mine, and that is precisely what they have done. The

history of the Servian people is the history of the Servian Church. The national hero of Servia was the Archbishop Sava. In the dark centuries during which the Turkish maulauder exercised sole authority in the unhappy land, it was the Church which alone kept alive in the minds of the Servians the consciousness of their nationality and their aspiration for independence. At her altars, as at a quenchless fire, generation after generation of Servian patriots kindled the flame of a death-defying patriotism which at last, with Russia's assistance, achieved the liberation of the country. We understood their struggles, their sufferings; we sympathized with their faith in better days.

More than a hundred years ago, as Miss Irby mentions in her "Slavonic Lands of Turkey," "the Turks laid hands on a Servian patriarch, carried him off to Broussa, and had him hanged." He was but one among many who suffered and died for the Servian cause. But the improved position of the country, instead of strengthening the position of the Church, has exposed the latter to a very serious danger. There is still some hope that the general feeling of the country will protest against the abuses of a government which, as is often the case with constitutional governments, does not at all represent the spiritual life of the Servians. Miss Irby, who has lived so many years in the East, and studied the question so carefully on the spot, says: "Though both the Patriarch of Carlovic and the Patriarch of Constantinople claim the rank of head of the Servian Church, yet in the eyes of the Serbs themselves that position is held by the virtually independent Archbishop of Belgrade, who bears the title of 'Metropolitan of all Servia.'"^{*}

The present, or—alas that I should have to say!—the late rightful metropolitan is the Archbishop Michael, a Servian patriot of the first rank, and a prelate of unimpeachable orthodoxy, who has been deposed and driven from his episcopal see, solely because he refused to sacrifice the independence of the Church at the bidding of the State.

Like all Eastern Churches, that of

^{*} "Slavonic Provinces of Turkey," 3d edition, 1877, vol. ii. p. 22.

Servia is independent in its relation to the State and to its sister Churches. The Roman idea of the supremacy of a central patriarchate is alien to the conception of church order which prevails in the East. In Russia we have an autocracy as the central power of the State ; but, as far as the Church is concerned, we are much less autocratic than the West. The organization of the Church is simple. When a vacancy occurs in any of the Servian sees, the parochial clergy and the archimandrites of the diocese elect a successor to the late bishop, and their choice is approved as a matter of course by the Government. In the Anglican Church, I am told, the process is exactly the reverse—the Government selects, and the Church as a matter of course approves.

Archbishop Michael was Bishop of Schabatz when, in 1859, he was elected Archbishop of Belgrade. He was then in the early prime of life ; and the Rev. W. Denton, in his "Serbia and the Serbians," represents him as a man apparently about five-and-forty years of age, with a countenance of great gentleness and intelligence. "His manners are very refined and agreeable, and his whole deportment is one of dignity, befitting his position as ruler of the Servian Church. I have rarely," he adds, "been so impressed by any one in a short visit. The Archbishop was even then (in 1862) deeply interested in the Anglican Church, and fervently expressed a hope of the restoration of unity between the separated Churches of Christendom."

In the twenty-three years of his reign at Belgrade the Archbishop had very pressing matters to deal with. Between 1859 and 1881 Servia passed through more than one crisis, and on every occasion she improved her position and made progress toward independence. Princes, dynasties were changed, but the Metropolitan remained. More than any other man he incarnates the recent history of his country. He was the chief actor in many eventful scenes ; and that Prince Milan, who would hardly have occupied the throne without his help, should have treated him so shamefully, is almost inconceivable, even to those who are only too familiar with the depths of Servian ingratitude. The

offence of the Metropolitan was that he had too much honesty, too much foresight, too much intelligence, to be a tool of Austria. His removal became thus necessary both to the cabinet of Vienna and to that of Prince Milan.

The law which imposed a tax upon the offices of the Church was passed at the demand of M. Miatovitch, the Prime Minister. No one, for instance, was to be allowed to take vows as a monk without paying 100 francs, and when he became an Ieromonach he must pay another 150 francs. This measure not only was an usurpation on the part of the State, but it struck a deadly blow at the purity and efficiency of the Church. I had better let the Metropolitan explain why he objected to the law, which was ruthlessly enforced upon him, in order to oblige him to give up the position he had filled so nobly and so long.

The moment the Archbishop Michael saw the new law in the official Gazette, he wrote a long and earnest remonstrance to the Minister, calling attention to the unconstitutional character of the law, and the utter impossibility of the Church's submitting to such a monstrous edict. The Metropolitan showed that the mistake could be easily repaired, as the Skuptchina was at that time holding its sittings, and competent to correct the blunder.

"Having received the *Srbske Novine*, No. 19," so the Metropolitan writes, "and the paragraphs referring to priesthood, consistory, and archbishops, I am as much astonished by its appearance as by the illegality, carelessness, and culpable contradiction to the spirit of the Holy Church and its laws. It is illegal of the Minister to carry to the Skuptchina a law referring to the priesthood, without having asked the advice and consent of the Metropolitan and the Episcopal Council."

He then explained the fundamental laws relating to the Church and State in all Orthodox (Pravoslav) lands :

"In all well-conditioned States, and everywhere in the East, attention is paid to the limits, accurately marked out, up to which the State authorities may act independently, and beyond which the State has no right to lay down any law for the Church ; the Church has its own laws, which the State has no right to change. If it were to be accepted that the State, disdaining the authorities of the Church, might arbitrarily issue such and similar laws, then naturally would ensue consequences which would create a gulf between Church and State—a gulf in which would perish the

regular development and security of them both ; then would result a series of hostilities, of struggles and mistrust—the illegal domination of the one and the impotence of the other. Because, unless the State finds a preliminary accord upon the laws which have to be introduced, and which, like that now under discussion, must in the highest degree tell upon the Church, then the Church sets herself free from the obligation to come to an agreement with the State concerning the execution of the functions imposed upon her by Apostolic and Œcumenical decrees. Acting thus, the State meddles in the internal constitution of the Church, and destroys that which the Church is bound to preserve through all the storms of temporal and political change—that which, if she had yielded to every passing invasion, she would now have ceased to exist ; she would no longer be the Œcumenical, Apostolic Church, but some sort of new Church, put together by reforms of various origin, established to-day, annulled to-morrow."

Having thus explained to the Ministry the absolute necessity of consulting the servants of the Church on such matters, the Metropolitan Michael shows the lack of logic in the law itself:

"How can the State," he asks, "tax orders which it has no power to grant, and when it does not maintain those who take them ? If any one had the right to impose a tax on an office of the Church, then it would be the Church which bestows them, and certainly not the State. But neither has the Church the right to do it, because such a tax would be equivalent to the *sin of simony*—that is, the selling of blessed gifts of God—a deed strictly prohibited by the Church."

To show further the absurdity of the law, not only in principle, but also in practice, the Metropolitan points out the amount of the proposed taxes : "The monk (or *Monach*) has to pay 100 francs ; the *léromonach*, 150 francs ; thus, one individual combining these two functions is to pay 250 francs."

After this he shows the impossibility of taking taxes from those consecrated to be priests, because the ordained are almost always very poor people, on whom fall many preliminary expenses ; for instance, their maintenance for six weeks after ordination in the diocesan town, the acquisition of indispensable Church appurtenances, which, according to the Servian custom, each one who is ordained has to purchase for himself. But the tax on those who become monks, and those who are ordained to be priests, is not sufficient for the Servian ministers ; they have imposed a tax of 100 francs even on the blessing of

the bishop. "Are the poor to be deprived of that which is obtained by means of the blessing of the bishop, and which thus will become only the privilege of the rich ?"

The Metropolitan goes on to explain the immoral results which a measure of that sort must naturally occasion, and which, however, are so self-evident, that I need not repeat them.

Here are his concluding words :

"Having carefully studied this law of taxation, we are forced to testify, that the persons who made it are not acquainted with the principles of the Pravoslav Church ; that they are not led by a true Christian heart, and that reverence which we are all bound to have towards the Church in which we are born, brought up, and educated, and to which we now belong. The Servian priesthood has not deserved to be thus dealt with, for they have always served the national weal. We cannot conceive that the authority of the State can go in a direction which humiliates the Church and extinguishes respect for the rules of a constitution which has existed for centuries. Perhaps the cause of these grievous manifestations lies in the realistic tendency, which in many places maintains the upper hand, and in the latter time has notably penetrated our lower classes. This materialistic tendency will not be allowed to go to extremes if there remains a strong control in the upper classes, but without this it is most dangerous."

Referring to this paragraph of the Code, the Metropolitan patriot entreats the Minister to find fitting means to remedy the injustice done to the peace and tranquillity of the Church and clergy.

But the Minister did not, or would not, understand the importance of the lesson, and remained deaf to the prayer of the Metropolitan. Although the Skuptchina was holding its sittings, and was sanctioning treaties with Austria (most injurious to Servia), he did not submit to their deliberations any proposal for the modification of the Anti-Orthodox law. He put off answering the Metropolitan until July 21, wishing, I suppose, to learn how Austria desired him to act in this matter. At last the Minister made the tardy and absurd reply, that the proposed taxes did not interfere in the affairs of the Church. He evidently did not wish to understand the Metropolitan's views. He twice referred to the offensive tone used by the chief representative of the Servian Church. Now, who were these two men ? One, a newly made official ;

the other, a venerable prelate, who, with honor and dignity, had stood at the head of the Servian Church for twenty-three years, and was now compelled by circumstances to prove himself versed in statesmanship.

The Metropolitan, having to send a representative to the Servian monastery in Moscow, consecrated him to the rank of *Igumén*, but did not compel him to pay the taxes imposed by the law, which he had positively repudiated, as "repulsive to the spirit of the Church, and contrary to the fundamental laws of the realm." The Minister, to punish the Metropolitan for his disobedience, inflicted on him a fine of 1800 francs, thus fixing a sum six times greater than the tax (300 francs) which was written down for the office of *Igumén*. This iniquitous decision of the Minister was dated the 19th of September. It does not appear from the published documents whether this decree was carried out. When, in the middle of September, the Episcopal Council—consisting of the Metropolitans of Nisch, Negotine, Ushitza, and Schabatz—assembled at Belgrade, under the presidency of the Servian Metropolitan Michael, the latter submitted the law of the new taxes to their judgment.

Here is the exact translation of their protocol, issued on the 24th of September :

"The Episcopal Council, solicitous, as is its bounden duty, to preserve Orthodoxy intact, having enforced the canons with the laws about the taxes, declares that this law in the points which decree a payment for the blessing of the bishop and for holy orders, which are obtained by the grace of the Holy Ghost, is contrary to the canons of the Holy Orthodox Church, and therefore the Episcopal Council desires that this law should be amended so as not to run counter to the sacred canons which we are bound to maintain uninjured. So likewise, the Council considers it to be incongruous that this law should have been issued without preliminary understanding with the Episcopal Council."

The Metropolitan Michael, laying before the Ministry this resolution on the 10th of October, with the signatures, be it observed, of all the bishops, enclosed an epistle explaining that decision as an answer to the letter of M. Novakovitch, the Minister of Instruction and Church Works, dated the 21st of July. In it he showed that the tone of his own epistle, which so deeply affronted the Minister,

did not in the least differ from the way in which the former Servian hierarchs carried on their correspondence with the secular authorities :

"Since the time that, with God's help, we ascended the Episcopal throne, we always, with all our soul, served the interest of the Holy Church, the princely reigning house, and the Orthodox Servian people; and in all circumstances we hastened to meet half-way the wishes of the Government, when the latter were submitted to us according to law."

Explaining further, that his opinion concerning the taxation of the clergy, and the intermeddling in the internal constitution of the Church, remains the same, he concludes his letter with the following words : "The Government, in the protocol of the decision of the Council in the question of the taxes, will see that the Servian bishops have not the power to accept the new law, which was constituted without the agreement of the Episcopal Council."

The Servian Ministry, irritated at those outspoken condemnations of its high-handed and lawless acts, published groundless accusations against Russian "interference." The "Austro-Cabinet Party," as a correspondent of the *Times* so aptly calls the present Miato-vitch Ministry, proceeded to further violence, and set up a creature of their own.

The Servian hierarchy hastened to draw up a collective protest against this outrage. The installation of Moses, and Michael's banishment to a monastery, was the ministerial answer to that protest. Frightened by so cruel and despotic a policy of the Government, the bishops, one after the other, except the Bishop of Schabatz, yielded to force; but they all insisted upon the condition that their recognition of Moses should be void if he were not confirmed in his powers by the Patriarch of Constantinople. Spiritual jurisdiction is entrusted only to spiritual hands.

To the Patriarchs of Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, Jerusalem, the representatives of the Holy Synod of Russia, and the Metropolitans of Greece, Roumania, and Montenegro, the Archbishop Michael has made his appeal. Until they have decided against him, he remains the only lawful Archbishop of the Servian Church.

But unless the Skuptchina displays

more patriotism than Prince Milan, the Servian Church will be endangered, and Servia will become the *avant-garde* of the Hapsburg on the Balkan peninsula. From such a fate she may still be saved by the energetic action of her Church and people, and the whole Slavonic world waits with anxiety the result of this trial.

V.

On the monument erected at Kryevatz, near Alexinats, by Servian patriots, to the Russian volunteers who perished, are engraved the words: "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends." This monument, in the erection of which Michael had taken the most prominent part, was one of the few material indications of the innumerable moral links which bind the hearts of the greatest to those of the least Slavonic peoples. Not in vain is the Morava valley rich with the grass-grown graves of the unforgotten dead; not in vain fell the rich rain of Russian blood upon the Servian soil.

"There is a narrow ridge in the grave-yard
Would scarce stay a child in his race;
But to me and my thoughts it is wider
Than the star-sown deep of space."

Yes, some memories shine as the stars in the firmament, to light generation after generation to the fulfilment of the glorious destinies of the Slavonic world.

Ministers may betray their trust, princes may sell themselves to the enemy of their race, but the sympathy between Russians and Servians can no more be affected by passing misunderstandings or bad faith of administrations, than the light of the sun can be extinguished by the passing thunder cloud.

When the news reached Moscow that the venerable Metropolitan of the Servian Church had been deposed, the sensation was profound. But when it was known that he was deposed because he would not allow simony to pass current in the Servian Church, because he would not allow the civil power to "levy a tax on the gifts of the Holy Ghost," indignation became strong indeed. What was our Minister at Belgrade doing to raise no protest against so scandalous an outrage? How could that personification of sleep and apathy represent ardent, thrilling Russia? On St.

Michael's Day, a mass for the Metropolitan Michael was celebrated in the Church of the Serv convent in Moscow. In an eloquent discourse, the Bishop of Moscow spoke as follows:

"Hard indeed was the condition of Pravoslav Christians under the Turkish yoke; but it is now harder still. Amid the Turkish persecutions, in the face of an open enemy, the Christians of the Balkan Peninsula preserved a complete spiritual unity, which rendered vain all efforts to break up their nationality by means of rude physical force. At the present moment the Servian Church, in the person of its representative the Metropolitan Michael, is engaged in combat with a more dangerous enemy, with Roman Catholicism, which, by an influence brought to bear (through Austria), aims at the subjugation of the Pravoslav East to its spiritual sovereignty. In former times the Patriarch Hermogene and the Metropolitan Philip, in combat with secular authority, sealed with their blood their devotion to the Pravoslav faith. Now, in our day, the Metropolitan Michael is to be compelled to give his assent to a practice which was not resorted to even in Pagan times—to the new law which imposes taxes and duties on all who assume the monastic habit, or who are raised to any spiritual dignity whatever. This wrong the more painfully affects us because it is being wrought in those very lands where the standard of Christianity was first planted by Constantine the Great.

"It is clear to us that the Metropolitan Michael cannot recognize this new law, which affronts the dignity and fetters the internal liberty of the Pravoslav Church. The example of courage shown by the Metropolitan may serve as a consolation for all in these times of general license and moral weakness."

These words of the Bishop made a deep impression. A telegram of sympathy was sent to the Metropolitan, signed by all present, by the Bishop Ambrosius, Archbishop Jacob, several archimandrites—those of Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Antioch—the representative of the Patriarch of Constantinople, M. Aksakoff, and the members of the Slavonic Committee.

VI.

Before I conclude this brief and imperfect sketch I must make one or two explanations.

In speaking of Austria-Hungary, I put aside all diplomatic circumlocutions. As a simple Slav, I am simply pleading the rights of the Slav; and if these rights are endangered by Austria-Hungary, my plea naturally becomes polemical. But if the Cabinet of Vienna-Pesth would

but have kept their "hands off" the liberties and the religion of the Servs and Southern Slavs, this article would never have been written. Unfortunately, Austria-Hungary, by her geographical position, can control the Servian export trade; and, by her commercial treaties, she can make use of the principality for the benefit of her Jewish speculators to almost any extent. But because she can control the Servian market, that is no reason why she should interfere with the independence of the Servian Church.

As I once had occasion to remark, I have no antipathy to Austrians, because "Austrians" do not exist; and of the innumerable nationalities which make up the mosaic of the Empire-Kingdom, the most numerous are Slavs. They are so numerous even that they can afford to spare recruits to the enemy. Kossuth, whose hostility to the Slavonic cause is almost a monomania, is himself a Slovak. The tendency of the time is in favor of the Slavonic races, within Austria as well as without. It was an Austrian Slav who made that poetic prophecy, which scandalized so deeply the West: "The Germans have reached their day, the English their mid-day, the French their afternoon, the Italians their evening, the Spaniards their night, but the Slavs stand on the threshold of the morning."

M. Emile de Laveleye, in one of his brilliant contributions to the *Revue des deux Mondes*, indulges in a dream of Austria-Hungary transformed into a monarchical and Slavonic Switzerland. "There are sixteen millions of Slavs within her borders," he says, "and eight millions in European Turkey, while there are only five million Germans, and eight million Magyars. Austria-Hungary, having lost her centre of gravity, will settle east and southward, and from the Saxon mountains to the Ægean will arise a Federation of the Danube, in which, of course, the Slavs will be the dominant power." "That is the only hope of Austria," says M. de Laveleye, her most intelligent advocate in the West. After decomposition and recombination the new Austria may be better than the present. But whatever may

arise from the ashes, is not Austria-Hungary already in its funeral pyre? My opinion, being too partial, has of course no weight; but what does M. Kossuth say, what does Mgr. Strossmayer say, what does M. de Laveleye himself say? M. Kossuth, although a Slovak, declared four years ago that "the razor was put to the throat of Austria and also of Hungary, when the Vienna Cabinet followed" the "infernal" policy "of seizing Bosnia and Herzegovina." Bishop Strossmayer is a statesman devoted to Austria. "The decisive hour," he said in 1879, "approaches for Austria, and God knows that I would give my life at this moment to save her. But in these supreme hours do her rulers understand their position? If they consent to favor the national development of Bosnia, all the East will turn toward us. If, on the contrary, we attempt to denationalize them, to the profit of the Germans and the Magyars, we shall speedily be more detested than the Turks, and Austria will inevitably march to her doom." Those who read the correspondence of such trustworthy observers as Mr. Fitzgerald, Mr. Arthur Evans, and Mr. Stillman, need not be told how exactly one part of Bishop Strossmayer's prophecy has been fulfilled. M. de Laveleye himself says, "If Austria combats the legitimate aspirations of the Slav populations, she will commit suicide." These are the words of her admirer and eulogist.

But before concluding, I must quote a remarkable dispatch of a distinguished statesman, who has been so useful to his adopted country—viz., Count Beust, the former Chancellor of the Empire. In the year 1867 he urged Austria to encourage a wide development of the privileges of the Christian populations of the Balkans, who should be put under the protectorate of the whole of Europe, and endowed, under guarantees from all the Courts, with independent institutions, in accordance with their various religions and races."

If that policy were pursued there would be no crisis to-day in Servia,¹ and no cause for very serious uneasiness and forebodings.—*Contemporary Review*.

ROBERT SOUTHEY AND CAROLINE BOWLES.*

ALTHOUGH there is much in this volume which we have read with interest, the first reflection it suggests springs from the fragility of second-class literary reputations. They remind us of the photographs of departed friends, to be met with in most collections, which fade insensibly, losing year by year something of their freshness and life, until they become the shadow of a shade, and vanish quite away. Such has been the fate of the accomplished lady who shared so long and so largely in the friendship of Robert Southey, and at length became his wife. Of the readers of the present generation who may open this volume or glance over these pages, we question whether one in a thousand has ever so much as heard of "Emily FitzArthur" or the "Birthday," or of the numerous contributions of Miss Bowles to *Blackwood*, or to the *Keepsakes* and other annuals of a former age. Yet she was ranked high among the literary characters of that time by her contemporaries. Henry Nelson Coleridge styled her "the Cowper of our modern poetesses," and Southey himself speaks of her in the "Doctor" as "Caroline Bowles, whom no authoress or author has ever surpassed in tenderness and sanctity of feeling." These are the expressions of enthusiastic friendship and warm affection; they are not criticism, and they shrivel into dust beneath the touch of Time. In spite of the meritorious effort of Mr. Dowden to revive these memorials of the past, he must be well aware that the sentence of oblivion cannot be reversed; Miss Bowles cannot claim so much as a page in Mr. Ward's charming selections from modern poetry, and she will be remembered—if she be remembered at all—as the friend and wife of Southey. In justice to her modest, unassuming character it must be added that she herself would have desired no other or higher fame.

The literary reputation of Robert Southey stood, and still stands, on a far loftier pedestal; among his contemporaries few had risen higher. Landor justly said of him, "Never in the course of my existence have I known a man so excellent on so many points." Coleridge compared him to Marcus Cato as the man "likeliest virtue." Sir Henry Taylor, who still bears a living testimony to the merits of his friend, goes so far as to declare that, "although there were greater poets in his generation, men of a deeper and more far-reaching philosophic faculty, it may be said of him justly, and with no straining of the truth, that of all his contemporaries he was the greatest MAN." Southey himself, who was not wanting in self-assertion, did not hesitate to claim a place in the foremost rank of a great literary age—the age which produced Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. With the utmost respect for his memory, both on account of his private virtues and his literary talents and industry, this verdict cannot be supported against the judgment of the next generation and of posterity. The reputation of most of the men we have just named has extended and increased—that of Southey has prodigiously declined; indeed, when we consider his power of imagination, and his command of poetical language, as displayed in "Roderick" and "Thalaba" and in some of his early ballads—when we recall his vast reading, his pure and correct style, his indefatigable industry for nearly half a century in every branch of prose composition—we are astonished that the ultimate result should be so small. Probably none of the best writers of the earlier years of this century is now so little read. His poems are almost forgotten, his greatest literary labors are unknown, and were not always completed. Probably the "Life of Nelson"—a small volume, but a real classic—will survive all its weightier congeners, and the "Holly Tree" will retain a place in the poetical miscellanies of the future. Nothing could be more unlike the position which Southey conceived his own works to occupy, than that to which they have already descend-

* "The Correspondence of Robert Southey with Caroline Bowles, to which are added Correspondence with Shelley, and Southey's Dreams." Edited, with an Introduction, by Edward Dowden, Professor of English Literature in the University of Dublin. Dublin and London: 1881.

ed. Nobody would dream of republishing any of them; they scarcely appear as vendible commodities in the catalogues of the second-hand booksellers.

It would carry us too far from our immediate purpose to investigate the causes of this failure. There is a good deal in the letters to Miss Bowles that tends to explain it; but nothing to mitigate the severity of the sentence. They exhibit the charm of Southey's private character, his affectionate disposition, his firm and zealous friendship, his simple tastes, his purity and piety of thought and life. But they also display the asperity and intolerance of his literary judgments, his bitterness toward those from whom he differed, and his indulgence to his own crotchets and opinions, to which he clung with the spirit of infallibility. Nothing could be more amiable than his relations to Miss Bowles, governed by the tenderness of a friendship which ripened into love. But in the course of a long correspondence, while they deal in profuse compliments to one another, they contrive to distribute pretty severe blows to every one else. We shall quote some of these passages, which are amusing and characteristic.

Byron and Jeffrey were two of Southey's "favorite aversions," as the phrase runs. Although he boasts that he is "irritable to any attacks through the press," he adds:

"When I have taken occasion to handle Jeffrey, or found it necessary to take up the pen against Lord Byron, it has been more with a feeling of strength than of anger—something like Rumpelstilzchen feels when he lays his paw upon a rat." Rumpelstilzchen was his favorite cat. The sentence is not only absurd but ungrammatical. The pronoun "what" is left out, probably by accident. But Rumpelstilzchen might have found such rats as Byron and Jeffrey too strong for his claws. In the eyes of Southey Lord Byron was simply "a bad man."

In 1824, when Southey was busily engaged on his "History of the Peninsular War," Miss Bowles informed him with regret that another history of that war was in preparation under the auspices of the Duke of Wellington. The work thus announced is obviously Sir

William Napier's immortal narrative. To this Southey replies:

Your news is new to me; but it does not surprise, and can in no degree injure me. Indeed, I do not think it will affect Murray's interest, who is the person interested; for the intended work will prove a military history exclusively. The Duke refused to communicate any papers to me, upon the ground that he reserved them for such a work. He said that I should do as every one who wished to make a popular work would—ascrbe more to the Spaniards than was due to them. In this he is mistaken. But the truth is he wants a whole-length portrait of himself, and not an historical picture in which a great many other figures must be introduced. By good fortune I have had access to papers of his of a much more confidential nature than he himself (I am very sure) would entrust to any one. And I have only to wish the work which he patronizes may come out as soon as possible, that I may make use of it. For my third volume, in all likelihood, it will come in time, and then it will save me some trouble, for I may rely upon its authority in mere military points. This must be the reason why Murray announces my second volume so prematurely, when only twenty-six sheets are printed out of a hundred. I shall neither hurry myself nor be hurried. And you need not be told that I shall everywhere speak of the Duke exactly as I should have done if he had behaved towards me with more wisdom. *Let who may write the military history, it is in my book that posterity will read of his campaigns.* And if there had been nothing but a military interest in the story, the Duke might have written it for me.

The Duke of Wellington appears to have judged Southey's qualifications as a military historian more correctly than Southey himself, and a pen of very different *trempe* was chosen to record his exploits; Southey sinking into the very abasement of self-delusion, and unconscious of the melancholy fate which awaited his own quartos.

Of Dean Milman he says:

The paper on Milman I have not read, caring too little for any such subject. I know Milman, who spent a summer here some years ago. He was then a little spoilt by Etonism, and has since been more so by admiration, fashionable society, and prosperity.

So much for the author of the "History of Latin Christianity," which will certainly outlive Southey's "History of the Peninsular War."

Mr. Hallam does not fare better. Of him Southey writes:

To-day I returned the proofs of the severest criticism I have ever written. It is upon Hallam's "Constitutional History," a book

composed in the worst temper and upon the worst principles. It contains even a formal justification of the murder of Lord Strafford. I am acquainted with the author, and should, therefore, have abstained from this act of justice upon him, if he had not called it forth by some remarks in his notes upon the "Book of the Church," which take from him all right of complaint. You will see I can be angry, not on my own score, because any attack on that book only serves to prove its strength, etc.

Yet, if we are not mistaken, Hallam's "Constitutional History" survives even Mr. Southey's "Book of the Church." Mr. Southey's notion of Lord John Russell was that "he scruples at no subterfuge and no falsehood that will serve his purpose for a time"—not exactly what is commonly thought of Lord Russell!

Poor Mrs. Barbauld, with her exquisite delicacy and warmth of feeling, is described as "cold as her creed," because she happened to be a Unitarian; and "her niece, Miss Lucy Aiken," when I saw her (which was before she commenced historian!), *pert as a pear-monger*." What that may be we do not know. It might be supposed that a "pear-monger" is a person who sells pears. We fail to see the point of the comparison.

Charles Lamb, Mrs. Opie, Hannah More, Charles Butler, William Howitt, Hayley, Charlotte Brontë, and a multitude of other excellent and accomplished persons come in for some of these rough touches of Southey's pen, and Miss Bowles is never behindhand in administering a few pin-pricks in her small way. It is melancholy to think what backbiting and slander very good people are apt to indulge in at the expense of their fellow-creatures. Southey, it seems, with characteristic blindness, wished this correspondence to be published for the benefit of future ages; but his representatives have shown but little judgment in giving it to the light. Many passages leave a bitter taste in the mouth, and we doubt whether any portion of it will raise Southey's reputation or give a reputation to Miss Bowles.

On all questions connected with politics and religion, Southey labored under insuperable prejudices and a rank intolerance. His standard of excellence appears to have been the Georgian age. On the death of that excellent monarch,

King George IV., in 1830, he exclaims:

There is something melancholy in having seen the end of the Georges, the Georgian age having been in part the happiest, in part the most splendid, and altogether the most momentous age in our history. We are entering upon a new one, and with no happy auspices.

To a mind so constituted the era which was ushered in by the accession of William IV. and the Reform Bill, was not a time of promise and delight. Accordingly, Southey's letters betray the terrors of a Tory mad with fright. He believes that there is a plot of *Sansculottes* to murder the King and the Duke on their way into the City. He doubts whether he can make his way to Coutts's bank in the Strand with a £100 cheque in his pocket. The end of all things is at hand. We make all allowances for an elderly literary gentleman whose nerves are shaken, and whose head is not very strong. But we have some difficulty in discovering in all this Sir Henry Taylor's GREAT MAN.

The personal relations of Mr. Southey and Miss Bowles are always pleasing, especially when they speak of their black-birds, their nuthatches, and their favorite cats. For both of them had a keen sense of the charm and beauty of nature, and a strong yearning for domestic affection. But the objects of domestic affection were denied them; for Miss Bowles was a solitary woman, and Southey's hearth and home were overcast by the illness of his wife. Hence they derived an unbroken pleasure from a sympathetic correspondence carried on between the hills of Westmoreland and the borders of the New Forest, but they rarely met. Their intimacy began in 1818 by a humble appeal on the part of Miss Bowles that the great Mr. Southey "would devote some leisure hour to the perusal of a manuscript, hardly to be called a poem"—for Miss Bowles always speaks very modestly of her own performances. Southey not only read but admired; for he was touched by the graceful and flattering letter which accompanied the poem, though the sterner judgment of Mr. Murray declined the publication of it. But the basis of a lifelong friendship was laid, which was of far more importance. Southey's opinion of Miss Bowles's literary powers was so high that he proposed to her

in 1823 a "literary union," the offspring of which was to be a joint poem, written after the manner of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, on the legend of "Robin Hood," seeing, as he says, no just cause or impediment why R. S. and C. A. B. should not thus be joined together. The lady took a more sober view of this perilous alliance with the author of "Thalaba," and she soon found (as she anticipated) that she made a bad hand of "Thalaba's" prosody. It was to her "like attempting to drive a tilbury on a tram-road. You would laugh to see me in the agony of composition." So at last the scheme dropped. But if Southey had not been the most guileless of men, we might suspect the bard of a deep-laid plot upon the lady's affections.

Thenceforth the intimacy increased, and as a sincere record of a literary life it becomes interesting. Southey relates to his correspondent all his incessant labors, his articles for the *Quarterly*, his squabbles with editors and publishers, his plans of greater works, some of which remained unaccomplished, and the results of his indefatigable reading, of which the most complete evidence is to be found in that strange and amusing book the "Doctor." There Southey gave a free rein to his learning and to his drollery; nobody but himself could have written it. Some twenty or thirty years were spent in collecting the odds and ends of this singular conglomerate, which was at last moulded into shape. The "Doctor" is certainly the most characteristic, if not the best, of Southey's prose writings. It deserves to retain a place in literature, not only for its originality, but for its pathos and for its fun. Miss Bowles said of it with truth, "There is the concentrated essence of a life's reading in these two volumes; and, better, of a life's feeling; and, best of all to me, I found *you* in every chapter." Southey, who is not afraid of startling comparisons with past greatness, replies, "There is something of 'Tristram Shandy,' in its character, something of Rabelais, more of Montaigne, and a little of old Burton, but the predominant character is my own." He appears to have thought that there was no great disparity between himself and these eminent persons.

It was Southey's misfortune that he

was compelled to write book after book, and article after article, for the daily bread of his family. His means were small, his pension inconsiderable, and literature was his chief resource. Literature is a charming mistress, but a bad servant-of-all-work. Upon the whole, whatever he did best in this kind of composition for the market is to be found in his biographical writings; he found biography pleasant, easy, and profitable. We have already mentioned with all honor his "Life of Nelson," to which he subsequently added the lives of other naval heroes.

The "Life of Wesley" is a valuable contribution to the history of Methodism, and the "Life of Cowper" an interesting psychological study. Of Cowper, however, he says in these letters that some mystery remains unrevealed, and that it might have been disclosed from Mr. Newton's correspondence. But he adds that "his mind is made up that, if it ever be revealed, it shall not be by himself. It would mingle too distressingly with all one's thoughts and feelings concerning Cowper." Had Cowper committed, or imagined himself to have committed, some crime? We shall never know. But the probability is, that it was a mere hypochondriacal and imaginary effect of his state of mind, as Southey suggests. He was most unlikely to have committed any grave offence, but very likely to imagine that he had done so.

"Genius," says Southey in one of these letters, "is common enough (I had almost said too common), but nothing is so uncommon as the good sense which gives it its right direction." That is a saying worth remembering; but it is impossible to read this correspondence without feeling that, if Southey had a good deal of genius, the allowance of good sense was not always in proportion to it. Mr. Dowden, with the enthusiasm of an editor, declares that he was a man "sound to the core," though cursed with an irritable nervous system, "dangerously excitable." This must be the excuse for the numerous harsh, incorrect, and intemperate judgments to be met with in these pages. But we are reluctantly led to the conclusion that Southey, in spite of his high principles and his noble aspirations, was singularly

incapable of forming a just opinion of his contemporaries or of the times in which he lived. The French Revolution half turned his youthful brain in the direction of democracy, and he wrote "Joan of Arc." Subsequent events twisted him round, and he wrote the "Vision of Judgment." The Reform Bill was to him a letting loose of all the powers of evil. Something, therefore, was wanting to give his genius its right direction.

Mrs. Southey who had long been a complete invalid, died in November 1837, and at about that date this published correspondence ends. The later letters of Miss Bowles are lost; and the editor has wisely abstained from entering at greater length on the circumstances attending the marriage of Southey to her who had so long been the cherished depository of his thoughts and feelings. The marriage cannot be said to have been an unhappy one, for never were two human beings better suited to each other. But it was accompanied with very painful incidents. Southey's mental powers began to give way. "He had been," says Mr. Dowden, "an Arab steed bearing the load of a packhorse; he bore it long and well, then quivered and fell by the way." But in those hours of darkness, that antechamber of the tomb, it was no slight alleviation of the griefs of failing nature that one who entirely knew and loved him was by his side, and his eye brightened to the last with a momentary intelligence at her name. Nor do we suppose that Caroline Bowles ever regretted the sacrifice she had made in becoming his wife, though Mr. Landor styled her "a martyr and a saint." She possessed one of those fervent, pious, and devoted natures which would see in such a martyrdom the triumph of love and duty. Her life had gradually become absorbed in that of her illustrious friend, and her idea of heaven itself was companionship with him. After his death she returned to Lymington, where she, too, died in 1854. There is something singularly touching in the letters, which enable us to trace this intercourse of two kindred souls,

from the first slight commencement to its solemn termination, and one thinks with pleasure of the innocent happiness which their friendship cast over lives otherwise not unclouded.

We cannot dismiss this volume without some notice of the correspondence between Southey and Shelley, which is annexed to it, from a transcript made by Miss Bowles. These letters are in the highest degree remarkable, and add a memorable page to the painful history of Shelley's life and opinions. Early in life (for in 1816 Shelley says it was "some years ago") the poets had met—Shelley then at nineteen Southey at eight-and-thirty. The impression left on Shelley's mind was favorable. He regarded the elder bard with admiration as a poet, and with respect as a man; and in 1816 he sent him a copy of "Alastor," as a mark of respect. A bitter review of the "Revolt of Islam" appeared in the *Quarterly* in 1820, which was erroneously attributed to Southey; and their correspondence was renewed in different terms. Southey had not written the article, and, indeed, had not read any of Shelley's publications except the "Alastor;" but the incidents of Shelley's life, which had occurred in the interval, were known to him, and they called forth his strongest censure and remonstrance. Shelley replied from Pisa in a more moderate tone than might have been expected, and sent Southey his later works, including the "Cenci" and "Prometheus." To this latter Southey responded by an appalling picture of Shelley's own career.

Some men (he said) are wicked by disposition; others become so in their weakness, yielding to temptation; but you have corrupted in yourself an excellent nature. You have sought for temptation and courted it, and have reasoned yourself into a state of mind so pernicious that your character, with your domestic arrangements, as you term it, might furnish a subject for the drama more instructive, and scarcely less painful, than the detestable story of the "Cenci," and this has proceeded directly from your principles. It is the Atheist's Tragedy.

Southey never wrote anything more powerful or more deeply felt than this letter.

PRINCE POTEMKIN.

ON the 9th July, 1762, there met for the first time two persons who, during the succeeding quarter of a century, ruled Russia with great wisdom and success, securing for their country a position in Europe which she had never before held, and which she has never since lost. These two were the Czarina Catherine—the Arch-Catherine as her flatterers were wont to call her—and a youth of about twenty summers named Potemkin, friendless, unknown either to fame or infamy, and of lowly birth, who, at the age of fifty-two, died President of the Council of War, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian armies, Grand Admiral of the Russian fleets, Knight of the principal orders of Prussia, Sweden and Poland, and of all the orders of Russia. It was the day on which Catherine, placing herself at the head of 2000 soldiers of the Ismailoffsky guards and adding to her many infidelities the crime of rebellion, had marched to the church of Kasan and forced the Archbishop of Novgorod to crown her Empress of all the Russias.

This took place at 7 o'clock in the morning. At noon of the same day Catherine, in the flush of her youth and beauty—for the favored mortals who beheld her seem to have carried away in their imaginations a vision of grace and loveliness that never left them; and even old and cold chroniclers effloresce into the language of the lover when they venture to speak of the charm of her presence—at noon Catherine again appeared before her enthusiastic subjects, dressed in the uniform of an officer of the guards; her long beautiful chestnut hair spread out as a sail on the air as she rode through the streets, sitting astride her white horse, to the ground where she was to review her troops before marching against her husband. There was one article of adornment wanting to complete her military attire: she had no plume in her hat. A young officer rode up and, pointing out the omission, offered his own. It was accepted with that grace and brightness which Catherine in her early years possessed above measure, and of which even the corpulence and clumsiness of her physique in ripier years did not alto-

gether rob her. Potemkin's horse, it is said, accustomed to form into squadron persistently refused to respond to its rider's efforts to retire from the imperial party. Her Majesty smiled on his confusion and helplessness, entered into conversation with him; asked him about his family, and soon after appointed him to the post of Gentleman of the Bedchamber, with an annual pension of 2000 roubles.

Of a daring ambition, gifted with an artful and insinuating manner, and an imagination fertile in devices to accomplish the ends his intelligence had set before him, he resolved to oust Gregory Orloff from the seat in the Empress's affections which he had obtained while she was yet Grand Duchess. The brothers Orloff had furnished the brain and nerve of the revolution, so that Catherine, besides being linked to the elder of them by the ties of love or lust, was bound to him by gratitude; and though she silently resented his imperiousness, yet she lacked at this period of her career the courage to risk a rupture with the man and husband's murderer whose boldness had placed her on the throne. At the private evening parties of the palace, where Catherine laid aside the sovereign and became the simple, refined lady, banishing the formalities of Courts and substituting the freedom of home life, Potemkin was a frequent guest. He imagined that he saw in Catherine's movements evidence of a desire to linger near him and to select him from among the company for special marks of friendliness and a sweeter smile; he began to assume the airs, the sigh, and the abstraction of an unconfessed lover, thereby provoking the enmity and dislike of Prince Orloff, who resolved to punish him for his audacity, while he still wore the mask of cordiality. An opportunity soon offered which, though it humbled Potemkin, invested him with a new interest in the eyes of the Empress. A little friendly banter passed between the pro-husband *in posse* and the one *in esse*. The chaff grew bitter and more personal, till Potemkin forgot the respect due to his superior in rank, who chastised him for his insolence

and destroyed the sight of one of his eyes. This revealed to Catherine Potemkin's love for her. She saw in him one who suffered for her sake, and her feelings were tenderly affected toward him. The young man's devices to make Catherine capitulate to him would have done credit to an experienced actor. He moved about the palace a blighted being; his natural gayety forsook him; he was seldom seen to smile, and when he did the smile was heart-rending. Every sentence he uttered wound up with a sigh. Able to endure the agony of unrequited love no longer, he fled the Court, and caused it to be rumored abroad that he was about to shut himself up in a convent. Catherine made inquiries about his absence, and learned that his unfortunate passion had driven him to despair, and that he had fled to where he could not see the object of it, in the hope that he might soon conquer it. "I never thought," said she, "that he would take it so much to heart. I thought I had given him all the hope and encouragement I could." This speech was duly reported to the would-be monk; he redoubled his distress; actually entered a convent and put on clerical attire, declaring his intention to take holy orders and think of the Earth and her daughters no more. Every fibre of emotion in Catherine's nature was moved; she dispatched the Countess Bruce to invite Potemkin back to Court and, without positively promising too much, to inspire him with the hope that his love would yet be crowned. Potemkin quickly threw off the cowl, and in a few days found himself installed as the Czarina's official husband, with a pocket allowance of 12,000 roubles, which he found on the first day of each month lying on his dressing-table.

There was a considerable vein of religious feeling in Potemkin's nature; not religion, for that is something that affects the moral complexion of the inner life; but religiousness, which leaves a bad man, in the righteous classifications of heaven, exactly what he was before, and which means absorption of his soul in church forms and dresses and ritualisms. His father had educated him for the church. At the age of twelve he was sent to the University of Moscow as a student of divinity,

and there his mind acquired that theological tincture and coloring which his military, political, and Court life could not work out of it. He would halt his troops on the march that he might visit a monastery; dismiss a paragon that he might pass an opinion on a pontifical robe; or break up a meeting of the Senate or a council of war to receive a bishop. Though his morality was of the loosest character, his theology was of the strictest sect of the orthodox; there was no greater authority on ecclesiastical millinery and upholstery in Russia. His favorite topic of conversation was the causes of the separation of the Greek and Latin Churches; and the fortune of that man was made who listened with apparent interest to a disquisition from him on popes and patriarchs, on the formularies of doctrine enunciated by the oecumenical councils, and on early church history and disputes generally. It is confidently averred by some of his contemporaries that had he survived Catherine and lived under Paul, who, hating his mother, dismissed her favorites and reversed her policy, Potemkin would have ended his career in a cloister.

Catherine's affections were fickle and ephemeral; generally within a year or two she grew tired of her favorites and, loading them with honors and wealth, recommended them to travel for the benefit of their education. Well aware that the hour would come when Catherine's heart would weary of him and crave for fresh pastures, Potemkin was no sooner installed as Her Majesty's domestic companion than he began to prepare for the coming dismissal. He resolved to make himself indispensable as a statesman and counsellor when he was no longer required in a more tender relationship—the only one of the long list of favorites who manifested such craft. Imbued with a deep true love of his country, he suggested many of the schemes and directed many of the operations by which Catherine glorified her reign; and served his own interests best by serving his sovereign faithfully. He gradually acquired the overmastering ascendancy over her mind and will which he had acquired over her affection. At the end of two years, thinking his position in the Empire secure, he began to

scheme to relinquish the title of "favorite," still retaining the honors and influence attached to the post. He managed it with complete success; and though many of his successors tried to oust him from his seat of supremacy, Potemkin defied them all, and obliged the Empress to disgrace those of them who proved inimical to his interests. "Make your choice, madam," said he, on one occasion, "between Yermoloff and me. The alternative I offer you is, dismiss who you like, but one of us must leave your Court. For my part, as long as you keep that white negro I will not set my foot within your palace. I hate him so, that I vow solemnly never to be friendly with him while life lasts, and my revenge shall reach him some time. But, should your Majesty determine to sacrifice him and secure my services, my devotion and zeal in your cause will be greater in the future even than it has been in the past. I shall continue to provide for the interests of your heart as well as your Empire, and I hope I may choose more wisely than I did when I recommended this Yermoloff." The arrogant and haughty Czarina was cowed and abashed. On the spot she told Potemkin that he might discharge his rival if he wished. She even obeyed the prince's prohibition to bid her lover farewell; and Potemkin enjoyed the triumph of announcing to Yermoloff that it was her Majesty's will and command that he should never again show himself in her presence.

Toward the end of two years, Potemkin selected a young man devoid of energy and character, but amiable, handsome, muscular and healthy, whom he nominated one of Catherine's private secretaries. He encouraged Her Majesty's dawning partiality for the youth; and when the time was ripe he intimated to her that his infirmities were such that he was reluctantly obliged to ask an interval of rest in order to recover his health, worn out by the cares and duties of his various offices. For a short while he retired to his government of Novgorod; on his return he found his protégé installed in his apartments, which were connected with the Czarina's by a private staircase. He expressed much sorrow at Catherine's inconstancy that she feared she would never be able to

console him. She furnished and presented him with a palace, which Potemkin received with obtrusive disappointment. She thereupon added 80,000 roubles that he might furnish it anew to his taste; and ever after, till near the end, when Catherine grew tired of her "favorite," she announced the fact to Potemkin and commissioned him to look out for some suitable youth whom he sent to Court with a fabricated message, that the Empress might have at least an opportunity of seeing him, a cipher of communication having previously been agreed on. Thus, for instance, before Momonoff was appointed, it was arranged that the prince should send him with a roll of drawings; "the opinion your Majesty expresses about the drawings will acquaint me with what your Majesty thinks about the bearer." Having examined the youth carefully, Catherine returned the drawings with the comment: "The outlines are beautiful, but the coloring bad," referring to Momonoff's sallow skin. Potemkin received from Her Majesty a fee of 100,000 roubles on each successive vacancy; and, as the youth recommended doubled the sum, the prince turned the capriciousness of Her Majesty's heart into a source of profit and revenue.

Before giving a short account of what Potemkin did for Russia, we may devote a paragraph or two to the weaknesses of his character. He had an inordinate affection for honors and titles; whenever he saw a decoration on the breast of an ambassador, he had to be informed whether or not it was an "order," an association, or a badge; the history of its institution; and the grounds on which it was awarded. Many a one was bored with his disquisitions on the orders of Russia. His importunities to be created a prince were wearisome. Catherine was not in the habit of conferring this rank on any of her subjects; she therefore besought Joseph of Austria to ennoble her favorite, who at the time had performed no public service to excuse his elevation to such rank. The Emperor, with a sense of shame and degradation, signed the patent of nobility. Anxious to conciliate one whom the Empress delighted to honor, Prussia decorated him with the order of the Black Eagle; Denmark followed with

that of the Elephant ; and Sweden with that of the Seraphim. It was a bitter drop in the cup of life that all Catherine's entreaties could not secure for him the orders of the Garter, of the Holy Ghost, and of the Golden Fleece. In spite of his vast wealth and occasional prodigality, he was avaricious ; a just debt he paid by kicking the importunate creditor out of doors. He summoned a French veterinary surgeon from Vienna to prescribe for a valuable horse ; after months of labor and skilful treatment the doctor waited on the prince officially to announce the cure, really to receive his fee. He was refused admission ; and after a few weeks of weary waiting returned to Vienna without receiving so much as his travelling expenses. Yet his prodigality when the whim seized him was boundless. No grander entertainment was ever given by a subject in honor of a sovereign, than that Potemkin gave in honor of Catherine a year before his death. The prince received Her Majesty at the doors of his palace dressed in a scarlet coat ; over his shoulders there hung a long cloak of gold lace ornamented with precious stones ; " there were as many diamonds in his dress as a dress could contain ; " his head-dress was so heavy with them that an aide-de-camp was detached to carry it. As Potemkin conducted his guest through the hall of his palace, a choir of three hundred hired musicians welcomed her with a burst of song. Thence he led the imperial lady, beaming with fat and greasy smiles, for the symmetry of her early years had long ago left her, into the saloon ; its pillars were of sculptured palm-trees ; vases of Carrara marble stood at either end of it ; countless mirrors flashed back the light of its crystal lustres. The finest specimens of statuary abounded ; shrubs in flower and exotic plants made endless summer in this enchanted hall. In the centre of the saloon Catherine was met by a statue of herself carved from Parian marble. After Her Majesty was seated, forty-eight dancers all dressed in white scarves and girdles sparkling with diamonds worth ten millions of roubles, entered the saloon to amuse the guests whom the prince had assembled in the sovereign's honor. The company was thereafter ushered into a second saloon hung with

the richest tapestry ; in the centre of it stood an artificial elephant draped in robes interwoven with emeralds and rubies. After a pause a signal was given, and a curtain was drawn exposing to view a magnificent theatre, to grace the stage of which the first actors of the day had been engaged ; the entertainment winding up with a procession in which the costumes of the various tribes and principalities acknowledging Catherine's sovereignty were represented. Afterward every room in the palace was thrown open to the promenaders ; then came the transformation scene ; the whole building was ablaze ; diamonds sparkled amid the soil of the summer garden ; prisms and crystals and mirrors mutually reflected each other's glory ; the trunks of shrubs and fruit-trees glistened and shone ; the perfumes of Araby the blest filled the halls. At the supper-table six hundred guests sat down ; the plate was of gold and silver ; the viands were served in vases of alabaster ; the wines were poured from golden cups ; and the waiters were dressed in the richest robes. Behind Catherine's chair Potemkin stood that he might wait on the Czarina, refusing to be seated till he was thrice commanded. At one in the morning Her Majesty took her departure, an orchestra of vocal and instrumental music discoursing a hymn in her praise. At the doorstep she turned round to express her gratitude to the prince, who thereupon fell on his knees and, impulsively kissing her hand, stammered out with broken voice and bedewed eyes his loyalty and devotion.

The skill with which he frustrated the schemes of his enemies to injure him in Catherine's estimation was masterly. Vast sums of money had been given him at his own urgent solicitations to enable him to develop the wealth of southern Russia and the Crimea. The colonizers of Switzerland, Germany, Austria, and Prussia, whom he had invited to settle in these lands as manufacturers and agriculturists, bitterly but fruitlessly complained at St. Petersburg of the cruel deception that had been practiced on them. Potemkin's enemies inflamed the imagination of the Empress with the desire to visit the new and flourishing settlements which the prince professed to have planted, and of which he wrote

in glowing terms, expecting that a wild revulsion of feeling against her deceiver would be provoked in Her Majesty's mind by the exposure of the fraud. The announcement of the project struck Potemkin with dismay; but his daring soon rallied from its temporary demoralization. He backed up with great apparent earnestness the advices of his foes, incidentally remarking in one of his letters that a pressing private necessity had led him to take the loan of the last 3,000,000 roubles, which he had drawn from the treasury for purposes of state; and, as these purposes were now more urgent than when he borrowed the money, he requested that a second 3,000,000 might be voted him. Catherine consented with a murmur and a grudge. The prince hastened to St. Petersburg and demanded the dismissal of her favorite Yermoloff, whom he denounced as the tool of his enemies, and insisted on her making a royal progress through his government that she might witness with her own eyes how he had been calumniated and wronged. He assembled all the troops of the Empire along the route Her Majesty was to travel. He ordered great public works to be commenced at which the workers toiled day and night; he repaired the dilapidated mansions of the nobility at the places where Her Majesty was to sleep, garnishing them at his own expense with the richest furniture, and even presenting their owners with plate and linen that Catherine might be impressed with the wealth and prosperity of the dominions under his care. Crowds of people were deported from the outlying provinces and brought to line the route and hurrah as Catherine drove past; thereafter they were hurried forward to greet her with a similar welcome at a later stage of the journey. "I thought," said she, "that I was coming to a desert, but here I find the true springs of my Empire in all their vigor and activity." By fêtes, pyrotechnic displays, each one of which cost 40,000 roubles, splendid hospitalities such as only the imagination of Potemkin could conjure, he turned the royal progress which was to work his discomfiture into a series of triumphs. At Kiof Her Majesty embarked to sail down the Dneiper as far as Kaydak, where the thirteen cataracts begin, ren-

dering navigation impossible for a space of sixty versts. The distance Her Majesty had to sail was 450 versts; and the bed of this part of the river Potemkin had levelled at an enormous outlay of money. A magnificent fleet of fifty galleys, the rooms of which were hung with silk, each ship having on board an orchestra of twelve musicians, carried Catherine and her suite down the river. The banks of the Dneiper were dotted with cities, towns, villages and hamlets, which had grown up as Jonah's gourd to disappear as quickly. In many cases the distant buildings were simply sham fronts facing the river. The wharves of the towns were littered with huge bales labelled "silk," etc., etc., but which, when pierced, were found to contain straw; shop-keepers in *bond fide* townships were ordered to pack up their stock-in-trade and build it round their doors. At Kaydak, where she disembarked, Potemkin conducted the Czarina to a large mansion, which had just been built; behind it lay an English garden, into which, says Segur, "the magic of Prince Potemkin had caused trees of extraordinary size to be planted; a cheering prospect varied by wood, waters, and flowers." Here Her Majesty reviewed the troops—forty-five squadrons of cavalry and a numerous body of infantry, all newly armed and equipped. From this town also the deluded lady wrote to her Ministers in St. Petersburg expressing her satisfaction with the condition and prosperity of Potemkin's government, adding "I beg you will tell this to the unbelievers, and make use of my letter to put an end to the cavils of the ill-disposed. It is high time that entire justice should be done to those who devote themselves to my service and that of the State, with so much zeal and success." After visiting the Crimea, where the theatrical genius of Potemkin devised new surprises at every halting-place, Her Majesty began her homeward journey. The curtain fell at Pultawa, where a mimic repetition of the great battle fought there in 1709 by Charles XII. and Peter the Great was produced for Catharine's delectation. The *coup de théâtre* was over; Potemkin returned to his government loaded with presents; the Czarina, welcomed, fêted, hymned, made her

way, viâ Moscow, to the capital, after the most wonderful royal progress the world has ever seen. She left St. Petersburg on the 14th of January, 1787; she entered it again on the 22d of July. Recalling the marvels and romance of the journey, the French Ambassador speaks of "fleets suddenly created; squadrons of Cossacks and Tartars coming from the remote parts of Asia; illuminated roads; mountains on fire; enchanted palaces; gardens raised in a night; temples of Diana; delightful harems; wandering tribes; dromedaries and camels; dethroned princes of the Caucasus and Georgia paying their homage and addressing their prayers" to the Light of the North, as her flatterers called her. Remembering that one mind planned it all and attended to every detail of the comedy, we are forced to confess that, whatever we may find Potemkin's qualities as a statesman or soldier to be, he was at least born to be a courtier—or a showman.

No purse in the world but that of Potemkin or Fortunatus could have defrayed the cost of this imperial trip. His revenues were larger than those of many European kingdoms; and there were few of them who did not out of their own poverty contribute to his wealth by gifts and bribes; the thrifty Court of Prussia proving, as always, the stingiest among them. His shelves, it is said, were full of diamonds and gold and bank-notes; there was one fleece of diamonds of which the Prince de Ligne speaks with admiration, worth a hundred thousand roubles. Liberal to her favorites, Catherine's bounty to him was prodigal. During the two years he was in office as her "companion," she presented him with nine million roubles. At his death his fortune reached the enormous total of fifty millions of money and forty-five thousand serfs, besides palaces and estates scattered all over the kingdom. "I am indeed," said he, speaking of his wondrous success in life—"I am indeed the spoiled child of heaven." His career had turned his head; visions of a crown began to haunt his day-dreams. It is said that after the death of Lanskoi, the best-beloved of all Catherine's pro-husbands, the prince persuaded his sovereign to marry him, but all his art and artifice failed to induce her to announce their

union. He rejected the crown of Courland, which was only a duchy, not a kingdom, though Frederick the Great urged him to accept it as a stepping-stone to the throne of Poland. For many years he laid the flattering unction to his soul that one and the same day should witness Catherine's crowning at Constantinople and his own at Athens. He hated France as the chief obstacle in the way of these ambitions, and his dislike showed itself in his reception of the French Ambassador: he received him lounging on his couch, dressed in his night-gown, his hair uncombed, his legs and neck bare, after he had kept him waiting in the hall for a quarter of an hour while he was trifling with his mistress. Upbraided with his indifference to a French alliance, he retorted, "An alliance with France was all very well while it was a kingdom, but it is different now that it has become an archbishopric. I would have courted an alliance with Louis the Corpulent, with Louis the Young, with Louis the Clever, with Louis the Great, even with Louis the Well-beloved, but not with Louis the Suffragan;" a bit of satire only rivalled by his own masterly definition of the German Empire as "an archipelago of princes."

But we must not trace Potemkin's influence over Catherine altogether to his capacity as a trickster. That imperial lady was far too clear-sighted and crafty to be cajoled by empty flatteries to transfer her autocratic power to any one who had no solid body of worth in him to justify the transference. The great-nesses of his character were, in the estimation of a Russian monarch, sufficient to counterbalance its weaknesses and leave a margin to the good. All Potemkin's defects were covered by this redeeming fact, that his zeal for the aggrandizement of Russia was all-absorbing; even the claims of self being forgotten in the claims of the state. The great end of his life was that which has fired the imagination and employed the energies of successive generations of Russian czars, statesmen and soldiers—the extension of the authority and commerce of the Empire toward the south. Maritime supremacy—a line of sea-board commensurate to the magnitude of the country—has been the final cause of Russian poli-

icy for two centuries back, and perhaps Potemkin did even more than Peter the Great to expedite the desired consummation. The bag-and-baggage policy is not a novelty of yesterday, though it is new to see England insanely helping on a step which could only end in her ruin if Russia were successful.

In 1777, during his first state appointment as favorite, Potemkin inspired his Czarina with the ambitious project of driving every Turk, official and non-official, out of Europe; and by many devices he kept alive the fire he had kindled. Conducting Her Majesty through the streets of Cherson, a town on the Black Sea at the mouth of the Dneiper, he led her to a gate facing eastward where a newly painted signboard, "This is the way that leads to Byzantium," met her surprised gaze. It is said that he talked the Emperor Joseph of Austria, who met her at Cherson and travelled with her through the Crimea, into a positive promise that he would intrigue and fight to have the Czarina's grandson, Alexander I., whom she intended to decree her successor, crowned at Constantinople.

Immediately after his appointment to the governorships of the Ukraine and Azoph, Potemkin founded and fortified several cities on the frontier of the Crimea, and on the shores of the Euxine—Ekaterinoslav, Maninpol and Cherson; to which he invited colonists from all parts of Europe, especially the Tartars of the Crimea, guaranteeing that they would be permitted to practice in peace the rites of their religion. In flocks they came, so much so that the Turks found a *casus belli* in the depopulation of the peninsula. Cherson, which like St. Petersburg was built on a marsh, became in a few years a rich and populous place. At the time of Catharine's visit it contained 2000 shops filled with merchandise from Greece, Italy and France; a fleet of 200 merchant vessels rode at anchor in the harbor; many churches and mosques and public edifices and houses were in process of building. It boasted the possession of barracks capable of holding 24,000 men, of a dockyard where two vessels of war and a frigate were ready to be launched; of an arsenal furnished with 600 pieces of cannon. Round about the town toiled

18,000 laborers, draining and redeeming the wilderness. The peace of Kainardji, by which this district had been ceded by the Sultan, had been signed only six years before Her Majesty's visit. These townships were designed as new bases from which the conquest of the Crimea, of Moldavia and Wallachia might be achieved.

Averse to the shedding of blood, to which only the holy duty of extending the dominions of the czars could reconcile him—at the siege of Otchakoff it is said that after having given his generals their instructions, he retired to a distant hillock whence he could see the combat, and sat down, resting his head on his hands and his hands on his knees, occasionally looking up in an agony to pray, "O Lord! have mercy upon us"—he tried to bribe the Tartar chiefs of the Crimea to forswear allegiance to the Porte, and place themselves under the protection of Russia; an audacious manifesto was issued, in which Catherine said, that to put an end to the difficulty which the Sultan experienced in keeping order in that part of his dominions, she had resolved to annex it to her own. Thus without a campaign or a battle Potemkin added to the Russian Crown its richest jewel. A military writer of the period says that the possession of this peninsula enabled Russia to hear with contempt every threat of attack from the east and south; it gave her the sovereignty of the Euxine, and a position from which to overawe Constantinople; it secured her against a Tartar invasion; made the conquest of Central Asia, Georgia and Persia probable and possible; and fulfilled Peter the Great's prayer for "more sea! more sea!"

Catherine placed 3,000,000 roubles at the prince's disposal for the civilization of the new province; he built cities, organized a magistracy and established the reign of law. In 1787, looking on the bay from the window of her temporary residence at Inkerman, the Czarina beheld a formidable fleet; "strong enough," says Segur, "to make her flag wave on the walls of Constantinople within thirty hours." At this time Sevastopol boasted the possession "of several magazines, an admiralty, intrenchments, 400 buildings in progress, a crowd of workmen, a strong garrison, two hos-

pitals, and several docks." All this naval and military power was the result of the labor of two years, and was begun and completed under the personal supervision of Potemkin.

The prince now turned his covetous gaze eastward to the fertile steppes which now form the lieutenantancy of the Caucasus, and westward toward the banks of the Danube. By brilliant promises and by quite as brilliant but more solid gifts of jewels and money, he tried to bribe the lawless Tartar chiefs of the Caucasus to do homage to the Czarina as their Lady Paramount and protector, with but doubtful success ; these negotiations, however, gave Russia a ground on which to justify her future encroachments in that direction. But Potemkin's success round the western shores of the Euxine was unquestionable. He provoked the Turks by insults, aggressions, by infraction of treaties, by intrigues in Egypt, to declare war. He even instructed the Russian Minister at Constantinople to make a jest of the Sultan's expostulations ; which the latter answered by imprisoning the insolent ambassador in the Castle of the Seven Towers. Potemkin's activity came in spasms, he was constitutionally of an indolent temperament ; and when the Turk gratified his wish for war, he fell into a fit of mixed despondency and religion, and declared himself the unhappiest of men. His Austrian allies having asked for his plan of the campaign, he answered after a fortnight's meditation : " With the help of God I shall attack whatever enemies I meet between the Bug and the Dneister." His mistress, Madame de Witt, of whom Prince de Ligne said that " she was the handsomest woman in the universe," and whose husband Potemkin had appointed governor of Cherson, laughed him out of his lethargy ; and he gave orders with tears in his eyes for the storming of the city of Otchakoff which he had been listlessly besieging for several months. The plunder that fell into the hands of the conquerors was immense. There was an emerald found in the city of the size of an egg, which the prince sent to the Czarina, who afterward wore it in a necklace set with diamonds. Returning to St. Petersburg for the winter, Potemkin was received with all the honors due to such a hero ;

six miles of the road by which he was to reach the capital were illuminated ; the Empress went to his palace to thank him, not even giving him time in the gush of her gratitude to change his travelling dress. High carnival reigned in the capital for two months, the conqueror taking the honors paid with the most exalted *hauteur* and as no more than his due ; his wars and victories were reproduced on the stage for his own and the public gratification ; and the only cross he had to bear lay in the fact that the Czarina's favorite Momonoff treated him as an equal.

Catherine wished for peace ; the country was impoverished by her frequent wars and many lovers. The haughty general refused either to return to camp or make pacific overtures to the enemy unless Her Majesty dismissed her new favorite Zuboff, whom she had ventured to choose without consulting the prince. By the victories of Repnin and Suwarrow he saw with alarm the laurels which should have gone to adorn his own brow transferred to others ; and his eagerness to return to the camp was only equalled by his previous reluctance. Reaching Yassy, he found that a treaty had been signed in obedience to secret orders from the capital. The rage with which he heard the news killed him. His many dissipations and great exertions had prematurely exhausted his vital power ; he stormed—fumed at his folly in falling ill at such a juncture ; he dismissed his physicians and fed on salt meat and raw turnips, washing them down with deep draughts of brandy, to persuade himself that he was still a strong man. In a burst of passion he resolved to quit Yassy for Otchakoff. On the road he grew worse—he could not bear the motion of his carriage ; alighting, he sat down at the foot of a tree by the roadside ; and there in the fifty-second year of his age he died. Catherine paid him the compliment of swooning when the tidings of his death reached her : she had to be bled, blistered and put to bed. Day by day, she realized more vividly how the master-mind which had directed the destinies of her empire had been removed. Potemkin was the buttress of her greatness ; with his departure there departed the brain and nerve that had made her reign successful and great ;

thereafter she was weak and irresolute as other sovereigns are.

"Never was seen," writes M. de Segur,

"in court, council, or camp, a general more rash or irresolute, a courtier more pompous or more ridiculously shy, a minister more enterprising or less laborious; his whole person presenting a combination the most original, by an inconceivable mixture of grandeur and littleness, of indolence and activity, boldness and timidity, ambition and indifference."

"A commander," says the Prince de Ligne, who describes him as he saw him at the siege of Otchakoff,

"who looks idle but is always busy; who has no other desk than his knees, no other comb than his fingers; trembling for others, brave for himself; alarmed at the approach of danger, frolicsome when in the heat of it;

taking his pleasures sadly; embracing with one arm the feet of a statue of the Virgin, with the other the alabaster neck of his mistress; receiving gifts, then distributing them to others; seldom paying a debt; talking divinity to his generals, tactics to his bishops; swearing or otherwise sinning and praying; dressed in shirt or drawers, or in regimentals richly embroidered; sometimes in a night-gown, at other times sparkling with diamonds as large as one's thumb; crooked and almost bent double when at home, tall, erect, and noble when he shows himself to the army."

and so on through half a dozen pages of antitheses and caricature, in which there is one part of truth to nine parts of wit and paradox, the conception of Potemkin as a bundle of contradictions which the critic suggests being in the main not very foreign to truth and fact.—*Temple Bar*.

DEGENERATION.

It may not be generally known that, among animals and plants, certain exceptions exist to the rule that living development means and implies progress. All animals and plants by no means attain as adults to a higher place and structure than they occupy at the commencement of their existence. Occasionally, the beginnings of life are in reality of higher nature than the completion of existence; and it can be proved that many living beings in their perfect state are absolutely of lower grade than when progressing toward maturity! It is to these curious facts in natural history that the collective name of "degeneration" has been applied. The animal or plant which sinks or retrogresses to a lower place in the living world as time passes, and which thus develops backwards, so to speak, is said to "degenerate." It is of high interest to trace out several examples of this, and to note the inferences that may be drawn from them; since it may be shown that the analogies of degeneration may extend even to man's estate and affect even human destiny itself.

No condition of animal life is more effectual in inducing degeneration of structure than the adoption of a parasitic mode and habit of existence. The parasite lives on another animal or plant, and may be a lodger merely, seeking shelter

and nothing more; or it may, when a typical parasite, depend upon its host for food as well as shelter. Such unwelcome guests are often a source of disease to the animals and plants which harbor them. But nature seems to revenge the host, by degenerating the parasite. An admirable law exists in nature, called the "law of use and disuse." Use and habit develop an organ or part, and judicious use increases the size and strength of living structures. Conversely, disuse causes atrophy, wasting, and decay of the organs of living beings. Applying this well-known fact to the animal which has adopted a parasitic existence, we can readily enough understand why a process of physiological backsliding is represented in its history. With no need for legs or other organs of motion in its fixed condition, the parasite is in time deprived of these appendages. If it obtains its food ready-made from its host, nature will cause the disused digestive organs it once possessed for active use, to degenerate and to disappear. If at one time in its earlier career the creature was endowed with organs of sense, useful to an active animal, these will disappear by disuse when the parasite becomes fixed and motionless. There is, in short, no part of its structure which will not be affected, modified, and degenerated through dis-

use and it may be other conditions incidental to the parasitic life.

Illustrations of these remarks abound in the animal world. Take, for instance, the case of *Sacculina*, a parasite on hermit crabs. Each egg of a *Sacculina* first develops into a little active creature called a "nauplius." This organism swims freely in the sea. It possesses three pairs of legs, an oval body, and a single eye placed in the middle of its frame. Soon the two hindmost pairs of legs are cast off, and a kind of shell is developed over the body, and six pairs of small swimming feet replace the missing limbs. In this state it passes a short period of life, and the young *Sacculina*, like the majority of other animals, is apparently in the way of advance and progress. But the day of degeneration draws nigh. The two foremost limbs increase greatly in size; these members finally become branched and root-like; and the eye disappears along with the six pairs of swimming feet. The animal then seeks the body of a hermit crab; attaches itself by its roots, and then degenerates as the adult into the bag-like parasite whose roots, penetrating to the liver of the crab, absorb the juices of the crustacean host as food. Thus, a full-grown *Sacculina* is a mere sac or bag, which in due time develops eggs, and which drags out an inactive existence attached to the crab; water flowing in and out of the sack, by an aperture placed toward its lower extremity.

Another life-history which runs in parallel lines with that of the *Sacculina* is the development of the barnacles, which attach themselves in large numbers to the sides of ships and to floating timber. Each barnacle consists of a body, inclosed in a shell, and attached to its floating log or ship by a fleshy stalk. From between the edges of the shell protrude some twenty-four delicate filaments, representing the modified legs of the animal, no longer used for motion, but serving, as a well-known naturalist puts it, to kick food into the barnacle's mouth. A digestive system exists, but there are no sense-organs in the shape of eyes. Now, the barnacle begins life as does the *Sacculina*. Its first stage is a three-legged oval-bodied "nauplius," which swims freely in the sea. This baby barnacle possesses a

single eye, and a mouth and digestive system. Then it casts off its two hinder pairs of feet, and develops a shell and the six pairs of swimming-appendages, like the young *Sacculina*, while the two front legs increase greatly in size. In this latter condition, the barnacle develops two large compound eyes in place of the single eye of its earlier stage. But the mouth and digestive system have disappeared, and the young barnacle's energies are now chiefly devoted to seeking a resting-place on floating wood. Fixing itself by the front pair of legs, and thus gluing its head to the object, the shell of the full-grown barnacle is soon developed, while the six pairs of legs become the brush-like tentacula wherewith food is swept into the mouth. A digestive system and nerves then appear, and barnacle-history may thus be regarded as complete. Nevertheless, a barnacle as a full-grown animal is thus in some respects decidedly inferior to its youthful stages. Especially it wants locomotive powers; and its eyes are degraded; although, in possessing a digestive apparatus, it exhibits an advance on immature life. But the barnacle is not a parasite. It is merely a fixed and rooted animal, and as such has a necessity for a digestive system, which, as we have seen, disappears in the parasitic animal.

Degradation, thoroughly complete in *Sacculina*, and to a certain extent in barnacle-life, thus depends in the one case upon a habit of parasitism, and in the other upon fixity of body. The tendency of this process of backsliding is clearly enough seen in its power of rendering the adult—ordinarily a complex being—simpler in structure than the young. To impress these facts still more firmly on the mind, let us investigate the life-history of a species of prawn (*Peneus*) whose development runs in its earlier stages parallel with that of the barnacle and *Sacculina*.

Prawns, lobsters, shrimps, and crabs, form the highest division of the crustacean class. They greatly excel such forms as the barnacles in structure, as common observation shows. *Peneus*, as one of the prawn-group, begins life as does the barnacle or *Sacculina*, as a veritable "nauplius," with an oval body, a single eye and three pairs of

limbs. Then succeed other stages resembling those through which the crabs pass, and finally the features of the young prawn are in due course evolved.

From one common form, then, namely, the three-legged larva, which we name a "nauplius," we discover that animals so widely different as barnacles and oarwans are developed. The fact testifies most clearly in favor of the idea, that the development even of animals belonging to the same great class may vary in a most typical manner. The one development represented by that of the prawn proceeds along lines which are those of progress and advance; since the prawn is a much higher animal than its young. In the barnacle there is degeneration in some respects, but advance in others; so that the state of matters in the barnacle represents history intermediate between advance and decline. But in the *Sacculina* are witnessed degradation and retrogression of the purest type. The animal goes backward in the world, until it sinks to the level of a mere tumor-like growth, attached to the body of its crab-host. Endowed first with powers of locomotion, these wholly disappear; furnished with an eye, that organ likewise vanishes away; and parasitism works its will on the animal's frame, degrading it to such an extent, that but for a careful tracing of its history, we could not have discovered that it was a crustacean at all.

The well-known animals we name "Sea-squirts" present us likewise with examples of degradation arising, like that of the barnacles, from a habit of fixing themselves. Each sea-squirt or *Ascidian* resembles in shape a jar with two necks, as we find it attached to shells and other objects. Its whole frame is inclosed in a dense, tough, leathery membrane, through which the stimuli of the outer world can with difficulty pass. Yet the sea-squirt, rooted and fixed as it appears to be, begins life as a free-swimming tadpole-like being, which propels itself over the surface of the sea by means of its flexible and muscular tail. This tadpole-like body exhibits a superior structure in many respects in the eyes of a zoologist. For instance, it, of all invertebrate animals, possesses a representative of the spine or back-

bone of the vertebrates. It is the only animal which, like the latter group, has a nervous cord lying above this spine; it has an arrangement of gill-clefts like the fishes, and it has an eye which is formed just as our own eyes and as those of all other vertebrates are developed. Yet to what end is all this promise of high structure? Backsliding becomes the order of the day; the tail of the larva disappears; its internal organs are modelled on a lower type; its eye fades away; it fixes itself by its head, like the young barnacle; and it finally degenerates into the rooted, immobile sea-squirt inclosed in its leathery investment.

The topic of degeneration has, however, more extended applications than those which we have thus hurriedly chronicled as applying to the explanation of the lowness of some animal forms as compared with others. Physiology teaches us that there exists in all living beings from animalcule to man, a natural process of degenerative change, in virtue of which the worn-out particles of our tissues are perpetually being thrown off as their functions fail. The daily waste of our frames is in large measure a process of degeneration. Still more clearly is that process a degenerative one, which despoils us in old age of our teeth, whitens our hair, dims our eyesight, and wastes and changes in greater or less degree every organ and tissue of our body. So also, many diseases which affect us, apart altogether from the general breakdown and backsliding of structure that accompanies old age, are the results of what physicians truly name "degeneration." Thus, so far from being any peculiar or abnormal action of life, degeneration is as natural to our existence and to that of living beings at large, as development and progress. The living being may in fact be said to occupy one of three positions in the universe of life in respect of the alterations to which it is subject. Either its race is progressing, or its species is declining and degenerating, or last of all, and more rarely, the living form is stable and at rest—in equilibrium, as one may put it. Nevertheless, there is no denying the fact that progress and advance are by far the most constantly represented condition of life. Were it otherwise, we should not find the uni-

verse of life so varied as it is ; and the progress of development is by no means likely to be replaced to any momentous extent by the law of backsliding, whose effects we have endeavored to describe.

The foregoing remarks would be imperfect, and even misleading, were we to fail to note that there is at least one aspect of degeneration in which it becomes related in the most intimate manner to both progress and advance. The development and rise of an animal in the scale of creation is accompanied as a rule by the disappearance of organs and parts which pertain to lower stages of life, and to its own immature condition. The tadpole in becoming the perfect frog exhibits degeneration in the disappearance of its tail ; for the frog, as every one knows, is a tailless being. Then, secondly, its gills degenerate and disappear through natural, or more popularly speaking, constitutional causes inherited by the frog from its ancestors. Opposed to the degeneration of its gills is the independent development of lungs, which development evinces the higher

nature of the lung-breather over the pure gill-breathing tadpole. Here, therefore, degeneration is working out the purposes of development. It is, in other words, wiping away and destroying the evidences of the lower nature which is being replaced by a higher stage and type of life. The young crab is tailed like the lobster or prawn ; but degeneration of the tail converts the crab into a higher type of crustacean than the lobster, and internal change of like nature makes the perfect insect as well as the crab, a higher being than its larva.

If, therefore, we take a wide view of living nature—a view in which alone the true analogies of things are to be clearly perceived—we shall find degeneration at one time ruthlessly driving the animal form to lower confines of life ; while at another time, we shall see the same process accompanying advance and progress hand in hand, and aiding the growth of the higher life by restricting and abolishing the evidences of the lower and imperfect existence.—*Chambers's Journal.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

FREAKS AND MARVELS OF PLANT LIFE. By M. C. Cooke. (S. P. C. K.)

This queer little volume might, without irreverence to our great naturalist, be succinctly described as *The Orthodox Darwin*. For some time past the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has been remarkable for the growing breadth and liberality of its spirit ; but we were hardly yet prepared to find it undertaking to spread the main results of Mr. Darwin's minute researches into the physiology of plant life. Of course Dr. Cooke writes under all reserve ; he almost ignores the doctrine of evolution and natural selection, and he says nothing that could by any stretch of imagination be conceivably supposed to shock the most sensitive orthodoxy. His aim is simply to present the world in general, and young people in particular, with the positive or certain, as opposed to the theoretical or hypothetical side of Mr. Darwin's observations and teachings. The books which he here condenses and expounds in popular language are not the "*Origin of Species*" and the "*Descent of Man*," but the "*Insectivorous Plants*," the "*Habits of Climbers*," and the "*Power of Movement* ;" and from these he has cut out everything which

bears upon the doctrine of descent with modification. Still, even this is a great deal. To the vast mass of readers, Mr. Darwin's name is to this day, in spite of everything, a mere symbol for some unknown but heterodox and dangerous doctrines. Most people of the uncultured and half-cultured sort still know the creator of philosophic biology only as the author of an absurd theory that men are descended from monkeys, which somehow once lost their tails, and so took incontinently to the use of language and the practice of the industrial arts. This theory they have heard mentioned only to be laughed at in private, or to be denounced as atheistic and immoral from a hundred pulpits. When such people learn from a book stamped with the imprimatur of a great orthodox religious society that Mr. Darwin has been for years a patient and accurate observer of biological facts, that his works contain more information on animal and vegetable life than any other books ever written—in short, that he is the acknowledged chief of modern science—they may, perhaps, begin to understand that even the ludicrous monkey theory must not be cavalierly rejected without at least half-an-hour's modest consideration. They may learn, too, that

the monkeys are only a small part of a vast and comprehensive evolutionary scheme; and they may possibly even feel some faint suggestion of a nascent critical doubt whether, after all, their own utter ignorance is quite certain to lead them to much wiser conclusions than Mr. Darwin's wonderful and encyclopædic knowledge.

So much for the object of Dr. Cooke's book, which, on the whole, appears to us a commendable one. As to the manner in which it has been performed, we can hardly speak so highly. To begin with, Dr. Cooke seems to have sacrificed too much to the exigencies of the position. He is, we take it, himself a Darwinian; but, having been asked to condense certain of Mr. Darwin's works for an orthodox audience, he has certainly gone too far in the way of tacitly suppressing the evolutionary argument, and implicitly suggesting the method of design. That he should say nothing about natural selection, is well and good; no doubt it was so stipulated in the bond; but that he should put down causes in which he cannot himself really believe is less praiseworthy. Yet he ends his introductory chapter by quoting a piece of verse which asks why flowers with bright petals should spring "in the silent wilderness, where no man passes by." Dr. Cooke undoubtedly knows that their bright petals are merely intended for the attraction of insects; but the poem declares that their object is "to minister delight to man, to beautify the earth." Perhaps we may be told that this is only poetry; but even poetry should not be quoted in a popular scientific work so as to strengthen unscientific preconceptions. Nor do we think he need have ended almost the only passage where he alludes in passing to Mr. Darwin's general theory with an excerpt from Mr. Bennett, who finds that certain facts of plant life compel him to "to recur to the pre-Darwinian doctrine of Design."

The literary and scientific execution of the book, again, does not seem to us wholly satisfactory. It consists for the most part of extracts from Mr. Darwin's minor works, collated with long passages quoted, page after page, from Messrs. Wallace, Hooker, Asa Gray, Burdon Sanderson, Bates, Lawson Tait, and others. The original matter is small in quantity and careless in style. In places, it is true, we get two or three new and interesting observations; but, on the other hand, we also get some exceedingly hazy passages. For example, we are told that the thickness of the shell in the Brazil nut cannot be meant as a protection from monkeys, because other nuts in the same forest are not protected; an argument which would at once over-

throw every example of natural selection or of design alike; for it might equally be said that the sting of the nettle could not be protective, seeing that grasses do not sting; nor could the antlers of deer aid them in their battles, seeing that horses have no horns. Again, the whole chapter on mimicry is founded on a complete misconception of what mimicry really means. Dr. Cooke's illustrations are all taken from such instances as the resemblance between certain euphorbias and the cacti, between helianthemum and potentilla, between the fruit of the maple and of a South American milkwort. Not one of these is a real case of mimicry at all; they are merely cases of adaptive similarity—of like conditions producing like results. True mimetic resemblances only occur between two species of plants or animals inhabiting the same district, of which one species is specially protected while the other is not; whereas the succulent euphorbias are found in Africa and the cacti in America. Dr. Cooke may answer that he prefers to use the term "mimicry" for any resemblance whatsoever; and, of course, in a free country he has a perfect right to do so if he will; but since the word has already an accepted scientific meaning, carefully defined by Mr. Bates and Mr. Wallace, he cannot be surprised if other people object to his proceedings. Any man may speak of a rhomboid as a square if he chooses; yet in geometry this practice is found to be distinctly inconvenient. Nevertheless, after making all deductions, we must allow that Dr. Cooke's book is calculated to do an immense amount of good. The excellence of the material makes up for any defects in the workmanship. It cannot fail to teach all those who will read it a great deal that is new, valuable, and interesting about many strange phenomena of vegetable life.—*Grant Allen in the Academy.*

GENOA; HOW THE REPUBLIC ROSE AND FELL.
By J. Theodore Bent. (London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.)

Mr. Bent's work on Genoa is another proof of the reaction against a Teutonic despotism in literature which began a few years ago. Taylor of Norwich and Carlyle, after years of labor, persuaded Englishmen to study the writers of Germany. The influence of business habits and the enthusiasm of converts led to a devotion almost exclusive, until those who believed that something good in literature had come out of the Latin races were looked upon as interesting relics of a by-gone stage of cultivation. Happily, this doctrine of a literary salvation by Germany alone has had its day, and we now come to the consideration of literature in a more catholic and more promis-

ing spirit. In the study of Italian development, the commercial republics claim much attention, and consequently we find that monographs on the different cities are being written with more than satisfactory rapidity. For the discharge of his task Mr. Bent has qualified himself by careful research and diligent study. It is not altogether his fault that the tale of Genoese rise, triumph, and fall is perplexing and wearisome, though we must say that he has not minimized these inevitable drawbacks by the felicity of his arrangement. Still, he has produced a book which will certainly interest those who do not read too much of it at a sitting, and one which brings the life of the middle ages vividly before us. It is to be regretted that Mr. Bent has not paid more attention to the language and literature of his own country, or we should not have to remark that "pulled up," as applied to a podestà, falls within the department of slang; and that Antonio was a merchant of Venice, whose ships were called argosies by Shakespeare, as a general, not as a specific description.—*Spectator*.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

A PROPOSAL by the Municipality of Paris that one of the streets of the city shall be called after Littré, has received the approval of the prefect.

THE German Spelling Reform Association has just issued a handsome "Kalender" for this year, and has begun to publish a series of German classics in reformed spelling.

THE publication of M. Zola's "Nana" in a Danish translation has been prohibited at Copenhagen, and criminal proceedings have been instituted against the translator.

MR. MCCARTHY, the author of the "History of Our Own Times," is writing for Messrs. Longman's series "Epochs of Modern History" a volume entitled "Epochs of Reform, 1830-1850."

THE popular Italian writer, Signor E. de Amicis, who has for more than a year been a Commander of the Order of the Crown of Italy, has recently received the Legion of Honor on the nomination of M. Gambetta.

THE two volumes of Mr. Froude's "Life of Carlyle" which will be published in the spring will not be a complete biography, as some of the papers have supposed, but will be confined to the first forty years of his life, 1795-1835.

"THE CONFESSIONS OF A MEDIUM" is the title of a book which Messrs. Griffith & Farran will publish immediately. For obvious reasons it will bear no writer's name, as it reveals

in an autobiographical form the tricks by which deceptions are practised by professional and other mediums.

THE prize for the most valuable work in political and moral science produced in Belgium during the past five years has been awarded by the Belgian Government, on the unanimous report of a jury, to M. Emile de Laveleye, for his "Lettres sur l'Italie," his "L'Agriculture belge," and the new edition of his "La Propriété et ses Formes Primitives."

IT has been rumoured that a diary left by Lord Beaconsfield is to be published before very long. It is the fact that there are at least two diaries of Lord Beaconsfield's youth in existence, in one of which he relates his journey in the East with Mr. Clay. They are both diaries which were given away by the writer in his lifetime, and are therefore beyond the control of the executors.

IN answer to an inquiry from M. Gaidoz in the *Revue critique*—whether the weird sisters of "Macbeth" have any analogy in Teutonic legend—M. E. Beauvois writes, quoting many prophecies of future greatness (and especially of future kingdoms) in Scandinavian mythology. He suggests that the Song of Darrad, in the "Njála," deserves to be translated into English, as illustrating very closely the mixing of the charm in "Macbeth" (IV. i.).

A WRITER in the Berlin *Montagsblatt* says that he was lately turning over the autograph album of a venerable lady who has enjoyed the acquaintance of many eminent men of our country. Immediately after the signature of Gregorovius he came upon that of Cobden, who had made the following entry: "Free Trade the International Law of the Almighty. R. Cobden, Paris, 25 Jan. 1861." The owner of the book told him that the words had an additional historical interest from the fact that they were written by Cobden with the same pen with which he had signed his name to the English-French treaty of commerce.

THE New Shakespeare Society has had a liberal offer made to it by one of its lady members. This is, that, as the Society's Old Spelling edition of Shakespeare by Mr. Furnivall and Mr. Stone comes out (the comedies are to be issued next year), the lady will compile a fresh Concordance to Shakespeare's works in the old spelling of the Society's edition; will give the numbers of the lines, as well as acts and scenes; will make the quotations one-third longer than Mrs. Cowden Clarke's; will separate the different words spelt alike, as *tears* from the eye, and *tears* a letter, and also the senses of each word as in

Schmidt's "Lexicon"; will include, as that does, the poems as well as the plays; will distinguish the probably spurious words and passages; will add a few illustrative extracts, where needed, for every sense; and, lastly, will contribute £500 towards the printing of the work, the Society finding the rest. A Concordance on these lines has always been part of the Society's intended scheme of work, though it was not put forward in the first outline of the actual scheme. We can now only hope that nothing will befall to prevent the Society's generous helper carrying her proposal into effect for the behoof of all Shakespeare students. Assuredly a new Shakespeare Concordance in the spelling of his day is now wanted.—*Academy*.

SCIENCE AND ART.

OZONE FORMED BY LIGHT.—An interesting discovery is announced from Paris by M. J. Dessan, a French chemist, who has been for years engaged in the study of oxygen and ozone. He finds that oxygen can be transformed directly into ozone by the rays of light. The oxygen he used in his experiments was prepared from chlorate of potash and very pure. It was contained in a glass bell jar, which, together with all the other vessels employed, was coated with blackened paper to exclude the light and keep the oxygen dark. While in this condition the oxygen had no action in the ozone test with which it communicated; but when the rays from an oxy-hydrogen lime-light were reflected upon the bell jar so as to fall upon the gas within for twenty-five minutes, the solution of iodide of potash and amidou used as an ozone test became blue, and indicated the presence of that substance. The discovery, if it be sufficiently verified, will throw considerable light on the physiological action of solar radiation.

THE ASTEROIDS.—The number of asteroids that have been discovered is now 220. Recent researches by Herr Hornstein (communicated to the Vienna Academy) appear to prove that the number of those with a diameter of over twenty-five geographical miles is extremely small, and that probably all such were discovered before 1859. On the other hand, the number of asteroids with a diameter less than five miles seems also to be very small, at least in the parts of the asteroid zone next Mars; in the outer regions next Jupiter there may be a more considerable number of these very small bodies. Most asteroids seem to have a diameter between five and fifteen miles. The average number of asteroids with a diameter of five to ten miles discovered annually within the last twenty years is about three;

the number of those of ten to fifteen miles diameter about 1.6. Thus, should no telescopes greatly more powerful than the present ones be used in future to search for those bodies, we may expect but a moderate "find" of asteroids with diameters under five or over fifteen geographical miles, while a considerable increase of those with diameters of five to fifteen miles may be looked for. It further appears that in the case of the smaller asteroids of five to ten miles diameter the improvement of optical instruments and star maps has resulted in no great increase of annual discoveries in the inner zone; such an increase is observed only in the outer zone. Within certain zone-limits there is an increase of the average number of yearly discoveries with the time and with distance from the sun; but beyond the outer limit this increase ceases.

NATURE OF THE ZODIACAL LIGHT.—The nature of the faint cone of light sometimes seen on the western horizon after sunset, or on the eastern before sunrise, and known as the zodiacal light, has been much disputed. The light is most commonly thought to be from an extra-terrestrial source, some lens-shaped object surrounding the sun. An opposite view is taken by Herr Gronemann, who has lately in the *Archives Néerlandaises* discussed at length the observations hitherto published, together with some made by himself. The drift of his contention is as follows: There are valid observations against two items in the support of the old theory—viz., the affirmed connection of the evening and morning cones seen on the same night (if the corresponding sides be prolonged), and the participation of the cones in the daily motion of the heavens. The zodiacal light is sometimes seen when daylight has not yet disappeared; and, on the other hand, it sometimes fails to appear, though there is complete darkness. There would seem to be a real lengthening and shortening. It has been observed by Schiaparelli that the light is much more difficult to make out when it passes through the meridian than when it is only 30 degrees above the horizon, and is less easily seen when the air is clearest than when a sort of mist is present. Indeed, the bright parts of the Milky Way may be seen to be weakened by mist, while the zodiacal light at the same height is unaffected. The zodiacal light has temporary variations of light intensity, and it shows from time to time remarkable changes of form and position, so sudden and short as to be hard to explain on the planetary hypothesis. The elongations of the cones show a half yearly period, which is independent of the transparency of the air. The cone follows the observer northwards or southwards, so that there is no

parallactic action; and this peculiarity (so adverse to the extra-terrestrial hypothesis) cannot be explained by reflection or absorption of light. As to spectroscopic observations, the author finds (1) that the zodiacal light consists partly of proper light; (2) that its connection with polar light is but secondary, temporary, and accidental; (3) that the cause of the second phenomenon is such that it may strengthen the zodiacal light and modify its spectrum; and (4) that the results of spectrum analysis rank with other arguments tending to find the source of the zodiacal light in the neighborhood of the earth (like the polar light). Herr Gronemann, then, thinks the zodiacal light a terrestrial phenomenon, though he will not say that it cannot be influenced by cosmic action. He throws out the suggestion that the cone may be a kind of optical illusion, arising from some fine matter—gas or dust—being more accumulated near the observer in one direction than another. The apparent length of the cone might be conditioned by the conical shadow of the earth, and the changes of length be due to cosmic and electric influences.

THE EYE.—The eye is preserved in the convenient form of a sphere or ball by the simple device of having its interior cavity filled with liquid, which prevents the limp and otherwise flexible coats from puckering up into any irregularity of shape. It is like a bladder distended with water, which is firm and tense on account of the contained liquid being so shut in by the membranous wall that it cannot escape anywhere from the tight grasp in which it is held. There are, however, in the interior of the eye two quite distinct chambers in which this liquid is distributed, one in front of, and one behind, the crystalline lens. The lens hangs, as it were, in the midst of the liquid. The portion which is in front of the lens is little more than a very weak aqueous solution of salt, and is on that account termed the aqueous humor of the eye; the portion which is behind more nearly resembles a solution of white of egg. On account of this somewhat thicker consistency it is termed the vitreous or glass-like humor. Both humors, however, exert very nearly the same influence upon the vibrations of the light, and the optical part of the eye thus comes to be considered as composed simply of two refracting parts, the denser lens and the thinner humors. The iris is loosely suspended in the aqueous humor in front of the lens, so that it has the water-like liquid bathing both surfaces, and thus enjoys the same ready freedom of movement that it would possess if it were simply immersed in water. The humors of the eye are supplementary aids to the image-forming ca-

pacities of the lens. But they are only subordinate aids, as their influence in this particular is comparatively small. For simplicity's sake the crystal lens and the associated humors may be looked upon as together constituting one single lens, and the visual power of the eye in reality depends upon three curved surfaces which are found in the combination of humors and lens—the front surface of the globe, or cornea, upon which light in the first instance strikes as it enters the transparent media of the eye, and the front and the back protuberant surfaces of the crystalline mass itself. The position of the definite image within the eye is determined by the form of these surfaces, taken in connection with the density of the crystalline substance and its associated humors.—*Edinburgh Review.*

CONDENSED GRAPE JUICE.—In Italy, a new industry has arisen in the production of condensed grape juice, after the pattern of condensed milk. The juice is evaporated in a vacuum pan until it assumes the appearance of toffee, and is reduced to one-tenth of its former bulk. By careful attention to temperature, it retains all its fruit-acid and grape-sugar, and also those mineral components which are believed to exercise great influence in forming the qualities of wine. Where difficulties of transport are found, this condensing process will be of very great value, though what the excise authorities may have to say in the matter will remain to be seen.

PHYSIOLOGICAL IMMUNITIES OF THE JEWS.—The *Revue Scientifique* has drawn the following conclusion from a comparison of the vital statistics of different countries, that the Jews nearly everywhere enjoy certain physiological immunities which distinguish them from the other inhabitants, among which are the following: their general fecundity (proportion of births to the whole number) is less, while the relative fruitfulness of their marriages to those of other races varies in different places; a greater proportion of their children survive everywhere; illegitimate births and still-born children are more rare among them; the proportion of males to females among the births is greater; their mortality is lighter, the mean duration of life is greater; they increase more rapidly by the excess of births over deaths; while they do not escape them entirely, they are less generally and less severely afflicted by contagious diseases; they are comparatively exempt from such diseases as consumption and scrofula, and they have the faculty of becoming acclimated and multiplying in all latitudes. These immunities are observed, notwithstanding the apparent condition of the Jews who enjoy them may be most miserable; notwithstanding the fre-

quency of marriages of relatives among them ; and notwithstanding the unwholesome conditions of the city life to which they mostly confine themselves. They may be explained as the consequence of the operation of a variety of causes, among which are suggested an inherent superior vitality in the race, the continued preservation of its purity from mixture with foreign blood, the faithful observance of the rules of hygiene laid down in Deuteronomy, which are particularly adapted to hot climates and hot seasons ; the salutary influence of early marriages, of the spirit of order and economy, of moderation in tastes, of comparative severity of manners, and of the domesticity of Jewish family life. It may be, too, that the misery in the Jewish quarters of European cities is more apparent than real, and that their inhabitants are really better off than the people round them. The facts are brought out in the statistics, from which these conclusions are drawn, that Jews are quite liable to cerebral affections, and also to diseases that afflict mature and aged persons.

THE OLDEST FLOWERING PLANTS.—Count de Saporta and M. A. F. Marion recently brought before the French Academy of Sciences a joint memoir on the genera *Williamsonia* and *Goniolima*, the most ancient forms of flowering plants of the fructification of which anything definite is known. In *Williamsonia* the trunk bears at its extremity the organs of reproduction, which show two distinct forms, apparently indicating that the plant was dioecious, but in both there is a multifoliate envelope, which acquires a globular form by the curvature of the bracts composing it.

The parts of the envelope of the male flower seem all to stand at the same level ; they are elongated, narrowed, and bent toward each other at the apex. Within the envelope rises a conical axis, the base of which is surrounded by a circular zone, with radiating striæ. The outer margin of this zone, when exposed, is found to be covered with a number of very small irregularly hexagonal areas, which seem to represent so many pollen-cells. This basal zone would seem to represent a sterile and persistent part of the androphore, in which at one time the whole conical body was covered with a felted layer, composed of the filaments and their appendages, reminding one by its position and arrangement of the male flowers of the Reed-mace (*Typha*).

The female inflorescence of *Williamsonia* is furnished with a globular envelope like that of the male flowers, but its bracts are a little shorter. The organ contained in this envelope, and which is certainly deciduous when mature, consisted of a convoluted (?) receptacle of more or less globular form. The central leaves

of the envelope, which have remained in place, testify by their thickness and leathery texture to the primitive nature of this formation. In their midst stands the globular conceptacle, the upper parts of which are covered with carpellary areas ; and in the lower part of the receptacle we see the fibrous, woody tissues of which the axis was composed.

The remains of the genus *Goniolima*, D'Orbigny, appear as ovate bodies, in the form of cones rounded at the upper end, and borne upon a cylindrical stalk. The surface is covered with very regular hexagonal areas, arranged in spiral lines. The areas are smaller toward the point of insertion of the stalk. These fossils were formerly regarded as Echinoderms, and described as Crinoids under the name of *Goniolima geometrica*.

MISCELLANY.

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.—We learn from the official half-yearly statement concerning the German Universities that the entire teaching staff in the 21 Universities within the limits of the empire numbered, at the opening of the current *Semester*, 1815 persons. Of these 949 are ordinary professors, 20 ordinary "honorary" professors, 388 extraordinary professors, 10 extraordinary "honorary" professors, and 458 *privat-docents*. In all the Universities there are four faculties of divinity, law, medicine, and philosophy (including literature). There is also a faculty of social and political sciences at Würzburg and Munich, of economical science at Munich and Tübingen, of natural science also at Tübingen, and a faculty of mathematical and physical sciences at Strasburg. It is also to be noted that there is a faculty of Protestant divinity at 17 Universities and of Catholic divinity at 7. The total number of divinity professors and *privat-docents* is 192, of whom 141 belong to the Protestant faculties and 51 to the Catholic. The juridical faculties (including also the faculties of political and economical sciences) reckon 193 teachers ; the medical 528. The philosophical faculties (including those for mathematical and physical science) have 696 professors and 206 *privat-docents*. The teaching staff at Berlin, numbering 137 persons, is the most numerous ; Leipzig comes next with 117. In the strength of the several faculties, also, Berlin stands pre-eminent, except in law, where Munich has the largest body of professors. The number of professors, etc. in the faculty of philosophy and literature at Berlin is 74.

HOW TO SELL ONE'S HOUSE.—The priest of a village in the west of Russia has a house of his own ; he would like to sell it but he has not been able to find a purchaser. He asked

nur (the village municipal council) to buy it from him for 3000 roubles. The peasants, not needing such a house, refused of course. The priest then asked the justice of the peace to force his parishioners to buy that house. New refusal on the part of the restive peasantry. Then the clergyman asked the bishop to interfere. The peasants have consequently, just received the order to buy the house at the fixed price. If the villagers refuse again the church will be closed and the parish transported to another village. The decision of the parishioners is not yet known.—*Poriadok* (St. Petersburg.)

LADY MACBETH.—Late one night Mr. Sidons was sitting by the fire in the modest family parlor, which, in that most unassuming household, served as dining-room or drawing-room, as the case might be. He was smoking calmly his last pipe, and beginning to think about going to bed, whither, as this was not one of the evenings at the theatre, he believed his wife had gone already. The house was sunk in dreamy silence, so was the quiet street outside—silence only broken now and then by the roll of distant wheels. The actor had been drawing a vague picture of a little holiday trip which he and Sarah would take next summer, and had fallen into a half-doze, in which he was driving down a country lane all scented with honeysuckle, all draped with eglantine. Suddenly he was roused, with a start, by hurried footsteps, that were flying rather than running down the passage. Who could it be? he asked himself, all in a maze and a wonder, as he jumped up and rubbed his sleep-laden eyes. He had hardly had time to let the question go darting through his brain, when the door of the room was flung open quickly, as by a hasty trembling hand and a female figure rushed in. Mr. Sidons gazed in speechless astonishment, not unmixed with a touch of fear. There before him stood his wife, her fine hair dishevelled, her dress all in disorder, her face all quivering with strong emotion. In bewildered alarm he asked her what was the matter, but her only answer was to throw herself into his arms and burst into a torrent of tears. He soothed her tenderly, not knowing what to think, and gradually she grew calmer. Then her words made the mystery plain enough. Instead of going to bed, as he had bade her do, she had been sitting up studying her part as Lady Macbeth; and the character had so completely absorbed her in itself, she had so entirely realized the horror of each situation in the play, had seen it all so distinctly before her eyes as if she had been there in the body, that a wild, unreasoning terror had seized her, and she had rushed away to seek human companionship.—*Argosy*.

INDIAN JUGGLING.—A man is now in Calcutta hailing from Delhi, of the name of Burah Khan, who has attained a simply wonderful excellence in the magical art. We ourselves had the pleasure of witnessing some astonishing feats achieved by this man a few days ago at the hospitable residence of the Dutt family, of Wellington Square. We shall mention only one out of several feats performed by Burah Khan and his company, who consist of three females. One of these, a young woman, was tied most securely. Her hands, feet, and body were so fastened that she could only stir, and no more. She was, in fact, deprived entirely of the power to turn her limbs to any use. She was then placed under a conical-shaped cover. People sat close round the skirts of the cloth which had been thrown over the cover. No means of escape was left to the young woman. But yet, after the lapse of five or ten minutes, the cover was removed and the woman was found to have disappeared altogether. When her name, however, was called out by Burah Khan, her voice was heard from the veranda above. This performance took place in the compound of the family residence of our friends, the Dutt, and the veranda is in the lofty second story, forming a part of the female apartments. She was there found responding to the call of Burah Khan, to the surprise of everybody present. The woman did not, and could not know the topography of the house. But how she extricated herself and made her way high above to the veranda from within the cover, surprises us to such a degree that we cannot account for the feat on any natural grounds. Even if she was furnished with wings, it is inexplicable how she got out of the cover, unseen and unperceived, except on the supposition that some supernatural agency had been employed. But she herself asserted that she worked the feat by *ium*. We are sure that, if Burah Khan gives a few performances at the Town Hall in Calcutta, he will draw bumper houses, and astonish the whole Calcutta public, especially the European community. But these people do not, unfortunately, know how to make money, still less how to make themselves acceptable to the European community of the city. Burah Khan holds very valuable certificates from the Prince of Wales, Earl de Grey, the editor of the *Pioneer*, and many European noblemen and gentlemen who have witnessed his feats in different parts of India.—*Indian Mirror*.

BONAPARTE AND WHAT HE ATE.—That which probably prevented Bonaparte from becoming a gourmand was the idea which constantly pursued him that toward thirty-five or forty he would become obese. Far from having enriched the gastronomic repertory, one dish only is due to him among all his victories

—the *poulet à la Marengo*. The historic *poulet* was first fried in oil, owing to Napoleon's cook being for the moment short of butter. He drank very little wine, always Bordeaux or Burgundy; he, however, preferred the latter, and Chambertin above all other growths. After breakfast, as after dinner, he took a cup of coffee. He was irregular with his meals, ate fast and badly; but therein was perceptible that absolute will which he brought to everything; so soon as appetite made itself felt, it must be satisfied, and his table service was so appointed that anywhere, or at any hour, he could find a fowl, cutlets, and coffee ready for him. He breakfasted in his bedroom at ten o'clock, inviting almost always those who happened to be near him. Bourrienne, his secretary, during the four or five years he was with him, never saw him partake of more than two dishes at a meal. One day the Emperor asked why his table was never served with *crêpinettes de cochon* (a ragout made of hashed meat mixed with morsels or fringes of pork). Dumand, the Emperor's *maitre d'hotel*, remained for an instant staggered by the question, and replied, "Sire, that which is indigestible is not gastronomic." An officer present added, "Your Majesty cannot eat *crêpinettes* and work immediately afterward." "Bah! bah! idle tale; I shall work for all that." "Sire," Dumand then said, "your Majesty shall be obeyed at breakfast to-morrow." The next day the head *maitre d'hotel* of the Tuileries served up the required dish, only that the *crêpinettes* were made with slices of partridge, a difference unperceived by the Emperor, who ate with great relish. "Your dish is excellent, and I compliment you upon it." Napoleon, when campaigning, frequently mounted on horseback early in the morning and remained in the saddle throughout the day. Care was then taken to place in one of his holsters bread and wine, and in the other a roast fowl. He generally shared his provisions with one of his officers still worse provided than himself.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

ANATOMY OF PANIC.—The phrase "the anatomy of melancholy" amply justifies "the anatomy of panic." The mental state designated panic is, psychologically, a paralyzing perception of peril. The power of self-control is suspended. The judgment cannot inhibit impulsive or emotional acts. The processes of reason—in its higher manifestation—are in abeyance. Panic spreads from one individual to another, as well as affects many in common. The same impression which is produced on one sensorium may be produced on any number simultaneously by the primary cause of fear; but there is nothing else so calculated to produce panic in the mind of an

other person, especially one or many with whom the mind impressed—in this secondary way—may chance to be in habitual or occasional sympathetic relation. It matters little to the general result whether the impression be produced or extended through the sense of sight or hearing, or even general sensation. It is sufficient that it can be produced and propagated in either of several ways. The true remedy for panic must be, in great part, preventive. It is a capital suggestion that a permanent notice which all can read should be displayed across curtain and act-drop "writ large," and plainly stating the time in which the auditorium of a theatre can be emptied if only the audience will individually determine to keep their wits about them, and stating the number and location of the places of exit. Again, the manager and chief performers at a theatre should make it a point of honor to keep *their* self-possession, and preserve smiling faces above the footlights if any hitch occurs. It is useless to speak or shout; nothing can so rapidly reassure a theatrical audience in panic as the sight of a self-possessed and smiling face instantly presented on the stage. One man may do more in this way than can be done by half-a-dozen in any other. Another point of moment is to impress the mind through the ear. Let the orchestra instantly strike up a cheertul tune. We heard the other day how an organist saved hundreds from panic in a church by playing a tune which instinctively brought the audience on their knees. On the same principle the orchestra in a theatre should call the panic-stricken spectators back to their seats by a bright burst of music. Surely managers and conductors might contrive these "effects" and train a few faithful followers to support them. Another matter of the highest practical moment is to make the ways of exit lay too great stress on this obvious precaution. It is worth while to study panics at leisure, and devise means for their prevention or prompt arrest.—*Lancet*.

TWILIGHT.

Now, tender Twilight lays a cooling palm,
In gentlest blessing, on Earth's fevered brow,
Soothing her into silence—save for low,
Sweet warblings, rippling o'er the utter calm,
Of birds, outpouring their soft evening psalm.
Still—as some wearied soul, half dimm'd in death,
Scarce seeming e'en to breathe, so faint each breath—
She lies, this Earth. The limped dew, like balm,
Falls on her fondly with a mute caress;
While the low wind 'mid the laburnum strays,
And with its drooping locks enamor'd plays,
Parting with ling'ring touch each golden tress,
As loth to leave it in its loveliness—
And all things wait the night, which still delays.

Zog.



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THE LADY MAUD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR."

CHAPTER I.

THURSDAY, June, such and such a date, was the day fixed for the sailing of the yacht *Lady Maud* for a cruise as far as the latitudes of the West Indies. The voyage was planned on account of the health of *Lady Brookes*, the wife of the owner of the vessel. The doctors had discovered that one of her lungs was threatened, and urgently advised her to take a long sea-trip, that for all the summer she might breathe nothing but ocean air. Her husband, who was a great lover of the sea, had only recently sold a forty-ton yawl named the *Ione*, and purchased in its room the *Lady Maud* schooner. In this vessel he thought his wife would be able to get as much sea-air as she needed, and that she would enjoy home privileges beyond any a passenger-ship could supply. It

was therefore settled that the cruise should be made in the yacht, which was forthwith equipped and victualled for the voyage; and among the persons invited to join *Sir Mordaunt* and *Lady Brookes* was the writer of this account of the journey and of the lamentable shipwreck and sufferings of the people concerned in it.

I was willing to go for several reasons. First, I had been to sea for eight years in the merchant service, and had passed an examination as chief mate, when my father died, and bequeathed me a property that was an estate of a bachelor of simple tastes; so I quitted that life, but I left my heart behind me in it, and was always glad for an excuse to get upon the sea. So, as I say, this was one reason. Next, as I have told, I was a bachelor. The only relative I owned was a married sister, who lived

at Bristol, many leagues out of my track, and thus my stake was too small to hinder me from going where I pleased and doing what I pleased. Add to this, I had just resolved to go abroad for some weeks, to kill the hot English months, when there comes a letter from Sir Mordaunt Brookes (whom I had known two years, and in whose yawl I had enjoyed several pleasant runs along our east coast), telling me about his wife's health, the proposed voyage, etc., and begging me to go with them. The offer was to my fancy, if I except the West India part. I thought June a queer month to choose for a voyage to the Antilles, as those islands where the dog-star always rages were called. But Sir Mordaunt wrote that if we touched at any port it would be merely to fill our fresh-water casks, by which I understood that we were to keep almost entirely upon the water and among the blowing winds.

Preparing for a voyage ten times as long would have cost me small trouble. A few hours served to complete my arrangements, and punctually on the appointed day I was at Southampton, waiting for the arrival of the *Lady Maud's* boat to carry me aboard of her.

I was never at that town before, nor have I visited it since; and nothing of it remains in my mind but a clear image of the stretch of beautiful sparkling water, with a vision of the Isle of Wight in the southward, and of tender green shores opposite melting upon the gleaming breast of the sea as they trended toward the Solent. There was a large number of yachts and other vessels riding at their anchors, and many more under way, with their white canvas flashing softly in the brilliant sunshine. A pleasant breeze blew from the north-east, but the sky was quite cloudless, a deep, darkly pure blue, like the heavens of the South Pacific.

I was anxious to see the vessel that was to be my home for some months, but none of the watermen I asked could tell me which was she. However, I had not long to wait, for while I stood admiring a very handsome, heavily sparred yawl, anchored within musket-shot of the pier, a boat pulling six oars shot from under her stern, clearly from one of the yachts lying beyond, and

headed directly for the spot I occupied. The men rowed with fine precision, their oars flashed like glass, and the froth twinkled frostily at the stem. Before she was alongside I read the name *Lady Maud* on the breast of the coxswain's jersey, and went to meet him as he jumped ashore. He had been one of the *Ione's* men, and knew me; and in a few minutes my luggage was brought from the hotel and bundled into the boat.

The moment we cleared the stern of the yawl, the coxswain, pointing to a large schooner that lay a few fathoms astern of a small vessel similarly rigged, said that that was the *Lady Maud*. I looked at her eagerly, but the first impression was disappointing. She had a straight stem like a cutter's, an unusual thing in a craft of her rig; and as her copper came high, starting at the bows a very few inches under the hawse-pipes, she had the look of a revenue boat about the hull. As we approached, however, some good features began to exhibit themselves. She was rather bluff about the fore-castle rail, but rapidly fined down to the water's edge, and was like a knife at that point. Her run was beautiful, and a decided spring forward gave her a defiant posture upon the water. She was large for her class, nearly two hundred tons by Lloyd's measurement. Her spars were the handsomest sticks I had ever seen, and the soaring maintopmast, surmounted by an angular red flag, that blew upward like a tongue of flame against the lovely sky, made the eye giddy that followed it from the low level of a boat. Unlike any of the other yachts about, she carried a topsail and top-gallant yard; and, judging from the height of the fore-yard from the deck, I reckoned that if Sir Mordaunt Brookes carried a square-sail, it should be big enough to hold a gale of wind.

We dashed alongside. I grasped the white man-ropes, and was received at the gangway by my friend.

"Up anchor, now, Purchase, and get us away!" he sung out, holding my hand in a cordial grip. "Tripshore, look after the baggage in the boat there, and have it stowed away in Mr. Walton's cabin."

So saying, he led me over to his wife,

who was sitting aft under a short awning, in company with a young lady and a short, dark man dressed in gray clothes. This was my first introduction to Lady Brookes, who spent the greater part of the year in the south of France, and had always been out of England when I was with her husband. She was a fine woman, about four and twenty years old—indeed, she and her husband had only been married three years—large black eyes, sparkling yet listless, complexion disposed to sallowness, good teeth, thick raven hair, lustrous as polished ebony; dressed in blue serge that faultlessly fitted her figure—moulded like one of Herman Melville's South Sea water-goddesses.

On the other hand, her companion, a niece of Sir Mordaunt, was fair, her hair a pale gold, her eyes blue as the sky. My friend, in introducing me to her, called her Ada Tuke. Indeed, she was a very pretty girl, but I will not attempt to convey an idea of the *character* of her prettiness. Little Roman nose, arched upper lip, small head, almost straight eyebrows, darker than her hair—these are points easily named; but what do they express on paper? No more than my asserting that the Lady Maud's figure-head was a handsome device would assist your imagination in figuring the appearance of the vessel. If the prospect of the cruise was agreeable to me before, I found it quite delightful now that I knew our little company would include Ada Tuke.

The gentleman who stood near was Mr. Norie, M.B., who had been shipped by Sir Mordaunt to look after her ladyship's health. He had a smooth-shaven face and black eyes, and would have passed for an actor or a priest. The rest of the party consisted of two superb mastiffs, which lay near the mainmast in the sunshine, outside the shadow line of the awning. They were a noble pair of dogs, and they reclined with their great paws stretched along, enjoying the heat of the decks, and watching the men tumbling about, with slow-rolling eyes and an inquisitive cock of the ears.

The ladies had now to shift their seats, for their chairs were in the road of the men who had gathered aft to hoist the mainsail. I placed Lady Brooke's chair for her clear of the run-

ning rigging, and asked her how she liked the idea of the voyage.

"Not at all," said she quickly, and yet without animation. "Nothing but my husband's anxiety could have induced me to take the trip."

"But it is sure to do you good," said I. "There is no finer medicine than the ocean air."

"Perhaps so," she answered languidly; "but even health may sometimes cost too much."

I turned to Miss Tuke, and asked her how *she* liked the prospect of the journey.

"Very much," she replied, removing a small opera-glass from her eyes. "I am hoping we shall meet with exciting adventures."

Lady Brookes smiled, but the expression went out of her face quickly. Here Sir Mordaunt joined us, and, catching hold of my arm, called my attention to the spaciousness of the Lady Maud's decks, and asked me what I thought of her. I told him I considered her a very beautiful vessel, and honestly meant what I said. Her decks were exceedingly roomy, in spite of a row of hen-coops abreast of the foremast on either side, and a boat on chocks amidships, and as white as snow and as solid as a thousand-ton ship's. Strength, indeed, was the agreeable peculiarity I everywhere observed. Her bulwarks were tall and stout, her companions and skylights almost unnecessarily massive; but everything was plain, and, as I considered, the fitter by reason of that quality for ocean use. She was steered by a wheel, and I took notice of the strength of the tiller and wheel-chains. Her rigging was handsomely set up, the masts stayed to a hair; every block worked as easily as a carriage-wheel. I walked aft to remark her length, and was delighted by the fine sweep of shining deck and the bold incurving of the forecastle bulwarks, meeting at the long, powerful bowsprit, that was slightly bowed under the taut bobstays.

But by this time they had got the mainsail on her, and were busy getting up the anchor. Purchase, the skipper, came and took hold of the wheel, looking up and around as he grasped the spokes, and hallooing to the men in a slightly wheezy deep-sea note. It was

the hottest hour of an unusually hot day, yet this man was wrapped up, like a North Sea pilot, in thick rough cloth, and a blue shawl with white spots around his throat. As he was to have charge of the vessel, I examined him closely, and beheld a round face, purple at the cheek-bones; a pear-shaped, carrot-colored nose; small eyes, buried deep in wrinkles, and glowing like sparks in their well-thatched caverns; a capacious mouth almost destitute of lips; the whole surmounted by a cloth cap decorated with a broad gold band. In truth, he looked rather too nautical to please me. He had more the appearance of a Thames wherryman masquerading in a yachting skipper's clothes, than a plain sailor-man. He turned his little eyes upon me once or twice, as if he would like to ask why I looked at him so hard. I had no doubt that Sir Mordaunt was impressed by the man's nautical aspect, but for my part, if I had had the choosing of a captain for the *Lady Maud*, I should not have selected so highly flavoured a tar as Purchase. I dare say I was prejudiced. No man who has been knocked about at sea can have a high opinion of yachtsmen as sailors. On the one side are many hardships, gales of wind, bitter cold, poor food, and the like; on the other, fine weather, plenty of lounging, clean forecastles, fresh provisions, and light work. The yachtsman has the best of it, and Jack may envy him, but he will not call him a sailor.

We carried a mate, named Ephraim Tripshore, as well as a captain, and eleven men, counting the cook and the steward. The decks looked pretty full with them and us, and I watched them as they worked, the thought coming into my head that if they were no better than the usual run of 'longshore men it would be a bad lookout for us should sailorly qualities come to be needed.

By this time they had got the anchor off the ground, and the vessel, lying almost athwart the run of the water, with her nose pointing at Southampton, was already slipping along, but sweeping round fast to the southward. Talk as they will of the beauty of foreign ports and scenes, I never remember in all my voyages, nor in any journeys I have made since, the like of that scene of

Southampton Water, and the shores on either hand, as I beheld it on that day. The yachts at anchor, with the flashing water trembling in their glossy sides; the leaning pillars of canvas here and there shining like virgin silver in the sun; the flags which filled the sky with spots of bright colors; the houses ashore, looking as delicate as ivory-work in the far distance; the undulations of the coast making a soft horizon of trees and green country against the heavens; the Isle of Wight ahead, and beyond its marble-like heights in the south-east the pale blue waters of the English Channel—combined to produce a picture of which no language at my command could express the beauty.

The anchor was catted and fished, and the vessel, with the wind broad on the beam, was slightly leaning under the huge mainsail and a couple of jibs. Her pace even under this canvas was good, and she threw the water off her weather bow in a little wave that arched over like a coil of glass, the extremity of which, abreast of the fore-rigging, broke into foam and ran hissing to join the sparkling line of wake astern. It was perhaps characteristic that I should be watching the yacht and studying her qualities instead of contemplating the brilliant scene through which we were running. One picturesque sight, however, interested me greatly. It was a beautiful little steam yacht lying at anchor, and as we approached her, Sir Mordaunt motioned to the skipper to put the wheel over by a spoke or two, that we might close her. There was a group of ladies and gentlemen under the awning, who, when they saw the *Lady Maud* coming, rose and stood in a crowd at the steamer's side. As we went past, Lady Brookes waved her pocket-handkerchief and Sir Mordaunt called out good-bye. They gave us a demonstrative farewell, the ladies flourishing their parasols and the gentlemen shouting. But it was only a turn of the kaleidoscope, a brief shifting of the shining colors. We passed a succession of sparkling pictures of that kind, but all the rest of the people who looked at us were strangers, and no more farewells were exchanged.

I was struck by the expression on Lady Brooke's face after we had dropped the steamer, and the brief excitement

kindled by the hurried salutations had passed from her. Dejection was never more strongly defined. I was sure she dreaded the voyage more than she had owned, and I now wonder, on looking back, that what was unquestionably a presentiment of ill in her mind did not decide her husband upon abandoning his resolution to find a cure for her in the heart of the North Atlantic. Her melancholy was strongly accentuated by the contrast of Miss Tuke's happy, cheerful face: the full spirit of the lustrous scene was reflected in the girl's soft eyes, and expressed in her lips' subdued wonder and admiration. The wind stirred the curls of gold-bright hair upon her forehead, and now and again she would say something aloud—involuntarily and to herself apparently, for she addressed nobody—and follow it with a gentle laugh that mingled with the lip lipping of the water, sounding like the tinkling of hundreds of little bells along the sweeping sides of the yacht, and the moan of the foam at the stem that fell upon the ear like the murmur of a fountain, and the voice of the warm wind overhead as it poured into and out of the glistening concavity of the great space of milk-white mainsail.

We had shifted our helm and eased off the main-sheet, to run through the Solent, and had hove up West Cowes until the houses were clearly visible to the naked eye, when Sir Mordaunt asked me to step below, and look at the yacht's accommodation. I followed him down the companion-steps, and found at the bottom a polished bulkhead, behind which was the pantry. The cabin stretched from this bulkhead aft, and was a spacious room considering the tonnage of the yacht. There was a handsome piano against the mainmast, and beyond the mainmast a door that led to the sleeping-berths, of which there were six, three of a side. The walls of the cabin were colored and grained in imitation of satin-wood; green silk curtains protected the central skylight; the ceiling was painted with floral devices; and the great mainmast that pierced the upper deck, and that vanished through a rich Turkey carpet, was framed with looking-glasses moulded to the spar. Green velvet cushions upon the lockers made them as luxuri-

ous as Ottoman mats, and a curious character was given to the sumptuous interior by a tall, polished brass rack, fixed abaft the companion-steps, filled with rifles and guns of various patterns. The sunshine that pierced the skylight in places sparkled in brilliant swinging trays and in large crystal globes filled with gold and silver fish, and here and there in diamond-shaped mirrors which were arranged around the cabin, and filled the air with prismatic light.

Sir Mordaunt then conducted me to the sleeping berths, the first of which on the starboard side I judged was to be mine, by observing my baggage stowed away in a corner. The bunk was draped fit for a prince to lie in: every convenience that a comfortable bed-chamber should possess was here. It was, in truth, a superbly fitted sleeping-room, and the warm wind pouring in through the open porthole gave it a wonderful freshness and sweetness.

"Such a bedroom as this," said I, "might make even a Frenchman in love with the sea."

"A little snugger than a ship's fore-castle, eh, Walton?" said Sir Mordaunt.

"A little. The sight of that bunk puts me in mind that somebody stole my blankets at the beginning of my first voyage, and that to keep myself warm I had to sleep in my sea-boots, and sometimes lie under my mattress."

"Yes, sailors have to rough it. We yachting men know very little about the sea, though some of us know how to swagger. What think you of this cabin?"

As he said this he threw open the door of Lady Brooke's berth. There was a bright-eyed, smartly dressed little woman at work arranging some books upon a shelf. Sir Mordaunt called her Carey, and I supposed her, as I afterward knew her to be, her ladyship's maid. I stood in the doorway, looking with great admiration upon a room that was as unlike a sea-cabin as the most expensive arts of the upholsterer could make it. The hangings were of blue satin; a brass bedstead swung within a foot of the deck, upon strong irons hooked to stout eyes screwed into the beams; pictures and looking-glasses covered the walls; and I should tire you

patience by cataloguing the carpets, couches, chairs, bracket-lamps, and the hundred knickknacks which embellished this exceedingly elegant apartment.

"Is there a passenger-ship afloat that could have given my wife a more cosy room than this?" said Sir Mordaunt, looking around him with an air of grave satisfaction.

"I never saw anything more charming. That bed, Sir Mordaunt, is quite original."

"It is. I had it made expressly for this cruise. You see, Lady Brookes can step into it without help. The ordinary cot, even in a calm, is a troublesome contrivance, and in a seaway one must be very agile to 'fetch it,' as sailors say."

"Does Lady Brookes suffer from seasickness?"

"I am afraid so. But I console myself with reflecting that, if she *is* to be sick, a five thousand-ton ship could not save her."

He came out of the cabin, and as he walked forward, said :

"I wish my wife undertook this journey more light-heartedly. Her physician assured her that a sea-voyage was of the utmost importance to her health, and having full faith myself in the prescription, and knowing indeed that the journey *must* be taken, in one way or another, for her sake, I have not thought it wise to notice her reluctance and depression."

"Oh, she will recover her spirits in a day or two. We must all turn to and cheer her up ; besides, the North Atlantic is a big stage, something more than mere sky and water in these days of shipbuilding, and plenty of things should happen to amuse her. What sort of skipper have you got?"

"A capital man," he answered, speaking with energy. "He has been a sailor all his life, and served, I believe, in every sort of craft you could name, from a full-rigged ship down to a galley-punt. His last berth was as master of a Sunderland collier, but he was thrown out of work by a fall, and has been idle for a year. I got him through an advertisement. There was no use shipping a smooth-water man for an Atlantic voyage, and when I saw his captain's certificate and heard his experiences,

and that he was in a West India trader for some time, as second mate and carpenter of a small Barbadoes brig, I engaged him, and I do not know that I could have done better."

"If he is all that he says, he should answer your purpose," said I.

"Lady Brookes thinks he drinks," he continued, smiling, "because he has a red nose. But what looks like drink is, in my opinion, nothing but weather."

"Likely enough, Sir Mordaunt. Sailors soon lose their complexions, and it is not always fair to attribute the change to rum."

We had pushed through the pantry and were in the kitchen—a neat little box of a place, hot as an oven, everything new in it, and the copper stuff shining like gold. The cook wore a white apron and cap, a dress I should have laughed at on a man in another vessel than a yacht, and was clearly of a sour temper, the expression of which in his long, yellow face was not improved by the loss of his port eye. This imperfection he took no pains to conceal, but, on the contrary, seemed anxious that everybody should, in a sense, share his deformity with him, for I observed that, while answering some questions put to him by Sir Mordaunt, he kept his dead eye bearing full upon the baronet. Sir Mordaunt, who was probably used to the man, talked to the eye as though it had been full of life. The skipper's and mate's berths faced the kitchen, and beyond was the fore-castle bulkhead, which shut off that end of the yacht from the after part. The impression of strength conveyed by the exterior of the vessel was confirmed by her appearance below. She was undoubtedly a very noble, powerful boat, abundantly qualified to undertake, not indeed merely a summer Atlantic cruise, but a voyage to any part of the world at any time of the year.

CHAPTER II.

WE had got under way shortly before three o'clock. We might have made the daylight watch us a long way down the English Channel by breaking out the anchor at dawn ; but the nights were too short to make our departure needful at an uncomfortable hour, and, moreover, we should have the moon overhead until hard upon daybreak. By

this time I had inspected as much of the interior of the vessel as was open to me, and followed Sir Mordaunt on deck. I was surprised to find that we were nearly clear of the Solent. No more sail had been made on the vessel, the wind was on the starboard quarter, and the main boom swung well forward, yet the Lady Maud was slipping through the water as though she had been in tow of a steamer. She made no noise ; the merest seething of foam came from the direction of the cutwater ; the pale blue surface alongside was only just blurred by the motion of the yacht ; but astern her passage was denoted by a long line of eddies and revolving bubbles, which broadened out like a fan, until the extremity resembled a faint puff of steam, amid which the heads of the little windy ripples flashed like dew upon grass over which a shred of mist is crawling.

With the land close aboard of us on either side, it was difficult to realize that we had veritably started upon a long voyage, and that for weeks we should have nothing but the deep and distant waters of the North Atlantic under and around us. I loitered at the companion to look around me, and then joined Sir Mordaunt, who had crossed to his wife.

They might have passed for father and daughter, for he was fifty years old, though he could have made himself look younger, had he chosen to rid himself of a great beard that fell, like a sapper's, to his waist. He was a tall man, nearly, if not quite, six feet ; hair slightly frosted ; eyes gentle and soft in repose, but bright and animated in conversation ; a thorough gentleman in feelings, though his manners had no special polish, and his language was formed of the first words which occurred to him. He was telling his wife that I was delighted with the yacht, and that my opinion ought to reassure her, as I was a sailor of some experience, and knew what the Atlantic was, and what was fit to meet its seas.

"Indeed," said I, seeing his wish, "I would rather be in a gale of wind in the Lady Maud than in a good many big ships I could name."

"Sir Mordaunt ought not to make you think I am nervous," said she. "It is the tediousness of the voyage that I shall not like."

"But you should remember, my love, for what reason it is taken," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt.

"And why must it be tedious, aunt ?" said Miss Tuke, turning her sunny face toward us. "There are plenty of good novels down-stairs, and a piano ; and you should be able to tell us, Mr. Walton, if we are likely to meet with any adventures."

"No, I can't tell you that," said I ; "and, to speak the truth, we don't want to meet with any adventures. All that we have to do, Miss Tuke, is to run down our latitudes comfortably, and pray that the fine weather may hold."

"Precisely," cried Sir Mordaunt. "And what sort of adventures would you have, Ada ? All romance went out of the sea when steam was discovered. There are no more pirates, no more privateersmen, no more handsome, dashing tars, with their belts studded with pistols, and their holds full of plundered ingots and pieces of eight. Even shipwreck is no longer picturesque."

"Well, I won't say that," said I. "What with rockets, and blue lights, and life-boats, shipwreck is more highly colored than it was."

"Pray don't let us talk of shipwreck," said Lady Brookes pettishly.

"No, no ; don't let us talk of shipwreck !" echoed Sir Mordaunt, quickly. "Walton, d'ye know the coast hereabouts ? Yonder's Warden Point, I think, and that should be the needles light."

Time was when I could have drawn from memory a chart of the English Channel coast, with every lightship and lighthouse and beacon upon it or belonging to it ; but a great deal of that knowledge had slipped away from me. Nothing, I think, goes out of the head more quickly than the things learned at sea. The names of ropes, blocks, and of the different portions of the standing rigging go first ; coasts and lights follow ; and then the science of the sun, moon, and stars disappears. A sailor who quits the sea for a few years finds he has a great deal to learn over again when he returns to it. Ought not this consideration to make wreck-commissioners cautious in their selection of nautical assessors ?

Happily the lives of the people aboard

the Lady Maud were not in my charge, and consequently, whether my marine memory was good or bad, mattered nothing. I borrowed Miss Tuke's opera-glasses to look at the coast; but the beautiful scene showed best when inspected with the naked eye, for then the whole expanse of it was in sight. On the right was both the Hampshire and Dorset shore, visible from Stansore Point to beyond Christchurch Head, and I think Durlston Point was in sight, though a mere film down in the west. Astern of us was the Isle of Wight, whose towering terraces and gleaming heights were slowly drawing out as we rounded to the southward, bringing Node Beacon and the shining ramparts of chalk beyond it on our port quarter; and right under our bow, and running up into the silver blue sky of the horizon until it stood but a foot under our bowsprit end, was the broad, bright, lake-like English Channel. To behold that shining field of water was to feel at last that our voyage was fairly begun. I own that my heart went out to meet it. Of all seas, none can be so dear to an Englishman as the stretch of water that separates England from France. It is a stage full of glorious historical memories; it is the busiest maritime highway in the world; its margin is enriched on the British side with spaces of exquisite scenery; and it is consecrated to sailors by the scores of mariners who have found a resting-place upon its sands.

When it opened broad under both bows we all stood gazing at it. But whatever our thoughts may have been, they were speedily interrupted by old Purchase, who still grasped the wheel, bawling to the men in his husky, deep-sea note, to set the gaff-foresail. Yachtsmen imitate men-of-war's men in their manner of springing about. Where the rush is finely disciplined, it is good; it is always finely disciplined in a man-of-war, and though one would think sometimes that the fellows were only trying to break their necks, yet the whole fabric of the ship is vitalized by their method of going to work, as any man knows who has watched a frigate—when there *were* such things—trip her anchor and flash into a lovely cloud of canvas all at once. Yachtsmen sprawl and tumble about as cleverly as navy men, but it is because

they are seldom numerous enough as a crew that they never produce man-of-war results. I watched the Lady Maud's men making sail, and thought if they had scrambled less they would not have done their work worse. Some of them helped up the foresail by "riding down" the halliards, an unseamanlike trick and very unsightly. One after another the sails were expanded, and presently the yacht was leaning under every stitch of fore and aft canvas that she carried. If Sir Mordaunt's wish had been to try her speed, he could not have had a better chance than this. The sea was perfectly smooth, not the faintest swell disturbed the table-like surface, and yet there was a pleasant, merry breeze, that kept the water laughing and sparkling and creaming in tiny foam-headed billows.

Right aft, to windward, was the best place to see the yacht. I went there; and, forking my head over the rail, had the whole picture in my eye. The sun was veering to the westward, but its light, as we were steering at that time, was still to windward, and the yacht's metal sheathing caught it, and gave back a red haze, like that of dull gold. Along this rich surface the water was flying in a thin line of foam, and the ripping of the stem sounded like the crunch of feet upon rotten leaves. From the inclined, beautifully moulded side of the vessel the shrouds ruled the sky like bars of iron, and cast jet-black tracings upon the cotton-white decks. The great spaces of canvas filled the air overhead, and it was a delight to look up at the leaning, bright yellow masts, and mark the superb set and cut of the sails and the prodigious number of cloths under which the Lady Maud was sweeping through the calm water. It was a glorious picture, and I have it very clearly before me this minute—the shapely fabric of white decks and gold-bright sides; the gleaming masts lifting their broad folds to the sky; the whirling snow of the wake eddying out upon the blue water from under the stern; the beautiful, placid sea stretching for leagues ahead, and the land growing smaller and hazier upon our starboard beam and quarter.

While I stood admiring, Miss Tuke left her seat, and first of all she talked

to the big mastiffs, and then came a little further aft and took a glance aloft, and then approached the binnacle and peeped at the card. My eyes left the vessel when the girl reached the compass. She was prettier than the yacht, and could she have had her portrait taken at that moment, the picture would have been a fine one, with the sea and the huge main-boom for a background, and the deck for a platform, and old Purchase to help out the marine accessories, with his strawberry-colored nose, and both great hands with fingers like bunches of carrots holding on to the wheel, and his small eyes squinting aloft.

"You can see the yacht going through the water, if you'll come here," said I to her.

She came at once, and I think she had a treat. I spoke to her, but she did not answer me. The sweeping water, the sensation of *flying* induced by the almost noiseless and quite level passage over the clear sea, and the beautiful effect of the brass-like copper against the foam, and the ocean of white canvas against the deep blue sky, acted upon her like a spell. At last she looked around and said, "If I had been born a man, I should be a sailor."

A singular noise in Purchase's throat made me fix my eyes sternly on him; but the old chap's face was quite wooden, and his gaze upon the weather leech of the foretopsail, for all the square canvas was upon the vessel now.

"You must not suppose," said I, "that this sort of thing is like going to sea as a sailor."

"Is a sailor's life really so hard as people say it is?" she asked, earnestly looking at me with her intelligent, singularly clear, and winning eyes.

"Yes—that is, the life of a merchant sailor—and harder, because the people who say it is hard know very little about it. The people who *know* it is hard, I mean sailors themselves, do not talk. It is not gales of wind, nor bitter cold, nor fiery heat, that make it hard; not even famines and shipwrecks, because they are accidents, and of no more account, so far as life at sea goes, than railway collisions and fires in churches and theatres are of account so far as life on shore goes. It's the part that's hidden that makes sailing hard—bullying

officers, leaky or over-filled ships, bad food, grinding work, broken rest, wet clothes, wretched forecastles. You might read a hundred marine novels and never get at the truth. The only way is to serve before the mast, as that fine fellow Dana did, sleep in a miserable bunk, and eat and drink with sailors. That, most fortunately, you can't do," said I, laughing; "and why you should wish to be a man, merely that you might do it, makes me wonder."

"Perhaps if I were a man I might have different views," said she, eyeing me as if amused by my outbreak. "Are you still a sailor?"

"No."

"How long were you a sailor?" says she.

I told her.

"Beg your pardon, sir," rumbled Purchase, from the wheel, "but might you have been a marchant or a navy man?"

"A merchantman," I answered.

"Long voyages, sir?"

"Yes, long voyages and big ships. And you, I hear, are an old sailor?"

He smiled slowly, as if the question amused him.

"Yes, I'm an old sailor," he answered, looking at Miss Tuke. "Fifty-three next birthday, and forty year out o' that at sea, in all sorts o' weather and in all sorts o' wessels, from a billyboy up."

A sense of importance appeared to oppress him, and he looked away from us at the sea to leeward. Meanwhile the men had coiled the running-gear away, and were grouped in the bows of the yacht, where they made a tolerable crew. Tripshore, the mate, paced the weather deck of the forecastle, and the cook with his one eye, coming up for a breath of air, sat in the companion, talking to him as he passed to and fro.

The scene was full of beauty and quietude. Sir Mordaunt had opened a newspaper, and was reading aloud to his wife, who lay back in her comfortable invalid's chair, and was so still that she seemed sound asleep. One of the mastiffs lay with his nose between his forelegs, and the other kept watch alongside of him, with his ears cocked at the passing water as though he should bark at it in a moment. The sun poured

down upon us over our foremast-head, and I asked Miss Tuke if she was not afraid of her complexion, for she had no parasol, and the brim of her hat was narrow. No, she answered, she was not afraid, she wanted to get sunburnt. I should have liked to beg her to keep her complexion, for it was a lovely thing, and warn her that fair skins don't brown, but freckle, only she was sure to know more about it than I.

"Can you realize the notion," said I, "that you are going across the Atlantic, and that you will not see land for days and days?"

"No; how should I be able to do that? The longest voyage I ever made was from Harwich to Dartmouth, in the *Ione*."

"Is this Lady Brooke's first cruise, do you know, Miss Tuke?"

"Positively the first. I hope it will do her good. Uncle Mordaunt is very anxious about her, and she was very unwilling to go."

"Well, if she doesn't love the sea naturally, as you do, she'll never love it by trying. But we must keep her spirits up, and not let sea-sickness frighten her. Since she has made a beginning, she ought to persevere. I hope she may not find the parallels we are bound to too hot."

Here Mr. Norie emerged from the cabin, and seeing Sir Mordaunt reading to his wife, came over to us. He had clapped a great straw hat on his head, and pointed to it with a grin, as much as to say, I'll have the first laugh.

"Anybody might tell by my appearance," said he, "that we are going where cotton and sugar flourish. Miss Tuke, as medico of this ship, give me leave to prescribe a parasol, while the sun stands high. I can feel the heat of these decks through my boots."

"I am not afraid of sunstroke," she replied. "Look, Mr. Walton!" she suddenly cried, in a voice as clear as a bell, "look at that steamship yonder!" Mr. Norie ran for the opera-glass. "How beautifully distinct she is—a toy—a tiny ivory carving! Is she a great ship, Mr. Walton?"

I looked and answered, "About four thousand tons. Does that convey any idea of her size?"

"Not the faintest idea."

"Imagine a toy terrier alongside one of those mastiffs; so would the Lady Maud appear alongside yonder steamer."

She took the glass from Norie, and had a long, long look. Had the surgeon not kept his eyes on her, I should, as she could not know I stared; but two men admiring their hardest at once was unfair. I surrendered the job to Norie, and directed my eyes to the ship. She was an Indian or American boat, very long, brig-rigged, sharply defined upon the horizon; but the refraction of the light left a sharp, tremulous void between her hull and the water, and gave her the appearance of steaming through the air, with her bottom within a foot of the blue, marble-smooth sea. She was the only vessel in sight that way, and her solitary presence somehow made the ocean look more lonely than had nothing but the water been visible.

We were heading about S.S.E., which brought the Isle of Wight almost over our stern. Sir Mordaunt, seeing me looking at the compass, dropped his paper, and joined me.

"She seems to know the road, Walton, don't you think?" said he, looking with a well-pleased face at the water. "Yonder must be St. Alban's Head, Purchase."

"Ay, that's right, sir," answered Purchase. "This vessel's a fine one to steer, sir; easy in the hand as a child's perryambulator."

It was impossible not to laugh at this pronunciation, and to cover my mirth I said, "Ay, skipper, after your old Geordie, eh? nine inches of freeboard, and a tiller that shoves you half way down the companion, and bows like a doubled-up Dutchman!"

Purchase moved his jaws as if he was gnawing upon a junk of tobacco, and by the way he looked at me, and the hard cock he gave his head, I fancied he was meditating a rejoinder; but Sir Mordaunt diverted him by asking where he was steering the yacht to.

"Into the fairway track, sir. Running for the Chops as we be, there's no call to keep the land aboard."

Such a course might have been proper for a big ship, but with a blue sky overhead, and a pleasant breeze over the quarter, a vessel like the Lady Maud did not want a twenty-mile offing. Be-

sides, it seemed a pity to sink the pretty coast, which we could have kept in sight until abreast of Weymouth, picked up again at the Start, and kept as far as the Lizard. However, it might be that old Purchase was not sure of his lights and bearing in these parts, and if so he was wise to keep the open sea about him, for he had only to steer west to hit the fairway, and he was sure not to miss the North Atlantic.

"What regulations will you have, Sir Mordaunt?" I asked. "Of course the crew will be divided into watches."

"I leave everything to Purchase," said he.

"I shall muster the men in the first dog-watch," rumbled Purchase, eyeing me sternly, as if suspecting my questions meant more than met his ear, "and divide them into watches, as you say, sir; me taking the starboard watch, and Mr. Ephraim Tripshore, as mate, heading the port watch. 'That's accordin' to Cocker, as I believe.'"

"Aren't you tired of steering, Purchase?" said Sir Mordaunt. "Why not let one of the men relieve you?"

"So one of 'em shall, sir, so one of 'em shall, when the correct time comes," answered Purchase. "Meanwhile, as I'm answerable for this vessel, please, gentlemen, to let me give her a clear horizon afore another man takes my place." And he clung to the wheel with a very resolute and Briton-strike-home kind of look, and frowned at the foretop-gallant sail as if his feelings were injured. Sir Mordaunt was visibly impressed. In his eyes, Purchase was a stout and manly tar, all of the olden time. For my part, now that I saw he could steer (which on the mere testimony of his extravagantly nautical appearance, I should not have believed), I felt able to hope that he might also know how to take sights.

Though it was drawing on for four o'clock, the sun still bit fiercely, and I was glad to quit the neighborhood of the wheel for the pleasant shadow of the mainsail, where sat the ladies and Mr. Norie, with a low table in the midst of them covered with cool drinks. The deuce is in it, thought I, if this touch of the sea don't hearten up Lady Brookes for the cruise. The sparkling breeze kept the leaning spars as steady as a

flag-post; so motionless was the surface of the sea, that our bowsprit end did not rise or fall an inch above or below the horizon to which it pointed; and yet all the while the vessel was slipping through the water at five or six knots an hour. And oh, the sweetness of the warm wind buzzing among the canvas like the hum of a drowsy congregation in church!

"The Isle of Wight grows cloud-like," said I, pointing astern. "But see, Miss Tuke, how St. Catharine's Point away yonder crowns the blue water. If this were December, one might swear that those white cliffs were snow-covered plains. Do you know, Sir Mordaunt, that such a day, and such a ship, and such a sea, should make even a Chinaman poetical?"

"Providing he was not sea-sick," said Lady Brookes, smiling.

"What a pity some one doesn't invent a cure for sea-sickness!" exclaimed Miss Tuke.

"There is only one cure for it," I observed, "and I am happy to say that I am the discoverer of it."

Lady Brookes looked at me.

"Let us have it, Mr. Walton," said Norie. "If it's a real specific, I'll engage to make you one of the richest men in England."

"The beauty of it," said I, "lies in its simplicity. When you feel ill, think of something else, and your sufferings will cease."

"Pshaw!" said Norie.

"Oh, I am not likely to have the doctors with me," I continued, "because there's nothing learned in the prescription, and no drugs are wanted. But let me tell you a story, Lady Brookes. A friend of mine patented a marine invention, which he had to carry to sea, to test and improve. He was a martyr to sea-sickness, and the absolute necessity of quitting the land for even a couple of hours' tossing on shipboard was a hideous condition of his patent. But every invention has something of Frankenstein's giant about it, and the man who makes a discovery must be prepared to have his brow wrung—the correct phrase, I believe, Miss Tuke—'When pain and anguish wring the brow—'"

"Yes, yes; 'a ministering angel,

thou.' Fire away, Walton!" said Sir Mordaunt, filling a meerschaum pipe.

"Well, Lady Brookes, my friend went to sea with his discovery, and I accompanied him. The only vessel he could hire for the run was a screw steamer, shaped like a log of wood, in my judgment the most awful roller ever launched! 'I shall never be able to stand it!' exclaimed the poor fellow, quivering in his shoes as we stood looking at her from the pier side. I comforted him by saying that the heavy ground swell was the very thing he should desire, as he wanted all the motion he could get to properly test his patent. We embarked, and the vessel steamed out, and no sooner was she clear of the harbor than she went up and down like a rocking-horse. One moment you might have touched the water with your nose—"

"With your what?" interrupted Sir Mordaunt.

"I said with your nose, providing you weren't a negro, I mean. I expected, of course, to see my friend writhing on his back. But he had fixed his instrument and discovered that his calculations were wrong; the correction of the errors engrossed his mind. He could think of nothing but his invention and his blunders, and though he could hardly keep his legs, he never uttered so much as a groan. In short, *he forgot to be sea-sick*. Mr. Norie, what say you to that, sir? If it don't prove that sea-sickness may be stopped by compelling the mind to think of other things, I'm a Frenchman."

An argument followed, and everybody was against me.

"It's absurd," said Norie, "to suppose that nausea can be checked by mental excitement."

"Do you mean to tell me," I exclaimed, "that a cry of fire would not route out every sea-sick passenger, and cure him until the fright was over?"

No, he would not even allow that.

"Then if that wouldn't cure him," said I, "death itself wouldn't."

"You'll have to improve on your discovery, Walton, if Norie is to make you a millionaire," said Sir Mordaunt, laughing. "But as none of us mean to be sea-sick, we'll forgive your failure."

"Don't say that, Mordaunt," ex-

claimed his wife, rather pettishly. "I am quite prepared to keep my cabin until we get home again."

"No, no; we must overhaul some excitements to bring you on deck, and cure you long before we return," said I. "I'll warrant my prescription, only, of course, I must have the physic."

"But you said just now, Mr. Walton, that we do not want to meet with any adventures," observed Miss Tuke, slyly.

"Nor do we," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt, emphatically. "Let us keep the object of this cruise steadily in mind, and pray that it may be happily attained."

His earnestness made us all serious, and I was pleased to see his wife glance at him rather gratefully.

CHAPTER III.

IN this manner the afternoon passed, the sun crept over to our starboard beam, but shortly after four o'clock the schooner's helm was shifted, and the vessel brought to a course west by magnetic compass; and then the sun was over our port bow, and the sea under its blinding light an ocean of flashing gold down to the very stem of the yacht.

Tripshore, the mate, was at the wheel now. He was a plain, pale, sandy-haired man, not nearly so marine-looking as old Purchase so far as clothes and complexion went, yet he had the appearance of a better seaman than the other; and I admired him for that, as he stood airily holding on to the spokes, with his head floating on his neck like a bubble, as first he squinted at the compass, and then aloft, and then to windward, and then withdrew one hand from the wheel in order to wipe his mouth.

We had run the coast very nearly out of sight. Here and there upon the horizon, bearing N.N.W., were blobs of film and the darker shadow of the Bill of Portland. But though there was little to be seen that way, the seaward prospect was tolerably lively, with a number of little coasters buzzing down Channel like ourselves, and close together, and a tall old-fashioned brig, that dropped astern as though she had an anchor in tow; and, keeping pace with us, having edged up from the eastward, a long, low, beautifully modelled wooden ship, painted black, with a gilt figure-head

and gilt band along her sides, and white boats. She carried skysail masts, though the yards were not crossed; but her royals topped a beautiful sweep and surface of canvas, and the white cloths which she lifted against the rich blue sky had both the softness and brilliance of foam. She held her spars erect, for there was not weight enough in the wind to give her a list, and the dignity, elegance, and blandness of her appearance were absolutely *human*. It was impossible to watch her without thinking of some graceful, swan-like woman "walking in beauty."

The trembling water gave back no image of her shining sails, but the shadow of her hull was dark in the sea under her, and defined the thin line of foam racing along her side like a cord of white wool unwinding at her stem and trailing far astern until it vanished amid the blue sparkles.

"A full-rigged ship will always be the noblest example of man's handiwork," said Sir Mordaunt, who had been watching her in silence. "She is a real creation—a living thing—full of instinct—owing her life to that same breath of heaven by which we exist. All else is more or less *mechanical*—of the earth earthy—and illustrates its perishableness by the very qualities which keep it flourishing. The grinding of a steam-engine makes us feel how small a flaw will stop it, and we think of coal and gauges and rivets. A grand building is stationary, it is wonderful, but it is dead. But a sailing ship! Look at that beautiful vessel! Is she not sentient? She might have been born of the very element she rides—her hull of the deep-sea rock and her sails of the storm-driven foam! What think you of that, Walton, for *real* poetry?"

"Lovely, indeed! A heaven-seeking pigeon, Sir Mordaunt, with a fact under its wing. I often regret that so many fine things have been said about ships. There's no room left for modern imagination."

"So much the better," piped Ada Tuke, "for now we shall stand a chance of getting plain English and the truth."

"Don't be sarcastic, my dear," said Sir Mordaunt.

"Indeed, Ada is right," quoth her ladyship. "That vessel may appear a

live thing to you, Mordaunt, but to me she only suggests the idea of close cabins and a craving for dry land."

I looked to see if her ladyship was in earnest; for at that moment the ship that was not above half a mile to leeward of us was as beautiful as a dream, a symmetrical pearl-like cloud against the blue—with a flash and tremble of foam at her forefoot, and along her glossy side, that was thrown out with all the effect of a cameo or a bit of rilievo work by the pale blue water, running up beyond her and meeting the azure heaven by the breadth of a hand over her bulwarks. One would have thought that the owner of such lustrous, if listless, eyes as Lady Brookes' must have had some sensibility to be stirred by that lovely sea-piece. Perhaps had her husband not praised the spectacle she would not have found it so insipid. But it was certain she did not mean to be courted into liking the water, or anything that swam on it (I won't say *in* it). The ocean was the doctor's prescription, and she took it as she would a dose of castor oil.

"Lady Brookes likes inland scenery," said her husband. "Agnes, you remember your first impression of that little valley near Limoges? Very few people, Walton, can admire the beautiful in every expression of it. Now an object like that ship is a finer sight in my eyes than, for instance, the grandest flower-show you could walk me through. I don't care for flowers. I never could get further than telling the difference between a rose and violet." And he wound up with some commonplaces on dissimilarity of taste, with benignant reference to his wife throughout, wanting to please her, and apologize for her too.

It was time to drop the subject; but Miss Tuke was hugely admiring the beautiful ship, that was now so close to us that we could see her people gazing at our yacht from the quarter deck and forecabin; and she began to ask me questions about the names of the sails, and if I could imagine where the vessel was bound to, and so on. The ship was sailing faster than we, and heading along a course that must carry her across our bows. Tripshore at the wheel eyed her with a bothered look, and old Purchase gazed at

her sullenly over the fore-castle bulwark, with his chin resting on the back of his great hands. Had I had command I should have luffed the yacht, so as to let the ship forge well ahead and then put my helm up; but whether because Tripshore would not shift the wheel without orders, or because Purchase did not see what might happen, the yacht was kept steady. Presently the ship was no more than three cables' length on our lee bow, and her great height of canvas looked like a tower into which we were heading as neatly as we could steer. Very recklessly, and almost spitefully as I thought, the helm of the ship was star-boarded, and her braces being untouched, the weather halves of her royals and fore-top gallant sail were aback. The manœuvre threw her almost athwart our hawse; and I said to myself, "Now for a collision, and a week's delay at Dartmouth for repairs."

Purchase jumped up with a roar.

"Where are you coming?" he yelled, tossing his fist at a group of men who were looking at us over the stern of the ship with folded arms, and grining at us like baboons. "Hard up there, Tripshore! hard up, man!"

The spokes revolved like the driving wheel of a locomotive in Tripshore's hands, but for some moments we were all in confusion, our crew dancing about and shouting at the ship, Lady Brookes calling to her husband, and Norie swelling the shindy by bawling to me to tell him if there was anything he could do. Had it not been for Lady Brookes' alarm, I should have laughed outright, for Purchase, while running aft, kicked a coil of rope, and fell with his whole length handsomely, his brass-bound cap hopping some fathoms away from him, exposing a pate as bald as a new-born baby's, and rather redder.

We cleared the ship, and when all was safe, our men let fly a broadside of insults at her. All the answer they got was a yell of derisive laughter. Sir Mordaunt was in a towering passion. He whipped out his note-book, and, posting himself in a prominent place, went through some wild dumb-show, with the idea of terrifying the people aboard the ship by letting them see he was taking down her name, which, by the way, was "The Victoria" of Mid-

dlesboro'. Knowing what an excitable race sailors are, I planted myself in front of the ladies, so as to hide the vessel from them, and fend off, so to speak, any nautical terms her men might bestow on us; which I flatter myself, was a wise precaution on my part, for I was afterward privately told by Sir Mordaunt that the pantomime of some of the seamen, when they saw him elaborately posture-making over his pocket-book, was of a character that utterly effaced the poetical impressions which had been excited in his mind by the beautiful appearance of the ship.

So far as Lady Brookes was concerned, the experience was an unfortunate one, for it made her fretful, and stopped her husband for the rest of the day from talking before her about the pleasures and beauties of the sea, and the agreeable prospect the cruise offered. I did my best to reassure her, but she would not hear me.

"The sea is *full* of danger, Mr. Walton; as a sailor, you must know that," she exclaimed.

"Not half so full of danger as the land, Lady Brookes. Think of the carriages and cabs and carts which are day after day running over people and into one another. Take a street crossing in a crowded thoroughfare, with horses prancing all about one and blowing their steam into one's very ears. I had rather be in a gale of wind. At sea you have no burglars, no pickpockets, no intoxicated tramps, no excitements of that kind. All is plain sailing, with here and there a few waves."

"You will never be able to convince me against my will," said she, with a cold smile, that showed I was making her angry. And she repeated, for the fourth or fifth time, that nothing but her husband's anxiety about her health could have prevailed upon her to take the voyage.

"Well," thought I as I left her, "I hope we shan't have too much of this. We have not even hove up the Start, and yet here has been as much grumbling as should serve for a trip round the world."

We dined at six. Up to within twenty minutes of that hour we had carried the same steady pleasant breeze that had

blown us lightly out of Southampton Water, but it had suddenly veered to the south and east, and the water all that way was a dark blue under the merry sweeping air. I stood with Miss Tuke, watching the swift race of foam creaming and hissing past, and sparkling in the sunlight in green and yellow and pale pink bubbles, as though the reflection of some gigantic prism illuminated the snow-white swirl. Oh, the fresh sweetness of that wind shooting into the nostrils out of the luminous green hollows of the little seas over which the yacht sped, with scarce the lifting by an inch of her bows!

Its inspiration was unpoetical, however, for it made me as hungry as a wolf. The first dinner-bell rang. I handed Miss Tuke down the companion, and a few minutes after four bells had been struck upon the yacht's forecabin—we kept our bells going as regularly as a man-of-war—we had all gathered round the cabin table; all, that is, except Lady Brookes.

"She has no appetite, she says, and complains that her back aches," said Sir Mordaunt, ruefully. "That abominable ship upset her nerves. I wish she were not so timid."

"She can't do better than lie down and keep quiet," said Norie. "The sea air is strong, and she must learn to face it by degrees."

"No, no, it isn't the sea air; it was that infernal ship," answered Sir Mordaunt. "Why even old Purchase was scared. Did you see him go head over heels, Walton?"

"I did; thought his object was to let us see what a fine head of hair he has."

"My dear sir, he's as bald as an egg," said Norie—an observation that settled the question of the youth's native land.

When I think of the conclusion of our voyage, the interior of the cabin as we sat at dinner on this, the first day, rises clear and bright as a painted picture before me. It was, as I say, our first dinner—so far as I was concerned, our first meal—aboard the Lady Maud, and the impression I retain is due to that. One had only to look around to guess that Sir Mordaunt must have spent a small fortune in equipping this yacht as a home for his invalid wife. Her sleep-

ing berth told a story of prodigal outlay, and a glittering pendant to it was this dinner table, sparkling with silver and crystal and flowers.

A plain man like myself, whose income is too narrow for show, though ample for happiness, who had passed many years (considering my age, then) in a rough calling, and, who had but very imperfect notions of the character and flavor of those high-flying luxuries which only very long purses indeed can bring down, is no doubt easily impressed. But I cannot be wrong in speaking of the luxuries and elegances with which Sir Mordaunt had crowded the cabins of the Lady Maud as examples of superb taste and polished hospitality. I remember, as I looked around me, thinking, "Good Lord! imagine this schooner in a collision, and all these fine things going to the bottom!" Taking it all round, it was a high tribute of a husband's love to his wife. In reality, Sir Mordaunt was as plain a man as I in his tastes. Had he been going this journey alone, he would not have had silver on his table and silk and velvets in his cabins. A cot and a blanket would have sufficed him for a night's rest—a simpler bed even than this would have suited me—and he would have enjoyed his bit of corned brisket off a plate of cheap china, and swigged down his pint of claret with all imaginable relish out of a twopenny tumbler. Who could look at his kind face, and the concern in his eyes as he would give a half-glance—showing where his thoughts were—in the direction of Lady Brookes' cabin, and not heartily hope that the recovery of his wife's health would repay him for the loving trouble he had taken, the worry her peevish disposition and reluctance had caused him in arranging and proceeding on this voyage across the Atlantic?

"The breeze does not freshen with the setting of the sun," said I, noticing the gradual recovery of the swinging trays, and catching the softening hum of the wind gushing through the open skylight out of the mainsail, with the tremors and mixed notes of a distant band of music. "Listen, Sir Mordaunt, to the plashing of flat falls of water to windward. I don't like to hear those sounds when I'm in a hurry at sea.

What pleases me is to look over the bows and see a semicircle of foam arching out on either hand like the white arms of a swimming girl."

"When shall we come to the place where the water at night looks on fire?" asked Miss Tuke.

"You'll have to wait, my dear," answered Sir Mordaunt.

"Do you mean the phosphorus?" said Norie, with an expression on his face that threatened natural philosophy.

"Oh, don't call it phosphorus!" she replied laughing. "Explanations of beautiful effects spoil them. I like the way sailors speak of it," said she, looking at me, "when they tell you they dropped a pail over the side into the water, and brought it up shining like gold in candlelight."

"Ay, ay; that's how Jack talks," said I.

"No, no; that's not poetical enough for Jack," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt.

"What he would say is, 'Bill, d'ye know, when we chucked a bucket overboard, I'm blessed if it didn't come up like new Jamaica rum all afire.'"

"Scientific authorities curiously differ from one another on the cause of these phosphorescent effects," said Norie.

"In the voyage in search of La Perouse, they are ascribed to small gelatinous and transparent molecules. But others say it's the decayed spawn of fish. And some call it crabs."

"They might as well call it cauli-flowers," said Sir Mordaunt.

"You're bound for the right waters, if you want to see it in perfection, Miss Tuke," said I. "But let me tell you a phosphorescent sea is not always a desirable thing. I was once becalmed in the latitude of the Andaman Islands, and at sunset the whole of the sea right away round the horizon was blood-red. It scared us all to see it. Half-an hour after the sun was gone the ocean kept this awful color, proving that the sun was not the cause of it; and what made the scene more fearful, the sky in the east was a pale crimson, just as though the sun, like a clown in a pantomime, had jumped through one window merely to pop his nose out of another. As the flush faded out of the sea, as the night deepened, in fact, the water grew bright with fire; and presently we were afloat

upon a surface of flame—how shall I describe it?—an ocean of red-hot glass. But oh, the barometer! It had sunk an inch and a quarter in two hours! and sure enough, before ten o'clock had been struck, our ship was on her beam ends, with the water up to the main hatch, nearly levelled by as furious a cyclone as ever struck a vessel."

"I am glad Lady Brookes doesn't hear you, Walton," said Sir Mordaunt. "After that yarn, every flash of phosphorus would distress her as a portent."

"But why," said I, "do you discourage Miss Tuke by telling her she'll have to wait some time before seeing those luminous effects? I have beheld this very water through which we are now spinning brilliant with green lights."

"Ay, but you don't find these northern waters flash as the sea does in the tropics," responded Sir Mordaunt. "What my niece has in her mind is a kind of oceanic snapdragon—a mighty surface of wavy blue or green fire—a very devil's bowl, with sharks instead of plums swimming about in it."

"Only let me see such a sight!" cried Miss Tuke, clasping her hands and dropping back her head into a fine heroic posture.

"Wouldn't you prefer an earthquake?" asked Norie, gravely. "They're plentiful in Jamaica, and I daresay Sir Mordaunt wouldn't mind cruising about Portland Bay or to the north of Morant Point until one happened. They say it's a most impressive sight to see a negro village sliding down a mountain's side." I couldn't stand the fellow's sober face, but laughed out, leaning back in my chair and wiping my eyes until I was ashamed of myself.

"Why, Mr. Walton," said he, "perhaps you don't believe that an earthquake will dislodge a whole town, and send it rattling down a hill?"

"Oh dear, yes! I was laughing at the image presented to my mind of a crowd of negroes chasing a hill that was running off with their houses," I replied, meeting Miss Tuke's eyes, and nearly bursting out again. "I know what negroes are, Mr. Norie, and the noises they make when in pain or alarmed. But we ought to be able to manage without earthquakes."

" Besides, Mr. Norie, an earthquake is a *landsmen's* diversion," said Miss Tuke, contemptuously emphasizing the word I have underlined. " We, you know, are sailors, and have nothing to do with what goes on ashore."

I wish I could express the mingled sauciness and seriousness of her manner. Sir Mordaunt surveyed her with a fatherly eye of pride and affection. The angle of the deck brought the skylight overhead into the focus of the rays of the setting sun, and the warm red light was caught by the looking-glasses on the port side of the cabin and flung in a whole veil of radiance—soft as the illumination of a stained glass window—upon that part of the cabin where the girl was sitting, and filled her hair with sparks, as though reflected in gold dust, and gave a faint pink tinge to her beautifully clear skin, and threw up her rounded figure against the cabin wall that lay in shadow beyond her. I am unable to describe her dress, as I have no memory for such things, but I remember that she wore a thick plait on her head, that might very well have passed for a gold crown, so lustrous was her hair, and that she had a cloudy gauze-like frill—however it may be called—round the collar of her dress, and no jewelry except a thin watch-chain round her neck, not even a finger ring.

Presently she left the table to go to her aunt. The steward put a box of cigars upon the table, real Havanna tobacco, as I speedily discovered. It seemed almost a profanation to smoke in such a cabin, and I wondered how Lady Brookes would relish our easy manners if the fumes reached her berth. Sir Mordaunt, filling a great meerschaum pipe, flung himself along the lee lockers and made a pillow of his arms; and Norie sat pulling swiftly at his cigar, as though the sooner he made an end the better he should be pleased.

There was not the faintest motion in the vessel. She was, indeed, still leaning under the fresh draught of air, but the swinging trays hung over the table without oscillation. The cabin was resonant with the humming of the wind up aloft, and by listening I could hear the noise of the rending of the smooth water by the stem of the yacht, and the hissing

of the bow wave breaking into foam abreast of the gangway.

" It should take a deal of this to tire a man," said I.

" You mean a man who likes it," replied Sir Mordaunt. " But, Lord bless me, Walton, there's a deal of cant in yachting. I know owners of yachts—fine vessels, too—who after lying a fortnight in one harbor will creep away on a smooth fine morning to another harbor a few leagues distant, and stop three weeks there. They call it yachting! They might do as well with a wherry. Take one of those yachtsmen's trips from the Isle of Wight. After spending a month at Cowes, the owner of the vessel—who you may be sure is a mighty nautical fellow in his brass buttons and naval cap—orders the anchor to be got up, and away they go for Weymouth. They stop at Weymouth a fortnight. Their next voyage shall be to Teignmouth. Here three weeks are consumed in sitting under an awning and fishing over the side. Torquay is not very far off, and so our friend goes to Torquay, and there he stops until it is time to lay the vessel up. I once asked a friend of mine who did this sort of thing regularly—who kept a large yacht, but who hated the sea as cordially as my wife does—why he went to the expense of a small fortune a month in making water excursions which he abhorred, when he could visit all the principal seaboard places by rail for the cost of his men's wages for one week. 'Pooh, pooh!' said he, 'you're always sneering.' But I meant no sarcasm."

" Your niece would shame some of those fellows, Sir Mordaunt," said Norie. " I think she would like to be on the water all the year round."

" Her father was a sailor—that may account for her taste."

I asked if her father were living.

" No, he died—why, it must be now over twelve years since—off the west coast of Africa, where he was then commanding a small vessel of war. What a fine, handsome man he was!—a real heart of oak! Why, I see him, Walton, as I see you, his brown face and flashing blue eyes, and hair like a lion's mane tossed upon his forehead!" He blew out a great cloud of tobacco smoke,

and lay behind it, silent, musing, and pensive.

"And Mrs. Tuke?" I asked.

"Dead, too, Walton—dead too. She was my only sister, and I felt her loss terribly. The news of her husband's death broke her heart. I don't mean this metaphorically. She died half an hour after the news was given her, and as the doctors could not account for her death, her body was examined, and her heart found ruptured. What think you of that, Norie?"

"It admits of a physiological explanation," replied Norie, putting down his cigar, half smoked out.

"Ay, of course," said Sir Mordaunt, choking off the science that was threatened. "But what an illustration is it of woman's love!"

"I should say your niece inherits her parents' fine qualities," I exclaimed.

"She does. She is brave and good and warm-hearted, and it is most fortunate that my wife thought of asking her to join us. You see," looking at Norie, "it is unavoidable that Lady Brookes should not always be able to preserve that gentleness of temper which was one of her delightful qualities down to the time when her health gave way. It was necessary that she should have a companion—one of her own sex, I mean—a friend and equal, to read to her, and talk, and be with her. Ada fits the post to a hair, and I'm glad she promises to thoroughly enjoy the run. Shall we go and see what's doing on deck?"

We climbed the companion-steps and emerged into a glorious crimson evening. It was half-past seven by the clock under the skylight; the sun was a vast, magnificent, rayless globe, throbbing, and still of a most dazzling glory, poised over the flashing sea in the west; and all away in the south the water was crisp with the breaking heads of the little seas. The "Lady Maud" was sailing very fast, as any one might have told by following the narrow, milk-white wake to where it vanished in the far, dark blue distance astern. The wind was extraordinarily rich to the taste, and blew as warm as a woman's breath in the face. It had come around another point into the southward during dinner, and we buzzed along with our square yards well against the lee rigging, and with plenty

of main-sheet coiled down near the after-grating. There were smacks and bigger vessels scattered about—the dark brown canvas of the former as red as blood in that light—standing down Channel; and broad upon the weather bow was a yacht apparently steering for the Isle of Wight—an immensely lofty vessel, cutter-rigged, with the squarest mainsail I ever saw—indeed, the gaff was very nearly as long as the boom—and a long, narrow, racing hull, so slender that it was wonderful to see such a mighty volume of canvas supported by it. Her lee rail was very nearly level with the foam, and the water all around her and astern was white with her rushing, as though she were in the midst of breakers.

"There's one of those vessels which are pleasanter to watch than to be aboard of," said Sir Mordaunt, dryly.

Beautiful she certainly looked when we got a windward view of her, showing so much yellow metal that you might have sworn her hull was made of brass. But what pleasure people can find in holding on to the weather rail of a deck that slopes up and down like the side of a wall, in carrying on until the lee bulwarks are under water, with a fine prospect of turning turtle if anything jams when the order is given to let go, I cannot imagine.

Just before eight o'clock Purchase called the crew aft, and divided them into watches. He read out their names, and the men stepped on one side or the other according to the watch they were put into. Sir Mordaunt stood near the skylight, smoking his pipe, and was evidently much impressed by Purchase's square nautical figure and deep sea-voice, and the peremptory gestures of his head as he sung out the names. The men looked a very respectable company as they stood in a crowd near the gangway. They were in uniform, of course, with the name of the yacht in gold letters upon their caps, and white drill or duck breeches and white shoes. Some of them had bushy whiskers, and showed their throats like men-of-war's men. When Purchase had gone through the names, he cleared his pipes, took a squint astern to see if Sir Mordaunt was listening, and spoke out as follows: "Now, my lads, here we are bound to the West Hindies, with a beautiful vessel under

our feet, and an A 1 gent as our boss. The voyage, as you all know, is undertaken for the cure of her ledship's health, and may the Lord keep his eye upon this hooker for that reason." Here he gave another squint astern to see if Sir Mordaunt was still listening, and then walked a few paces to leeward and spat over the rail into the water, after which he came back. "Men, we all know one another, and that's a good job. We're not aboard a coalman. I don't say it'll be all nothen to do but to sit down and be blowed along, unless we runs short of holystone, and lose pride in this here lovely whiteness and brightness," pointing to the decks and to a brass binnacle just before the foremost skylight. "But it ain't colliering, mates. No calking wanted here, boys, and the clews, ye see, fit the yard-arms," looking aloft; "and the gear don't want greasin', nor the duff washin' to get the coal-dust out of it. So, mates, as we're bound to be comfortable, give three cheers—one for Sir Mordaunt, t'other for her ledship, and one for the vessel. Take your time from me!"

The men were on the broad grin all the time the old fool harangued them, but they cheered as they were told, and heartily enough; yet the whole thing to me was as loose and unsailorly as a scene in a play—what with the spotless white decks, never to be met in that perfection in any other craft than a yacht, and the flowing rig of the men, and old Purchase in his brass-bound cap. All that was wanted, when the skipper ended his speech, was a band of music to strike up, and a song sung, the whole concluding with a marine ballet. I wondered that Sir Mordaunt did not see how theatrical and unshipshape was this bit of sailorizing in his skipper; but, instead of looking at it as I did, he was pleased and gratified by the cheering.

"A most characteristic speech, was it not?" said he, as Purchase went forward in the tail of the men. "Just what a hardy old salt would say. I wish Lady Brookes had been on deck, and seen the men grouped in front of the old chap."

The evening was gathering fast, and the moon in the south grew brilliant as the red flush in the west faded. I lounged about the deck with Sir Mor-

daunt, and he then went below to his wife. It was the best hour of the day, cool with dew and the blowing of the wind; the moon flashed up the sea in silver under her, and in the east the stars were shining like riding-lights down to the horizon. There were three or four men in the bows of the yacht, and their voices came aft in a faint gruff murmur; but from that point to where I stood, near the after skylight, the deck was deserted, and beautiful the sight was of that deck, as white as paper in the moonlight, with the shadows of the shrouds ruled in thin but deeply black lines upon it and upon the white hollows of the gaff foresail and mainsail, which gleamed—to compare a big thing with a little thing—like the inside of an oyster-shell, a pearly surface shot with faint shadow; while swelling above these spacious concavities the topsail aft, and the staysail between, and the square canvas forward, topped by the little beautifully cut topgallant sail, looked as vague as puffs of steam under the stars.

Observing somebody to leeward, gazing at the sea under the main boom, I peered at him, and presently made out that it was Tripshore, the mate.

"I doubt if this wind will hold very long," said I, crossing over to him.

"I don't think it will, sir. It's inclined to slacken away to nothing," he answered, stepping back a pace and casting his eyes aloft.

"Where should we be about now, think you, Mr. Tripshore?" said I.

"Well, as I reckon, we should be coming on to Portland High Light presently," he replied, pointing away out on the lee bow.

"Why on earth does the skipper take this wide offing?" I asked. "I should have imagined that, as an old coalman, he would have been glad to keep the land in sight as long as ever he could. Is this your first trip with him?"

"Ay, sir; I never set eyes on him before."

"What are *your* experiences as a sailor?"

"Why, I've been yachting for the last three years; but all my time before was spent in big ships."

"And what sort of a crew have you got together, Mr. Tripshore? Pretty good men, eh?"

"Well, it's like this, sir; they're just about the average kind of yacht's crews—a mixture; a few smart sailors, several middling ones, and several bad ones, I should say—sogers, sir; but, taking 'em all round, I reckon they'll do."

I stood talking to him for some time, for his manner of speech brought up old days in my mind. It was like being at sea again in the old hookers I sailed in, to hear him. I was sure he was a better man than Purchase, and thought it would have been a good job had he got the command instead of the other.

Gradually, as we stood conversing, the vessel lost her list, and the sharp *shaling* of the water to leeward subsided, and now and again the main boom swung in. To leeward of us, about half a mile ahead, and showing about three points over the starboard bow, was a small lugger-rigged smack that was holding her own against us in a manner that proved her a fast sailer for a craft of her kind. I was examining her through a night-glass, and picturing her little cabin and the men asleep on the shelves, and letting my fancy run loose on her, when a pretty voice at my ear said, "The wind is dying away, Mr. Walton. What a pity!"

It was Miss Tuke, and alongside of her was one of the big mastiffs, with its back on a level with her hand.

"I am glad you have come on deck," said I, "for you would be missing a lovely night by stopping below. There will be no wind at all soon. But what should that matter? We are not timed, and the longer we can keep Lady Brookes at sea the stronger her health will grow. Is she coming on deck?"

"No, she is in bed," she answered, "and Uncle Mordaunt is reading her to sleep. What a good husband he is! Did you ever try to read anybody to sleep?"

"Never. But I fancy I could do it, though; and more quickly than most people."

"It's very heartless work," said she. "When one reads aloud one likes to be admired for good delivery, or one wants the book to be admired. But to read in order to make a listener sleepy is a real hardship. It must be like steering the phantom ship I have read about, that is

always trying to double the Cape—tire-some work, Mr. Walton, and nothing to be gained even if the Cape *should* be doubled."

"I should wonder at your simile if Sir Mordaunt hadn't told me you were a sailor's daughter," said I.

"Yes, my dear father was a sailor," she answered, in a low, sweet voice. "If I had been a man, I am sure I should have been a sailor. It is a hard life, no doubt, as you said; but there is no nobler and more manly profession." And after a pause, "What vessel is that out there?"

"A smack. Take this glass; you will see her plainly. She looked, and then gave me the glass and went to the compass, and as she peered into it the haze of the lamp sparkled in her hair, and her face looked like a piece of exquisitely sculptured marble.

"Weren't you in the merchant service?" she asked, coming back to me.

I told her yes.

"Isn't the Royal Navy better?" said she.

"No doubt," I answered.

"I don't believe you think so, though," said she, laughing.

"The merchant service turns out finer seamen, because in the merchant service a man goes through a training he never gets in the navy," said I. "The life is harder, the experiences always of a practical kind, and there is no playing at sailor as there is in the navy. But the navy man has the better social position; all the sea-songs which are made are about him; he puts State money into his purse, wears a uniform, and his ship is always clean."

"Yes, and how beautiful his ships are, too!" she cried.

"How many years ago are you speaking of, Miss Tuke?"

"I suppose I must say when I was a little girl; for then it was that I saw a frigate called the *Impériuse*. If I knew your sea-terms, I could describe her. I can see her now, resting like a swan upon the water, with a broad white belt painted along her, dotted with cannons, and majestic masts, and crowds of white-frocked sailors upon her decks, and red-coated sentries at her side. If I were a man, what would I give to command such a ship!"

"Oh, you are speaking of the age of wood ; we are now in the age of tanks. I remember the *Impérieuse* ; I saw her in China, and the Bay of Pechili, and alongside of her a sister ship, the *Chesapeake*, with Admiral Hope's flag flying. Ay, they were lovely fabrics, indeed. We shall never see their like again for every picturesque quality that made the fifty-gun frigate the loveliest object in the world."

Here Norie forked his body through the companion ; he stood sniffing and looking around him, and presently spied us under the main boom.

"Surely this can't be the sea !" he exclaimed. "Where are the waves ? Why, it's like Windermere, or an Irish lake."

"You cannot have waves without wind," answered Miss Tuke, "and you see, Mr. Norie, there is no wind ;" and as she said this the foresail flapped heavily, and the main boom swung in almost amidships, and forced us to quit that part of the deck.

"But there's no swell," pursued the doctor. "Do you notice, Miss Tuke, that the vessel doesn't heave in the smallest degree ?"

This was true enough. The water was indeed extraordinarily smooth, and had been so all day, but never so noticeable for that as now, owing to the burnishing of it by the moonlight, and the failing of the wind, and the reposeful shadow that girdled it. Even the light canvas was giving an occasional flap as the expiring draughts of air came and went, but these were the only sounds aboard the schooner. The fellows had come out of the bows, and but one man stood there now ; the rudder-head never stirred, and the wheel-chains were as quiet as the backstays ; there was not an atom of motion in the hull to strain a timber or to cause the faintest jar. We stood for some time without speaking, and wondering at the silence, which the darkness in the north, and the flood of brilliant silver in the south, and the beautiful stars burning brightly upon the sea-line, and the ebony surface upon which our vessel hung, made mysterious enough to subdue the feelings ; when suddenly we heard the sound of a concertina, and a male voice singing to the

simple melody, stealing across the sea from the direction of the smack on our lee bow.

"Hush !" whispered Miss Tuke, lifting her hand.

We listened.

"'Tom Bowline,' as I'm a man," cried I. "Fancy a fisherman singing 'Tom Bowline' ! How the rascal warbles : 'Faithful be—low he d—d—did his du—oo—ty !' Ah ! what a lovely old song is that !"

"You can't hear the words, surely," exclaimed Norie, straining his ears.

"No ; but don't I *know* them, doctor ? 'And now he's gone aloft.' Methinks I behold the spirit of the old tar listening. Do you see him, Miss Tuke—with your mind's eye, I mean—finely silvered over by this moonlight, his pig-tail upon his back, and a junk of tobacco standing high in his bronzed cheek ? Imagine if this sea—this very identical piece of water we are looking at—could give up its dead ! What a wonderful variety of costumes ! Romans who were tossed overboard from old Cæsar's galleys ; Vikings who had been blown through the Straits of Dover, and foundered in sight of fleeing native Britons ; Armada Spaniards ; De Ruyter's Dutchmen ; Yankee privateersmen ! Heavens ! what an array of doublets, ruffs, peaked beards, steeple-crowned hats, horse-pistols, piratical boots, and swaggering figures *à la* Paul Jones !"

"Upon my honor, Mr. Walton, it's enough to make a man afraid to look over the side," said Norie.

"The music has stopped !" exclaimed Miss Tuke. "How soft and yet how clear the tune was !"

"No thanks to the man, who, I'll wager, has a hoarse pipe, nor to his concertina, an odious instrument even when well played," said I ; "but to this beautifully polished surface of water, which sweetens the sounds that glide along it, and to the distance that lends enchantment. Figure some noble tenor—Rubini, or Mario, or Giuglini—singing to a soft band of music away out yonder ! If moonlight and music and feeling and water can make a smacksman's song a sweet sound, think, oh, think of a great artist sending his rich, flute-like notes rolling across that breath-

less surface! Why, Mr. Norie, every fish with ears to hear would float up out of the black depths to hearken, and cod and turbot and soles, aye, and the brown dab and the silver sprat and the green crab, might be had without the bother of shooting a trawl!"

"Forward there!" sung out Tripshore, who had been pacing the deck abreast of the gangway; "lay aft, some hands, and get a drag upon the lee fore-braces!"

The fellow on the lookout echoed the order, and in a few moments several dark figures came along, coils of rigging were flung down, and the yards were braced up. The noise brought Sir Mordaunt out of the cabin.

"Hillo, Walton!" he called out. "Has the wind all gone? Why, just now we had a stiff breeze."

"All but gone, Sir Mordaunt."

"Is that you, Mr. Tripshore?"

"Yes, sir."

"What are you doing?"

"Trimming sail, sir. The draught's drawn ahead; but it'll be failing us altogether presently."

"We're booked for what the Spaniards call a furious calm," said I.

It was, however, the right sort of weather to make one's self comfortable in. Chairs were brought, the steward placed decanters and glasses upon the skylight, and there we sat in the moonshine, which was now so brilliant that I could have read a book by it.

I inquired after Lady Brookes. She was asleep. "And the best thing, too, for her," said Norie.

"And sleeping very soundly, Norie," said Sir Mordaunt, cheerfully. "Oh, depend upon it, the doctors are right. There's nothing like sea-air."

I heartily agreed with him as I lay back in the very easy chair that had been placed for me, watching the smoke of my cigar, blue as steel in the moonlight, go up straight out of my mouth. But though there was no air to be felt on deck, the light canvas was faintly drawing aloft, and the occasional sobbing of water under our counter was a sure indication, upon that perfectly smooth surface at all events, that the yacht had steerage-way.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

THE YELLOWSTONE GEYSERS.

BY FRANCIS FRANCIS.

"WAL, sir, I tell you that that thar Yellowstone Park and them Geysers is jest indescribable. Yes, sir, that's what they are, sure," said all the packers, teamsters and prospectors we consulted on the subject. A greater measure of truth characterized this statement than is usually contained in eulogistic reports of scenery. We were advised at Ogden that pack-trains or wagons could be hired at various points of the Utah Northern branch of the Union Pacific Railway. In order to economize time my companion preceded me, to contract for transport, while I remained in Ogden to conclude arrangements in connection with the commissariat department. These completed, I followed him. He met me at Dillon with a history of woe. At so short a notice no "outfits" were to be obtained anywhere but at this place, and here the demands for them were exorbitant. No regard was taken of current rates. We were looked upon as

so much quartz to be crushed and smelted. I ventured to expostulate with one teamster:

"What you ask is asburd. It would pay you in three weeks more than your 'outfit' cost."

"Oh, horses is dear in this country!"

"Not as dear as that amounts to."

"Wal, it ain't much for them as has the means and wants to go in."

I am afraid, to use a miner's expression, that we did not "pan out" quite so well as their previous experiences of an English "prospect" led them to anticipate. Eventually a little diplomacy secured us the services of a Mormon teamster and his boy, a wagon, and twelve mules and horses, on very moderate terms. We engaged a cook, and with Dick (the guide we had brought from Ogden), the "outfit" was complete.

Dick was an old soldier and a first-rate fellow. True, the Dillon whiskey

proved almost too much for him at starting, but ordinary poison would be a mild beverage in comparison with it, and we were so glad that it did not kill him outright that we excused his temporary indisposition. Besides, even then he displayed the most charming urbanity and the greatest anxiety to get under way.

"All I wants, Mr. —, is to make a start—to get away beyond the pale of civilization, as you may say—beyond the (hic) pale," he would repeat, meditatively.

"Beyond the pail or the cask, Dick?"

"Beyond the (hic) pale," replied Dick somewhat dubiously, after a long and thoughtful pause.

Dick was energetic in his endeavors to engage an "outfit."

"Say you, look here," he would explain to a native, "these 'ere men don't want none of your — snide outfits, but jest good bronchos and a wagon and strong harness."

"Wal, can't yer find no wagons?"

"Wagons! —! Wagons 'nough for a whole army, you bet. But — it, these fellows all propose to make independent fortunes in a single day. Why, they want jest as much to hire out one broncho for a week as 'll buy a whole team."

Swearing is prevalent among these fellows. Our teamster was rather gifted with talent in this direction. He was to be heard at his best in the early morning while engaged in catching the hobbled mules and horses. Among the more harmless titles conferred by him on members of our stud were the "yaller one-eyed cuss," "the private curse," "the bandy-legged, hobbling, contrary son of, etc., etc.," here following contumelious references to both the animal's remote ancestors and immediate progenitors. But I do the man injustice. It is impossible to render in its pristine vigor, upon paper, the eloquence that distinguished his morning exhortation to the mules. Frantic with rage, he usually concluded by imploring us to assist him in hanging them or driving them into the river with the view of drowning them. Brown, our cook, one of the quietest, gentlest and best old fellows in the world, rather enjoyed the scene. The teamster criticised his cooking—an

insult that the meekest cook cannot forget.

"Yes," he said one day, as he turned the antelope steaks in the frying-pan and listened to the voice of the teamster softly swearing in the distance; "yes, Mormons always do swear terrible, and the women as well, and the children too, and smoke. I guess they smoke more and stands for the swearingest people as there is anywhere. And they're all alike."

We took no tent, but trusted entirely to fine weather and buffalo-robies. For the first few days the track lay through a gameless and uninteresting alkali country. Every one, myself excepted, was disagreeably affected by the water. Even the dogs were unwell. The dryness of the atmosphere was remarkable. Moist sugar became as hard as rock; discharged powder left nothing but a little dry dust in the guns, our lips cracked and our finger-nails grew so brittle that it was impossible to pare without breaking them. As we proceeded the scenery grew wild, and in places fine. On many slopes the pine forests had been lightly swept by fire, and skeleton trunks, from which the bark had fallen away, stood out in ghostly array against the yellow, red and russet undergrowth, or looked with ascetic asperity on the bright belt of light-leaved willow bushes whose boughs danced gayly in the sunlight on the foot-hills.

At length we surmounted a low divide leading from the Centennial Valley and caught our first glimpse of Henry's lake. In the purple haze of an autumnal sunset it stretched out before us, and the ripples that dwelt there, waked from their mid-day slumbers by the evening breeze, sparkled and glittered and tossed and laughed while they restlessly compared their blue and gold and violet reflections and chased each round the shores of emerald islands out on the silver bosom of the waters. Time was when only the sun came up over the hills and looked in upon the solitude of this beautiful sheet of water, dreaming its days away in the still heart of the mountains. At most perchance an occasional Indian wandered thither to hunt antelope on its grassy shores, wild fowl in its reedy fringe, or spear by torchlight the noble trout that haunt its crys-

tal depths. Now it is in a fair way to become a "summer resort." Already a log-hotel has been tried there. Jam-pots and empty meat-tins lie around it in profusion. Fortunately, for some reason it has been deserted. So the pelicans, the swans and geese that dot the lake's wide surface, the ducks and flocks of teal that sail there in fleets or skim in close order to and fro, the grouse in the willow thickets, and the wary regiments of antelope, have yet a respite of comparative security to enjoy before civilization drives them from their patrimony.

We frequently camped near a trout stream. The trout, although proof against the persuasive influence of the artificial fly, were generally amenable to the seductions of the grasshopper, the butterfly, or grub. Dick's disgust at fly-fishing was amusing. One day B. lent him a rod and I gave him some flies. He was absent about an hour, and then returned with little more than the winch and the butt end of the rod.

"Well, Piscator, what luck?" inquired B.

"Why, these here durned fish don't piscate worth a cent. Guess I'll go and *catch* some with a pole and a 'hopper, or thar won't be any fish for supper." The identification of trout was one of sundry points on which the teamster and I begged to differ. Trout vary considerably in markings in these mountain streams; still a trout is unmistakable.

"That's a pretty trout," said I, one day.

"He ain't no trout. That thar's a chub, that's what he is."

"How do you know that—from observation?"

"No, chap he told me so the other day."

"I should call it a trout."

"Wal, I reckon they call him a chub down at the terminus,* and the boys there know something there. Anyway, he's a chub in this country."

With this conclusive argument Andrews always annihilated me. We were at issue upon several questions of this

and other natures. Only one, however, threatened to result unpleasantly. Andrews had a boy. He was a surly, flat-faced boy, with a nose like a red pill. His name was Bud, or Buddy. The father thought all the world of Bud. Bud was one of "the smartest boys in the States." (There are a good many of them.) His proud spirit brooked no restraint. On all subjects he was the best-informed person in the party. He was twelve years of age. He was also a Mormon! His education was complete. He possessed, together with great experience, implicit self-reliance, a shotgun, a rifle, and a racing pony. Bud at once assumed command of the expedition. He seemed to labor under an impression that we had come from England to accompany him.

When the track was well travelled he would drive our spare stock a few yards ahead of me, in order that I should be thoroughly annoyed with the dust. This pleased him; but I was forced to insist on his taking his pleasure in some other way. Bud declared that "he would be dog-durned if he was a-going to run his interior (he called it by some other name) out a driving the stock any further ahead—durned if he would." However, he was induced to change his mind; and as the teamster expended all his courage in talking, and collapsed the moment an opportunity was afforded him of displaying his prowess, the matter was amicably settled. Thenceforward Bud was a little more circumspect. He used to over-eat himself. When just retribution overtook him, his devoted parent, in an agony of fear, would declare his intention of returning at once with his "outfit" to the terminus in quest of a doctor. On two occasions we hung for a while with the greatest anxiety upon Bud's languid responses to questions regarding his health. And we questioned him as if we loved him. We all doctored him too. Yet he lived! Evidently his constitution was very strong. At any rate, we had nothing in camp that could make him die or even get worse. Once, in a fit of meddlesome benevolence, I restrained his father from giving him a powerful aperient for diarrhoea. It has been a source of regret to me ever since, for, though some months have elapsed since Bud

* The "terminus" is any village on the railway line that the speaker happens to frequent.

and I were comrades, my feelings towards him have undergone no change.

Never allow a boy to accompany a party of this kind, and least of all, a western frontier boy. The patience with which an American will submit to insolence from an ill-conditioned young cub of this kind is truly marvellous, and utterly passes the comprehension of an Englishman. Therefore, I say, on no account have anything to do with a boy.

Those who dwell in the vicinity of the Yellowstone National Park love enthusiastically to term it Wonderland. Nor is it altogether without reason. Within its boundaries (one hundred miles square) there are over 10,000 active geysers, hot springs, fumaroles, solfataras, salses, and boiling pools. Of these over 2000 are confined in the small area comprising the Upper and Lower Geyser Basins. Sulphur mountains, an obsidian mountain, a mud volcano, and various other remarkable phenomena, add to the curiosity of this extraordinary region. Some of the grandest, some of the most grotesque scenery may be seen here, and the magnificent falls, the interesting cascades, and the eccentric beauty of the Grand Cañon may well challenge comparison with the world's most picturesque features. To attempt an exhaustive description of these marvels within the limits of letter-writing is impossible. Equally difficult is it, among so much that merits attention, to select that which is most noteworthy.

We will proceed at once toward the Upper Geyser Basin, passing *en route* the Lower Basin with its so-termed "paint-pots" or "cream-pots"—boiling vats of a semi-silicious clay, which varies in color from creamy white to pink or slate. The next point of interest is "Hell's Half-acre." The pools here are at once the most impressive and beautiful in the park. I turned aside twice to see them—once on my way to the Upper Basin, and again on my return. On these occasions I saw them under completely diverse aspects, for on the first day a thunderstorm darkened the usually serene beauty of the sky. They are situated near the bank of the river, in a desolate expanse of white, formed by deposits from the numerous tiny springs that bubble up on all sides. The first pool is of *comparative* unimportance.

The second, from which the locality derives its name, considerably exceeds half an acre in extent. It is but recently that it assumed its present dimensions. These apparently are daily increasing; and it bids fair, if its devouring energies continue undiminished, to join forces with its fellow-pools and form a lake some acres in extent. Numerous cracks and fissures scallop the edges of the yawning gulf, and indicate the direction of future encroachments. It is with feelings not altogether devoid of apprehension, therefore, that the stranger to these infernal regions cautiously approaches to windward of the steam, to gaze into the awesome abyss below him. The boiling hiss and roar of many waters issues increasingly from its cavernous depths, but heavy clouds of steam veil them from view, and the miniature cliffs, all jagged and crumbling, that plunge precipitately down into the sea of white, are speedily lost in its enveloping folds. Anon the wind sweeps past, and a momentary glimpse is obtainable, through a rift in the steam, of the perturbed and seething surface of the water. It is a wonderful sight. Alone it would repay the labor of the journey. And seen as I first saw it, when thunder rolled overhead and the broad heavens were filled from time to time with the glare of lightning, the impressive character of the scene was enhanced.

Unlike "Hell's Half-acre," the third and largest pool is brimful and overflows its edges, forming, with the minerals its waters contain in solution, a succession of steps and tiny ledges which entirely surround it. It is impossible to conceive anything more beautiful than the brilliant coloring here presented. Its waters are of the purest, brightest, cerulean blue, but near the shallow edges are reflected the enclosing rocks, and the glorious blue is lost in yellow, pale green, or red, while chemical deposits, in exquisite arrangements such as the genius of nature alone can suggest, of écu and ivory, lemon and orange, buff, chocolate, brown, pink, vermilion, bronze, and fawn, encircle the pool, or paint with ribbon-like effect the tiny streams that trickle from its overflow. Nor is this all. In the transparent curtain of rising steam, as it is gently wafted across the pine-wood landscape, a

dim reflection of all these wondrous colors, slowly dissipating and melting into thin air, is distinctly visible. The sleepy stillness, the appearance of profound depth, and the moist brilliancy of the coloring, defy all efforts at description. The brush of the greatest artist, the pen of the finest writer, would alike be laid aside in despair, and the genius of man perforce must bow before the power of nature, were it tasked to convey in a faithful picture the fantastic beauty of this unearthly scene.

We passed on through pine forests, seared and blackened by recent fires, and through the Middle Geyser Basin, with its columns of steam, its subterranean rumblings, its hollow echoing of our horses' trampling, its hissing craters and its bubbling springs, that sometimes lay within a few feet of the track. Toward evening we entered the Upper Basin. Imagine the head of a valley walled in by sombre hills and threaded by a rushing stream. Patches of desert white alternating with clumps of pine trees filled the bottom. On all sides, issuing from amid the foliage, dense columns of steam rose up and towered into the heavens. The storm had cleared, and the sun, sinking amid gold and purple clouds, shed a fiery glow through the trees upon the ridges, that caused each twig—almost, I had said, each pine-needle—to stand out clearly in a fringe of delicate tracery against the sky. As we crossed the stream and mounted the opposite bank, a vast monument of steam, followed by a stream of water 160 feet high, shot up into the air at the farther end of the basin. "There goes Old Faithful," exclaimed Dick; "the only reliable geyser in the park. You can always bet on seeing him every sixty-five minutes."

Already encamped here we found a party of twenty American ladies and gentlemen, who were travelling through the park. They informed us that the "Giantess" (perhaps the finest, but certainly the most capricious geyser of all) was expected to play in the morning, and the "Castle" to perform the next evening. There are nine principal geysers, namely, the Giant, Giantess, Castle, Grand, Beehive, Comet, Fan, Grotto, and Old Faithful. With exception of the Grotto, which simply churns

and makes a great uproar, one of these tremendous fountains may be expected at any moment to cast a stream of boiling water from one to two, or even three hundred feet into the air.

All geysers have not the same action, and most of them, in style of action, in the duration of their eruptions, and in the intervals that elapse between them, are apt individually to vary. Some play with labored pumping, others throw a continuous stream, some wear themselves out in a single effort, others subside only to recommence again repeatedly. Thus an eruption may extend from two to twenty minutes—the approximate time occupied by the Grand; or even to one hour and twenty minutes—a period that the Giant has been timed to play.

The colors that tinge the edges of some craters, and stain the courses of the streams that they send forth, are indescribably beautiful. The snowy whiteness of the grounding is relieved by dainty buffs, pale pinks and softest écrus, deep yellows shot with brown, orange streaked with vermilion or straying into crimson, chocolate merging into black and interlined with lemon—by colors, in fact, run riot, and all glistening wet beneath the clearest crystal water, that in the centre of the crater deepens into the heavenliest blue. From such brilliancy it is a relief to turn toward the sullen hills of purple pines.

Extinct domes and craters, overgrown with flourishing trees, or mounds still bare, and even steaming, with otherwise only their immense size to indicate the mighty power that formed them, are found here and there, among those well known to be still active. Many craters are surrounded by the skeleton trunks of trees that they have killed, and which, under the action of their mineral waters, are rapidly becoming petrified; while in the conflict betwixt desolation and verdure, which, owing to the frequent variation of the centres of action, is constantly in progress, the lowly bunch-grass steals ground wherever it dare draw a blade.

Of all the geysers whose eruptions we witnessed, the Grand was, I think, the most interesting. It played each evening at a regular hour. We were thus enabled to get comfortably into front

seats, focus our glasses, and discuss the programme, as it were, before the performance commenced. This it did very abruptly, although the activity displayed by a small vent-hole, and the furious bubbling in another orifice connected with it, might be accepted as premonitory symptoms. Suddenly, with a single prefatory spurt, the Grand shot a vast stream of water over two hundred feet into the air. For a few minutes this pressure was maintained with unabated vigor, then it suddenly ceased, and the waters shrank back out of sight in the cavernous hollow of the crater. Meanwhile the vent and cauldron were still furiously laboring, and subterranean thunder shook the ground on which we stood. After a minute's cessation, the geyser again burst forth without warning, and with even greater violence. This continued until nine successive pulsations had occurred. The latter efforts, however, perceptibly diminished in grandeur.

It is impossible to conjure up in words any idea of the majestic fury of the scene. The maddened rush of scalding water bursting for a moment's freedom from its mysterious captivity, the gigantic columns of dense vapor, the clouds and clouds of lace-like falling spray or diamond showers, the lance-tipped water-jets pennoned with puffs of steam, the subterranean reports, the wondrous effects of the evening sun on the silver sheaf of water-spears that with lightning rapidity flashed forth and vanished, broke and reformed, and the rainbow that shone through the drifting masses of gauzy mist, baffle entirely my powers of description. I could only gaze and marvel. The packers and teamsters were right: "The Yellowstone Park and them geysers is jest indescribable." Over and over again was I forced to admit it, and not the least heartily when I looked down the dim valley at night and watched the ghostly columns of gleaming vapor winding from amid impenetrable shadows and invading the silent heavens, or listened to the ever-recurring rush and splashing of those mighty fountains breaking the stillness of the breathless hours.

Slightly removed from the main group is one of lesser importance, containing, however, objects of considerable inter-

est. Chief among these is the Golconda spring. In some respects this is one of the most striking features in the Upper Basin. It lies in the hollow of banks that form an exact representation of an inverted horseshoe. By tiny terraces, the creation of deposits contained in its heavily charged waters, the stream issues from the frog of the hoof and spreads over a large surface on its shallow course to the river. There is a strange fascination in striving to pierce the profound, pellucid and brilliant depths of this extraordinary spring. Somewhat akin the feeling is to that which impels us to gaze and gaze over some sheer, scarped precipice or into some grand ravine. One could stand for hours there, tracing the ivory cliffs bathed in sapphire circles, down, down, down, to where the gleaming waters grow black and awesome, and the creamy rocks, contracting, lose their fantastic imagery and mass in weird mystery, to form the gloomy portals of what seem the fathomless abysses of another world.

As a game country the Yellowstone Park is a mistake. You may kill a few antelope, an occasional elk or deer; it would not be utterly impossible to happen on a stray bear or bison; but to go there merely for game is to court certain disappointment. Besides which, hunting is restricted in the park. Beyond its boundaries good game countries are easy of access; within them summer tourists have scared away all the game. Nevertheless, it is always possible to kill enough birds and antelope to vary the camp fare. It is a delightful climate and a glorious country for gypsying. I, at least, never tire of riding through the cool, dim pine-woods and grassy glades, where the chipmunk and squirrel curiously reconnoitre you, and the odor of pine-sap is heavy on the air, where the breeze from without penetrates only in softened and saddened murmurous tones, that in rising and falling seem to come from so far away, to linger so short a while near you, and to die away so very slowly in the unexplored aisles of the forest. On you ride silently over a thick carpet of pine-needles, and smoke pipe after pipe while you travel lazily back over the past and its scenes in thought. Anon you halt for a while and chat to the wise-looking retriever

"Shot," till the wagon-wheels are heard creaking in the distance and you pass on again ahead of the party. Perchance the scene changes to some stream-threaded valley, full of beaver-dams, near which a few ducks are idly sailing in security. Here the pine yields place to willow bushes or the ever-rustling quaking aspen, and the chipmunk and squirrel are succeeded by gorgeous butterflies and red-winged grasshoppers that spring away with noisy clapping from every tuft of grass beneath your horses' hoofs. At night, round a blazing camp-fire Dick and old Brown, B. and I sit through many a pleasant hour chatting, till the flames wax low and red and the vocifer-

ous snoring of the teamster warns us of the time. Old Brown then "gets off" his last tale or joke, and, with a hearty good-night, we turn into luxurious couches of springy pine-tops and buffalo robes, where we sleep *à la belle étoile* the unbroken sleep of a natural life. What silver-lit skies spread above us, what a glorious blue their shadowy depths embosom, and how exquisitely delicate is the tracery of yonder pine-bough betwixt us and the late-rising moon! "Good-night, good-night," and "Shot" replies with a lazy yawn as he coils himself up against my back and makes himself comfortable also for the night.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

LIVING DEATH-GERMS.

THE conquests made by science are varied in character, sometimes seeming to promise a domain more hurtful (on the whole) than fruitful—a sort of intellectual Afghanistan. In other cases a land of promise seems before us, but the way to it is not clear. As an instance of the former kind may be mentioned the progress which science is making in the study of explosive substances and the recognition of their power. Of the latter kind no more marked instance could be cited than the researches of Pasteur and others into the nature of the germs of various diseases, and the power of cultivating these germs so that their character may be modified.

Let us for a moment suppose it proved (though at present we have only promise of proof) that the disease-germs which produce vaccinia (the disease—if so it can be called—following vaccination) are the same in species as those which produce small-pox, but that during the residence of those germs in the heifer their power has undergone a certain modification which renders them innocuous, while yet they produce that particular change which results in what we call protection from small-pox. Then it would follow, as at least highly probable, that in the case of any other illness produced by living germs, we may learn how the disease-germs can be so cultivated as to lose their power for serious mischief, while retaining the power of producing

protective ailment akin to the more dangerous illness produced by the unmodified germs. So that typhus, scarlet fever, diphtheria, and a host of other ailments, which are more or less certainly known to be due to the presence of living organisms in the blood or tissues, would be treated as we now treat small-pox. People inoculated with the specific "matter" for each of these diseases once perhaps in every six or seven years, would be safe from them, or safe at any rate from severe attacks. Epidemics of such diseases would be rendered almost impossible; but when they occurred, sensible people could find protection even as they now find protection from an epidemic of small-pox. Of course there would follow effects similar to those which have led many to imagine that vaccination has done more mischief than good, because so many weakly lives which would otherwise have succumbed to the unmodified disease have been saved. Just as in a race of warlike savages the type is improved by the constant weeding out of the weaker in battles and through the hardships of campaigning, so in a people exposed to many dire forms of disease the stronger only survive, and the race seems improved. But precisely as men of sense would object to see their nation improved in physique by the thinning out resulting from constant wars, so should they advocate every method by which the action

of the more fell diseases may be modified, even at the risk of the survival of many weaker members who would otherwise have been weeded out by disease.

This, then, is the promised, or rather suggested, future protection for those who are wise enough to accept protection, possibly even compulsory protection, from those diseases which now produce so much misery and sorrow. Let us see how the matter stands, examining the evidence by experiments made on creatures of comparatively smaller worth, and, be it noted, not made on them that man alone may gain, but directly for the protection of the lower animals from disease.

Let us take first a disease which has been proved to be produced by living germs—by creatures capable of reproducing their kind, so that, once a suitable abode is found, their numbers may increase until they kill their unwilling host.

In the twenty years ending 1853, the silk culture of France had more than doubled, and there seemed every reason to believe that it would continue to increase for many years to come. The weight of the cocoons produced in 1853 amounted to no less than 52 millions of pounds. But on a sudden the aspect of affairs changed. A disease appeared which rapidly spread, and, in little more than half the time during which the silk culture had doubled, it was reduced to less than the sixth part of its amount in 1853. In 1865 the cocoons only weighed eight millions of pounds. The loss in revenue, in this single year, amounted to four million pounds sterling.

The disease which had produced these disastrous results has received the name of *Pébrine*. It shows itself in the silkworm by black spots (whence the name). When it is fairly developed the worms become distorted and stunted, their movements are languid, their appetites fail them, and they die prematurely. But the disease does not necessarily become fairly developed in the worm. On the contrary, it may be only incipient during this stage of the silkworm's life. The worm may even produce a fine cocoon. Yet the disease incipient in the worm will be developed in the moth,

and the eggs produced by the diseased moth will be diseased too!

It was in 1849 that the characteristic feature of the disease was first recognized. In that year Guérin Méneville noticed small, vibratory bodies in the blood of silkworms. It was shown that the vibrations were not due to independent life; and the error was made of supposing that the corpuscles belonged to the blood of the worm. In reality they are capable of indefinite multiplication. They are the real germs of the disease. These living bodies "first take possession of the intestinal canal, and spread thence throughout the body of the worm. They fill the silk-cavities," says Tyndall, "the stricken insect often going automatically through the motions of spinning, without any material to work upon. Its organs, instead of being filled with the clear, viscous liquid of the silk, are packed to distention by the corpuscles."

The case of the silkworms may be regarded as closely similar to that of a nation attacked by plague or pestilence. If anything, the case of the silkworms seemed even more difficult to deal with. At any rate, no plague which has fallen on man ever gave rise to so many suggestions for the remedy of the mischief. "The pharmacopœia of the silkworm," wrote M. Cornalia, in 1860, "is now as complicated as that of man. Gases, liquids, and solids have been laid under contribution. From chlorine to sulphurous acid, from nitric acid to rum, from sugar to sulphate of quinine, all has been invoked in behalf of the unhappy insect." "Pamphlets were showered upon the public," says Tyndall, "the monotony of waste-paper being broken at rare intervals by a more or less useful publication." The French Minister of Agriculture signed an agreement to pay 500,000 francs for a remedy, which, though said by its inventor to be infallible, was found on trial to be useless.

It was when matters were in this state that Pasteur was invited by Dumas, the celebrated chemist, to investigate the disease. Pasteur had never even seen a silkworm, so that it was not because of any special experience in the habits of the creature that Dumas considered him likely to achieve success where so many had failed. Yet he attached extreme

importance to Pasteur's compliance with his request. "Je mets un prix extrême," wrote Dumas, "à voir votre attention fixée sur la question qui intéresse mon pauvre pays; la misère surpasse tout ce que vous pouvez imaginer." For it was in Dumas' own district that the disease prevailed most terribly.

Pasteur first studied the worm at various stages of its life. Most of our readers are doubtless aware of the nature of these stages; and doubtless many have had practical experience, as we have, of the ways of the creature as they progress. First the eggs, neatly arranged by the mother-moth on some suitable surface provided by the worm-keeper, are watched until in due course comes forth a small dark worm. This grows, and as it grows casts its skin three or four times, becoming lighter at each such moulting. After the last moulting the worm has its characteristic white color. It continues to grow (feeding on mulberry-leaves), until, the proper time having arrived, it climbs into whatever suitable place has been provided for it (silk-owners use small brambles, but our schoolboys use little paper cups), and there spins its cocoon. When this is completed and the silk has been wound off, the chrysalis is found inside, which becomes a moth, and, the moth laying her eggs, the cycle is recommenced.

It was Pasteur who showed that the disease germs might lurk in the egg, or might first appear in the worm, and in either of these stages might escape detection. But the destructive corpuscles in the blood grow with the growing worm. In the chrysalis they are larger than in the full-grown silkworm; and, finally, in the moth (assuming the germ to have begun either in the egg or the young worm) the corpuscles are easily detected. He therefore said that the moth, and not the egg, should be the starting-point of methods intended for the destruction of the seeds of disease. For in the egg or the young worm the germs might escape detection; in the moth, he affirmed, they could not.

When Pasteur, in September, 1865, announced these views, physicists and biologists agreed in rejecting them. He was told he knew nothing about silkworms, and that his supposed discover-

ies were old mistakes long since shown to be such.

He answered by the simple but impressive method of prediction. Parcels of eggs, regarded by their owners as healthy, were inspected by him, the moths which had produced them being submitted to his examination. He wrote his opinion in 1866, placing it in a sealed letter, in the hands of the Mayor of St. Hippolyte. In 1876, the cultivators communicated their results. Pasteur's letter was opened, and it was found that in twelve cases his prediction was fulfilled to the letter. He had said that many of the groups would perish totally, the rest almost totally; and this happened in all except two cases, where, instead of almost total destruction, half an average crop was obtained. The owners had hatched and tended these eggs in full belief that they were healthy: Pasteur's test applied for a few minutes in 1866 would have saved them this useless labor.

Again, two parcels of eggs were submitted to Pasteur, which, after examination of the moths which had produced them, he pronounced healthy. In their case an excellent crop was produced.

Pasteur carefully investigated the development of the disease-germs. He took healthy worms by 10, 20, 30, 40, and 50, and placed matter infected with the germs on their food. "Rubbing a small diseased worm in water, he smeared the mixture," says Tyndall, "over mulberry-leaves. Assuring himself that the leaves had been eaten, he watched the consequences from day to day. Side by side with the infected worms he reared their fellows, keeping them as much as possible out of the way of infection. On April 16, 1868, he thus infected thirty worms. Up to the 23d they remained quite well. On the 25th they seemed well, but on that day corpuscles were found in the intestines of two of them. On the 27th, or eleven days after the infected repast, two fresh worms were examined, and not only was the intestinal canal found in each case invaded, but the silk organ itself was charged with corpuscles. On the 28th the twenty-six remaining worms were covered by the black spots of pébrine. On the 30th, the difference of size between the infected and non-infected

worms was very striking, the sick worms being not more than two-thirds of the bulk of the healthy ones. On May 2d, a worm which had just finished its fourth moulting was examined. Its whole body was so filled with the parasite as to excite astonishment that it could live. The disease advanced, the worms died and were examined, and on May 11th only six out of the thirty remained. They were the strongest of the lot, but on being searched they also were found charged with corpuscles. Not one of the thirty worms had escaped; a single meal had poisoned them all. The standard lot, on the contrary, spun their fine cocoons, two only of their moths being proved to contain any trace of the parasite, which had doubtless been introduced during the rearing of the worms."

He examined the progress of infection still more carefully, counting the number of corpuscles, which, as the disease increased, rose from 0 to 10, to 100, and even to 1000 or 1500, in the field of view of his microscope. He also tried different modes of infection. "He proved that worms inoculate each other by the infliction of visible wounds with their claws." He showed that by the simple association of diseased with healthy worms the infection spread. He demonstrated in fine that "it was no hypothetical infected medium—no problematical pythogenic gas—that killed the worms, but a definite organism."

Thus did Pasteur teach the worm-cultivator how to extinguish the pestilence which had destroyed his egg-crops. The plans for extirpating the diseased worms had failed before his researches, for the very sufficient reason that no sufficient means had been devised for distinguishing the diseased from the healthy. As Pasteur himself stated the matter—"the most skilful cultivator, even the most expert microscopist, placed in presence of large cultivations which present the symptoms described in my experiments, will necessarily arrive at an erroneous conclusion if he confines himself to the knowledge which preceded my researches. The worms will not present to him the slightest spot of pébrine; the microscope will not reveal the existence of corpuscles; the mortality of the worms will be null or insignificant, and the

cocoons leave nothing to be desired. Our observer would, therefore, conclude without hesitation that the eggs produced will be good for incubation. The truth is, on the contrary, that all the worms of these fine crops have been poisoned; that from the beginning they carried in them the germ of the malady, ready to multiply itself beyond measure in the chrysalides and the moths, thence to pass into the eggs and smite with sterility the next generation. And what is the first cause of the evil concealed under so deceitful an exterior? In our experiments we can, so to speak, touch it with our fingers. It is entirely the effect of a single corpuscular repast—an effect more or less prompt according to the epoch of life of the worm that has eaten the poisoned food."

His plans for the elimination of diseased worms, and for the isolation of the healthy from contagion in any possible form, met with full success. The disease has not been eradicated, because the silk-producing districts cannot be completely isolated; but its ravages have been so far reduced that the cultivation of silk promises soon to reach something like the position which had been hoped for before the disease had shown itself.

Now, between the ideas which had prevailed respecting pébrine before Pasteur's researches, and those which still prevail respecting many contagious diseases, there is a striking analogy. Just as Pasteur was assured by many experienced silk-growers that the disease was due to some deleterious medium, rendered more or less poisonous at different times by some mysterious influence, so epidemic diseases, we are assured by many experienced medical men, are due to occult influences arising spontaneously in foul air. It matters not that as certainly as an animal produces creatures of its own kind, and not of some other kind, so the poison of one fever produces always that fever, and not some other fever. In this they find no evidence of anything akin to what Dr. Budd has called parentage. The followers of Pasteur in the silk districts, and those who have benefited by others of his researches, presently to be described, would as soon believe in the spontaneous generation of pébrine and kindred

diseases, as in the spontaneous generation of cats and dogs. But many still believe respecting diseases affecting the human race in which precisely the same phenomena of reproduction are presented, that they arise from some spontaneous fermentation (unlike every form of fermentation on which experiments have yet been made).

But before we pass to consider other and even more decisive evidence, we may note that, so far as the researches of Pasteur on pébrine are concerned, we have not yet seen the way to any means of safety from the contagious diseases which affect human beings. We cannot kill all diseased persons in order that we may get rid of the disease-germs within them.

Even more remarkable than his investigation of the silkworm disease was Pasteur's investigation of the disease known as splenic fever, which affects horses, cattle, and sheep on the Continent. In the rapidity of its action this disease (known also as "anthrax," and "charbon") resembles the black plague. In bad cases death ensues in the course of twenty-four hours. In less severe cases the creature attacked suffers greatly, and retains the traces of the attack during the rest of its life. It is stated that between the year, 1867 and 1870 no less than 56,000 deaths occurred among horses, cattle, and sheep in the district of Novgorod, in Russia, while 568 human beings perished, to whom the disease had been somehow communicated. In France the disease is very prevalent, and many proprietors have been ruined by the entire destruction of their flocks and herds. It is said that a malady which occurs among the wool-sorters at Bradford (often proving fatal) is a modification of anthrax communicated by the wool of sheep which have suffered from splenic fever.

In 1850 MM. Rayer and Devaine discovered minute transparent rod-like bodies in the blood of animals which had suffered from this disease. Koch, a German physician, then scarcely known, showed that these objects are of a fungoid nature, and traced the various stages of their existence. Cohn obtained similar results, as did Ewart in England. The growth of the disease-producing rods, as studied under microscop-

ic examination, is as follows:—First, germs of extreme minuteness are seen in the form of simple tubes with transverse divisions; next, minute dots appear, which enlarge into egg-shaped bodies lying in rows within the tubes; lastly, the rods break up, freeing the ovoid germs. It has been shown that "the minutest drop of the fluid containing these germs, if conveyed into another portion of cultivated fluid, initiates the same process of growth and reproduction; and this may be repeated many times without any impairment of the potency of the germs, which, when introduced by inoculation into the bodies of rabbits, guinea-pigs, and mice, develop in them all the characteristic phenomena of splenic fever. Koch further ascertained," continues Dr. Carpenter, from whom the above passage is quoted, "that the blood of animals that succumbed to this disease might be dried and kept for four years, and might even be pulverized into dust, without losing its power of infection."

Pasteur's first steps in inquiring into this disease were characterized by the same keenness of judgment which he displayed in investigating *pébrine*. He ascertained that "charbon" would often appear in its most malignant form among sheep feeding in seemingly healthy pastures, where there were no known causes of infection. He found on inquiry that animals which years before had died in those regions, had been buried ten or twelve feet below the surface, so that it seemed obvious they could have had nothing to do with the reappearance of the malady. But in inquiries such as these, Pasteur has taught us that what obviously *cannot be* has an unfortunately perplexing fashion of turning out to be precisely what *is*. He quickly became persuaded that in some way the germs of disease supposed to be buried out of the way three or four yards beneath the soil reached the surface and originated fresh attacks of the "charbon" pestilence. He found in earth-worms—those creatures which Darwin has recently shown to be such important workers in the earth's crust—the cause of the trouble. He was ridiculed, of course. But he has a troublesome way of turning ridicule upon those who laugh at him. Collecting worms from pastures where

the disease had reappeared, "he made an extract of the contents of their alimentary canals, and found that the inoculation of rabbits and guinea-pigs with this extract gave them the severest form of 'charbon,' due to the multiplication in their circulating current of the deadly anthrax bacillus" (this is the pleasing way science has of describing the disease germs), "with which their blood was found after death to be loaded."

Our countryman, Professor Brown Sanderson, discovered another way in which "anthrax" has been communicated. He found that herds affected with it had been fed with brewers' grains supplied from a common source, "and on examining microscopically a sample of these grains, they were seen to be swarming with the deadly bacillus, which, when once it has found its way among them, grows and multiplies with extraordinary rapidity."

But now comes the point which renders this inquiry important to ourselves. The poison-germs are small, visible only in the microscope, but they are fungoid, and the laws of their growth and development are as determinable (with suitable care) as the laws of the growth and development of the monarchs of a forest. Now whatever lives and grows and produces creatures after its own kind, whether animal or vegetable, can be cultivated. With due care and watchfulness it may be altered in type and character, just as the wild plants of the hedgerow may be altered into plants producing the flowers and fruits of our gardens and hothouses. The methods of cultivation are not precisely the same, because as yet microscopists do not know how to select the less from the more destructive germs, so as to propagate from the former only. But, as Dr. Carpenter puts the matter, two modes of "culture" suggest themselves: first, "the introduction of the germs into the circulating current of animals of a different type, and its repeated transfusion from one animal into another;" and secondly, "cultivation carried on out of the living body, in fluids (such as blood-serum or meat-juice) which are found favorable to its growth, the temperature of the fluid, in the latter case, being kept up nearly to blood-heat. Both these methods have been used by

Pasteur himself and by Professor Burdon Sanderson; and the latter especially by M. Toussaint of Toulouse, who, as well as Pasteur, has experimented also on another bacillus which he had found to be the disease-germ of a malady termed 'fowl cholera,' which proves fatal among poultry in France and Switzerland. It has been by Pasteur that the conditions of the mitigation of the poison by culture have been most completely determined; so that the disease produced by the inoculation of his 'cultivated' virus may be rendered so trivial as to be scarcely worth notice. His method consists in cultivating the bacillus in meat-juice or chicken-broth, to which access of air is permitted while dust is excluded; and then allowing a certain time to elapse before it is made use of in inoculation experiments. If the period does not exceed two months the potency of the bacillus is little diminished; but if the interval be extended to three or four months, it is found that though animals inoculated with the organism take the disease, they have it in a milder form, and a considerable proportion recover; while if the time be still further prolonged, say to eight months, the disease produced by it is so mild as not to be at all serious, the inoculated animals speedily regaining perfect health and vigor."

Now, if we consider what has been done in this case we shall recognize the probability, if not the absolute promise, of protection being obtained against some of the most terrible of the diseases which affect the human race. We see that in some cases, at any rate, the germs of a deadly disease may be so "cultivated" that the disease, though communicable by the altered germs, is no longer fatal. Now we know that the milder attacks of scarlet fever, measles, whooping-cough, diphtheria, and other such diseases, produce as completely protective a change in the constitution of the patient as the severest forms short of absolutely fatal attacks. We see, then, that even had no experiments been made to determine whether the disease communicated by cultivated germs is protective, there would be good reason to believe that it is so.

But such experiments have been made. What Pasteur calls the "vaccination"

for the "anthrax" disease has been shown by repeated experiments to be absolutely protective. Professor Greenfield has vaccinated cattle from rodents (gnawing animals like rats, squirrels, etc.) with the "anthrax disease," and has found that they remain free from all disorder, local or constitutional. The same result has attended M. Toussaint's experiments with the bacillus "cultivated" in special fluids, not in the living body of any creature: sheep and dogs inoculated with this cultivated poison showing no form of the deadly "anthrax" disease.

The experiment was conducted on a large scale under the auspices of the provincial agricultural societies of France. A flock of fifty sheep was placed at M. Pasteur's disposal. Of these he vaccinated twenty-five with the cultivated "anthrax" poison on May 3, 1881, repeating the operation a fortnight later. All the animals thus treated passed through a slight illness, but at the end of the month were as well as their fellows, the twenty-five which had not been vaccinated. On May 31st, all the fifty were inoculated with the strongest anthrax poison. "M. Pasteur predicted that on the following day the twenty-five which were inoculated for the first time would all be dead, while those protected by previous 'vaccination' with the mild virus would be perfectly free from even mild indisposition. A large assemblage of agricultural authorities, cavalry officers, and veterinary surgeons met on the field the next afternoon to learn the result. At two o'clock twenty-three of the unprotected sheep were dead; the twenty-fourth died an hour later, and the twenty-fifth at four. But the twenty-five 'vaccinated' sheep were all in perfectly good condition; one of them, which had been designedly inoculated with an extra dose of the poison, having been slightly indisposed for a few hours, but having then recovered."

These experiments are important in themselves. The French owners of flocks and herds have now an infallible protection against the deadly "charbon" poison, which had caused serious loss to nearly all of them, and ruinous loss to not a few. But such experiments are infinitely more important in what they promise. If the law which

they seem to indicate is general, if every kind of disease-germ can be "cultivated" so as to be deprived of its malignancy, but not of its protective agency, then we may hope to see cholera, diphtheria, measles, scarlatina, and other diseases brought as thoroughly under control as one which formerly was the most deadly of them all—small-pox.

Let us here pause for a moment to consider some inquiries which have been made by two American doctors, H. C. Wood and Formad, under the direction of the American National Board of Health, into the nature of the poison which is active in diphtheritic epidemics. Read in the light of what Pasteur, Toussaint, and Greenfield have done with diseases affecting the lower animals, the inquiries of Drs. Wood and Formad are full of promise that before long complete protection will be found against the fatal disease, diphtheria.

They had shown long ago that shreds of diphtheritic membrane, taken from the throats of human patients and used for the inoculation of rabbits, produced tubercular disease, and also that the false membrane supposed to be characteristic of diphtheria appears as a result of severe inflammation of the trachea, however produced. But now they have found that in every case of true diphtheria the membranes are loaded with minute organisms, micrococci, while the blood and the internal organs of patients dying from the disease are similarly infected. They have ascertained also how these micrococci destroy life. They attack the white corpuscles, or leucocytes in the blood. These lose their form, and eventually burst, giving exit to an irregular transparent mass packed with micrococci. Hence a new and multiplied crop of blood foes, and, with the increased destruction of the white corpuscles of the blood, the destruction of the person in whose veins the contaminated blood flows. They showed also that the disease can readily be communicated artificially from animal to animal. Another fact detected by Drs. Wood and Formad is of extreme importance, as showing how epidemics of diphtheria may be brought about as a development of the malignancy of sore throats not hitherto regarded as akin to diphtheria. They showed that in ordi-

nary sore throat as well as in the diphtheritic sore throat the micrococci are present, differing only in development and activity. In other words, diphtheria may be regarded as due to naturally cultivated micrococci, the cultivation being of such a kind as to increase their destructiveness.

Some experiments by Pasteur illustrate the kind of cultivation just mentioned. "It is not a little curious," writes Dr. Carpenter, "that, as culture of one kind can mitigate the action of the poison-germs, so culture of another kind may restore or even increase their original potency. It has been found by Pasteur"—in the case of the "anthrax" or "charbon" poison—"that this may be effected by inoculating with the mitigated virus a new-born guinea-pig, to which it will prove fatal; then using its blood for the inoculation of a somewhat older animal; and repeating this process several times. In this way a most powerful virus may be obtained at will." "This discovery," proceeds Dr. Carpenter, "is not only practically available for experimental purposes, but of great scientific interest, as throwing light upon the way in which mild types of other diseases may be converted into malignant." Dr. Grawitz has, indeed, recently asserted that even some of the most innocent of our domestic forms of disease-germs may be changed by artificial culture into disease-germs of the most destructive nature.

Of the importance of such researches as those made by Wood and Formad, some conception may be formed when we note that the deaths from diphtheria in England and Wales during the last ten years have amounted to nearly 30,000, or to more than half as many again as have been caused by small-pox.

We have seen that in diseases known to be due to living germs, the circumstances under which propagation of the disease takes place are precisely those which medical science recognizes in the propagation of small-pox, measles, scarlet fever, and other so-called zymotic diseases. We have seen further that a modified form of "anthrax" (as of "fowl-cholera") can be produced which, while by no means destructive of life, exerts a perfectly protective influence. We should be justified in infer-

ring that the protective influence of vaccination is similar in character, were it not that in such matters science requires proof, not surmise, or even highly probable inference. For, as we have seen, one disease can no more be produced by the germs of another disease than cats from dogs (to use an apt illustration of Miss Nightingale's); nor can one disease, so far as any experiments yet made seem to show, exert a protective influence against another entirely distinct. If this last rule were absolutely certain, instead of being but exceedingly probable, we might at once argue that the germs which produce vaccinia (the disturbance following vaccination) are simply the germs of small-pox "cultivated" by residing for a while in the blood of the heifer. For vaccination exerts a protective influence against small-pox, and, if such influence can only be exerted by the small-pox disease-germs, it follows that the disease-germs in the case of vaccination are the same in kind as those to which small-pox is due, differing only in the energy with which they attack the springs of life.

But science is not content to take such matters for granted. The relationship between small-pox and vaccination has been definitely put to the test. Unfortunately the results hitherto obtained have not been in satisfactory agreement. Dr. Thiele of Kasan, forty years ago, repeatedly succeeded (according to a report issued under government authority) in producing genuine vaccination by inoculating heifers with small-pox poison; and having done this he used this artificial vaccine matter in vaccinating human beings, "its protective power being found fully equal to that of the natural vaccinia." But not only so—at that comparatively remote date, Dr. Thiele unconsciously cultivated the small-pox poison-germs after the second manner described above. According to his own account, and his own erroneous idea as to the meaning of what resulted, he diluted the small-pox poison with warm milk, or, as Pasteur would say, he cultivated the living germs in warm milk; and, with the poison thus modified, he produced vaccinia, without passing the small-pox poison through the blood of the cow at all. Now this was thought so unlikely to be true, in those days,

that Dr. Thiele's other statements were by many physicians discredited, and this particular result was simply ignored by subsequent workers. But now, at any rate, the very improbability of what he achieved, according to the views prevalent in his day, should cause us to regard with all the more confidence his account of his experiments. For no man, still less a skilful physician as Dr. Thiele undoubtedly was, would invent experiments with improbable results. If he invented at all he would at any rate invent what seemed likely to be true, especially if the experiments were such as could be very readily repeated. In our own time this particular experiment might be invented by a dishonest person, the result being altogether likely to be right: others might be left to make the experiments and the credit claimed by him who asserted that he had made them himself. But in Thiele's time it was very unlikely that this would be done. It seems, therefore, exceedingly probable, so far as his account is concerned, that in the first place a modified form of the true small-pox poison is communicated in vaccination, and in the second, that a suitably modified form can be obtained without the use of the cow at all, by simply cultivating the small-pox disease-germs in warm milk.

But simultaneously with Dr. Thiele's researches others were made in this country by Mr. Ceely, of Aylesbury, which led to results not exactly contrary to those by Dr. Thiele, but which were certainly less satisfactory. He was able to produce an eruption in cows inoculated with small-pox virus, and the disease was transmissible to the human subject; but it resembled small-pox rather than vaccinia, and its transmission by inoculation did not produce what the best judges considered as genuine cowpock. It was allowed to die out.

We may suggest in passing, as a possible cause of the difference thus observed between Ceely's and Thiele's results, some difference in the length of time allowed to elapse after the small-pox virus was transmitted to the cow. It may be necessary, in making such experiments, to recall Pasteur's experiments with "fowl-cholera," when it was found that the potency of the bacillus

was only sufficiently reduced after the lapse of a considerable time.

On the contrary the experiments made a few years later than Ceely's by Mr. Badcock, of Brighton, were similar in their results to those made by Dr. Thiele. Dr. Carpenter, who has been able to examine the record kept by Mr. Badcock's son, states that Mr. Badcock "inoculated his cows with small-pox virus furnished to him from an unquestionable source, and that this inoculation produced vesicles which were pronounced by some of the best practitioners of Brighton to have the characters of genuine vaccinia, while the lymph drawn from these vesicles, and introduced by inoculation into the arms of children, produced in them vaccine vesicles of the true Jennerian type." "Free exposure of some of these children to small-pox infection," adds Dr. Carpenter, "showed them to have acquired a complete protection, and the new stock of vaccine has been extensively diffused through the country, and has been fully approved by the best judges of true vaccinia both in London and the provinces. Mr. Simon, writing in 1857, stated that from the new stock thus obtained by Mr. Badcock (not only once but repeatedly), more than 14,000 persons had been vaccinated by Mr. Badcock himself, and that he had furnished supplies of his lymph to more than 4000 medical practitioners. And I learn from Mr. Badcock, Jr., who is now a public vaccinator at Brighton, that this stock is still in use in that town and neighborhood."

These results seem decisive. But against them we must set the failures of attempts made by Professors Chauveau and Burdon Sanderson, by Belgian physicians who have recently conducted experiments in this direction, and the earlier experiments of Ceely. But as Dr. Carpenter well remarks, failures cannot be regarded as negating the absolute and complete successes obtained by Thiele and Badcock. We can perhaps learn from a careful study of the failures the conditions on which success and failure may depend. But a single success is absolutely decisive; because, as we have seen, persons inoculated with the poison germs obtained from the

cows experimented on by Thiele and Badcock were found to be fully protected against the deadly small-pox poison—a result which there can be no mistaking.

It is gratifying to know that neither Chauveau nor Burdon Sanderson consider their failure as negating decisively the results obtained by Thiele and Badcock. A reinvestigation of the matter is to be carried on before long, and as Mr. Badcock, Sr., himself is able and willing to give all necessary information as to the way in which his researches were carried on, there is every prospect that the secret of success in such researches will be discovered. We venture to predict with considerable confidence that the new researches will unmistakably confirm those of Badcock and Thiele.

In the meantime let us note some experiments which are full of promise in another direction.

Anti-vaccinationists, not concerned by the terrible mischief which has followed the attempts of their followers to escape vaccination, continue their outcry against what they call legalized poisoning, and often with success, especially in America, where there is no settled system of compulsory vaccination. But, when there are outbreaks of malignant small-pox, those who have seemed to agree with the anti-vaccinationists are found singularly ready to seek the protection which vaccination affords; and in America they are not only willing to be vaccinated themselves in such cases, but eager to pass municipal enactments for compulsory vaccination. It seems, however, that even independently of the vaccination of the healthy, there is a resource by which safety can be secured in cases of epidemic small-pox, and the disease quickly stamped out. The importance of this will be recognized when we consider the probability that protective means will before long be found in the case of other diseases, and the extreme unlikelihood that (for many years to come) all adults would consent, except perhaps in times of epidemics, to be inoculated with the specific poisons of other diseases than small-pox.

Dr. Payne, late Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in the Southern Medical College, Atlanta, no-

ticed, as far back as 1846, when at the Small-pox Hospital in New York, that the initial fever of small-pox can be detected by the pulse for some time before any other symptom appears. The pulse is peculiar, and difficult to describe; "but recognizable by any physician who will patiently and carefully investigate the subject until his finger becomes educated." "When once recognized," says Professor Payne, "it can never be forgotten, any more than the peculiar thrill imparted to the finger by the pulse of a patient who has lost large quantities of blood by hemorrhage can be forgotten by a physician who has once learned to detect it."

Now Dr. Payne, whenever he recognizes the initial fever in this way, at once vaccinates the patient. If this is done within ten or twelve hours after the initial fever of small-pox has set in, the patient will have but a slight illness, will show no trace of eruption, and will be thenceforth as perfectly safe from a recurrence of the disease as if he had had small-pox in its most malignant form. A still more remarkable feature of the case is this, that if the patient is vaccinated after the initial fever sets in, he can go about where he pleases without any fear of imparting the disease to others. The ingrafting of the vaccine matter upon the primary small-pox fever seems to destroy its ability of reproduction or propagation entirely. (Here, of course, it is to be noted, that its power of reproduction by actual revaccination remains, but that its power of reproduction in the ordinary way in which small-pox spreads is destroyed, just as in vaccination.) "Another peculiarity," says Dr. Payne, "is this; if an unprotected patient is vaccinated before the beginning of the fever, and the vaccine takes, but does not prevent, only modifies the disease, the eruption will be like that of variola in its appearance and characteristics. But if vaccinated after the commencement of the initial fever, and too late to entirely prevent an eruption, the eruption will resemble in size and character the small-pox eruption. There is," he adds, "as great a difference in the appearance of the varioloid and small-pox eruption as there is between gray and yellow."

Dr. Payne relates a very interesting

case illustrating his method of dealing with cases of small-pox, first where the patient had not been vaccinated in good time, and later with those who showed signs of the initial fever. In 1873 an epidemic of small-pox broke out in Virginia, the small-pox being of the variety known as *variola nigra*, and when not modified by some benign influence was invariably confluent. Both in and around Manassas the cases were of the same kind. Being called on to attend a colored servant-girl, who was ill in a room over the kitchen of a large hotel near his own dwelling, he recognized in her the pulse peculiar to small-pox, and next day the eruption appeared. "I saw," he says, "it would never do to remove this woman, and I determined to isolate the case, and abide the consequences, be they what they might. If I have her removed the poor woman will die, and the prevailing winds will blow the poison for miles down the valley below, and the disease will spread beyond control. But should she die (of which there is strong probability) my plans will be defeated. Firm in faith of the greatest good to the greatest number, I said to myself, 'If she dies, I will wrap her from her toes to the crown of her head in double linen, and with the aid of some one who has had the small-pox I will bury her.'" Luckily she recovered. "Three persons who were in the room at the time were ordered to report to the doctor twice daily. One showed the peculiar pulse on the 24th; he was then vaccinated, and after being indisposed for two days (but without eruption) recovered. The others, who had been vaccinated before, did not take it.

In one case, a family of eight persons, "poor and shiftless colored people," occupied a house in which there was only one room, and where good air and cleanliness were impossible. The father suffered from a very malignant attack of varioloid and was terribly scarred, but the rest of the family, none of whom had ever been vaccinated before, were vaccinated after the initial fever began, and escaped with slight attacks. In another case, where a whole family were exposed to the infection, he vaccinated the father and two sisters, but an old aunt who had not been vaccinated for many years, refused to be vaccinated, being attacked

by varioloid. The day after vaccinating the father and sisters, a brother who had returned showed the peculiar pulse. Dr. Payne vaccinated him at once, and the next day his arm looked as if he had been vaccinated eight days before; it rapidly became sore; he was indisposed for two or three days, and recovered without a single sign of eruption. These cases are taken from a report of Dr. Payne's experiments in the *Scientific American*. Dr. Payne's plan has been tried in more than a hundred cases, extending over a period of thirty-four years, without a single failure.

Supposing that what has been shown to be true of small-pox is true also of other malignant diseases, a haven of safety is in view, though it may be that some time must elapse before it can be reached. The germ peculiar to each disease has to be made the subject of special study. The proper habitat for such "cultivation" as shall result in mitigating the virulence of its action has to be determined, and the degree of protective power remaining after cultivation has to be ascertained. Next the indications of the initial stage of each form of disease have to be recognized,* and the effects of inoculation with the mitigated disease determined. When this has been done (always on the assumption we have made that what seems most probably true is really so), "plague and pestilence" will no longer be feared as they now are. Isolation of those first attacked from the rest will go a great way to diminish the risk of the infection spreading. A careful watch for the signs of the initial fever among those exposed to infection will do the rest, if due measures are taken in every case when the initial fever shows itself.

And as the inquiries of Pasteur and his fellow-workers seem thus to indicate a haven of safety, so also do they show the presence of concealed rocks, of dangers heretofore unnoticed. What Pasteur showed respecting the deadly "anthrax" has its analogue, we may be sure, in diseases affecting the human

* It may well be that in many cases, instead of the comparatively rough test of feeling the pulse, the use of the sphygmograph, or some other instrument for determining minute changes in the character of the pulse, may be required.

race. Dangers lurk where none would suspect them, and where only the keen eyes of the trained science-worker can find them. The poison-germ may attack through the alimentary canal in the food we eat, through the lungs in the air we breathe, as well as directly through the blood-current. Disease and death may lurk in a dress, a child's toy, a lock of hair, a letter, or a carpet. Neither time nor distance avails to destroy the fatal infection.

We may note lastly a point to which attention has been directed by Dr. Andrew Wilson, in *Knowledge*, that the practical and actual benefits which have flowed to human health, and which are likely to flow in the future as well—"the saving of life by the prevention and extermination of disease"—have arisen from a simple study in natural

history. So-called practical minds are often given to loudly express their disapproval of any science which deals with what to them seem mere abstractions. Doubtless to such minds the study of the development of the "rods" of splenic fever under a watch-glass must seem a piece of scientific *dilettantism*, just as information respecting the solar system may seem despicable enough, because its results cannot be measured by a profitable currency, or, in plain language, because it does not seem to pay. The best answer to such reasoning is found in the recital of the results to human and animal life, to which studies in an apparently unimportant field of research in natural history have led and seem likely to lead mankind.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

JANE AUSTEN.*

THE chronicle of Miss Austen's life is brief and simple. For twenty-five years from her birth on December 16, 1775, she lived in her father's family at the rectory of Steventon in Hampshire, making of course occasional visits to relatives and friends, some of which visits took her to Bath. In 1801, on the resignation of her father, she went with her family to Bath, and from thence, after Mr. Austen's death in February, 1805, she removed to Southampton. There she remained for four years, when her mother, her sister Cassandra, and herself, took up their abode at Chawton in Hampshire, in a house belonging to Mr. Austen's second son. This continued to be her home till her last illness. She died in Winchester, whither she had gone for medical advice, on July 10, 1817. She made few friends beyond the circle of her own family, and it is not known that she was ever seriously in love.

Her literary activity falls into two distinct sections. She began "*Pride and Prejudice*" in October, 1796, at the age of twenty, and finished it in August, 1797. "*Sense and Sensibility*" was begun in November, 1797. "*Northanger*

Abbey" was composed in 1798. Then came a pause. During the nine years passed at Bath and Southampton, extending from her 26th to her 35th year, we do not know that she wrote anything except the short but striking history of "*Lady Susan*," a novel in letters, though it is probable that the fragment which Mr. Austen Leigh entitles "*The Watsons*," was begun in these nine years. She published nothing till 1811; but from that date onward, novel followed novel with great rapidity. "*Sense and Sensibility*," after undergoing revision, was published in 1811; "*Pride and Prejudice*" in 1813; "*Mansfield Park*" followed in 1814; "*Emma*" at the end of 1815; and "*Persuasion*" came out with "*Northanger Abbey*," after her death, in 1818.

This silence may be explained by the discouragement which attended Miss Austen's first attempts to put her work in print. A proposal made by her father to Mr. Cadell for the publication of a novel "comprising three volumes—about the length of Miss Burney's '*Evelina*'"—("'*Pride and Prejudice*'") was declined by return of post. The fate of "*Northanger Abbey*" was still more humiliating. It was sold in 1803 to a publisher in Bath for ten pounds, but "it found so little favor in his eyes that he chose to

* Novels, by Jane Austen, with a biography, in six volumes. Bentley and Son.

abide by his first loss rather than risk further expense by publishing such a work." The "Thorpes," "Tilneys," and "Catherine Morland" for ten pounds, and dear at the price! Afterward, when four novels had been published, Jane wished to recover the copyright.

"One of her brothers undertook the negotiation. He found the purchaser very willing to receive back his money, and to resign all claim to the copyright. When the bargain was concluded, and the money paid, but not till then, the negotiator had the satisfaction of informing him that the work thus lightly esteemed was by the author of 'Pride and Prejudice.'"

Six novels, of which four only were published in her life, and a few fragments, do not make up a large bulk of work for one who wrote so rapidly and well as Miss Austen. It is true that she died in her forty-third year, but on the other hand she began to write at a very early age. She was barely twenty when she began "Pride and Prejudice," and she finished it in ten months. After a brief interval she is engaged upon a fresh work, "Sense and Sensibility," which is completed with equal rapidity. Thus before she was twenty-three she had written two of the best novels in the language. At this rate she might have filled our shelves, as recent novelists have filled them. But the great stimulus to overproduction was wanting: there was no demand for her labor. No printer's boy waited to carry off her "copy," no editor insisted on another sheet to make up his forthcoming number. Unknown and in silence she created her wonderful stories. Mrs. Bennet lamented in vain; Mr. Collins made love and no one laughed. With nothing but her own taste to guide her, she produced work almost faultless in style, and wrote English which puts us to shame. She composed in the first instance for her own amusement—from her earliest childhood writing rather than reading attracted her—and therefore she wrote when and as she pleased. She altered, excised, rewrote, caring for nothing but the perfection which satisfied her own judgment. She steadily refused to travel beyond the circle within which she felt that her powers ranged. In the last years of her life, when she became known as an authoress, she received various suggestions from friends that

she should write a novel on this or that subject. Mr. Clarke, for instance, the librarian of Carlton House, requested her to "delineate the habits, character and enthusiasm of a clergyman who should pass his time between the metropolis and the country, who should be something like Beattie's minstrel—

" 'Silent when glad, affectionate though shy,
And in his looks was most demurely sad;
And now he laughed aloud, yet none knew
why.' "

What induced the man to make this request, it is hard to say; Jane's clergymen are far enough removed from such a type. The qualities which they distinctly have *not*, are earnestness and enthusiasm. Mr. Collins and Mr. Elton are selfish, underbred men, whose thoughts are wholly occupied with themselves. Dr. Grant, in "Mansfield Park," is a *bon-vivant*, of whom we hear in connection with a roast turkey and the best means of turning a living to good account. The young men who are about to take orders, the Bertrams, Tilneys and Ferrars, have common sense, and morals enough to enable them to fill the place of a country clergyman, and that is all. They never exhibit any peculiar fitness for their vocation, unless it be that they appear to be fit for nothing else. Jane knew this, and answered Mr. Clarke thus:

"I am quite honored by your thinking me capable of drawing such a clergyman as you gave the sketch of in your note. But I assure you I am not. The comic part of the character I might be equal to, but not the good, the enthusiastic, the literary. Such a man's conversation must at times be on subjects of science and philosophy, of which I know nothing, or at least be occasionally abundant in quotations and allusions, which a woman who, like me, knows only her mother tongue, and has read little in that, would be totally without the power of giving. A classical education or, at any rate, a very extensive acquaintance with English literature, ancient and modern, appears to me quite indispensable for the person who would do any justice to your clergyman; and I think I may boast myself to be with all possible vanity the most unlearned and uninformed female who ever dared to be an authoress."

The same gentleman, failing with his parson, suggested yet another subject. "A historical romance, illustrative of the august House of Coburg would just now be very interesting," he writes, on the occasion of the approaching marriage of Princess Charlotte and Prince

Leopold, whose chaplain and secretary he had recently become. It is difficult to believe that any man, even a chaplain, could have made such a proposal. What have history and the august house of Coburg to do with life in English villages and watering-places, with the ultra-genteel and demi-vulgar, and the artful or artless young women, and somewhat flabby young men, whom Jane Austen knew from the heart outward? She answers, humorously :

"I am fully sensible that a historical romance founded on the House of Saxe-Coburg might be much more to the purpose of profit or popularity than such pictures of domestic life in country villages as I deal in. But I could no more write a romance than an epic poem. I could not sit seriously down to write a serious romance under any motive than to save my life, and if it were indispensable to keep it up and never relax into laughing at myself or at other people, I am sure that I should be hung before I had finished the first chapter. No! I must keep to my own style and go on in my own way : and though I may never succeed again in that, I am convinced that I shall totally fail in any other."

This is from a letter dated April 1, 1816. In August she had finished "Persuasion." Who would exchange Anne Elliot for "a wilderness" of her-
oines of the "august house of Coburg?"

The same self-command and certainty of aim showed itself in her mode of composition :

"She had no separate study to retire to, and most of the work must have been done in the general sitting-room, subject to all kinds of casual interruptions. She was careful that her occupation should not be suspected by servants, or visitors, or any persons beyond her own family party. She wrote upon small sheets of paper, which could easily be put away, or covered with a piece of blotting-paper. There was, between the front door and the offices, a swing door which creaked when it was opened; but she objected to having this little inconvenience remedied, because it gave her notice when any one was coming. I have no doubt," her nephew and biographer continues, "that I and my sisters and cousins, on our visits to Chawton, frequently disturbed this mystic process, without having any idea of the mischief we were doing : certainly we should never have guessed by any signs of impatience or irritability in the writer."

Of herself Jane says in a letter :

"What should I do with your strong, manly, vigorous sketches, full of variety and glow? How could I possibly join them on to the little bit (two inches wide) of ivory on which I work with so fine a brush as produces little effect after much labor?"

Miss Austen read little ; she seems to have shared Lamb's aversion to the acquirement of useful knowledge. He could read anything but the authors who form the necessary part of a gentleman's library. She "detested quartos." "Ladies who read those enormous great, stupid, thick quarto volumes, which one always sees in the breakfast parlor there, must be acquainted with everything in the world." To write and create was her pleasure : her vein of original composition was so full and strong that she had no need to replenish it with reading. She knew French well and something of Italian, but we find little or no traces of either French or Italian literature in her works. Richardson she had carefully studied and knew minutely ; she was so far influenced by his example that some of her earliest attempts seem to have been written in the form of letters—as "Lady Susan" still is. "Sense and Sensibility" was so composed, but was rewritten after the removal to Chawton in 1809. She is accurate in all her descriptions of ships and naval affairs ; but her knowledge of these matters was derived from conversation and correspondence with her two youngest brothers, who were in the navy, rather than from any study of the subject in books. Not that she shrank from such reading : she mentions with pleasure an "Essay on the Military Police, and Institutions of the British Empire," by Captain Pasley, "which I find delightfully written and highly interesting. I am as much in love with the author as ever I was with Clarkson or Buchanan. The first soldier I ever sighed for, but he does write with extraordinary force and spirit." Captain Pasley's book was an *octavo*. Her opinion of the far-famed "Spectator," the great thesaurus of sound English and sound morality, she has given us in "Northanger Abbey," in a passage in which she makes a powerful claim for the novel as against other kinds of literature.

"I am no novel reader—I seldom look into novels—Do not imagine that I often read novels—It is really very well for a novel.' Such is the common cant. 'And what are you reading, Miss —?' 'Oh! it is only a novel!' replies the young lady ; while she lays down her book with affected indifference or momentary shame. It is only 'Cecilia' or 'Camilla' or 'Belinda' ;

or, in short, only some work in which the greatest powers of the mind are displayed, in which the most thorough knowledge of human nature, the happiest delineation of its varieties, the liveliest effusions of wit and humor, are conveyed to the world in the best chosen language. Now, had the same young lady been engaged with a volume of the "Spectator," instead of such a work, how proudly would she have produced the work and told its name; though the chances must be against her being occupied with any part of that voluminous publication, of which the matter or manner would not disgust a young person of taste."

This passage is the more interesting because it is perhaps the sole instance of irritation and severity to be found in Miss Austen's works.

So far as we know, her favorite authors were Johnson in prose, Crabbe in verse, and Cowper in both. "She would sometimes say, in jest, that if ever she married at all, she could fancy being Mrs. Crabbe."

The truth is that she estimated the knowledge which comes from life far above the knowledge which comes from books. In this learning she was herself skilled as few have been, and she knew the value of it. When Fanny Price appears at Mansfield Park, she is at a great disadvantage in all accomplishments as compared with her cousins, the Bertrams.

" 'My cousin is really so very ignorant,' says one Miss Bertram. 'Do you know, we asked her last night what way she would go to get to Ireland! and she said she should cross to the Isle of Wight, and she calls it *the island*, as if there were no other island in the world. I am sure I should have been ashamed of myself if I had not known better long before I was as old as she is. I cannot remember the time when I did not know a great deal that she has not the least notion of yet. How long ago is it since we had to repeat the chronological order of the Kings of England with the dates of their accession, and most of the principal events of their reigns?'

" 'Yes,' added the other, 'and of the Roman Emperors as low as Severus, besides a great deal of the heathen mythology and all the metals, semi-metals, plants and distinguished philosophers.'"

As the story develops, these young ladies, so precocious and well-informed, make but a poor show beside the ignorant Fanny Price, for, "with all their promising talents and early information," "they were entirely deficient in the common acquirements of self-knowledge, generosity and humility." In this

matter, we may take Fanny for a reflection of the authoress. Her knowledge, like all the best knowledge, came from within, not from without; she needed no books to open the world to her; she possessed that divine gift, "from worlds not quickened by the sun," which enables persons to see for themselves and at first-hand.

This want of knowledge derived from books has had a wholesome effect on her work. No author is so free from book-making—very few tell us so much that is strictly their own. Jane Austen is not the prophet of a superior culture or the slave of general ideas. She does not weary us with art or anatomy; she has nothing to say about evolution and the Jews. She plucks her wild flowers and paints them; whether beautiful or not, there they are in their native soil, delineated with such fidelity and grace, with so thorough an insight into their habitats and life, such an exquisite discrimination of color and curve, as hardly another writer in the language has attained. This was her knowledge—she knew what was around her and close to her. She never sought in distant places or remote ages for a scene and a subject; the nearest village with its hall or parsonage was enough. It is seldom that we meet with this close connection between author and subject; but when we do, the result is of peculiar value. It is this which makes Wordsworth's poetry what it is. While his great contemporaries "went attitudinizing through life," rapt in fictitious emotions, plunged in unreal sorrows, telling Eastern stories and painting the visions of a dream, he laid his hand on the country and the life nearest to him. And therefore his poetry is the English poetry of the early part of this century; for better or worse it is the poetry by which that generation will be known in the history of literature. In his later work, when he came to write "Don Juan," Byron got close to reality, but the reality was itself unreal, the fevered existence of a restless spirit, not a calm, self-controlled life. For this reason even "Don Juan" will wear out before the best parts of Wordsworth. The same reality breathes through Miss Austen's work. If we wish to know what life was like in the

scenes she depicts, we turn to her ; and we might ask with the ancient critic,

"O life ! O Menander !

Which of you two was the plagiarist ?"

In this respect she has perhaps only two rivals, Scott in his best novels, and Fielding. They also have the supreme gift of making literary and artistic the world in which they live. They have the humor which transforms like "heavenly alchemy" what would otherwise be commonplace, or even repellent ; they are creative as Homer and Shakespeare are creative. Their range is wider, their touch more powerful than Jane Austen's ; but in faithfulness of delineation and finish of work, she is more than an equal.

Yet while we commend the faithful realism of Jane Austen, we cannot deny, and she would not have denied, that her range is limited. The incidents of her novels are the incidents of common, every-day, social life : family conversations or gatherings, morning calls, dinners, balls, weddings, and the like—things intensely real perhaps, but intensely prosaic. Regions familiar to later novelists are left untouched by her. In her works we shall look in vain for scenes such as the meeting of Maggie and Philip in the "Red Deeps ;" of mother and daughter in Caroline Helstone's sick-room. She has nothing to tell us of rebellion and aspiration ; of that ideal world which "after all is the world as we shall one day know it." Wives weary of their husbands cannot turn to her for refuge, and in her pages maidens will find little of the rapture and bliss so prominent in the tender scenes of recent novels. Jane's heroines say what they have to say unimpeded by kisses ; even when the "illusion of the feelings" is at its strongest, they behave as rational creatures ; at any rate we are spared the descriptions of their weakness—or it may be that their joys are silent, "too deep for words," as best befits a feeling which must wear through a lifetime. Whatever realism there is in uncontrolled passion, is not Jane's "realism." Nor can we find in her works brilliant descriptions of natural scenery. That she was not insensible to these things we see from more than one speech put in the mouth of Fanny Price, the most meditative of her characters, but her sensi-

tiveness was never aided by imagination. Such a passage as this, in which Georges Sand describes the scenery of the Creuse, is beyond the reach of the English authoress :

"C'est unmouvement gracieux de la bonne déesse ; mais, dans ce mouvement, dans ce pli facile de son vêtement frais, on sent la force et l'ampleur de ses allures. Elle est là comme couchée de son long sur les herbes, baignant ses pieds blancs dans une eau courante et pure c'est la puissance en repos ; c'est la bonté calme des dieux amies. Mais il n'y a rien de mou dans ses formes, rien d'énervé dans son sourire. Elle a la souveraine tranquillité des immortels, et, toute mignonne et délicate qu'elle se montre, on sent que c'est d'une main formidablement aisée qu'elle a creusé ce vaste et délicieux jardin dans cet horizon de son choix."

The passion for nature which is sometimes prompted by inward dissatisfaction or despair, was unknown to Miss Austen. Completely in harmony with the life around her, her attention was absorbed by that, and not absorbed only, but satisfied. Neither in her books, nor in her letters, do we find any trace of a heart ill at ease, of a spirit seeking rest and finding none. Such satisfaction is at once a source of strength and of weakness ; it gives finish, but it necessitates limitation. When, therefore, we speak of the realism of Jane Austen, we do not mean that there are not a thousand and one things beyond her reach, and yet real ; we mean that what she gives us, she gives without exaggeration, or deficiency, or adulteration.

Some have said : "Her conversations might have been written down from actual life." This is true : they might have been so written, but we have no the least reason to suppose that they were. If we heard her characters speaking, they would undoubtedly say what she makes them say ; but the characters are nevertheless her own creation. From the fragments of real life she has given us a complete whole, just as a physiologist might restore a skeleton from a bone. The characters of real life are not so complete and concentrated as the characters of fiction, for the sufficient reason that we cannot know our acquaintance as the novelist knows his creations, or govern their actions and words at our will. And very many of the personages of real life are

without any character at all, though they may supply the materials of a character to a great genius, who knows them better than they know themselves. They leave no distinct impression on us ; a novelist cannot therefore write down what they say or describe what they do. The fragmentary photograph must be made into a picture, the dry bones must live, the dulness of country life must become a source of never-ending amusement—so far is the realism of Jane Austen removed from the mere imitation of real life.

How this transformation is effected we learn from herself when she tells us that she can only depict those characters at whom she can laugh. Her gift is pre-eminently humor—a rare gift at any time, and perhaps peculiarly so just now, when a general earnestness seems likely to make existence intolerable. For it is truly melancholy to think how serious we have become ; we have lost the power of laughing at ourselves or others, and all our energies are absorbed in universal criticism and the higher thought. Music, “heavenly maid,” is now an “educational force.” Poetry to be classical must have “the note of seriousness ;” and poets who have not this note, like Chaucer and Burns, must begin with shame to take the lower room, while Elegiac Gray is permitted to go up higher. “A common grayness silvers everything.” Nay, even the Premier himself may perhaps owe his exalted position to his inability to appreciate the lighter aspects of life, while Lord Beaconsfield has fallen under the condemnation which a serious generation inevitably pronounces on a frivolous statesman of threescore years and ten. Humor itself has come to be regarded as something which postulates sadness. This was not the temper of Jane Austen. She did not laugh at herself or her friends because there is always a tragedy underlying a comedy, or because she suffered under the burden of a *Weltschmerz* which must have relief in laughter or tears. She laughed because she could not help it, and makes those who read her laugh for the same reason. And if we, in this serious age, are tempted to think lightly of a genius which merely amuses us in this “phenomenal” way, we may con-

sole ourselves with the reflection that under Jane Austen's guidance we learn to smile at the weaknesses of mankind rather than to fret over them. Such an attitude of mind will at once save us some trouble and furnish us with a comfortable feeling of superiority.

To define humor is difficult, and perhaps the wisest course is to treat it as Mr. M. Arnold treats poetry, and describe it by examples. We cannot set forth in brief and precise terms what constitutes the poetical element in a fine passage of Milton, but when we read it we feel and know that it is poetical. The same is the case with humorous writing. When we read the opening sentences in “Pride and Prejudice,” or “Persuasion,” we say at once, “this is humor,” “this is the humorous aspect of life.”

“It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife.”

“Sir Walter Elliot, of Kellyinch Hall, in Somersetshire, was a man who, for his own amusement, never took up any book but the ‘Baronetage’; there he found occupation for an idle hour, and consolation in a distressed one ; there his faculties were roused into admiration and respect, by contemplating the limited remnant of the earliest patents ; there any unwelcome sensations, arising from domestic affairs, changed naturally into pity and contempt, as he turned over the almost endless creations of the last century.”

If we mean to weep rather than laugh over the follies and vulgarities of life, we may as well put away the volumes at once ; Miss Austen will certainly be no favorite of ours. We shall not get through a single novel, or even a single chapter, if we are resolutely bent on being serious. Turn where we will, the same murmur of quiet laughter rings in our ears. Mrs. Allen never talked a great deal, and could never be entirely silent :

“While she sat at her work, if she lost her needle or broke her thread ; if she heard a carriage in the street, or saw a speck upon her gown, she must observe it aloud, whether there was any one at leisure to answer it or not.”

We can hardly read the words without at once calling to mind some equally good-natured, equally vacuous person, who is only tolerable so long as we are tolerant—a person about whom deeper questions of use or purpose in life can never be asked. Of the same type, but more obviously ridiculous, is Mrs. Pal-

mer, who, when she heard of Willoughby's iniquities,

"was determined to drop his acquaintance immediately, and was very thankful that she had never been acquainted with him at all. She hated him so much that she was resolved never to mention his name again, and she should tell everybody she saw how good-for-nothing he was!"

These are not in the least abnormal characters, they are samples of an abundant stock; and only differ from others in their transparent silliness. The world is at play, and we are interested spectators of the game. We find that people do not say what they mean or mean what they say; that their motives in action are often mixed to such a degree that they could themselves with much difficulty disentangle the threads. The most excellent young men fall in love with the wrong women, and are only too glad to find themselves delivered from the chains in which they once yoked themselves with such rapture. Young ladies who exert their utmost skill, fail to gain their ends, while others, apparently without effort, secure the happiness so richly deserved. But whatever the situation, with few exceptions it is amusing. Even Anne Elliot herself, whom we dearly love, provokes a smile as she trips down the streets of Bath:

"Prettier musings of high-wrought love and eternal constancy could never have passed along the streets of Bath than Anne was sporting with from Camden Place to Westgate Buildings. It was almost enough to spread purification and perfume all the way."

Humor such as this, it may be said, does but skim the surface of life. It takes no heed of the depths of sorrow lying underneath; it fails even to sound the fountains of joy. It is superficial, and exists only by reason of its superficiality. Had Miss Austen felt more deeply, she would have written differently. The "verities" of life, the "great mysteries" beyond it, would have attracted a more reflective mind. Does not this humor imply something like insensibility or half-knowledge? There is a tragic aspect of life, we may reply, as well as a comic; but it does not therefore follow that the tragic is more real than the comic. Laughter is human no less than tears; the laughable is as certainly a legitimate object of art, as

the sad or terrible. The important point is that we should not confuse the two. It is as great a mistake to turn errors into tragedies, as it is to ridicule what is really tragic. Jane Austen was aware of her limitations; the tragic side of life was not for her. She knew indeed how to depict the pangs of disappointed affection, but she also knew that they were curable. Over the results of vicious conduct she prefers to draw a veil; she could not enter upon them without dropping into a serious vein, which is not her vein. She wrote to amuse, and to a clear mind and happy nature like hers, from which irritation was almost wholly absent, the pursuits of the world round her, often aimless, often perverse, were an inexhaustible source of laughter.

Yet we must not think of her as one who saw nothing in life but what was ridiculous. She makes us love some characters and despise others, though we smile at them all. In spite of her vulgarity and fussiness, her ill-timed jokes, domestic hints, and epicurean sentiments, we still have something like an affection for Mrs. Jennings.

"Well, my dear, 'tis a true saying about an ill wind, for it will be all the better for Colonel Brandon. He will have her at last; ay, that he will. Mind me, now, if they ain't married by midsummer. Lord! how he'll chuckle over this news. I hope he will come to-night. It will be all to one a better match for your sister. Two thousand a year without debt or drawback—except the little love-child; indeed, ay, I had forgot her; but she may be 'prenticed out at small cost, and then what does it signify? Delaford is a nice place I can tell you; exactly what I call a nice, old-fashioned place, full of comforts and conveniences; quite shut in with great garden-walls, that are covered with the best fruit-trees in the country; and such a mulberry-tree in one corner! Lord! how Charlotte and I did stuff the only time we were there! Then there is a dovecote and some stew-ponds, and a very pretty canal; and everything in short that one could wish for."

It is difficult to get over such a speech as that; but we do get over it, because Mrs. Jennings is at all times willing to include others in her comforts. She is without any trace of malignity or selfishness, a sympathetic friend in affliction, a careful nurse in sickness. But Mrs. Norris we hate, as perhaps we never hated any living person. She is ridiculous, it is true, but she is also mean, grasping, covetous, and ill-tempered.

Whenever she appears, we feel that there is a dark spot in the scene, that some one will be made uncomfortable, if it is in her power to do it. She is one of those persons whose object in life it is to keep "people in their places;" in other words, to tyrannize over them as much as possible. Yet, in spite of this strong feeling, we cannot help but laugh when one amiable scheme after another for spreading discomfort falls to the ground, and when advice given for selfish aims is set aside as of no value. Listen to her shrill, staccato tones!

"Mrs. Norris called out: 'Stay, stay, Fanny! What are you about? Where are you going? Don't be in such a hurry. Depend upon it, it is not you that are wanted; depend upon it, it is me (looking at the butler); but you are so ready to put yourself forward. What should Sir Thomas want you for? It is me, Baddeley, you mean. I am coming this moment. You mean me, Baddeley, I am sure; Sir Thomas wants me, not Miss Price.'

"But Baddeley was stout. 'No, ma'am, it is Miss Price, I am certain of its being Miss Price.' And there was a half smile with the words which meant, 'I do not think *you* will answer the purpose at all.'"

Poor Mrs. Norris! the very servants understand and sit in judgment. Gradually she finds herself, in spite of her very animated efforts, more and more neglected and useless, till at length nothing is left for her but to retire into a distant part of the country with her disgraced and favorite niece, Mrs. Rushworth.

It would not be easy within the limits of a short paper to go through the catalogue of Miss Austen's characters. Unlike many modern novelists, she never repeats herself. Other authors have given us the same characters in different scenes; she gives us the same general scenes, but the characters are always different. The silly chatter of Miss Bates is as unique in its way as the rattle of Mr. John Thorpe. Mr. Collins and Mr. Elton both marry for money, and both propose to a lady who has not the least intention of accepting them; but the formal pomposity of the one is not in the least like the pushing vanity of the other. Miss Lucy Steele and Miss Fairfax both contract secret engagements, but we despise the one and admire the other. Vulgarly meets us in Miss Steele, Isabella Thorpe, and Lydia Bennet; we see it in a variety of

forms and in different degrees, and perhaps Miss Steele may be allowed to bear away the palm. The same holds good of the more serious characters. Catherine Morland, if she can be called serious, is not like Fanny Price, yet both are types of a natural, simple-minded girl. Elizabeth Bennet is extremely clever, and not less so is Emma Woodhouse, yet neither reminds us of the other. Anne Elliot and Elinor Dashwood are patient and constant in their affections, and are perhaps more alike than any of the others we have compared. Both have an unusual force of character, though called upon to exercise it in very different spheres of action; both, under a quiet exterior, conceal a great depth of affection, but the story of Anne's life is more pathetic, her love is more deeply tried than Elinor's. If Colonel Brandon may rank with Mr. James Knightley in regard to tact, sense, and delicacy, sentiment and melancholy, rheumatism and a flannel waistcoat, serve to distinguish the former, while Mr. Woodhouse, who to himself is a sufficiently serious subject, is *sui generis*, not to be approached, and never to be forgotten.

" 'That young man is very thoughtless,' he says of Mr. Churchill, who proposes to find room for a ball at the 'Crown,' by using two rooms, and dancing across the passage. 'Do not tell his father; but that young man is not quite the thing. He has been opening the doors very often this evening, and keeping them open very inconsiderately. He does not think of the draught. I do not mean to set you against him, but, indeed, he is not quite the thing!'"

Among such a variety of different scenes and actors, different readers will find different favorites. The author herself was greatly pleased with "Pride and Prejudice." One or two letters have been preserved in which she speaks of her book. The work, as we have seen, came out at the beginning of 1813, and was her second published novel. On January 29th, Jane "must write" to her sister Cassandra:

"I want to tell you that I have got my own darling child from London. I must confess that I think her (Elizabeth Bennet) as delightful a creature as ever appeared in print, and how I shall be able to tolerate those who do not like *her* at least, I don't know."

And again on February 11th she writes to her sister:

"Upon the whole I am quite vain enough, and well satisfied enough. The work is rather too light, and bright, and sparkling; it wants shade; it wants to be stretched out here and there with a long chapter of sense, if it could be had; if not, of solemn, specious nonsense, about something unconnected with the story; an essay on writing, a critique on Walter Scott, or the history of Buonaparte, or something that would form a contrast, and bring the reader with increased delight to the playfulness and epigrammatism of the general style."

Walter Scott also thought highly of this novel, and many will select it as the best of her productions. Others are in favor of "Persuasion," which, though written in declining health, certainly exhibits no sign of declining vigor. In no other is the interest more sustained, the characters more striking or exact, the incidents more fresh and unconventional; in no other is pathos so largely blended with humor. Most careful readers will probably find a difference between the first three of the novels and the last three. "If the former show quite as much originality and genius, they may perhaps be thought to have less of the faultless finish and high polish which distinguish the latter"—these words of Mr. Austen Leigh are a true criticism. On the whole, looking at the truth, variety and exquisite development of the characters, "Emma" seems to deserve the first place. Miss Austen said of the principal character, "I am going to take a heroine whom no one but myself will much like." If we cannot read the story of Emma's blunders without a smile at her perverse love of match-making, and her conceited assumption that she can govern others, and arrange their private concerns as she will, we also feel that she grows upon us; she learns by experience; step by step she becomes more worthy of the manly regard which has watched over her from childhood. She is always clever and refined; often brilliant; a little imperious, as her situation permits, a little wayward, but always a lady, and always charming. We part from her with a feeling that we have been in good and amusing society, with a woman who, though capable of foolish actions, has sense and good humor, and we go about our way cheered by the thought that persons may make life very pleasant without being monsters of perfection.

Of the many amusing scenes in Miss Austen's works, perhaps the two most irresistibly laughable, are those in which Mr. Elton proposes to Emma, and the Dashwoods, Miss Lucy Steele, and Mr. E. Ferrars are brought together. Emma has done her best to bring about a match between Mr. Elton, the clergyman of the parish, and her friend Miss Harriet Smith. On returning from Mr. Weston's party, she finds herself *titte-à-tite* with the parson, shut up in the carriage with no possibility of escape. Mr. Elton had waited for his opportunity and did not let it slip: he poured out his professions of affection into Emma's astonished ears.

"It is impossible for me to doubt any longer. You have made yourself too clear. Mr. Elton, my astonishment is much beyond anything I can express. After such behavior as I have witnessed during the last month to Miss Smith—such attentions as I have been daily in the habit of observing—to be addressing me in this manner—this is an unsteadiness of character, indeed, which I had not supposed possible! Believe me, sir, I am far, very far from gratified on being the object of such professions."

"Good heaven!" cried Mr. Elton; "what can be the meaning of this? Miss Smith! I never thought of Miss Smith in the whole course of my existence: never paid her any attentions but as your friend; never cared whether she were dead or alive, but as your friend. If she has fancied otherwise, her own wishes have misled her, and I am very sorry—extremely sorry. But Miss Smith, indeed! Oh, Miss Woodhouse, who can think of Miss Smith when Miss Woodhouse is near! No, upon my honor, there is no unsteadiness of character. I have thought only of you. I protest against having paid the smallest attention to any one else. Everything that I have said or done, for many weeks past, has been done with the sole idea of marking my adoration of yourself. You cannot really, seriously doubt it. No!" (in an accent meant to be insinuating), "I am sure you have seen and understood me."

What an *éclaircissement*! Poor Emma! No wonder that her mind was in great perturbation on her arrival home, and it "needed a very strong effort to appear attentive and cheerful till the usual hour of separating allowed her the relief of quiet reflection."

The other scene is of a more complicated nature. Mr. Edward Ferrars is secretly engaged to Miss Lucy Steele, who has confided the fact to Elinor Dashwood, of whom she has reason to be jealous. Elinor is very partial to Edward, who is only deterred by his

engagement, and hardly deterred by it, from making love to her. He has no suspicion that his engagement is known to any one but Lucy. Marianne Dashwood is greatly in favor of her sister's marriage with Edward, and anxious to do all that she can to bring it about. In this chaos of secrecy and knowledge, Lucy, Edward, Marianne and Elinor are all brought into one room.

"It was a very awkward moment; and the countenance of each (Marianne has not yet entered) showed that it was so. They all looked exceedingly foolish; and Edward seemed to have as great an inclination to walk out of the room again as to advance farther into it." Marianne enters, and "her pleasure in seeing him was like every other of her feelings, strong in itself and strongly spoken. She met him with a hand that would be taken, and a voice that expressed the affection of a sister.

"Dear Edward!" she cried, 'this is a moment of great happiness! This would almost make amends for everything!'

"Edward tried to return her kindness as it deserved, but before such witnesses he dared not say half what he really felt. Again they all sat down, and for a moment or two all were silent; while Marianne was looking with the most speaking tenderness, sometimes at Edward, and sometimes at Elinor, regretting only that their delight in each other should be checked by Lucy's unwelcome presence. Edward was the first to speak, and it was to notice Marianne's altered looks, and express his fear of her not finding London agree with her.

"Oh, don't think of me!" she replied with spirited earnestness, though her eyes were filled with tears as she spoke, 'don't think of my health. Elinor is well, you see. That must be enough for us both.'

No wonder that Edward, after a little more of this pointed conversation, got up to go away.

"Going so soon!" said Marianne; 'my dear Edward, this must not be.'

"And drawing him a little aside, she whispered her persuasion that Lucy could not stay much longer. But even this encouragement failed, for he would go; and Lucy, who would have outstayed him had his visit lasted two hours, soon afterwards went away.

"What can bring her here so often?" said

Marianne, on her leaving them. "Could she not see that we wanted her gone? How teasing to Edward!"

Other scenes hardly less amusing will be found scattered up and down the volumes with no niggardly hand. In an age so prone to making selections as the present, it is a little remarkable that no one has ventured to publish a series of scenes from the great novelists, whose works are no longer generally read. The small circle—for small it probably is—who read Fielding and Jane Austen, might resent the application of the scissors to their favorite authors, but they would be consoled with the reflection that in this way a wider interest would be awakened in books now too generally neglected. We have selections from poets by the dozen, why should we not have selections from novelists? The novel is the form of literature in which the dramatic genius of the last hundred years has most adequately expressed itself; we can hardly imagine that Jane Austen, or Scott, or Thackeray, or Charlotte Brontë, will not find some readers, as long as English literature is read at all. Unfortunately the trick of writing a novel is so easily caught that we are apt to lose sight of the great masters in the scores of stories—often far from uninteresting—which are poured out on the world from year to year. All the more necessary is it that we should read the best, and ascertain why they are the best. This is a duty for every one; more especially when we think of the education and the reading of women, we might demand, with some show of reason, that among a young lady's accomplishments should be included the power of distinguishing a good novel from a bad one. From this point of view a course of Miss Austen would be most salutary.—*Temple Bar.*

SUNSET WITH CLOUDS.

THE earth grows dark about me,
But Heaven shines clear above,
As daylight slowly melts away
With the crimson light I love;
And clouds, like floating shadows
Of every form and hue,
Hover around its dying couch,
And blush a bright adieu.

Like fiery forms of angels,
 They throng around the sun—
 Courtiers that on their monarch wait,
 Until his course is run ;
 From him they take their glory ;
 His honor they uphold ;
 And trail their flowing garments forth,
 Of purple, green and gold.

Oh bliss to gaze upon them,
 From this commanding hill,
 And drink the spirit of the hour,
 While all around is still ;
 While distant skies are opening,
 And stretching far away,
 A shadowy landscape dipp'd in gold,
 Where happier spirits stray.

I feel myself immortal,
 As in yon robe of light
 The glorious hills and vales of Heaven
 Are dawning on the sight ;
 I seem to hear the murmur
 Of some celestial stream ;
 And catch the glimmer of its course
 Beneath the sacred beam.

And such, methinks with rapture,
 Is my eternal home—
 More lovely than this passing glimpse—
 To which my footsteps roam :
 There's something yet more glorious
 Succeeds this life of pain ;
 And, strengthened with a mightier hope,
 I face the world again.

Temple Bar.

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THE REVISED VERSION AND ITS ASSAILANTS.

BY F. W. FARRAR, D.D.

"Idola fori omnium molestissima sunt quæ ex fœdere verborum et nominum se insinuant in intellectum."—BACON, *Nov. Organum*.

THE attacks made upon the Revised Version have been so numerous and so severe that any one who feels the extreme value of the work is justified in coming forward to express, at least for himself, his deep sense of gratitude to the Revisers. One critic has ventured to say that scarcely one independent writer has raised a voice in their favor. Another asserts that their most unqualified admirers are to be found among ladies and Dissenters ;—and that even *their* opinion is by no means universally

favorable. Here are a few of the recent criticisms :—They have made more than 36,000 changes, or, on an average, more than two a verse, yet "they have hardly ever changed a sentence without spoiling its English."* Their "harsh, prosaic, uncomfortable, confused, undignified, pedantic, unidiomatic, and sometimes nonsensical English is so ingrained into the whole book that it is impossible to treat the defects as occa-

sional blemishes."* Their principles of revision were freely arraigned as "fundamentally wrong as well as contrary to their instructions." One critic—Dr. Malan—or, as he is introduced by the Quarterly Reviewer with a flourish of trumpets, Dr. Solomon Cæsar Malan—confining himself to seven chapters, sums up his judgment on one of those chapters in the remark that "the Revisers have made sixty changes in it; of these, one is good and one is admissible, all the rest (fifty-eight) appear either ill-judged or unnecessary." Another—Dr. Field—"has examined 104 of the changes made in the Revised Version. Of these he finds that eight are questionable; thirteen unnecessary; nineteen faulty;—sixty-four changes for the worse."† Still more unmeasured is the language of the Quarterly Reviewer. He has evidently scented the battle from afar. He leaps into the arena with unmistakable delight in the fray, and not content with raising his war-whoop and brandishing his tomahawk in a style which is perfectly terrific to quiet persons, he indulges in the shout of confident victory before a single combatant has met him on the field. The most sacred of our institutions have, it appears to him, been "constrained, each in turn, to submit to the ordeal of hostile scrutiny, sometimes even to bear the brunt of hostile attack." Now, however, "the very citadel of Revealed Truth is observed to have been reached, and to be undergoing systematic assault and battery."‡ The Revisers have, in defiance of their instructions, produced an entirely new Greek Text, in which "the Textus Receptus has been departed from by them far more than 5000 times, almost invariably for the worse."§ With regard to one of the most famous of their changes,|| in the humble judg-

ment of the Reviewer, "if the Church of England, at their bidding, were to adopt this and thousands of other disfigurements of the sacred page—depravations with which the Church Universal was once well acquainted, but which, in her corporate character, she has long since unconditionally condemned and abandoned—she would deserve to be pointed at with scorn by the rest of Christendom."* Misled throughout "by the unsatisfactory decrees and eager advocacy of Drs. Westcott and Hort," they "have constructed a Text demonstrably more remote from the Evangelistic verity than any which has yet seen the light."†

But all this is nothing! Encouraged by the success of a second edition, and elated by the cheers of his partisans, the Quarterly Reviewer warms to his work. He mingles pathos with denunciation. He weeps as he slays. "Who was to suppose that the instructions given to the Revisionists would be systematically disregarded? Who was to imagine that an utterly untrustworthy Greek text, constructed on mistaken principles, would be the fatal result? Who was to foresee that, instead of removing the plain and clear errors of the one version, the Revisionists would themselves introduce a countless number of blemishes unknown to it before? Above all, how was it to be imagined that they would have sown broadcast over four continents doubts as to the truth of Scripture which it will never be in their power either to remove or to recall?"‡ "Their ill-advised practice" of recording in the margin certain of the blunders of ancient authorities "can only result in hopelessly unsettling the faith of millions."§ "Alas! how many a deadly blow at Revealed Truth hath—"the Reviewer becomes archaic and prophetic as the iron tears fall in showers down his cheeks while he contemplates the depravity of the offenders whom he has been laying low—"hath been in this way aimed with fatal adroitness, which

abandoned the reading *θεός*, and one of the first Greek scholars in England—Canon Kennedy—has said that "it is now abandoned by all Anglican divines."

* *Quarterly Review*, p. 365 † *Ibid.* p. 368.

‡ *Ibid.* No. 305, Jan. 1882, p. 2.

The italics are the Reviewer's.

§ *Ibid.* p. 2.

* Sir E. Beckett, p. 192.

† So says the *Quarterly Review*, January, 1882, p. 18. Any one, however, who has read with admiration the "*Otium Norvicense*" of Dr. Field must feel quite sure that Dr. Field would be the last person to endorse the Reviewer's general indictments or to approve of his style.

‡ *Ibid.*, No. 304, Oct. 1881, p. 307.

§ *Ibid.* p. 366.

|| The all but certain reading of *ὁς* for *θεός* in 1 Tim. iii. 16. Even Bishop Wordsworth—and all readers who have studied the subject will know how much that "even" means—has

no amount of orthodox learning"—the reader will note the beautifully modest and truly theological spirit of those words—"will ever be able to parry, much less to repel!"* And, again, "Alas for the learning which comes abroad only to mislead the blind, and to perplex the weak, and to unsettle the doubting!" But the iron tears are soon wiped, and we begin to hear once more the war-whoop. "Morbidity striving after etymological accuracy, added to a calamitous preference for a new text." "These are a handful of the less conspicuous instances of a change in the English; every one of them being either a pitiful blunder or else a gross fabrication." "Changes which convict a majority of their body alike of an imperfect acquaintance with the genius of the Greek language and of scarcely even a moderate appreciation of the idiomatic proprieties of their own." "Is the Church of England to be dragged through the mire also and made ridiculous in the eyes of Christendom?"† "Lamentable lack of critical judgment;" "fidgetty anxiety;" "offensive pedantry;" "uncouth phraseology;" "jerky sentences;" "the work before us is an utter failure;" "bad taste and singular lack of judgment;" "this unfortunate production;"—these are a few of the Reviewer's—shall I say *criticisms*? He lays the Revision down "convinced that the case of their work is simply hopeless." "Every characteristic feature of the work of the Revisionists offends us as well in respect of what they have left undone as of what they have been the first to venture to do." "Displeasure," "sadness," "annoyance," "disappointment," "concern," "surprise," "disapprobation," are but faint expressions of his feelings. Even the fact that "the EVIL ONE has been actually thrust into the Lord's Prayer," is not "a set-off," but is apparently "the most injudicious and unwarrantable innovation in this unhappy volume." The chief solace to the Revisionists must be that "this work of theirs will discharge the office of a warning beacon," to convince men of

the danger of "venturing too near the same wreck-strewn shore."

We have not been informed that these articles in the *Quarterly Review* were written by a lady; but if they were, "the lady protests too much methinks." I hope that even those of the public who have not the requisite training to be able to enter with personal knowledge into the merits of the controversy will not for a moment be misled by all this sound and fury, which, if it does not "signify nothing," admits, at any rate, of being very calmly and very decisively answered. Even one who cannot pretend to have had the leisure necessary to a lifelong study of the subject could furnish a reply to the Reviewer's allegations, sentence by sentence, and page by page. There are not a few of the Revisers who, if they thought it worth while to speak, could refute most of his assertions with an overwhelming mass of demonstration. Fortunately he has written in a style which refutes himself. The most unlettered Englishman who reads over the names of the Revisers will regard the Reviews as a melancholy exhibition of bigotry and prejudice. Who—or, if I may borrow the italics of the *Quarterly Reviewer*, *Who*—are the scholars and gentlemen thus wildly, arrogantly, and indiscriminately arraigned? Among them—although the Reviewer gives it as *his* opinion that they "have shown themselves singularly deficient in their critical acquaintance with Greek" (!)—were not only some of the most consummate Greek scholars in England—such as the Bishop of Salisbury, the Deans of Rochester, Llandaff, and Lincoln, Canon Kennedy, and Prebendary Humphry; but others, who, in addition to unrivalled scholarship and accuracy, have, like the Bishops of Gloucester and Durham, Professors Hort and Milligan, and Canon Westcott, devoted their lives to sacred studies. Combined with these were men so learned, so dispassionate, so eminent, alike in literature and theology, as the Archbishop of Dublin, the Archdeacons of Dublin and Oxford, Prebendary Scrivener, Dr. Angus, Dr. Moulton, Dr. Vance Smith, and others scarcely less competent for their task. There is not one of these whose separate opinion is not to the full as valuable as that of the

* *Quarterly Review*, Jan. 1882, p. 10.

† It appears that this will be the serious consequence of the marginal annotation to Acts xxviii. 1:—"Some ancient authorities read Melitene!"

Reviewer, be he who he may. Their *collective* opinion, or the opinion of a majority of two-thirds of them, has the very highest authority. Nor must it be forgotten that during their lifetime they had the aid of such men as Dr. Eadie, Dean Stanley, and Dean Alford. Plato somewhere makes the remark, that "it is not reasonable to assume that a wise man is talking nonsense" :—is it even possible to conceive that twenty-four of our best English scholars, carefully and impartially chosen, should, with a host of previous versions in their hands, and all the aids of nineteen centuries of learning before them, sit for some 3000 hours over a period of ten years, and after five or six careful revisions, produce a work so hopelessly bad as the Quarterly Reviewer, to his own satisfaction, has made out? If I am not very much mistaken his diatribe will be ranked hereafter among the choicest specimens of literary curiosities.*

It will rank, for instance, with the similar outcry of the scholarly but impracticable Hugh Broughton, in 1611. Broughton was a man of violent prejudice and eccentric erudition. He was extremely piqued that he had not been placed among the translators, and he perhaps suspected that his own arrogance and perversity had been the cause of his exclusion. He was still more piqued because the translators rejected the one suggestion (on Gen. iv. 26) which he had sent to them. *Hinc illae lacrimae!* "The late Bible," he writes, "was sent to me to censure, which bred in me a

sadness which will grieve me while I breathe. It is so ill done. Tell his Majesty that I had rather be rent to pieces with wild horses than any such translation, by my consent, should be urged on the poor churches of England."

Such was the reception originally given by a few irate scholars to "our matchless, our incomparable," Authorized Version! Does one not catch the very accent of the Quarterly Reviewer who was to come? Human nature is the same in all ages, and history repeats itself.

The Revisers will not be in the least surprised, nor at all hurt, by the chorus of animadversion and the burst of ingratitude and abuse with which their work has been received. "Zeal to promote the common good, whether it be by devising anything ourselves, or revising that which hath been labored by others, deserveth, certainly, much respect and esteeme, but yet findeth but cold intertainment in the world. It is welcomed with suspicion instead of love, and with emulation instead of thanks: and if there be any hole left for cavill to enter (and cavill, if it doe not finde a hole, will make one) it is sure to bee misconstrued, and in danger to be condemned. This will easily be granted by as many as knowe story, or have any experience. For was there every anything projected that savoured any way of newnesse and renewing, but the same endured many a storme of gaine-saying, or opposition? . . . As oft as we do anything of

note or consequence, we subject ourselves to every one's censure, and happy is he that is least tossed upon tongues; for utterly to escape the snatch of them it is impossible." So wrote the Translators of 1611. The Revisers of 1881 might use the same words. The Translators prophesied that they would meet with "uncharitable imputations;" and Hugh Broughton, with others, fulfilled their prophecy. Thomas Ward, for instance, accused them of blasphemy, most damnable corruptions, intolerable deceit, and vile imposture; and he tells us, just as the Reviewer does, that he made these charges "not under the dictates of passion, but the just resentment of a zealous mind." The previous quotation shows that the only difference between the Reviewer and such men as

* Is it quite possible to resist a little indignation, with a strong admixture of another and different feeling, when one reads such sentences as "it is high time for every faithful man to bestir himself, *ne quid detrimenti respublica capiat*"? Desperate indeed will be the condition of the Republic when it calls for the aid of such a Dictator as the Quarterly Reviewer, and such axes and fasces as those which he has displayed. The Revisers "must experience at the hands of the Church nothing short of stern and well-merited rebuke." They *have* received the thanks of Convocation, and to all the Reviewer's talk it is more than sufficient to oppose the words of the Bishop of Lincoln: "The Revised Version . . . ought to be in the hands of every student of God's Word." "They (the Revisers) are entitled to the reverential homage of the whole Anglican Communion." (On the Revised Version, pp 31, 32.) The Quarterly Reviewer and the Bishop of Lincoln—*Utri creditis, Quirites?*

Hugh Broughton and Thomas Ward is that the intervening centuries have, to a very slight extent, modified the ferocity though hardly the bitterness, of his expressions. The Authorized Version won an easy victory over such attacks, and so will the Revised.*

It is, however, positively refreshing to turn from the Reviewer to Sir Edmund Beckett, who, though he hits hard, hits in a thoroughly English way, and shows nothing of that most repellent of all phenomena—the wrath of an aggrieved theologian. The Quarterly Reviewer can be refuted as fully as he desires as soon as any scholar has the leisure to answer him. It is not from the smallest dread of encountering his arguments that they are here left on one side. My present task is only to say a few friendly words in reply to Sir Edmund Beckett. I am sorry that they can only be a few, because there is scarcely one of the instances selected for animadversion in which it would not be possible to show that the Revisers had the wisest reasons for the changes which they have made. But Sir Edmund's book contains 194 pages, and in twenty pages it will be obviously impossible to meet him point by point. All that I can attempt will be to say a word in answer to those charges which he evidently regards as the strongest and most important. In doing this, I shall be under the great disadvantage of not being able to illustrate the immense *positive* merits of the Revision. I will, therefore, ask the reader to bear in mind that I am here only engaged in the disagreeable task of answering objections chosen out of a limited area. If I were dealing with the positive and not the negative side of the question, it would be easy to produce scores of instances in which the New Version has rendered services which appear to me to be quite inestimable to the cause of religion and of truth. Sir Edmund complains of those clergymen whose view of liberty it is "to make their parishioners submit to whatever their ministers like to put upon them." Now, as far as reading the Revised Version in church is concerned, I, for one, have always meant to wait until the law,

* For some account of these half-forgotten critics see Dr. Eadie's "English Bible," ii. 264-271.

in some form or other, has authorized us to do so; nor should I dream of forcing it, without necessity, upon a reluctant congregation. Nevertheless, I cannot but believe that there must be large numbers of cultivated men and women in every congregation who, in spite of the infinite charm of association and familiarity which they find in the stately and beautiful rhythm of the Authorized Version, do not for a moment admit that the New Version—tested as it has been by deliberate and careful reading—is so harsh and uncouth as some have asserted. Even if it were, they would yet rejoice that at last they were allowed to hear what the Apostles and Evangelists really wrote; to substitute what is correct for what is incorrect, and what is literal for much that is inaccurate and wrong. In spite of the wild "theological" talk of the Quarterly Reviewer about "unsettling the faith of millions," etc., etc. (*nostis istas λεκόμενους!*) it is certain that no questions of faith or doctrine are altered by the New Version.* On the other hand, it would be easy to produce a hundred instances in which the force and truth and beauty of the original have been made to shine out to such an extent as has never been equalled in any translation since the words of revelation came fresh and burning from apostolic hearts.†

It will be best in our limited space to leave aside all general questions of text. In spite of Dean Burgon's essay on the subject, the minds of most scholars are quite unalterably made up on such questions as the authenticity of the last twelve verses of St. Mark and other passages on which Sir Edmund touches, and about which the Quarterly Reviewer manifests especial fury. The whole question of the text has been dealt with by Drs. Westcott and Hort with such profound

* "Not one of these 36,000 changes affects one tittle or iota of the Christian faith." Bishop of Lincoln, p. 7.

† In Archdeacon Allen's gravamen to Convo-cation he specifies, "as undoubted instances in which the Authorized Version is wrong and the Revised Version right," John x. 16; the omission of 1 John v. 7; Matt. vi. 25, ix. 17; Luke xvi. 8, 9, xxiii. 15; Acts xxi. 15; Rom. viii. 20; 1 Cor. iv. 4, ix. 29; 2 Cor. viii. 1; 1 Pet. iii. 21. But in truth the careful reader of the original might find such instances on every page.

knowledge and such masterly power, in their second volume that those who are really able to study the subject, and who have taken the trouble to do so, need not be misled by either shouts or syllogisms. They will there find that all the Reviewer's remarks have been amply answered by anticipation, and answered by scholars and divines who are to him "as captain is to subaltern." Sir Edmund's objections are mainly confined to mere questions of translation, and it is on those questions that I wish to say a word on the other side. If the Quarterly Reviewer is the Hugh Broughton of critics, Sir E. Beckett resembles Dr. Gell. For Dr. Gell criticised the English of the Authorized Version as Sir Edmund does that of the Revised. He complained of the inversions of the Translators, their supplemental terms, the obtrusion of their personal opinions, and their insertions in the *margin* of what he held to be the better and truer renderings. The complaints now urged against the Revisers are in many instances to the same effect.

I. Sir Edmund says, for instance, that many of the alterations "are due to modern rules about the meaning of using or omitting the Greek definite article;"* and he thinks that the New Testament writers did not always observe these rules, "because, if they did, they sometimes wrote nonsense." In saying this he reminds us of the outcry of Archbishop Standish, who, with a flood of tears, declared at St. Paul's Cross that he was not going to be sent to school by "a shallow and pretentious Grecian" like Erasmus.

But what does Sir Edmund mean by "modern rules"? The only question is, whether the rules are true or not. The rules as to the use of the Greek article are founded on the inductions of the ancient Greek grammarians, corrected and expanded by that study of the language itself, and the usage of its best writers, which has been ten times more profound and thorough since the days of Bentley than it ever was before. The New Testament is written in Hellenistic Greek—that is, Greek as currently spoken after the days of Alexander even by those who were not Greeks by birth. Now, not only has our gen-

eral knowledge of the Greek language become far more accurate than it was at any previous period, but the specialities of the Hellenistic dialect have been thoroughly mastered by the labors of many successive grammarians and lexicographers. Writers will, of course, differ from each other in all matters which affect extreme nicety of usage, since languages themselves differ so widely that some, like the Latin, have no articles at all.* And yet it was this very want of an article in Latin which caused some of the defects of the Vulgate, and consequently led our own Translators into error. But two axioms may be definitely laid down, and on both of them the Revisers have acted: the one, that in the vast majority of instances the reason for the expression or omission of the article by the New Testament writers is easily ascertainable; the other, that where the reason is ascertainable, it is the simple duty of the translator to represent the meaning of the original writer, and not to abandon it for the sake of supposed euphony, or because he fancies that he can improve upon the original. His duty is not to amend, but to translate. "Aliud est esse vatem," says St. Jerome, "aliud esse interpretem."

1. Now, as Sir Edmund's objections are based again and again on the attention paid by the Revisers to the article, I will examine, almost at random, some of his instances. The remarks which apply to these instances apply to many more. It would be easy to show that there are *many* cases in which the restoration of the article omitted in our Authorized Version gives some important or valuable result;† but I will content

* "Articulus Græcis superfluous," says Scaliger, "nobis nullus!"

† The restoration of the article by the Revisers is interesting *historically* in Matt. ii. 4, iv. 5-9, 22, v. 1; Mark v. 13; Luke xvii. 17, xviii. 11, xxiv. 10; John iii. 10, viii. 3; Acts ix. 2; 2 Thess. ii. 3; 1 Cor. v. 7, ix. 4; 2 Cor. ii. 6, 17, xii. 13, 18; Rev. vii. 14. It is *important doctrinally* in Matt. xii. 41, xxiv. 12; John. v. 35; Gal. iii. 10 *seq.*; Rom. v. 9, xii. 19 and *passim*; Col. i. 19; Heb. xi. 10; Jas. v. 20. Bentley pointed out more than a century ago the theological loss that results from the neglect of the articles in Rom. v. 15-19. The wrong *insertion* of the article in the A. V. is objectionable in 1 Tim. vi. 10; 2 Cor. iii. 15, etc. Instances might be endlessly multiplied.

myself with following Sir Edmund in instances which he has selected for special animadversion out of the books of St. Matthew, the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the Revelation of St. John.

a. Matt. v. 15, "Neither do men light a lamp (λύχνον) and put it under the bushel (τὸν μωδῖον)." Why—such is the complaint—should the Revisers have substitute "lamp" for "candle," and why should they have put "*the*" before "bushel"? The answer is precisely the same as must be given to scores of these objections. It is because λύχνος means "a lamp," and not "a candle;" and because St. Matthew wrote "*the* bushel," not "*a* bushel." If local coloring and correct archæology be of any value at all—nay, even if it be of no value—the translator has no right to put an incorrect term when he has a correct one ready at hand. "*The* bed," Sir E. admits, is quite intelligible, "because that is one known piece of furniture; but what is '*the* bushel'?" The answer is that "*the* bushel" is used because in general there was but one of these measures in the poor houses from which our Lord and His hearers came; and that, since He used the article, nothing but ignorance of Greek could excuse an accurate translator for passing it over.

b. Matt. v. 32, "*The* hell of fire." "Nobody," says Sir E., "ever heard of it before." Alas, no! If they had, and still more if the Revisers had here had the courage to follow the direct and undeniable example of our Lord, by transliterating into English the technical Hebrew word Gehenna, which He would not translate, but (*because* it was technical) transliterated from Hebrew into Greek—then a vast amount of glaring and dangerous error might have been dispelled. For what is the true and only proper translation? Not even "*the* hell of fire," but "*the Gehenna* of fire," as the Revisers rightly render it in the margin. Not "*the* hell of fire," because the connotations of the word "*hell*," in its most important particulars, are—as I have elsewhere proved beyond the possibility of a doubt*—in direct contradiction to those of the word "*Gehenna*." "*Hell*"—in the popular dogmatism even of learned theologi-

ans—means a punishment exclusively everlasting; "*Gehenna*," the technical Hebrew word used by our Lord and His Apostles, meant—as a matter of the most absolute certainty—a punishment *normally terminable*. Sir Edmund could have chosen no instance which more decisively shows the importance of the Greek article, and the fatal results which may follow from carelessness in rendering it.

c. Matt. xi. 2, "*The* Christ." Sir Edmund says that the Revisers "seem always to have introduced '*the*' before Christ in the Gospels," and considers that this has been done "in a manner quite unnatural and offensive, considering that Christ has for nearly nineteen centuries now been a proper name." But Sir E. has here unwittingly given the very reason why the accuracy of the Revisers is not only correct, but really important. In the Gospels the word "Christ," with scarcely a single exception, is *not* a proper name, but the designation of an office. Herod did *not* ask the Sanhedrin "where Christ should be born," but "where *the* Christ"—i.e., the promised Messiah—"should be born." St. John did not hear in prison the works of Christ, but *Messianic* works—the works of *the* Messiah. The fact that "Christ" became a proper name, even within the New Testament epoch, is one of the silent indications of the rapid growth of Christianity. The passage of the word "Christ" from the designation of an office to the name of a person is determined by the great landmark of the resurrection from the dead. That landmark, obliterated by the A. V.,* is restored by the Revisers.

d. Matt. xiii. 3, 7, "*The* sower went forth to sow." "What sower?" asks Sir E., and quotes the Bishop of Lincoln in condemnation of the article, although St. Matthew used it. Of course we have all known since we were boys of the use of the "generic article," which Bishop Wordsworth, Dr. Malan, and others think a sufficient ground for condemning the Revisers for making this change. But our Lord said "*the* sower," just as He said "*the* thorns," and "*the* rock," because He was fol-

* For brevity's sake I will henceforth allude to the Authorized Version as the A. V.

* "Mercy and Judgment," pp. 180-221.

lowing that Divine method which characterized his teaching, of *drawing lessons from that which He and his hearers saw before their eyes*. There was the sower actually sowing before them! There, as I have seen on the spot, is the trodden path, and the thorns, and the rocky ground, and the birds of the air, which the Speaker pointed out, as He emphasized, through the witness of the eyes, the instruction of the soul. It is never safe for the translators of a sacred book to be inaccurate for the sake of euphony, or associations, or fancy, or *a priori* reasoning, or anything else. Had they been so in this instance, we should have lost some of the gracious pictures which enable us to reproduce in all its original vividness that beautiful scene. We do not want familiar inaccuracy or pretty-sounding error: we want what Jesus said.

e. Heb. vi. 16, "*The oath is final for confirmation.*" "What oath? Here is an article gone mad!" Well, if so, the article went mad in the original. No doubt the writer could have said "*an oath*" if he had so desired; but he said—and therefore the Revisers had no choice but to say—the oath. What oath? Is it very difficult to answer, "the oath to which men always appeal as a final resource?" In this case the change is not very important, but Sir Edmund's criticisms affect the writer, not the Revisers. They had simply no right to obliterate the article which he used.

f. Heb. ix. 27, "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after this *cometh* judgment." "As if there could be the smallest doubt that it meant *the* judgment!" I humbly submit that there is every doubt; nay, more, that there is positive certainty that it does *not* mean "*the* judgment," in the sense in which that word is popularly understood. By abandoning the article which King James's translators here incorrectly inserted, the Revisers help, as they have done in so many other places, silently to remove deep seated errors. At the death of each of us there follows "*a* judgment," as the sacred writer says; *the* judgment, the final judgment, may not be for centuries to come. In the omission of that unauthorized little article from the A. V. by the Revisers lies

no less a doctrine than that of the existence of an Intermediate State.

Nothing could be easier than to follow Sir Edmund through all the other instances in which he criticises the insertion of the article by the Revisers. In every instance it is defensible; in the great majority of instances necessary; in some it was profoundly important. The criticisms really fall on the New Testament writers, not on the Revisers.

"Ignoscit corvis, vexat censura columbas."

II. But, if Sir Edmund is angry with the attention paid by the Revisers to the "modern rules"—in other words, the *correct* rules—for rendering the article, he is still more so with their observance of the modern rules—in other words the only rules there are—about the tenses, and especially the aorists. He says, that "the Evangelists and Apostles clearly did *not* mind these aorists and articles and particles as good scholars may expect them to have done, because we find that it sometimes makes nonsense or confusion to assume that they did;" and he refers to a number of instances to prove his astonishing point.

i. I reply, generally, that the Apostles and Evangelists demonstrably *did* attend to the difference between aorists and perfects; that they would not have been writing Greek at all if they did not; and that in nearly every instance the reason of their usage can be explained and justified. It is perfectly true that in *some* instances the idiomatic usage of English differs from that of Greek; and that in a *few* instances the *practical* distinction between the meaning of one tense and the other is so small that either might have been used. But the highest authority in Hellenistic grammar—Dr. Winer—says, "It cannot be distinctly shown from *any* passages that could be adduced that the aorist stands for the perfect;" and those who have carefully studied the tenses of the New Testament are well aware that this is the case. The Quarterly Reviewer and Sir E. Beckett may be as vexed, or surprised, or indignant as they like, but the obliteration of the Greek aorist in the A. V. has undoubtedly altered the perspective of some Christian truths, and concealed one of the most marked characteristics of apos-

tolie thought. Nothing can more decisively prove the radical distinction between aorists and perfects—aorists expressive of actions which took place at some indefinite moment in the past, perfects expressive of actions just completed, or of which the effects are still permanent—than that the sacred writers, in not a few passages, use the two tenses by way of contrast in the very same clause, and always with an accurate discrimination of their meaning. Thus we find :—

John i. 3, "Without Him *was* not anything *made* (ἐγένετο) which *hath been made* (γέγονεν)."

1 Cor. ix. 22, "I *became* (ἐγενόμην) to the weak as weak. I *have become* (γέγονα) all things to all."

Col. i. 16, 17, "In Him *were* all things *created* (ἐκτίσθη); all things *have been created* (ἐκτίσται) through Him and unto Him."

2 Cor. vii. 13, 14, "We *have been comforted* (παρακεκλήμεθα) and we *rejoiced* (ἐχάρημεν) in the joy of Titus, because his spirit *has been* refreshed (ἀναπέπνυται)" etc.*

And as for the aorist, taken alone, it is remarkable that whereas in our A. V. the verbs expressive of great crises of the Christian life are always rendered by perfects ("I *have been* crucified with Christ," "He *hath* quickened me," "Ye *have been* sealed," "He *hath* saved us"), in St. Paul, on the other hand (and therefore in the Revised Version), all these acts are looked on, as Bishop Lightfoot justly points out, "as summed up in one definite act in the past; *potentially* to all men in our Lord's Passion and Resurrection, *actually* to each individual man when he accepts Christ, is baptized into Christ."† Is it right that a conception so profound and remarkable should simply disappear because of sheer carelessness about the rendering of tenses? When St. Paul says that "Christ *was buried* (ἐτάφη)

and *hath been raised* (ἐγήγερται)" he emphasizes by a touch the fact that the death and burial of Christ were, so to speak, but for a moment, while his Resurrection means nothing less than infinite, permanent, and continuous life. To me, then, it seems that the translators *could not but* notice the distinction between perfects and aorists, and that for their faithfulness and accuracy in this respect they deserve, not bitter complaints, but grateful recognition.

ii. And besides this general answer, I reply specifically that I have not observed one of the instances adduced against the Revisers in respect of this change in which they would have been justified in leaving untouched the loose renderings of the A. V. For instance :—

a. Matt. ii. 2, "We *saw* his star in the East, and *are come*." Bishop Wordsworth, of St. Andrews, and others, protest against this. Yet nothing but custom blinds us from seeing that the "we have seen" of the English Version is incorrect. It is incorrect, in the first place, because the Evangelist wrote εἶδομεν and not ἑωράκαμεν. It is incorrect, secondly, because it conceals the fact that the Magi had not seen the star just before, but had seen it in the far land from which they came.

b. Matt. ii. 15, "Out of Egypt *did I call* my son." What could the Revisers do but alter the incorrect rendering of the A. V. ? The Greek is not κέκληκα but ἐκάλεσα. The A. V. confuses the entire meaning of the passage, and hides the invariable method of St. Matthew in his references to Old Testament prophecies. Hoshea's reference (Hosh. xi. 1) is to the *calling forth of the Israelites from Egypt*; and St. Matthew only adduces the passage as a prophecy on that principle of interpretation which regarded as Messianic the whole cycle of events in the history of Israel. It is by a restoration of the tenses actually used that we may expect, in this and hundreds of other texts, to rekindle a light of understanding which has long faded away in those fogs of arbitrary and fantastic exegesis which are to many who would arrogate to themselves the exclusive title of "theologians" as the very breath of their nostrils. We do not want that sort of theology. We want truth. We do not want either tradition

* For other instances see 2 Cor. v. 17, xvii. 17, 18; 1 John iv. 9, 10, 14.

† See Rom. vi., Col. ii. and iii., Gal. ii. *passim*, Eph. i. 11, 13, ii. *passim*, etc. All these "baptismal aorists," which, as the Bishop of Derry says, "shows that St. Paul surveys the whole field of spiritual life from a baptismal point of view," are obliterated in the A. V. In some instances this neglect of the aorist is theologically disastrous, as in 2 Cor. v. 14.

or ecclesiasticism, or St. Augustine, or St. Thomas Aquinas. Still less do we want the elaborate fictions of hosts of later commentators. We want the sweet air of Heaven and the pure light of day.

III. Similar reasons for the Revisers' accuracy might be offered again and again, and scores of passages might be adduced in which they thus restore some deep and unnoticed thought of the sacred writer. And, surely, the last who ought to complain are those who have so loudly proclaimed their adhesion to what Faber calls the "grotesque fanaticism" of letter-worship, which I am glad to see that Sir Edmund Beckett repudiates. Of course if it were true that, in seeking for accuracy, the Revisers have sacrificed English idiom, or if it were true that they have (as Sir Edmund reiterates) ever perpetrated "nonsense," by *failing* to be faithful—then their changes would be indefensible. But we deny the sacrifice of English idiom, however rigidly that phrase be interpreted; and if there be "nonsense"—which we deny most emphatically—then it lies in the words of the original, not in the exactness of the reproduction. It is true that we in English sometimes use perfects where Greeks used aorists, not of course because the perfect is the same thing as the aorist, but because we look at the same acts from different points of view. This the Revisers have seen, and have allowed for. But that is no reason why we should not retain the original aorist when there is absolutely nothing in our own idiom to prevent us from doing so. The charge of "wooden pedantry," so often brought against the Revisers, really applies to those who would clamp the English language into a rigid formalism which its genius repudiates. The English language is a living organism, not a dead product.

Now we are only following the instances which our critic has adduced, and he naturally imagines that he has got a strong point in the scornful remarks which he makes about the rendering of certain tenses in the Epistle to the Hebrews. So, at first sight, he has; but his apparent strength turns out to be a special weakness.

Heb. ix. 18, "The first covenant *hath not been* dedicated without blood."

Heb. vii. 6, "He . . . *hath* taken tithes of Abraham."

Heb. x. 28, "A man that *hath set at naught* Moses' law died without mercy on the word of two or three witnesses."

Heb. xi. 5, "For before his translation, he *hath witness borne to him* that he had been well-pleasing to God."

Heb. xi. 17, "Abraham, being tried, *hath offered up* (marg.) Isaac."

Now here, doubtless the reader will think that Sir Edmund has a plain case. He says that in these passages we have the "favorite sacrifice of sense to tense;" proofs that the New Testament writers "did not know" or "at any rate often disregarded" the "rules for interpreting the several past tenses;" "nonsense;" "confusion;" "bad English;" and so forth.

Yet how simple is the answer!

The use of the tenses in these and other passages of the Epistle to the Hebrews is a marked speciality of the writer's mind and method. It is as little idiomatic—in other words, as little *normal*—in Greek as in English. Why did the writer express himself in this unusual way? For the simple reason that it was a part of his idiosyncrasy, a part of his training, a part of his philosophy to regard the words and events of Scripture as *permanent and present things*. Such usages of the perfect are not found in other New Testament writers, because they had not this mental peculiarity. St. Paul, for instance, does not write thus. This remarkable peculiarity of mental vision, shown in his use of tenses, is a clear proof of the Alexandrianism of the author of the Epistle, and another of the *many* proofs that the writer is *not* St. Paul. If the English be "nonsense," "confusion," etc.—which we deny—it is so only because it faithfully preserves a hitherto unnoticed and obliterated peculiarity of the original; a peculiarity full of critical, historical, and psychological value. Several of the sacred writers have idiosyncrasies of expression. St. Matthew is fond of participles, St. Paul of repetitions, St. Mark has a peculiar structure of sentences, St. John has unusual causal connections. Were all these marks of individuality to be ruthlessly expunged? Here is a plain and clear issue for the English public. What did they desire

in the New Revision? Did they want truth, accuracy, humble fidelity, and the minutest care; or did they want their ears to be pleased by the retention of incorrect and familiar rhythms? Did they desire to have truth or tradition—to hear the word of God, or to be answered according to their idols? Did they want a correct *sumpsimus*, or their erroneous but pleasing *mumpsimus*. So much blame has been heaped upon the Revision and the Revisers that one who was not a Reviser, and whose only strong suggestion—like Hugh Broughton's of old—the Revisers partially rejected, may be permitted to say that when, after all these voices, there is peace, he firmly believes the Revised Version will inaugurate a new era of Scripture knowledge, far truer, because far less artificial and traditional, than that which has hitherto prevailed.

IV. Let us pass to another large class of renderings to which *seriatim* Sir Edmund Beckett objects. I will put several of them together that the reader may judge for himself:—

Matt. iii. 7, "Ye *offspring* of vipers."

Matt. vii. 13, "The *narrow* gate."

"xiii. 2, "All the multitude stood on the *beach*."

Matt. xiv. 26, "It is an *apparition*."

Acts xxvii. 27, "The sailors *surmised* that they were drawing near to some country."

1 Cor. xiii. 1, "A *clanging* cymbal."

On all these changes we have severe reflections, but again I ask what else could the Revisers have done? "*Strait*" is now an archaism for "narrow," and since it is almost universally mistaken by the people for the unmeaning "straight," the Revisers wisely altered it that its important sense might be better understood. The Greek words, γεννήματα, αἰγιαλος, φάντασμα, mean, and mean exactly, what the Revisers have put as their English equivalents—"offspring," "beach," "apparition."

They do not exactly mean "generation," "shore," "spirit." Those English words have other equivalents in the Greek of the New Testament. In each instance we have a distinct gain. "Generation of vipers," besides being inaccurate, was vague; "*offspring of vipers*" means, as the original meant,

that they were *serpentes e serpentibus*." "*Beach*" calls express attention to the extraordinary accuracy of the Evangelists. It is the exact word for the exact spot at which the event referred to took place, and *it suits no other spot on the whole lake*. Again, an *apparition* means, as in the Greek, something purely phantasmal. The word is confused with all kinds of other speculations when it is, as in the A. V., carelessly rendered as though it were "spirit." Sir Edmund supposes that "*surmise*" is a new word, but we already have "surmisings" in the A. V. "Clanging cymbal" is indefinitely nearer the true meaning of the grand onomatopœa used by St. Paul—χαλκὸς ἀλαλᾶζων—than the weak and incorrect "tinkling" to which we are accustomed.

V. Let us take another batch of specimens.

a. Matt. ix. 9, "Matthew sitting at the place of *toll*."

"Why not the old *custom*?" is the question asked. Principally, of course, because the word is τελώνιον, not φόρος. But "what was the *toll* for?" and the critic, being unaware of the simple answer to his own question, makes merry over the change. "Perhaps," he says, "they do not know, as any lawyer could have told them, that a *toll* is the opposite of a *tax* or *custom*, and that 'a toll' is a 'payment for transit or carriage.'" Exactly so; and therefore it would have been positively wrong to follow the A. V. in rendering τελώνιον as though St. Matthew had written φόρος. The Revisers knew this, and also knew, what Sir Edmund clearly does not know, that there was "*a toll*," in the strictest sense of the word, at that very spot. By restoring the correct version the Revisers furnish one more proof of the accuracy of the Apostolic eye-witness. How could they have been justified in translating a word by that which Sir Edmund tells us is its very opposite?

b. Matt. ix. 23, "*Flute-players*." Why not the old "minstrels"? Because the Greek is αὐληταί, and because the Revisers had no right to substitute the vague for the specific, or to conceal from us the glimpse thus given of ancient customs.

c. Matt. x. 19, "*Be not anxious* how or what ye shall speak."

Matt. vi. 34, "*Be not therefore anxious for the morrow.*"

Sir Edmund thinks that the old "*Take no thought*" "obviously expresses the meaning better." "*Take no thought*" is an archaism for "*Be not anxious.*" But to the thousands who are unaware of this it involved a dangerous mistranslation of *μη μεριμνήσητε*. The first text became to ignorant ministers an excuse for gross carelessness; the second became to unthrifty artisans an exhortation to improvidence. "*Anxious*" is, I believe, the only modern word introduced into the Revised Version; but was there not a cause?

d. Matt. xv. 6, "*Ye have made void** the word of God, *because of your tradition.*" In other words, *for the sake of* their traditional ignorance, which they took for knowledge, they *emptied of its significance* the word of God. They *could not* under any circumstances *make it of none effect* by their traditions, as the A. V. makes them do.

e. Matt. xxiv. 8, "*All these things are the beginning of travail.*" Sir Edmund Beckett ventures to call this "one of the most absurd of their alterations;" he adds that "if it were to be really understood in the proper sense here it would be *outrageous nonsense.*" Here, as in multitudes of other criticism, we see, at a glance, that Sir Edmund is writing from a standpoint of knowledge far inferior to the Revisers'. "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*" It is always dangerous, as Coleridge phrased it, to *ultra-crepidate*. For if "*travail*" be "*outrageous nonsense,*" it was "*outrageous nonsense*" deliberately uttered and as deliberately translated. The answer here is not only that *ὥδινες* means "*travail*" "*birth pangs,*" and nothing else, and that it would have been inaccurate and unfaithful to render it by the vague and, in this instance, unmeaning "*sorrows;*" but that, for a long period, the troublous times which were to precede the Messianic advent had been known by the specific name of "*the birth pangs,*" or "*travail-throes of the Messiah.*" The phrase, which is a literal rendering of the Hebrew *המשיח*

חבלי had a most peculiar technical and historical significance, long lost to English readers, but now restored by the carefulness of the Revisers.

f. Matt. xxvii. 38, "*Robbers.*" "The Revisers had much better have left 'thieves' alone: for there is no such peculiar infamy attached to highway robbers as Revisionists assume." Revisionists have assumed nothing, but have simply distinguished, as the Evangelists have invariably done, between *κλέπται*, "*thieves,*" in Matt. vi. 19. etc., and *λῃσταί*, "*robbers.*" Judas was a thief; Barabbas was a robber. The old mistranslation, besides the inexcusable want of accuracy, utterly confuses the chief significance which the Crucifixion had to many who witnessed it. Not even the Romans, not even the Pharisees, not even Herod dreamed of degrading our Lord to the level of a "*thief;*" they chose to class him as a *political incendiary* like their *Sicarii*, and bandits—followers perhaps of the school of Judas of Gaulon—whom they crucified on either side of him.

g. Rev. vii. 2, "*The whole moon became as blood.*" The critic here is extraordinarily hypercritical, not upon the Revisers, but upon St. John. St. John, in the true reading, wrote, "*the whole moon,*" or rather "*the moon, over all her surface,*" simply because he is contrasting what happened at the opening of the sixth seal with the darkening of a *third part* of her surface after the blast of the third trumpet.

h. Rev. xiii. 1, "*Diadems.*" Why diadems, instead of the old crowns? For the very simple reason that throughout the Apocalypse "*crowns*" (*στέφανοι*) belong chiefly to the Lamb and to his Saints, while "*diadems*" are the recognized insignia of the Wild Beast and his votaries. There is as great a distinction between "*crowns*" and "*diadems*" as between Immortalities (*ζῶα*) and Wild Beasts (*θῆρτα*), which are unfortunately confounded together in the A. V. Nay, more: is Sir Edmund aware that no small part of the question as to the interpretation of the Apocalypse hinges on this very word—the word *diadems*—in its special and technical sense? If not, I will leave him to seek further enlightenment.

i. James ii. 19, "*The devils also be-*

* *ἡκυρώσατε*. I do not see why the Revisers have here deviated from the aorist. It refers back to the time when the school of "Tradition" had grown up.

lieve and *shudder*." This rendering is the plea for recurrent mirth. But if St. James wrote "shudder" what could the Revisers do? And, however much the critic may laugh, St. James *did* write "shudder." The word *φρίσσειν* is unique, as "shudder" is; and "shudder" is a good English word, and is its exact equivalent. If St. James meant "tremble," he could have used, as the other sacred writers do again and again, the common Greek verb *τρέμειν*. What is there in the version, except its unfamiliar accuracy, to excite any one's laughter? The laughter is at St. James. Would it not be better to learn the lesson which he intended—that there is an awful difference between the fear which may be full of reverence and holiness and the coarse sense of physical repulsion, the horror of devilish antipathy?

j. Heb. vii. 3 and 6, "Without *genealogy*." It is not true that Melchizedek was without *descent*, in the ordinary sense of the word: it is both true, definite, and a correct version to say that he was without (recorded) *genealogy*.

k. Heb. viii. 1, "Now in the things we are saying the *chief point* is this." This is pronounced to be flat and erroneous. Yet two things are certain—namely, 1, that *κεφάλαιον* may mean a "chief point;" and 2, that it *must* have that meaning here, as both Theophylact and Suidas observe, because what the writer of the Epistle proceeds to give is a chief point and is not, in any sense of the word, a *summary*.

l. Heb. xi. 19, "From whence he did also in a *parable* receive him back." Here, again, the critic thinks that he understands the ignorance of the translators, but is in reality only ignorant of their understanding. He pronounces the Revised Version to be puzzling, ridiculous, and wrong. It is in reality an accurate preservation of a "remarkable Alexandrian allusion, and forms one of the characteristic touches in which the letter abounds."

m. Rev. xiv. 6, "Another angel flying in *mid-heaven* having an eternal gospel to proclaim." Sir Edmund seems to regard "*mid-heaven*" as a piece of "finery." But, as is so often the case, he is criticising St. John, not the Revisers. St. John here uses *μεσουράνημα*, a word absolutely unique. Which were

the Revisers to do—to retain his peculiarity by an exact English equivalent, or, as Sir Edmund suggests, to efface it by "in the midst of heaven"? They use the words "*a gospel*," not "*the Gospel*," because St. John does. He is not alluding (as Sir Edmund supposes) to "*the Gospel*," but to the *special* message which follows. They call the gospel "*eternal*," not "*everlasting*," because *αἰώνιος* never necessarily involves (though it may connote) the notion of endlessness, but even, in many instances, absolutely excludes it.

n. Rev. iv. 6, "*Living creatures*." It is fairly astonishing that the critics of the Revisers should find fault with the substitution of "*living creatures*" for the ruinous mistranslation "*Beasts*." Owing to the modern connotation of "*beasts*," the word had become singularly degraded and unfortunate in such a juxtaposition. Further than that, it most unhappily obliterates the principle of allusive contrast on which the whole Book of Revelation hinges. The *θήρια*, or Wild Beasts, are the servants of Satan; the *ζῶα*, or Immortalities, are near the throne of God. The same word is used in the A. V. for two sets of Beings which, in the original, stand to each other in the utmost conceivable degree of contrast and opposition.

VI. It would be tedious to follow Sir Edmund Beckett through all his pages of almost unbroken fault-finding. Even in the few instances in which I agree with him in thinking that the Revision might be amended, it would still be easy to point out that the deviation from the A. V. may be supported by valid reasons. But I will proceed to examine the two instances, to one of which our critic thinks that "*the nonsense prize*" ought to be awarded, while "*the destruction prize*" ought to be assigned to the other.

i. He awards "*the nonsense prize*" to the Revised Version of Rev. xv. 6, "The seven Angels arrayed with *precious stones*, pure and bright," for the "clothed in pure and white linen," of the A. V. Now when Sir Edmund made merry over this new reading at the meeting in which he "ventured to throw a stone at these lapidaries," I endeavored to show that the Revised Version was not, at any rate, "*an absurdity*" because Milton had also armed his

Angels—probably with no reference to the reading of *λίθον* for *λίνον* adopted by the Revisers—in precious stone ; and I quoted both—

"Though huge, and in a rock of diamond armed,"

and

"Let each
His adamantine coat gird well."

Is this absurd or grotesque? If so, is Horace, also, absurd or grotesque, when he writes—

"Martem tunicâ tectum adamantinâ"?

and Claudian, with his—

"Mavors adamante coruscat"?

But those are "images—poetical images." One asks in amazement, and is not the Apocalypse full of "images—poetic images," from the first page to the last? But then "*λίθος* alone, without some adjective, never means a precious stone." Be it so: but here we have *two* adjectives, both eminently suitable to precious stones—namely, "pure and bright." And, lastly, how if "stone" and *not* "linen" were simply the true reading? If so, then Sir Edmund has been flinging more stones, not at the Revisers, but at St. John. "Stone" is, at any rate, the reading of A, C, of various Cursives, of ancient MSS. known to the famous Apocalyptic commentator Andreas, and of some first-rate versions. It is the less commonplace reading, and therefore—without laying any *undue* stress on the sensible and recognized rule of "*faciliori lectioni præstat ardua*"—the most likely to have been altered. Sir Edmund objects that in this case St. John would have used the plural, "stones." But has he never noticed the partiality of the Seer for splendid monoliths of gems? When, in addition to these considerations, we read Ezek. xxviii. 13, in the LXX., and see that it was almost certainly in St. John's thoughts; and are reminded finally by Drs. Westcott and Hort that *λίνον* does not normally mean "fine linen" and that for "fine linen" St. John uses another word (*βύσσινον*), the new reading acquires the highest degree of probability, and even the critic can enjoy the splendor of the image; he is

at any rate pouring his ridicule on that which St. John most probably wrote.

ii. The "*destruction prize*" is awarded to Rev. xxii. 10, "He that is unrighteous *let him do unrighteousness* still; and he that is filthy *let him be made filthy* still; and he that is righteous *let him do righteousness* still; and he that is holy *let him be made holy* still." The reader will see at a glance that, sublime and beautiful as is our A. V., the "*destruction prize*" must be awarded, not to the Revisers, but to King James's translators; or rather to the singularly corrupt text, or no text, of the Apocalypse to which alone they had access. For undoubtedly the true readings are *ῥυπαρευθήτω* (or *ῥυπανθήτω*) and *δικαιοσύνην ποιησάτω*. And here, again, Sir Edmund gets out of his depth. It is abundantly clear that he has not grasped what the Revisers knew to be the true meaning. The incorrect version of the A. V. has misled him into the terribly false misconception, which he shares with the multitude, that the text is the strongest way of saying "*that he is condemned to eternal filthiness*." God forbid! It is in reality an exhortation to repent during "the short time" which is left before the then immediate Advent of Christ in the close of the Old Dispensation—an exhortation only rendered more intense by the force of an irony which was adopted with merciful intentions.

VII. Instead of following the other objections step by step, let us take one passage, the one which has been most generally condemned, and to which even so friendly a critic as the Dean of Peterborough objects as spoiling the "*splendid sweep*" of the A. V. It is the remarkable opening passage of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

"God, *having of old time spoken* unto the fathers, *in the prophets*, by *divers portions* and in *divers manners*, hath, *at the end of these days*, spoken unto us *in his Son*, whom He appointed heir of all things, *through whom* also He made the worlds, who being the *effulgence* of his glory, and the *very image* of his *substance*, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when *He had made purification of sins*, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high; *having become* by so much better than

the Angels, as He hath inherited a more excellent name than they."

Now in this passage undoubtedly the R. Version will at first sight—but, I am convinced, only at first sight—appear at its worst, because we shall miss the stately eloquence of the A. V. with which we are so familiar. Much of the apparent harshness of the Revisers is, however, unreal. Our sense of it must be largely discounted. It is due, in no small measure, to the shock which we receive by the substitution of unfamiliar terms for others which association has made very dear to us. We must not forget that even our A. V. was assailed at the first appearance with reproaches exactly similar to those which are now used against the Revisers. The "bad English" of the A. V. was complained of in those days in exactly the same tone and spirit as the asserted "bad English" of our Revisers is complained of now. And in favor of this criticism is quoted the authority of Mr. Spurgeon and Mr. G. Washington Moon! Well, time will show! But if we are to have authoritative dicta about what is, and what is not, good English, I venture to think that the authority of such men as the Bishops of Durham and Gloucester, the Deans of Rochester and Llandaff, and Canons Kennedy and Westcott, not to speak of all the other Revisers, is incomparably superior to that of either Mr. Spurgeon or Mr. Moon.

Now in this passage Sir Edmund Beckett sees no difference of meaning to compensate for the loss of euphony. He calls "*by divers portions*" a bad translation; "*effulgence*" is "somewhat vulgar finery." "The image of a *substance*" appears to him an impossibility.

And yet the Revisers are in every instance indisputably accurate, and more accurate than the Translators; and their accuracy is a gain which repays us a thousandfold for the harshness—I am bold to say the purely imaginary harshness—of their diction. Πολυμερῶς *does* mean "in many portions"—i.e., fragmentarily; and it does *not* mean "at sundry times." The correct word brings out a most important truth, and one which is constantly forgotten to the utter ruin of all Old Testament interpretation. It was (in the true reading) "at the end of these

days"*—i.e., at the close of the period of the Fathers—and not "in these last days," that God had spoken in His Son. In strict theological accuracy the worlds were made *through* (διὰ τοῦ Τιοῦ) rather than "by" Christ—or in other words, He was the Instrumental rather than the Independent cause. *Effulgence*, besides at once marking an Alexandrian expression and conception, indicates the truth that Christ is not only "brightness," but *derivative* brightness—Light of or from Light; God of God, Son of the Father.† Since the modern meaning of the word "person" is the exact opposite to its philosophical meaning, the Revisers could hardly have left "person" uncorrected as a rendering of ὑπόστασις. Lastly—for in the other instances also there is no question as to their more faithful accuracy—"in His Son" points to an important theological distinction, and "*having become* better than the Angels," obviates the use of an expression which in the original of Heb. iii. 2 (τῷ ποιήσαντι αὐτὸν) was so startling to the Nicene orthodoxy of the Fathers that it endangered the very acceptance of the Epistle, and was one of the causes which retarded the recognition of its canonicity. To those who want to know what the sacred writer really meant and really said, this is a crucial passage. Even if we concede that there is a loss in rhetorical grandeur, we maintain that we are more than compensated by the gains not only to accuracy of expression, but to important truths.

VIII. But Sir Edmund Beckett is a most uncompromising opponent. Many other changes that appear to us to be most certain improvements fall under his condemnation.

a. Thus he is apparently displeased with the Revisers for telling us in Heb. ix. 16, 17, that διαθήκη means both "covenant" and "testament." Now to careful students of the Epistle in the original nothing is more certain than that the writer *does*, in those two verses, change for a moment, and for the sake of introducing a single illustration, that

* It was a technical Hebrew expression.

† The Revisers were driven to the Latinism, because there is no Saxon word corresponding to the Greek ἀνάστασις and the German Abglanz.

meaning of the word which he has adopted throughout the rest of his letter. *Διαθήκη* means normally, and to Greeks, a *testament*, or will. To Jews, who were not familiar with wills, the word had normally the meaning of a *covenant*. Hence the writer, as a Jew addressing Jews, uses the word in the Jewish sense. But in those two verses it strikes him by way of passing illustration, that the other meaning of the word may also suggest a valuable thought. He freely avails himself of this double meaning because the Jews too were aware of it, as is proved by their transliteration of this very word in the sense of *will* in the Talmud. Further than this, Philo, the Alexandrian philosopher, who had exercised so deep an influence on the writer's thoughts, *had already set him the example of doing the very same thing*, by playing on the twofold sense of the word. The rendering of the word by "covenant" in these two verses would make the writer assert something which is perfectly false and meaningless. The true rendering of the Revisers, which gives us "covenant" throughout the rest of the Epistle, and "testament" only in these two verses, restores to us his argument in its true sense, and furnishes us with one more of the touches which throw light alike on the origin and on the characteristics of the whole Epistle.

b. Again, he is angry at the change in John x. 16, "*They shall become one flock, one shepherd.*" "What sort of language is that? No Greek can justify such English." We will assume that the Revisers have here restored the true reading *γενήσονται* for the *γενήσεται* of the A. V. And, if so, what is there incorrect about the English? At present there are *many* folds, and the flocks which are penned within them do not recognize that they are, and therefore almost cease to be in reality, but *one* flock. But they shall *become* one flock, and St. John might have added in a separate clause that they should be under one Shepherd. He does not do so, but prefers the shortened and far more vigorously suggestive expression. What right have the Revisers to amend his grammar and phraseology, or even to suppose that it wants mending? If *γενήσονται . . . εἰς ποιμήν* be correct

Greek, then "they shall become one flock, one shepherd" is correct English. And correct, according to the syllogism of passion, if not according to the lower syllogism of formal grammar, it most assuredly is. But, passing by the mere change from "there" to "they," necessitated by the adoption of the true reading, has Sir Edmund no word of gratitude for the divine and consoling truth—a truth how divine and consoling those of us know who are unutterably weary of the strife of tongues—that we shall all become one *flock* (*μία ποιμήν*) even though the flock may *remain* till the end of time divided into many *folds*; each fold (*αὐλή*) separate indeed, but peaceful; parted by external divisions, but one in heart—owning "one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all, who is above all, and through all, and in us all."*

I must end, because I have no more space at my command. If I have not considered all the variations from the A. V. to which Sir Edmund has taken exception, it is only because it would be at once needless and tedious to do so. If I have been right in what I have here advanced, I ask the reader to feel assured that on nearly, if not quite, every other point which has been selected for animadversion, there is a very strong, if not an absolutely conclusive, answer; and that besides the corrections which have been impugned, but which in every instance admit of strong defence, there are passages on every page from which, by universal admission, errors and inaccuracies have, for the first time, been swept away.

I do not, of course, pretend to say that I agree with the Revisers in every instance, and that there are not some things in their Revision—and some of great importance, though few in number—which I regret. But even where I

* "The translation 'fold' for 'flock' has been most disastrous in idea and influence. The obliteration of this essential distinction has served in no small degree to confirm and extend the false claims of the Roman See. It would perhaps be impossible for any correction now to do away with the effects which a translation *undeniably false* has produced on ecclesiastical ideas."—Dr. Westcott, *Speaker's Commentary*, on John x. 16. The remark applies to many another "obliteration of true distinctions" which the Revised Version has removed.

differ from them in judgment, I do so with the extremest deference, and with the feeling that, after all, they—being so many and so competent—may be in the right. But here I will add this only : that from all who know the fatal force and fascination of words—who have learnt to realize the immense and inconceivable mistakes which are made by the ignorant (ay, and by the learned also) in reading Scripture—who wish to know what the Evangelists and Apostles really said, and as nearly as possible the manner in which they said it—who are aware of the manifold deficiencies of the Re-

ceived Text, owing to the meagreness of the Apparatus Criticus which was alone at the disposal of the former Translators—the members of the Revision Committee deserve the deepest gratitude. In spite of the bitter attacks which have been made upon their Version, it will come to be regarded by ever-increasing numbers as one of the best boons which has been bestowed upon them by the learning, the fearlessness, and the faithfulness of the ripest scholars and divines whom the nineteenth century can boast.—*Contemporary Review*.

THE GEOLOGICAL INFLUENCES WHICH HAVE AFFECTED BRITISH HISTORY.

BY DR. ARCHIBALD GEIKIE.

PROBABLY few readers realize to how large an extent the events of history have been influenced by the geological structure of the ground whereon they have been enacted. I propose to illustrate this influence from some of the more salient features in the early human occupation of the British Islands, and in the subsequent historical progress of the English people. No better proof of the reality of the relation in question could be given than the familiar contrast between the heart of England and the heart of Scotland. The one area is a region of low plains, inhabited by an English-speaking race, richly agricultural in one part, teeming with a busy mining population in another, dotted with large cities ; the air often foul from the smoke of thousands of chimneys and resonant with the clanking of innumerable manufactories, and the screams of locomotives flying hither and thither over a network of railways. The other region is one of rugged mountains and narrow glens tenanted by a Celtic race, which, keeping to its old Gaelic tongue and primitive habits, has never built towns, hardly even villages—a region partly devoted to pasture, and still haunted by the game and wild animals of primeval times, but with no industrial centres, no manufactures of any kind, and only a feeble agriculture struggling for existence along the bottoms of the valleys. Now, why should two parts of the same small country differ so widely from each other?

To give a complete answer to the question would of course involve a detailed examination of the history of each area. But we should find that fundamentally the differences have arisen from the originally utterly distinct geological structure of the two regions. This diversity of structure initiated the divergences in human characteristics even in far prehistoric times, and continues, even in spite of the blending influences of modern civilization, to maintain them down to the present day.

Let us first briefly consider what was the probable condition of Britain at the time when the earliest human beings appeared in the country. At that ancient epoch there can be no doubt that the British Islands still formed part of the mainland of Continental Europe. There is reason to believe that the general level of these islands may have been then considerably higher than it has been since. From the shape of the bottom of the Atlantic immediately to the west of our area, as revealed by the abundant soundings and dredgings of recent years, it is evident that if the British Islands were now raised even 1000 feet or more above their present level, they would not thereby gain more than a belt of lowland somewhere about 200 miles broad on their western border. They stand, in fact, nearly upon the edge of the great European plateau which, about 230 miles to the west of them, plunges rapidly down into the abysses of the Atlantic. It is

perfectly certain, therefore, that though our area was formerly prolonged westward beyond its present limits, there has never been any important mass of land to the west of us in recent geological times, or within what we call the human period—probably never at any geological epoch at all. Every successive wave of migration, whether of plant or of animal, must have come from the other or eastern side. But though our country could never have stretched much beyond its present westward limits, it once undoubtedly spread eastward over the site of what is now the North Sea. Even at the present day, an elevation of less than 600 feet would convert the whole of that sea into dry land from the north of Shetland to the headlands of Brittany. At the time when these wide plains united Britain to the mainland, the Thames was no doubt a tributary of the Rhine, which, in its course northward, may have received other affluents from the east of Britain before it poured its waters into the Atlantic somewhere between the heights of Shetland and the mountainous coasts of Southern Norway.

There is evidence of remarkable oscillations of climate at the epoch of the advent of man into this part of Europe. A time of intense cold, known as the Ice Age or Glacial period, was drawing to a close. Its glaciers, frozen rivers and lakes, and floating icebergs, had converted most of Britain, and the whole of Northern Europe, into a waste of ice and snow, such as North Greenland still is; but the height of the cold was past, and there now came intervals of milder seasons, when the wintry mantle was withdrawn northward, so as to allow the vegetation and the roaming animals of more temperate latitudes to spread westward into Britain. From time to time a renewal of the cold once more sent down the glaciers into the valleys, or even into the sea, froze the rivers over in winter, and allowed the Arctic flora and fauna again to migrate southward into tracts from which the temperate plants and animals were forced by the increasing cold to retreat. At last, however, the Arctic conditions of climate ceased to reappear, and the Arctic vegetation, with its accompanying reindeer, musksheep, lemming, Arctic ox, glutton, and other northern animals,

retreated from our low grounds. Of these ancient chilly periods, however, the Arctic plants still found on our mountain tops remain as living witnesses, for they are doubtless descendants of the northern vegetation which overspread Britain when still part of the Continent and before the arrival of our present temperate flora and fauna.

Previous to the final retreat of the ice, the alternating warmer intervals brought into Britain many wild animals from milder regions to the south. Horses, stags, Irish elks, roe deer, wild oxen, and bisons roamed over the plains; wild boars, three kinds of rhinoceros, two kinds of elephant, brown bears and grizzly bears, haunted the forests. The rivers were tenanted by the hippopotamus, beaver, otter, water-rat; while among the carnivora were wolves, foxes, wild cats, hyænas, and lions. Many of these animals must have moved in herds across the plains, over which the North Sea now rolls. Their bones have been dredged up in hundreds by the fishermen from the surface of the Dogger-Bank.

Such were the denizens of Southern England when man made his first appearance there. It seems not unlikely that he came some time before the close of the long Ice Age. He may have been temporarily driven out of the country by the returning cold periods, but would find his way back as the climate ameliorated. Much ingenuity has been expended in tracing a succession of civilization in this primeval human population of Britain. Among the records of its presence there have been supposed to be traces of an earlier race of hunters of a low order, furnished with the rudest possible stone implements; and a later people, who, out of the bones of the animals they captured, supplied themselves with deftly made, and even artistically decorated weapons. All that seems safely deducible from the evidence, however, may be summed up in saying that the *paleolithic* men, or men of the older stone period, who hunted over the plains and fished in the rivers, and lived in the caves of this country, have left behind them implements, rude indeed, but no doubt quite suitable for their purpose; and likewise other weapons and tools of a more finished kind,

which bear a close relationship to the implements still in use among the modern Eskimos. It has been suggested that the Eskimos are their direct descendants, driven into the inhospitable north by the pressure of more warlike races.

The rude hunter and dweller in caves passed away before the advent of the farmer and herdsman of the *Neolithic* or later stone period. We know much more of him than of his predecessors. He was short of stature, with an oblong head, and probably a dark skin and dark curly hair. His implements of stone were often artistically fashioned and polished. Though still a hunter and fisher, he knew also how to farm. He had flocks and herds of domestic animals; he was acquainted with the arts of spinning, could make a rude kind of pottery, and excavate holes and subterranean galleries in the chalk for the extraction of flints for his weapons and tools. That he had some notion of a future state may be inferred from arrow-heads, pottery, and implements of various kinds which are found in his graves, evidently placed there for the use of the departed. He has been regarded as probably of a Non-Aryan race, of which perhaps the modern Basques are lineal descendants, isolated among the fastnesses of the Pyrenees by the advance of younger tribes. Traces of his former presence in Britain have been conjectured to be recognizable in the small, dark Welshmen, and the short, swarthy Irishmen of the west of Ireland.

When the earliest Neolithic men appeared in this region, Britain may have still been united to the Continent. But the connection was eventually broken. It is obvious that no event in the geological history of Britain can have had a more powerful influence on its human history than the separation of the country as a group of islands cut off by a considerable channel from direct communication with the mainland of Europe. Let us consider for a moment how the disconnection was probably brought about. There can be no doubt that at the time when Britain became an island, the general contour of the country was on the whole what it is still. The same groups of mountains rose above the same plains and valleys, which were traversed by the same winding rivers. We know

that in the glacial and later periods considerable oscillations of level took place; for, on the one hand, beds of sea-shell are found at heights of 1200 or 1300 feet above the present sea-level; and, on the other hand, ancient forest-covered soils are now seen below tide-mark. It was doubtless mainly subsidence that produced the isolation of Britain. The whole area slowly sank, until the lower tracts were submerged, the last low ridge connecting the land with France was overflowed, and Britain became a group of islands. But unquestionably the isolation was helped by the ceaseless wear and tear of the superficial agencies which are still busy at the same task. The slow but sure washing of descending rain, the erosion of water-courses, and the gnawing of sea-waves, all told in the long degradation. And thus, foundering from want of support below, and eaten away by attacks above, the low lands gradually diminished, and disappeared beneath the sea.

Now, in this process of separation, Ireland unfortunately became detached from Britain. We have had ample occasion in recent years to observe how much this geological change has affected our domestic history. That the isolation of Ireland took place before Britain had been separated from the Continent, may be inferred from a comparison of the distribution of living plants and animals. Of course, the interval which had then elapsed since the submergences and ice-sheets of the glacial period must have been of prodigious duration, if measured by ordinary human standards. Yet it was too short to enable the plants and animals of Central Europe completely to possess themselves of the British area. Generation after generation they were moving westward, but long before they could all reach the northwestern seaboard, Ireland had become an island, so that their further march in that direction was arrested, and before the subsequent advancing bands had come as far as Britain, it too had been separated by a sea-channel which finally barred their progress. Comparing the total land mammals of the west of Europe, we find that while Germany has ninety species, Britain has forty, and Ireland only twenty-two. The reptiles and amphibia of Germany number twenty-two, those

of Britain thirteen, and those of Ireland four. Again, even among the winged tribes, where the capacity for dispersal is so much greater, Britain possesses twelve species of bats, while Ireland has no more than seven, and 130 land-birds to 110 in Ireland. The same discrepancy is traceable in the flora, for while the total number of species of flowering plants and ferns found in Britain amounts to 1425, those of Ireland number 970—about two-thirds of the British flora. Such facts as these are not explicable by any difference of climate rendering Ireland less fit for the reception of more varied vegetation and animal life; for the climate of Ireland is really more equable and genial than that of the regions lying to the east of it. They receive a natural and consistent interpretation on the assumption of the gradual separation of the British Islands during a continuous northwestward migration of the present flora and fauna from Central Europe.

The last neck of land which united Britain to the mainland was probably that through which the Strait of Dover now runs. Apart from the general subsidence of the whole North Sea area, which is attested by submerged forests on both sides, it is not difficult to perceive how greatly the widening of the channel has been aided by waves and tidal currents. The cliffs of Kent on the one side and of the Boulonnais on the other, ceaselessly battered by the sea, and sapped by the trickle of percolating springs, are crumbling before our very eyes. The scour of the strong tides which pour alternately up and down the strait must have helped also to deepen the Channel. And yet, in spite of the subsidence and this constant erosion, the depression remains so shallow that its deepest parts are less than 180 feet below the surface. As has often been remarked, if St. Paul's Cathedral could be shifted from the heart of London to the middle of the Straits of Dover more than half of it would rise above water.

At what relative time in the human occupation of the region this channel was finally opened cannot be determined. At first the strait was doubtless much narrower than it has since become, so that it would not oppose the same obstacle to free intercourse which it now

does, and Neolithic man may have readily traversed it in his light coracle of skins. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that the old Basque or Iberian stock had for many ages inhabited Britain before the succeeding wave of human migration advanced to overflow and efface it. The next invaders—the first advance-guard of the great Aryan family—were Celts, whose descendants still form a considerable part of the population of the British Isles. The Celt differed in many respects from the small swarthy Iberian whom he supplanted. He was tall, round-headed and fair skinned, with red or brown hair. Endowed with greater bodily strength and pugnacity, he drove before him the older and smaller race of short oblong-headed men, gradually extirpating them, or leaving here and there, in less attractive portions of the country, small island-like remnants of them which insensibly mingled with their conquerors, though, as I have already remarked, traces of these remnants are perhaps partially recognizable in the characteristic Iberian-like lineaments of some districts of the country even at the present day.

The Celts, as we now find them in Britain, belong to two distinct divisions of the race, the Irish or Gaelic, and the Welsh or Cymric. Some difference of opinion has arisen as to which of these branches appeared in the country first. It seems to me that if the question is discussed on the evidence of geological analogy, the unquestionable priority should be assigned to the Gaels. There can be no doubt that the Celts came from the east. They had already overspread Gaul and Belgium before they invaded Britain. The tribe which is found on the most northerly and westerly tracts must have crossed on its way the regions lying to the east, while on the other hand, the race occupying the eastern tracts should be of later origin. We ought to judge of the spread of the human population as we do of that of the flora and fauna. Had England been already occupied by the Welsh, Cymric or British branch, it is inconceivable that the Irish or Gaelic branch could have marched through the territory so occupied and have established itself in Scotland and Ireland. The Gaels were, no doubt, the first to arrive. Finding the country

inhabited by the little Neolithic folk they dispossessed them, and spread by degrees over the whole of the islands. At a later time the Cymry arose. We are not here concerned with the question whether these originated by a gradual bifurcation in the development of the Celtic race after its settlement within Britain, or came as a later Celtic wave of migration from the Continent. It is enough to notice that they are found at the beginning of the historical period to be in possession of England, Wales, and the south of Scotland up to the estuary of the Clyde. It is improbable that the Gaels, who must once have occupied the same attractive region, would have willingly quitted it for the more inhospitable moors of Scotland and the distant bogs and fenlands of Ireland. It is much more likely that they were driven forcibly out of it. Possibly the traditions they carried with them of the greater fertility of England may have instigated the numerous inroads which from early Roman times downward they made to recover the lands of their forefathers. Crossing from Ireland they repossessed themselves of the west of Wales, and sweeping down from the Scottish Highlands they repeatedly burst across the Roman wall, carrying pillage and rapine far into the province where their Cymric cousins had begun to learn some of the arts and the effeminacy of Roman civilization.

Looking at the territory occupied by the Cymry at the time of their greatest extension, we can see how their course northward was influenced by geological structure. As they advanced along the plains which lay on the west side of the great Pennine chain of the centre and north of England, they encountered the range of fells which connects the mountain group of Cumberland and Westmoreland with the uplands of Yorkshire and Durham. This would probably be for some time a barrier to their progress. But after crossing it by some of the deep valleys by which it is trenched, they would find themselves in the wide plains of the Eden and the Solway. Still pushing their way northward, and driving the Gaels before them, they would naturally follow the valley of the Nith, leaving on the left hand the wild mountainous region of Galloway, or

"country of the Gael," to which the conquered tribe retired, and on the right the high moorlands about the head of Clydesdale and Tweeddale. Emerging at last upon the lowlands of Ayrshire and lower Clydesdale they would spread over them until their further march was arrested by the great line of the Highland mountains. Into these fastnesses, stoutly defended by the Pictish Gaels, they seem never to have penetrated. But they built, as their northern outpost, the city and castle of Alclud, where the picturesque rock of Dumbarton, or "fort of the Britons," towers above the Clyde.

At one time, therefore, the Cymry extended from the mouth of the Clyde to the south of England. One language—Welsh and its dialects—appears to have been spoken throughout that territory. Hence the battles of King Arthur—which, from the evidence of the ancient Welsh poems, appear to have been fought, not in the southwest of England as is usually supposed, but in the middle of Scotland, against the fierce Gwyddyl Ffichti or Picts of the north and the heathen swarming from beyond the sea—were sung all the way down into Wales and Devon, and across the Channel among the vales of Brittany, whence, becoming with every generation more mystical and marvellous, they grew into favorite themes of the romantic poetry of Europe.

The Roman occupation affected chiefly the lowlands of England and Scotland, where the more recent geological formations extend in broad plains or plateaux. Numerous towns were built there, between which splendid roads extended across the country. The British inhabitants of these lowlands were not extirpated, but continued to live on the lands which they had tilled of old, more or less affected by the Roman civilization, with which, for some four centuries or more, they were brought in contact. But the regions occupied by the more ancient rocks, rising into rugged forest-covered mountains, offered an effective barrier to the march of the Roman legions, and afforded a shelter within which the natives could preserve their ancient manners and language with but little change. The Romans occupied the broad central lowland region

of Scotland, which is formed by the Old Red Sandstone and Carboniferous strata, extending up to the base of the Highlands. But though they inflicted severe defeats upon the wild barbarians who issued from the dark glens, and though they seem to have been led by Severus round by the Aberdeenshire low grounds to the shores of the Moray Firth, and to have returned through the heart of the Highlands, they were never able permanently to bring any part of the mountainous area of crystalline rocks under their rule.

The same geological influences which guided the progress of the Roman armies may be traced in the subsequent Teutonic invasions of Angles, Saxons, Jutes, and Norwegians. Arriving from the east and northeast, these hordes found level lowlands open to their attack. Where no impenetrable thicket, forest, fenland, or mountainous barrier impeded their advance, they rapidly pushed inland, utterly extirpating the British population, and driving its remnants steadily westward. By the end of the sixth century the Britons had disappeared from the eastern half of the island south of the Firth of Forth. Their frontier, everywhere obstinately defended, was very unequal in its capabilities of defence. In the north, where they had been driven across bare moors and bleak uplands, they found these inhospitable tracts for a time a barrier to the further advance of the enemy; but where they stood face to face with their foe in the plains they could not permanently resist his advance. This difference in physical contour and geological structure led to the final disruption of the Cymric tract of country by the two most memorable battles in the early history of England.

Between the Britons of South Wales and those of Devon and Cornwall lay the rich vale of the Severn. Across this plain there once spread, in ancient geological times, a thick sheet of Jurassic strata of which the bold escarpment of the Cotswold Hills forms a remnant. The valley has been in the course of ages hollowed out of these rocks, the depth of which is only partly represented by the height of the Cotswold plateau. The Romans had found their way into this fertile plain, and, attracted by the

hot springs which still rise there, had built the venerable city of Bath and other towns. One hundred and seven years after the Romans quitted Britain, the West Saxons, who had gradually pushed their way westward up the valley of the Thames, found themselves on the edge of the Cotswold plateau, looking down upon the rich and long settled plains of the Severn. Descending from these heights they fought in 577 the decisive battle of Deorham, which had the effect of giving them possession of the Severn valley, and thus of isolating the Britons of Devon and Cornwall from the rest of their kinsmen. Driven thus into the southwest corner of England upon ancient Devonian and granitic rocks, poorer in soil, but rich in wealth of tin and copper, these Britons maintained their individuality for many centuries. Though they have now gradually been fused into the surrounding English-speaking people, it was only about the middle of last century that they ceased to use their ancient Celtic tongue.

Still more important was the advance of the Angles on the north side of Wales. The older Palæozoic rocks of the principality form a mass of high grounds which, flanked with a belt of coal-bearing strata, descend into the plains of Cheshire. Younger formations of soft red Triassic marl and sandstone stretch northward, to the base of the Carboniferous and Silurian hills of North Lancashire. This strip of level and fertile ground, bounded on the eastern side by high desert moors and impenetrable forests, connected the Britons of Wales with those of the Cumbrian uplands, and, for nearly 200 years after the Romans had left Britain, was subject to no foreign invasion, save perhaps occasional piratical descents from the Irish coasts. But at last, in the year 607, the Angles, who had overspread the whole regions from the Firth of Forth to the south of Suffolk, crossed the fastnesses of the Pennine Chain and burst upon the inhabitants of the plains of the Dee. A great battle was fought at Chester in which the Britons were routed. The Angles obtained permanent possession of these lowlands, and thus the Welsh were effectually cut off from the Britons of Cumbria and Strathclyde. The latter have gradually mingled with

their Teutonic neighbors, though the names of many a hill and river bear witness to their former sway. The Welsh, on the other hand, driven into their hilly and mountainous tracts of ancient Palæozoic rocks, have maintained their separate language and customs down to the present day.

Turning now to the conflict between the Celtic and Teutonic races in Scotland, we notice in how marked a manner it was directed by the geological structure of the country. The level Secondary formations which underlie the plains, and form so notable a feature in the scenery of England, are almost wholly absent from Scotland. The Palæozoic rocks of the latter kingdom have been so crumpled and broken, so invaded by intrusions of igneous matter from below, and over two-thirds of the country rendered so crystalline and massive, that they stand up for the most part as high table-lands, deeply trenched by narrow valleys. Only along the central counties, between the base of the Highlands on the one side and the southern uplands on the other, where younger Palæozoic formations occur, are there any considerable tracts of lowland; and even these are everywhere interrupted by protrusions of igneous rocks, forming minor groups of hills, or isolated crags, like those that form so characteristic a feature in the landscapes around Edinburgh. In old times dense forests and impenetrable morasses covered much of the land. A country fashioned and clothed in this manner is much more suitable for defence than for attack. The high mountainous interior of the north, composed of the more ancient crystalline rocks, which had sheltered the Caledonian tribes from the well-ordered advance of the Roman legions, now equally protected them from the sudden swoop of Saxon and Scandinavian seapirates. Neither Roman nor Teuton ever made any lasting conquest of that territory. It has remained in the hands of its Celtic conquerors till the present time.

But the case has been otherwise with the tracts where the younger Palæozoic deposits spread out from the base of the Highland mountains. These strata have not partaken of the violent corrugations and marked crystallization to

which the older rocks have been subjected. On the contrary, they extend in gentle undulations forming level plains, and strips of lowland between the foot of the more ancient hills and the margin of the sea. It was on these platforms of undisturbed strata that invaders could most successfully establish themselves. So dominant has been this geological influence, that the line of boundary between the crystalline rocks and the Old Red Sandstone, from the north of Caithness to the coast of Kincardineshire, was almost precisely that of the frontier established between the old Celtic natives and the later hordes of Danes and Northmen. To this day, in spite of the inevitable commingling of the races, it still serves to define the respective areas of the Gaelic-speaking and English-speaking populations. On the Old Red Sandstone we hear only English, often with a northern accent, and even with not a few northern words that seem to remind us of the Norse blood which flows in the veins of these hardy fisher-folk and farmers. We meet with groups of villages and towns; the houses, though often poor and dirty, are for the most part solidly built of hewn stone and mortar, with well-made roofs of thatch, slate, or flagstone. The fuel in ordinary use is coal, brought by sea from the south. But no sooner do we penetrate within the area of the crystal line rocks than all appears changed. Gaelic is now the vernacular tongue. There are few or no villages. The houses are built of boulders gathered from the soil and held together with mere clay or earth, and are covered with frail roofs of ferns, straw, or heather, kept down by stone-weighted ropes of the same materials. Fireplaces and chimneys are not always present, and the pungent blue smoke from fires of peat or turf finds its way out by door and window, or beneath the begrimed rafters. The geological contrast of structure and scenery which allowed the Teutonic invaders to drive the older Celtic people from the coast-line, but prevented them from advancing inland, has sufficed during all the subsequent centuries to keep the two races apart.

On the north-western coasts of the island there are none of the fringes of more recent formations which have had

so marked an influence on the east side. From the north of Sutherland to the headlands of Argyle the more ancient rocks of the country rise steep and rugged out of the sea, projecting in long bare promontories, forever washed by the restless surge of the Atlantic. Here and there the coast-line sinks into a sheltered bay, or is interrupted by some long winding inlet that admits the ebb and flow of the ocean tides far into the heart of the mountains. Only in such depressions could a sea-faring people find safe harbors and fix their settlements. When the Norsemen sailed round the north-west of Scotland they found there the counter part of the country they had left behind—the same type of bare, rocky, island-fringed coast-line sweeping up into bleak mountains, winding into long sea-lochs or fjords beneath the shadow of sombre pine-forests, and westward the familiar sweep of the same wide blue ocean. So striking even now is this resemblance, that the Scot who for the first time sails along the western seaboard of Norway, can hardly realize that he is not skirting the coast-line of Inverness, Ross, or Sutherland. Such a form of coast forbade easy communication by land between valley and valley. Detached settlements arose in the more sheltered bays, where glens, opening inland, afforded ground for tillage and pasture. But the intercourse between them would be almost wholly by boat, for there could be no continuous line of farms, villages, and roads, like those for which the Old Red Sandstone selvages offered such facilities on the southern coast. Hence, though the Norsemen possessed themselves of every available bay and inlet, driving the Celts into the more barren interior, the natural contours made it impossible that their hold of the ground should be so firm as that of their kinsmen in the east. When that hold began to relax, the Gaelic natives of the glens came down once more to the sea, and all obvious traces of the Norse occupation eventually disappeared, save in the names given by the sea-rovers to the islands, promontories, and inlets—the “ayes,” “nishes,” or “nesses” and “fords” or fjords—which, having been adopted by the Celtic natives, show that there must have been some communication and probable

intermarriage between the races. Among the outer islands the effects of the Norwegian occupation were naturally more enduring, though even there the Celtic race has long recovered its ground. Only in the Orkney and Shetland group have the Vikings left upon the physical frame and language of the people the strong impress of their former presence. To this day a Shetlander speaks of going to Scotland, meaning the mainland, much as a Lowland Scot might talk of visiting England, or an Englishman of crossing to Ireland.

But besides governing in no small degree the distribution of races in Britain, the geological structure of the country has probably not been without its influence upon the temperament of the people. Let us take the case of the Celts, originally one great race, with no doubt the same average type of mental and moral disposition, as they unquestionably possessed the same general build of body and cast of features. Probably nowhere within our region have they remained unmixed with a foreign element, and this, together with the varying political conditions under which they have lived, must have distinctly affected their character. But after every allowance has been made for these several influences, it seems to me that there are residual differences which cannot be explained except by the effects of environment. The Celt of Ireland and of the Scottish Highlands was originally the same being; he crossed freely from country to country; his language, manners and customs, arts, religion, were the same on both sides of the channel, yet no two natives of the British Islands are now marked by more characteristic differences. The Irishman seems to have changed less than the Highlander; he has retained the light-hearted gayety, wit, impulsiveness, and excitability, together with that want of dogged resolution and that indifference to the stern necessities of duty, which we regard as pre-eminently typical of the Celtic temperament. The Highlander, on the other hand cannot be called either merry or witty; he is rather of a self-restrained, reserved, unexpansive, and even perhaps somewhat sullen, disposition. His music partakes of the melancholy cadence of the winds that sigh through his lonely

glens; his religion, too, one of the strongest and noblest features of his character, retains still much of the gloomy tone of a bygone time. Yet he is courteous, dutiful, determinedly persevering, unflinching as a foe, unwearied as a friend, fitted alike to follow with soldier-like obedience, and to lead with courage, skill, and energy—a man who has done much in every climate to sustain and expand the reputation of the British Empire.

Now that has led to so decided a contrast? I cannot help thinking that one fundamental cause is to be traced to the great difference between the geological structure and consequent scenery of Ireland and of the Highlands. By far the greater part of Ireland is occupied by the carboniferous limestone, which, in gently undulating sheets, spreads out as a vast plain. Round the margin of this plain the older formations rise as a broken ring of high ground, while here and there from the surface of the plain itself they tower into isolated hills or hilly groups; but there is no extensive area of mountains. The soil is generally sufficiently fertile, the climate soft, and the limestone plains are carpeted with that rich verdant pasture which has suggested the name of the Emerald Isle. In such a region, so long as the people are left free from foreign interference, there can be but little to mar the gay, careless, child-like temperament of the Celtic nature. If the country yields no vast wealth, it yet can furnish, with but little labor, all the necessities of life. The Irishman is naturally attached to his holding. His fathers for generations past have cultivated the same little plots. He sees no reason why he should try to be better than they, and he resents, as an injury never to be forgiven, the attempt to remove him to where he may elsewhere improve his fortunes. The Highlander, on the other hand, has no such broad fertile plains around him. Placed in a glen, separated from his neighbors in the next glens by high ranges of rugged hills, he finds a soil scant and stony, a climate wet, cold, and uncertain. He has to fight with the elements a never-ending battle, wherein he is often the loser. The dark mountains that frown above him gather around their summits the cloudy screen

which keeps the sun from ripening his miserable patch of corn, or rots it with perpetual rains after it has been painfully cut. He stands among the mountains face to face with nature in her wilder moods. Storm and tempest, mist-wreath and whirlwind, the roar of waterfalls, the rush of swollen streams, the crash of loosened landslips, though he may seem hardly to notice them, do not pass without bringing, unconsciously perhaps, to his imagination, their ministry of terror. Hence the playful mirthfulness and light-hearted ease of the Celtic temperament have in his case been curdled into a stubbornness, which may be stolid obstinacy or undaunted perseverance, according to the circumstances which develop it. Like his own granitic hills he has grown hard and enduring, not without a tinge of melancholy, suggestive of the sadness that lingers among his wind-swept glens, and that hangs about the slopes of birk round the quiet waters of his lonely lakes. The difference between Irishman and Scot thus somewhat resembles, though on a minor scale, that between the Celt of lowland France and the Celt of the Swiss Alps, and the cause of the difference is doubtless traceable in great measure to a similar kind of contrast in their respective surroundings.

If now we turn to the influences which have been at work in the distribution of the population of the country and the development of the national industries, we find them in large degree of a geological kind.

In the first place, the feral ground, or territory left in a state of nature and given up to game, lies mostly upon rocks which, protruding almost everywhere to the surface and only scantily and sparsely covered with a poor soil, are naturally incapable of cultivation. The crystalline formations of the Scottish Highlands may be taken as an example of this kind of territory. The grouse-moors and deer-forests of that region exist there, not merely because the proprietors of the land have so willed it, but because over hundreds of square miles the ground itself could be turned to no better use, for it can neither be tilled nor pastured. Much patriotic nonsense has been written about the enormity of retaining so much land as

game preserves. But in this, as in so many other matters, man must be content to be the servant of nature. He cannot plant crops where she has appointed that they shall never grow ; nor can he pasture flocks of sheep where she has decreed that only the fox, the wild cat, and the eagle shall find a home.

In the second place, the true pasture-lands, that is, the tracts which are too high or sterile for cultivation, but which are not too rocky to refuse to yield, when their heathy covering is burnt off, a sweet grassy herbage, excellent for sheep and cattle, lie mainly on elevated areas of non-crystalline Palæozoic rocks. The long range of pastoral uplands in the south of Scotland, and the fells of Cumberland, Northumberland, and Yorkshire, are good examples. These lonely wilds might be grouped into districts each marked off by certain distinctive types of geological structure, and consequently of scenery. And it might, for aught I know, be possible to show that these distinctions have not been without their influence upon the generations of shepherds who have spent their solitary lives among them ; that in character, legends, superstitions, song, the peasants of Lammermuir might be distinguished from those of Liddesdale, and both from those of Cumberland and Yorkshire—the distinction, subtle perhaps and hardly definable, pointing more or less clearly to the differences in their respective surroundings.

In the third place, the sites of towns and villages may often be traced to a guiding geological influence. Going back to feudal times we at once observe to what a large extent the positions of the castles of the nobles were determined by the form of the ground, and notably by the prominence of some crag which, rising well above the rest of the country, commanded a wide view and was capable of defence. Across the Lowlands of Scotland such crags are abundantly scattered. They consist for the most part of hard projections of igneous rock, from which the softer sandstones and shales, that once surrounded and covered them, have been worn away. Many of them are crowned with mediæval fortresses, some of which stand out among the most famous spots in the history of the country. Dumbar-

ton, Stirling Blackness, Edinburgh, Tantallon, Dunbar, the Bass, are familiar names in the stormy annals of Scotland. A strong castle naturally gathered around its walls the peasantry of the neighborhood, for protection against the common foe, and thus by degrees the original collection of wooden booths or stone huts grew into a village or even into a populous town. The Scottish metropolis undoubtedly owes its existence in this way to the bold crag of basalt on which its ancient castle stands.

In more recent times the development of the mining industries of the country has powerfully affected both the growth and decay of towns. Comparing in this respect the maps of to-day with those of 150 or 200 years ago, we cannot but be struck with the remarkable changes that have taken place in the interval. Some places which were then of but minor importance have now advanced to the first rank, while others that were among the chief towns of the realm have either hardly advanced at all or have positively declined. If we now turn to a geological map, we find that in almost all cases the growth has taken place within or near to some important mineral field, while the decadence occurs in tracts where there are no workable minerals. Look, for example, at the prodigious increase of such towns as Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Birmingham, and Middlesborough. Each of these owes its advance in population and wealth to its position in the midst of, or close to, fields of coal and iron. Contrast, on the other hand, the sleepy quiet, unprogressive content, and even sometimes unmistakable decay, of not few country towns in our agricultural districts.

Closely connected with this subject is the remarkable transference of population which for the last generation or two has been in such rapid progress among us. The large manufacturing towns are increasing at the expense of the rural districts. The general distribution of the population is changing, and the change is obviously underlain by a geological cause. People are drawn to the districts where they can obtain most employment and best pay ; and these districts are necessarily those where coal and iron can be obtained, without which no branch of

our manufacturing industry could exist. In the fourth place, the style of architecture in different districts is largely dependent upon the character of their geology. The mere presence or absence of building stone creates at once a fundamental distinction. Hence the contrast between the brick-work of England, where building stone is less common, and the stonework of Scotland, where stone abounds. But even as we move from one part of a stone-using region to another, marked varieties of style may be observed, according to local geological development. The massive yellow limestone blocks of Bath or Portland, the thin blue flags and slates of the Lake district, the thick courses of deep red freestone in Dumfriesshire, the bands of fine, easily dressed white sandstone at Edinburgh, the flints of Kent and Sussex, have all produced certain differences of style and treatment. To a geological eye passing rapidly through a territory, the character of its buildings is often suggestive of its geology.

In the fifth and last place, the dominant influence of the geology of a country upon its human progress is nowhere more marvellously exhibited than in the growth of British commerce. The internal trade of this country may be spoken of as its life-blood, pulsating unceasingly along a network of railways. This vast organism possesses not one but many hearts, from each of which a vigorous circulation proceeds. Each of these hearts or nerve-centres is located on or near a mineral region, whence its nourishment comes. The history of the development of our system of railways,

our steam machinery, our manufactures, is unintelligible except when taken together with the opening up of our resources in coal and iron.

The growth of the foreign commerce of the country enforces the same lesson. Even, however, before the days of steam navigation, her geological structure gave England a distinct advantage over her neighbors on the Continent. Owing to the denudation that has hollowed out the surface of the country, and the subsidence that has depressed the shoreward tracts beneath the sea, the coast-line of Britain abounds in admirable natural harbors, which on the opposite side of the Channel and North Sea are hardly to be found. There can be no question that in the infancy of navigation this gave a superiority for which hardly anything else could compensate. We boast that it is our insular position and our English blood that have made us sailors. Let us remember that in spite of their less favorable position, our neighbors on the opposite shores of the Continent have become excellent sailors too, and that if we have been enabled to lead the van in international commerce it has been largely due to the abundant, safe, and commodious inlets in our coast-line which have sheltered our marine.

Of the foreign trade of the country it is not needful to speak. Its rapid growth during the present century is distinctly traceable to the introduction of steam navigation, and therefore directly to the development of those mineral resources which form so marked an element in the fortunate geological construction of the British Islands.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

DUTCH ETIQUETTE.

SOME years ago a book was published on "German society, by an English Lady." It contained many things that gave great offence, and the critics said that the writer must have seen very little of German society, and could not be a true lady! Taking warning by this book, I think it best to say that I write only my own experience—what actually came under my own notice. Though I know most parts of Holland as a tourist, I know Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Utrecht, and several villages *socially*. I will not

say (for I *do* not positively know it) that all the points I mention as Dutch etiquette hold good in all parts of the country, but from the class of people I know, I am perfectly certain they do in the places I speak of.

It seemed to me that in Holland—and I have been there pretty often, and know all the principal places—the woman is nowhere—man is everything, the first and foremost consideration.

There is a great lack of chivalry in the manners of a Dutch gentleman. He

displays none of that sentiment which the French embody in these words, "Place aux dames." I do not altogether blame the men for this deficiency in what we should consider good manners, for I think to a very great extent the women have themselves to thank for it. There is much that is absurd and prudish in their etiquette, and yet they permit slights, and even impertinences, which an Englishwoman would never overlook.

Then, too, a Dutch lady, outside her own door, is always acting on the defensive, and tacitly guarding herself, as it were, from any possibility of insult. She behaves as if men were her natural enemies, going about like roaring lions, seeking to gobble her up alive-o. I must say that I have never seen any disposition on the part of the men to simulate the rôle of the wild beast aforesaid, unless the lady happened to have a large *dot*. The first thing I noticed in Holland was that gentlemen walk on the *pavé* and ladies turn into the road; how dangerous and muddy that road may happen to be makes no difference to the universal custom—it is invariable. It is not etiquette for a gentleman to speak to a lady in the street, no matter how well he knows her. That is as well, for, as in France, the gentleman bows the first, so that though a lady may be saluted by a hundred men who have never been introduced to her, and whose names she does not even know, none of them have the privilege of addressing her, though they may have bowed for ten years. The etiquette, by the way, of bowing is most extraordinary. I used to tell my Dutch friends that their politeness begins and ends with a bow. Everybody bows—nobody nods, and touching of the hat is unknown. You bow to everyone you may have met when calling on a friend, for callers meeting are introduced. You give an order to a gardener or a workman, and he takes off his hat with a bow which would not bring discredit on a duke. Everyone bows on passing a house where they visit. I often used to amuse myself by watching behind a curtain, to see every second man take off his hat *to the window*, it being quite immaterial whether any of the family were visible or not; and every second lady make a polite bend of

the whole body, not a mere inclination of the head, as our ladies do. Everybody bows. Men take off their hats to each other; tradesmen do the same to all their customers. A well-known lady is bowed to by all her father's, husband's, or brother's friends, and any gentleman knowing a lady is staying at a house where he visits, will bow to her. I even had a bowing acquaintance with a student, whom I never met and did not know from Adam. I could not imagine what made the boy bow so profoundly, until I got someone to ask if he knew me. I found I had once met his father somewhere, and that was the—shall I say—excuse? I should if he had been English. Well, after an absence of three years, I returned to the town where he lived, and there he was, grown into a man, bowing still. For some months we had quite a lively bowing acquaintance, and there it ended, as aforesaid. I must, however, include "compliments" with bowing in the Dutch idea of politeness. Every parcel is sent home with the sender's compliments, and I once heard this message delivered at the door of a house where I was calling: "My compliments to the *mevrouw*, and has she any dust?" It was the dustman! Surely any comments are needless.

In accordance with the roaring lion idea, a lady must not pass a club. She must, if she has to pass down a street where there is one, cross to the other side, and, if necessary, cross back again. In winter this becomes a great nuisance, for there is much wet weather and roads are very muddy; but no Dutch lady of high-class will brave the obnoxious windows, though she will allow the very men who are sitting at them to smoke in her drawing-room without an apology.

In Utrecht, perhaps the ultra-aristocratic city in the country, where every second house has "Baron" on the lintel, and where professors, lecturers, and officers are as plentiful as black-berries on a bramble-bush, there is a street called the *Line Maart*, in which is the principal club of the students. The ladies of the town will not even pass down it. I was walking once with the wife of a professor, a woman of very high standing, and quite above most of the little, prim restrictions to which

others yielded, but she would not pass along the *Line Maart* even when hurrying home late for dinner, and that the nearest way. She made a round of several streets to avoid it. As the students were, for the most part, raw lads from sixteen to one or two and twenty, it did seem to me absurd that they should have any influence over the movements of one of the most influential ladies of the town.

It is the fashion, if a lady take young ones out for a promenade, if gentlemen walk with ladies, or if two girls walk together, to go to a confectioner's and eat *taatjes*, ices, or drink *chocolaat*. For this purpose all confectioners have one or two rooms adjoining their shops, furnished with little tables, sofas, and chairs. If several ladies go into such a room, where there happen to be one or two gentlemen, they rush out as if they had seen a ghost. It always seemed to me a most undignified proceeding; sitting quietly down and taking what one wished, without noticing the presence of strangers, would, in my opinion, have been very much more ladylike. I do not say that it would be good for girls *alone* to go into a room where there were half a dozen scatter-brained students drinking *absinthe*, but why a lady, the wife of one of the first men of the town, cannot take her daughters into a shop because there are a couple of gentlemen sitting at a table talking quietly does puzzle me. Now I can mention an instance in which the rule seemed to me most absurd. I was staying with a family who were certainly known by everyone in the town; people whose position was so perfectly assured that I should have imagined they would be rather above certain trivialties of etiquette, which, to people of less social eminence, would be all-important. Three times during one week I walked in the afternoon with one of the daughters, and each day we went to a confectioner's to eat *taatjes*. Each time there were two officers in possession, so that we could not go in, or rather, she would not do so. On the fourth afternoon she said:

"Kitty, let us go to van Dam's and eat *taatjes*."

"Oh, I'll go," I answered, "but only on condition that if you get into the room and there should be anyone

there you do not rush out as if a mad dog was after you. It is positively lowering to let a man see you run away from him as if he wished to eat you."

Troide van Maarne agreed, and even went so far as to say it was a very silly custom. When we reached van Dam's the room was empty, and I, leaving her to order what we wished for, went straight in and seated myself at the nearest table. Now the joke of the rule is, that if *young ladies alone* are in possession of the room first, they may remain an hour if they like, even though twenty gentlemen should appear. Knowing this, and feeling my *taatjes* were safe, I said, with a laugh, to Troide, who was still in the shop:

"Be thankful there are no stupid officers to run away from to-day."

Then I heard a little jingle of spurs behind me, and looking back at a table in the shadow of the folding door which divided the room from the shop, saw, to my disgust, two pairs of military boots and two pairs of military legs.

They succeeded very politely in smothering their laughter, though it must have been amusing to hear my frank opinion, and I, still keeping my back turned, began an animated discussion with Troide, who hovered about just outside the door, as if I had been in a den of lions.

"Come in," I urged, in a whisper. "Sit down; they won't eat us. Why should they want even to look at us? Come in, and don't be so silly. It looks far worse running away than sitting down and behaving yourself quietly, like a gentlewoman."

The two men—harmless, gentlemanly men enough—got up then. I dare say they had caught some of my whispered remonstrances, for one of them addressed me with a salute, and in very good English. He said they had already finished, and were just going when I entered. Troide literally fled. I, of course, had to follow, but, in spite of my annoyance, I replied with English frankness to the soldiers.

"Thank you for disturbing yourselves for us, mynheer," I said. "My friend, being a Dutch lady, will not remain, as I should do. We Englishwomen do not fear an insult from every man we meet. Perhaps that is why we so seldom receive one."

The taller of the two made me a grave bow.

"I think that is very probable, mademoiselle," he answered, and he said it as if he meant it.

It is not strict etiquette for a lady to buy her own stamps, or send her own telegrams or post-office orders; she must send a servant. And why? Because the post-office clerks are highly paid, and gentlemen of the highest classes. I wanted to send a parcel to England one day, and went alone (not knowing the rule). I had a confab with a very good-looking young gentleman, whom I afterward found was a baron, and I got such a lecture from my hostess when she returned and heard what I had done.

And there is another fashion prevalent among Dutch ladies which has, I think, a bad effect on the sterner sex. I refer to their morning dress. If you receive a general invitation to or pay a long visit in a Dutch house, you certainly have the satisfaction of knowing that your hostess does not put herself out of the way on your account. She comes down to breakfast with her hair in curl-papers or crimping-pins, according to the fashion of her *coiffure*; her person is garbed in an old flannel dressing-gown; she wears neither collar nor brooch; and I have indeed seen a lady appear at breakfast with stockingless feet, thrust into old, down-trodden slippers; in short, she is strictly *en demi-toilette*, and makes no pretence whatever of being anything else. She *dresses* in time for the second breakfast—*koffij* it is called.

Should a visitor call between the two meals, she receives him or her, as the case may be. She says, "I do not *profess* to have made my toilette."

Once or twice I have suggested, "What *will* he think?" and I always received the same airy reply, "I do not make my toilette until *koffij*-time."

I do not like the custom myself. I once stayed at the same house with two officers—a general and a colonel—who came to breakfast in their usual full-dress. The ladies of the house wore *their* charming *déagé* costume. I really had expected otherwise. If gentlemen can appear fresh and clean and well-dressed at breakfast, I cannot see why

ladies should not do the same; and what man can have any respect for a lady who spends four or five hours of every morning looking more like some idle unwashed creature gossiping at the end of an alley, than a gentlewoman by birth, educated far above the average of her English sisters? As I have told them many a time, an English lady, if she is ever so ill, will make herself neat and tidy before her doctor comes.

I went to pay a short visit at a house where I only knew one of the daughters—a charming house!—where I met some of the greatest artists and musical celebrities in Europe. I arrived in time for dinner, and was delighted with everything. The *salle*, filled with pictures and china, won my keenest admiration, and finally I went to roost in one of the nicest bedrooms and most utterly luxurious beds it was ever my good fortune to have allotted to me. And the next morning I arose, dressed, and found my way to the *hues kamer*, or ordinary living room. On the stairs I passed a stout, elderly person, with a queer white net on her head, no hair to be seen, clad in a very dirty gray cotton wrapper. She was scolding vociferously at a man-servant, and I took her for a housekeeper, wondering the lady of the house would allow her to go about such an untidy object. Judge of my surprise when she followed me into the room, and accosted me with, "Well, you child, and will you not speak with me this morning?" It was my hostess! I felt myself turn scarlet as I stammered out an apology. I never should have known her except from her voice; and the shrill tone of anger and the language in which she spoke prevented me from recognizing that.

I cast furtive glances at her as I ate my breakfast, not surprised that I had not known her. How was it possible? I had seen the previous evening a handsome, fair-faced lady, dressed in the richest of silken gowns, real lace round her fair throat, her hair all waved and crimped—brown, rich, and shining; a dignified, gracious being, who could talk well and pleasantly upon any subject, who spoke four foreign languages fluently—and what did I find in the morning? Just a dirty, untidy shrew! Really, I wondered how her face could

have become so dirty in those few hours—it looked as if it had not been washed for a week.

Perhaps the etiquette which differs the most from ours is that of the table. I cannot say I like it. No Dutch people live in as good a style as we do. I only know two houses where the table is pleasant to look at—one that of an enormously wealthy shipowner at Rotterdam, the other that of a very wealthy professor. The wife of the latter once said to me, "I do like to see you eat. I like to see you eat at my table. You do eat so prettily." I laughed, and disclaimed the compliment; but she was right—the English are more elegant eaters than the Dutch. I never saw a Dutch man or woman—not even one who was a countess in her own right, and ought to have been a good example—eat straight away with a knife and fork as we do. They first cut the whole plateful into pieces—a most disagreeable process—then lay the knife on the edge of the plate, farthest away from the eater, and resting the left hand, *loosely folded*, on the table beside the plate, eat all with the fork, shovel fashion. Why, using only the fork, it is not proper to lay the left hand on the knee I do not know. I noticed many points of that kind which they could not explain beyond that "such a thing was etiquette."

I never saw food eaten otherwise. Sometimes glass rests are provided for each person, and very, very necessary they are, for *never*, is a change of cover provided. I never saw such a thing at a friendly dinner, and once I was at a large evening party where I met some very grand people, and saw a supper of thirteen courses served with one knife and fork and two spoons for each person.

The first time I dined at the house of the lady I have just mentioned, she said, "If you will make a mark in your serviette I will have it put aside, to be ready when you come again."

I thanked her, and turned down the corner of my dinner-napkin, wondering a little that people who had a dinner *en famille* of five courses and a lavish dessert should be so saving as to retain a guest's serviette for another time. On my return to the house where I was staying I mentioned the circumstance,

and then it was explained. It was merely a delicate way of telling me that she meant frequently to invite me again. I dined there many times, but I never saw the serviette with the folded corner any more. This lady copied my method of eating my dinner from the first time I dined there, and made her children do the same. The last time I was in Holland I found they still kept up the custom.

As regards the other meals, they consist of breakfast, *koffij*, and supper. They are prepared entirely by the ladies of the house and are exactly alike, except that there is tea at two meals—breakfast and supper—and coffee at the one which bears its name. Breakfast is early—from eight to nine—and often visitors are privileged to have it in bed. They always ask if you prefer it so. *Koffij* is at noon; dinner—*eeten*, they term it—is from half-past four to half-past five, according to the tastes or habits of the household, but *never* later. Tea is going from seven to nine, and merely consists of tea in small cups and sweet biscuits, such as macaroons or the like, and it does not in any way interfere with music, cards, work, or any other employment which may be on hand; it is taken in the drawing-room, and visitors appear for it, certainly in sociable houses, five nights out of six. Supper is at any time; I know some houses where it is served at half-past nine, others not till eleven. At one charming house, where I have had many pleasant visits, it was never served before eleven, often half an hour later, and no one seemed to think of bed before one or two o'clock; even then the girls would come into my bedroom and chatter round the stove till there was neither wood nor peat left wherewith to mend the fire. Perhaps the late hours most people keep account somewhat for the attire of the morning.

As I said, the minor meals are prepared by the ladies; they are precisely alike. The tea-things, often of valuable china, are kept in a cupboard, usually concealed in the wall, and with several pictures hung on the papered door, which to your horror suddenly swings forward. In the *huis kamer* one of the ladies first fetches a white cloth about a yard square, which she places in the cen-

tre of the table. For dinner a large one is used, as with us. Then she brings out a very small tray, bearing cups, saucers, plates, and knives—these last black-handled—putting one for each person.

She sets the slop-basin and cups in order, and brings out a little spirit-lamp with a silver stand, on which to set the teapot or *cafetière*, whichever is to be used, and a box of matches. She sets the tea-caddy handy, or, if it must be coffee, grinds up with a little hand-mill a sufficient quantity for the meal. Then she gets the butter-pot, which is a deep round pot of common delf with a lid. It is filled to the brim with butter, and emptied, not by cutting, as we do, but by each person scraping out, with *his own knife*, as much as he wishes to use for each piece of bread he takes. It is not a pretty fashion, by any means.

Then appears an oblong basket, with a long roll of bread, of which she cuts several slices about an inch thick, usually allowing two for each person. They remain in the basket with the bread, and no d'oyley is used. Near the basket stands a tray a size smaller, with black bread, currant loaf, gingerbread made with honey, almond-cake, or some such dainty. There is always cheese, which is handed round, and often a pot of some thick, sticky substance, like very dark treacle, called *appel stroop*. No one could ever tell me how it was made, except that it was of apples. I bought some in Brussels, but I could not understand the French of the woman from whom I got it. I found her Flemish easier to follow.

Appel stroop is delicious, and, though sweet, not at all sickly. When the meal is ready, a maid appears bringing a jug of milk—I never saw cream—and a large brass pan, like an upright coal-pan, in which is a brazier of burning charcoal and a kettle of boiling water. Then the tea or coffee is made, the little spirit-lamp lighted, and the meal is ready.

It is eaten in the same ungraceful fashion as dinner; the bread buttered and "cheesed," if I may coin such a term, for the cheese is cut in the thinnest wafers, and laid on the top of the butter; then it is cut into strips, the knife laid aside, and the strips disposed of.

Probably *Mynheer* will light up his

cigar before you have finished, without so much as a "Hope you don't mind it;" then *Mevrouw* or *Mejvrouw* brings out a bowl (of rare old china often), and washes up, using the snowiest of cloths, and neither spilling one drop of water nor wetting the fingers. The maid appears again to take away the pan and kettle, and all is over.

Servants do very little waiting in Holland, because in very few houses are more than two kept—two and a man are enough for people of noble birth—and then there is so much scrubbing and washing done. Many families visiting a great deal keep but one servant; and where there are children a *kindervrouw*, a person answering in class to our nursery-governess, though often she does not teach at all. To my mind the lack of waiting was very uncomfortable—I never got accustomed to being waited upon by my hostess. Nor did I like the serving of the meals at all. The little scrumpy cloth, the *basket* of bread, the fifty knife-marks in the butter-dish, and the continual hiss-hiss of the tea or coffee over the spirit-lamp! It was so uncomfortable!

Claret is drunk *cold*, and I once heard an Englishman dining for the first time in Holland gasp to himself, "Good lack, they drink their claret *cold*!" I had got used to it.

But, what is much worse, they never heat plates or dishes, to the ruination of the best dinners. I converted one family to hot plates and dishes so thoroughly, that in their zeal they even warmed the gravy-spoon and the soup-ladle.

I was once staying in a country house where I created a positive sensation by simply asking a young man to be so good as to fetch my scissors from the adjoining room—I had my lap full of work, which I could not lay down. The young man himself looked astounded—fairly astounded—as if he could not believe his ears; and such a blank silence fell upon the company that I asked outright if I had committed some terrible breach of etiquette. Mr. Doorman recovered himself, and said, "Not at all," but my hostess told me afterward that she had never heard of such a thing in the whole course of her life.

This young man was the son of one of

the richest bankers in Amsterdam, but his manners—oh! they certainly were of the roughest. However, I have the satisfaction of feeling I improved them. I remained five weeks a guest in the same house with him; and I taught him, among other trifles, that it is polite for a gentleman to allow ladies to leave the room *before* him—that it is a delicate attention to offer to turn the leaves of their music, and that it is better not to smoke when they are singing.

But perhaps the oddest of all the Dutch etiquette is that concerning the paying of calls. It seemed so odd to me to find the members of a family have each their separate visiting list. Daughters *never* make calls with their mothers. The moment a girl is out of the school-room she has cards of her own, printed in the objectionable style, which never succeeded here—

ROSETTA VAN DER WELDE.

She has her own friends, and makes her calls with scrupulous regularity, never omitting to pay a visit on birthdays, when every lady holds an afternoon reception. If she has a friend staying with her, all her friends, and all daughters of people visiting the parents, call upon her, and the calls are returned by the guest and daughter of the house.

If, however, the young lady has friends in the towns who are strangers to the family where she is visiting, they call and are received by the guest alone, and thus does she return the calls. Even a very young lady may accept invitations quite independently of her hostess, and dine out several times a week, the mere mention of the invitation at the time being quite sufficient.

The last time I was in Holland I was staying in the house of a professor, and wished to go and call on the wife of another professor, who did not know I had arrived. I could not, however, induce the daughters to go with me, though they were acquainted.

"We do not visit," was the reply.

So I had to go alone, but I asked *Mevrouw van Kampe* if it would have been a very impossible thing for them to have gone with me.

She said very cordially, "I should have been pleased to see them, but the *Tourneys* are very stiff people."

When her daughters returned my call, they therefore asked for the two Miss *Tourneys*, *who would not come down*. But, absurdly enough, it seemed to me, they, about a week afterward, invited the *van Kampe* girls to a tea-party given in my honor to half a dozen girls I had known on the occasion of a previous visit. It must have been a very bold stroke, for they worried all day, lest the invitation should not be accepted. It was accepted, however, and in the sweetest terms.

Strangely enough, at that little party *Mevrouw Tournay* did not appear; it was etiquette—it was a *young* party, they said. *Mevrouw* herself was, I think, a good deal hurt at being excluded; but her daughters were firm, and I scolded in good round terms their hearts and their etiquette alike. I told them I had never heard of anything so absurd in my life, and at last declined to come down myself. They were firm, and so was I; but at last I had to give in, for *Mevrouw* begged me so sweetly to do so that I had no choice.

However, to return to the paying of visits. Husbands and wives make formal calls together, usually on Sunday, between *koffij* and dinner; and, by the by, I may as well mention here that, on being shown into a drawing-room, it is not etiquette to help yourself to a chair—you must wait until your hostess begs you to take one; a custom which, if she happen to keep you waiting ten minutes and you are weary, becomes rather trying.

On New Year's Day (and I *believe* on Christmas Day also but I will not be sure, for I have only once been in Holland at that season) all young people call at any house where they have been invited during the year. I really do not know if this rule extends to older people also. And they have another singular fashion: as soon as a young lady becomes engaged, she has to march the unfortunate man round to all her friends, and introduce him with a speech as her future husband, and a very pleasant process it must be for him. After that they go everywhere together, like a married couple, pay visits together, go to all amusements and parties together, and he escorts her home when they are over. There is not, however, the slightest fear of their being mistaken for a married

couple, for they sit hand-in-hand, not furtively, as we sometimes see young and foolish people do here, but openly and with a good deal of ostentatious display. They take exhaustive notes in the study of the human eye, they bill and coo—I use the term literally—and then they get married—and drop it! It is

perfectly wonderful, how soon, too, the wife develops into an upper servant, and the husband, from a dozen endearing names, sinks into plain "Smit;" for no wives address their husbands or speak of them by their Christian names, it is considered affected and namby-pamby.—*Leisure Hour.*

ADMIRATION.

THE jackdaw in Æsop's fable who adorned himself with peacock's feathers and sought to pass himself off as one of those birds, is commonly considered only in the light of a warning against struggling to force oneself into a sphere above one's own. By many generations has that jackdaw been pointed at with the finger of scorn, and innumerable people, both young and old, have not hesitated to pronounce him merely an irredeemably vain and ridiculous bird, and nothing more. Though quite aware how presumptuous it is to venture to take exception to the unanimous and sweeping condemnation of ages, we are yet daring enough to assert that full justice has never yet been meted out to that unlucky bird, and that there is a meritorious side to his character, which has been invariably overlooked. We do not attempt to deny that he was a humbug; or that he was fool enough to put himself into that most miserable situation, a false position; or that he was so dull as to confuse Semblance with Reality, and to imagine that pretending to be a peacock and actually being one were identical. But what we maintain as in his favor is, that in spite of all this, he had yet the capacity for discerning, admiring, and longing after a merit which he knew perfectly well he did not himself possess. It is a capacity which is not at all a commonplace one. Look at science, religion, politics, literature, society, and professions of all kinds, and see how few people there are who manage genuinely to admire what is excellent in any line that is opposed to or even somewhat different from their own. Directly they show the least symptom of such an admiration, Self infallibly interferes to try and prevent it. Honest, hearty admiration for good in others to which a man allows he has no shadow of claim for

himself, must necessarily cast more or less of a slight upon Self; so Self is always opposed to foreign merit, and will at best receive it as a merely accidental and external sort of quality, which is to be criticized and belittled as much as possible. Lavish as much approbation as you like, either directly or indirectly, upon that supremely worthy object, Self, and Self will agree therein complacently; but only let some other pinnacle of virtue be created, and its tone will be very quickly changed. *Nil admirari* immediately becomes the order of the day; the rival height is carped and cavilled at incessantly; if possible, it is to be dragged down to a lower level; if it should remain unaffected by detraction, then the eyes are to be turned in some other direction; in short, no stone is left unturned to try and avoid any frank and generous acknowledgment of its altitude. Should the admirable object happen to be far above the head of the admirer, that ought, by rights, to be no hindrance to the consideration in which it is to be held; for as virtue of all kinds can be instinctively felt and recognized even when not understood, it is by no means essential to admiration that the thought of the admirer should be able altogether to represent to him the real fact of the matter. This condition of affairs, however, is sure to be seized upon by Self as a fine opportunity for its antagonism. It will find plenty of sneers and jeers at the folly of bowing down before anything that the mind is incompetent to grasp, and in such a case a man needs to be most especially on his guard lest there be stifled that nobler part of him which prompts him to do homage to the thing that he feels to be intrinsically excellent, whether comprehended or not. No doubt, this hostility would not matter one jot if only Self

were treated as it deserves, and if every one always remembered that the more completely it is snubbed and set aside, so much the better is the chance that things good, true, pure, and just have of influencing humanity. Unluckily, it is not a particularly agreeable process to snub Self; and the consequence of the extent to which it is humored is that the world is full of petty, narrow, miserable jealousies, which deteriorate the nobility inherent in human nature, and poison a large proportion of the sweetness that ought properly to be found in life. One of the most effective antidotes to this poison is admiration, because it inevitably presses Self into the corner, and kindles generous and elevating sentiments. There is no room for these things until Self has been cleared out of the way a bit; and a man can know nothing of them, if his nature be too poor and cramped to allow of his ever being taken out of himself by an ungrudging homage paid to some excellence greater than his own. "No nobler feeling than that of admiration for one higher than himself dwells in the breast of man. It is to this hour, and at all hours, the vivifying influence in man's life." So says Carlyle; and whether the world at large consciously agrees with him or not, at all events its actions are such as to justify the belief that it holds the capacity for admiration in considerable esteem; since it may be generally remarked that those who possess that quality receive a far larger share of love and trust than those who are destitute of it. People do not, as a rule, appear drawn to consign more than they can help of their affections, secrets, or reputations to the tender mercies of a man who is observed to be always ready to depreciate any kind of virtue, talent, ability, or excellence that is not so nearly allied to his own as to give him a reflective share in the praises bestowed thereupon.

Inasmuch, then, as a genuine, self-

forgetting admiration necessarily takes a man to some extent out of himself, we hold that on this account alone he will be all the better for it. But its utility by no means stops here, and, under proper guidance, it can render still more important service. Whatever he admires has a good deal to do with the formation of his character; he will wish (though perhaps unconsciously) to imitate it, and incorporate it into his own life as far as possible, and thus it will supply an ideal, a standard to aim at. Whether this standard shall be more or less elevated is evidently a very serious consideration, and much discrimination is needed as to the persons, qualities, and other objects on which unqualified approval may safely be bestowed. As for honest admiration being thrown away on what is absolutely bad and vicious, the chance of that seems too slight to call for warning against it. But there is room for a word of caution against the danger of forgetting that there are degrees and degrees of merit, that all things praiseworthy are not equally so, and that a man should beware of wasting on some inferior excellence a sentiment that is capable of raising him a good deal higher, if directed to a more worthy object. And the only security from this risk is to be found in taking counsel with reason and the higher nature as to what to admire, and in carefully shutting out the subtle influence of Self, as it tries to interfere in the matter, and create prejudice in whatever direction may seem most likely to prove to its own advantage.

"Everything's got a moral, if you can only find it," observes the Duchess, in "Alice in Wonderland;" and the moral of the foregoing seems to be this. Cultivate the habit of admiring generously and freely whatever is excellent, and distrust and discourage the depreciatory tendency, as intrinsically petty, and leading to deterioration of character.—

The Spectator.

HETTY.

BY JOSEPH MACKAY.

DREARY days of damp December, dreary house below the hill,
 "What's the use of life?" yawns Hetty, sulking by the window-sill.
 Stern and silent sits the father, reading Puritan divines;
 While the gloomy, solemn mother o'er a tract her head declines.

Hetty is as fair as Venus ; no one ever tells her so :
 In a life so lone and dreary how can she her beauty know ?
 Like a sulky, sleepy pagan, captured to be Christian bred,
 Scowling at the gray wet hill-side, Oh ! she wishes she was dead.

From her tract wakes up her mother (she was not asleep—ah, no ;
 “ Hester, how can you be trifling ?” said she in a voice of woe.
 “ Know’st thou not that for each moment thou’lt be judged at Judgment Day ?”
 And she puts the wench to ponder some sepulchral sacred lay.

Rides anon that way a stranger—scarce a godly man, I fear ;
 But he knocks as one benighted, so is welcome to their cheer.
 Hetty waits upon that stranger, and her blushes come and go ;
 And he thinks, as he surveys her, “ ’Tis the type I’ve sought for so.”

Quick he strives to please the father ; talks of Puritan divines—
 Like a curate, but love-snaring conscious Hetty twixt the lines.
 Yes, he’s charmed those pious parents—he was practised in the art ;
 And that lazy, lovely maiden swiftly, surely, lost her heart.

Now wake up thou poor old pastor, for the young bird’s flown the nest ;
 Late ! by this time far away she nestles on that stranger’s breast,

* * * * *

Dreary house below the hill ! Ah ! riddles women ever were :
 Hetty, in a gilded villa, wishes she again was there.

Grosvenor Magazine.

THE GREAT DISCOVERY AT THEBES.

BY W. J. LOFTIE, M.A.

THE public interest in ancient Egypt has been greatly stimulated by the famous discovery of royal mummies made at Thebes last summer. The addition to the Boolak Museum of nearly forty coffins, together with fragments of coffins and innumerable other objects, would in any case have been a remarkable event. But when it is added that not fewer than ten of these coffins contain the bodies of kings, and that among these kings are comprised some of the greatest monarchs who ever filled the throne of Pharaoh, we can understand that people who care little to thread the intricacies of Egyptian chronology may for once be excited by that curiosity which royalty always arouses—even royalty dead and buried for thirty centuries.

The building in which the finest Egyptian collection extant is housed cannot be considered worthy of its contents. Though considerably improved from what it was before Sir Rivers Wilson’s tenure of office, it is still far from safe, and during the last inundation was in

the utmost danger, owing to the failure of an embankment higher up the river. This danger may recur again and again, and no one who believes that the museum must eventually be swept away can be said to take an unduly gloomy view of its position and prospects. When to this wretched little building was brought an addition fully equal to half its previous contents, it will be understood that the authorities were reduced to the verge of despair to find even storing room, and that now, before a small *annexe* has been completed, the royal mummies are crowded together in a way which makes anything like an adequate description impossible. Behind a kind of extemporized fence formed of benches and boxes are disposed—it would be wrong to say arranged—some thirty of the principal coffins, while the old contents of the museum, arranged with such care and discrimination by Mariette during the late years of his life, are removed and heaped up anywhere—age, and size, and character being completely ignored.

Thus it ensues that to any one who visits Boolak for the first time a clear impression of its inestimable collections is impossible, but that those who are able to distinguish the new from the old are simply astonished at the amount and average quality of the recent accessions. Moreover, there is something not merely archæological in the sentiments awakened by the sight of what were once the greatest monarchs on earth lying literally in a heap where any one may come and gaze at them—something almost pathetic in the fact that the identification of the great Sesostri himself turned upon the form of a single letter of his name. The care these old kings bestowed upon what they called their “everlasting habitations,” has availed only to preserve their bodies as a show for the stranger of three thousand years later. Little will the modern investigator reverence the dead. To him each coffin with its contents is merely an archæological monument, worthless except as possibly throwing light on some historical question. When all the wrappings are removed, Thothes will be as Rameses—a brown, bituminous mummy, indistinguishable from any of the countless similar mummies abounding in European museums, or strewing with fragments the hillsides of Sakkara. Perhaps M. Maspero and his coadjutors, or the present ruler of Egypt, may think it but due to departed greatness to make a sepulchre where at least the corpses may be decently deposited. The great interest and importance of this discovery are, I confess, overshadowed in my mind by a feeling of regret that remains which thirty centuries and more have respected, will now be probably looked upon as rubbish, to be got rid of at the next high Nile.

To any one with a knowledge, however slight, of the history of Egypt, the mere names of the kings whose mummies have been brought into the garish light of this nineteenth century are full of associations of the highest interest. The series commences with a gigantic coffin, painted white, and bearing a long inscription in black on the breast. It contains the body of the patriarch of the Egyptian royalty of what Mariette distinguished as the “New Empire.” Many of us remember the name of Tia-

aken Raskenen, about whom such a tantalizing little fragment has been published in the “Records of the Past.”* He preceded Aahmes, the first king of the famous eighteenth dynasty, and the fragment which is in the British Museum tells us of the beginning of his contest with a northern king, Apapi, who dwelt in the city of Haver, and is generally recognized as one of the Hyksos or Shepherds, about whom so much has been written, but about whom so little is known. Raskenen was the father, it is now all but certain, of the Queen Aah-hotep,† whose jewels were exhibited at Paris in 1868. Her husband appears to have been Kames Uaz-Khaper-Ra, a successful general, sometimes spoken of as himself, perhaps in her right, a king, and she was the mother of Aahmes, the founder, as I have said, of the eighteenth dynasty. The inscription on the coffin of Raskenen contains no historical record, except his name and a prayer to the gods of the dead on his behalf. Beside him lies his grandson Aahmes—the coffin of whose mother, Aah-hotep, was already in the museum;—the lid removed, and the royal mummy swathed in wreaths of what three thousand years ago were fresh lotus-flowers. They are faded and dry now, and so fragile that a touch destroys them. Next to King Aahmes is his wife in a crimson coffin, her body wrapped in grave-clothes of pink cambric, with bands of white, so fresh, so delicate in color, that no effort of mine suffices to realize the fact that Nefertary must have died long before Moses was born. Close to her and her royal husband is their son Amenhotep I., his face covered with a brilliantly painted mask, and his body, like that of his father, wreathed with flowers and leaves. On his breast his name is written with a singular variation, referring apparently to his love for his country, “Amenhotep united with Egypt.” It recalls Napoleon’s reference in his will to “the people whom he had loved so well,” but had, we must hope, some better foundation in fact. Attracted perhaps by the flowers a wasp entered the royal coffin at the last moment before it was closed,

* Vol. viii. 1.

† *Notice des Principaux Monuments du Musée à Boulog*, par Aug. Mariette, p. 242.

and was found among the wreaths. By the side of the great Amenhotep rests the body of his young brother Se-Amen, and near him a coffin inscribed with the name of his sister, the Princess Set-Amen, which, when it was opened, was found to contain nothing but a bundle of reeds packed so as to resemble the outline of the human form, surmounted by an infant's skull. This is not the only example of such deception among the number of the supposed mummies; but we must pass by a crowd of the less important features of this marvellous collection, and notice only the more remarkable.

A little behind the rest is an empty coffin. It bears the name of Thothmes I., but contained the body of Pe-netzen, the king in whose reign, six or seven hundred years after the extinction of the eighteenth dynasty, their remains were here collected. Nothing can show more plainly than this appropriation the comparatively inferior position of the late king. The mummy of Thothmes II. is safe, but that of his famous sister, Hatasoo, does not appear. Another queen, who bore the same throne name, Maka-Ra, was at first mistaken for her. Thothmes III. is here, however, and, strange to say, owing to the fault of the embalmers, or to some other cause, it became necessary to unroll his mummy soon after it reached the museum, as mildew had begun to appear. No ornaments were found on the royal corpse, but it was wrapped in a shroud of cambric so fine as to compare favorably with the finest now made in Ulster. The coffin was once gorgeously painted and gilt, but most of the decorations had been hacked off by the Arabs before Herr Brugsch's entry into the royal sepulchre.

There are a few other relics of the eighteenth dynasty, but with the coffin of the great Rameses before us we cannot pause. First are some fragments bearing the name of Rameses "Ra-neb-pehti" the founder of the nineteenth dynasty, and then the coffin of his son Sety I. whose alabaster sarcophagus is now in the Soane Museum. The passages of his tomb must have been built up after the mummy was taken away to this secret sepulchre, and perhaps the hieroglyphics on the wall, destroyed by

Belzoni with his palm-tree battering ram, described the cause and process of the removal. The coffin of Sety is white and plain, but crystal eyes are on the mummy face, which wears a strange look of life. The foot of the case is broken, and one of the king's toes is seen to protrude from its wrappings.

The interest of every visitor to Boolak reaches its highest point as the coffin of Rameses II. is reached. Yet here, I confess, I was disappointed. It was evident at the first glance that the outer coffin, at least, was not made at the same date with all those well known statues of the great king which abound in Egypt. The face is prominent, indeed, upon the coffin. The hands are in high relief, grasping the Osirian scourge and crook; but the face is not from the studio of the artists who carved the walls of Abydos, and designed the sitting figures of Abou-Simbel. On the breast is a legend which includes two royal cartouches or ovals, with an inscription in that hieratic or cursive hieroglyphic writing which is so difficult to read. The names in the ovals are easily read however—"Ra-messes-mer-Amen," in one; "Ra-user-Ma Setep-en-Ra" in the other; but they present, nevertheless, several features which make them more like the writing of the times of Rameses XII. than of Rameses II. The word "Ma," for instance, is represented, not by the complete sitting figure of the goddess of Truth, but by the ostrich feather, only, from her head dress. So, again, in the second oval the syllable "en," which, in the time of Rameses II. was always written with the zigzag letter from which our ordinary written "n" seems to be derived, is here represented by the crown of Lower Egypt, which approaches more nearly to the form of our capital N. It is well known that this form was late in coming into use, and consequently for a time the identification of this, the most interesting and valuable of all the mummies, was in doubt. Rameses XII., an obscure and unimportant king, one of the last degenerate descendants of the old race, was known to have imitated in his cartouches the styles and titles of the greatest of his ancestors. After all, this might, it was argued, be his body; and to judge (as I have endeavored to point

out) by the form of the letters, could hardly have belonged to any earlier king. While questions like these were still unanswered the hieratic writing on the mummy's breast was being slowly deciphered, and this is what it said :—"The year xvi, the fourth month, Pirt, the seventh day was the king User Ma-Ra Setep-en-Ra, the great divinity, taken from the tomb of the king Men-ma-Ra Sety Meren-Ptah, and placed in this, the sepulchre of the Lady An, where already reposed (the body of) the king Amenhotep I. in peace." Similar inscriptions were found on some of the other mummies, all pointing to a period when the authorities of the day—a day long subsequent to that which had shone upon the Amenhoteps and the Rameses—gathered their bodies out of their tombs and removed them into a more secret excavation, perhaps with the idea of hallowing it, perhaps in order to enhance the sacredness of their own resting-place ; but perhaps also on account of some threatening of invasion, or some impending revolution of a domestic kind.

Such a revolution did actually take place when Her-Hor, or Peh-Hor, the priest of Amen-Ra, ascended the throne, and founded the twenty-first dynasty ; and we find accordingly the name of this same high priest among the names inscribed on the mummies. Nor is this all, for among the other interments in the grotto of the Lady An, almost all are those of the family of the usurper.

But we have still to account for that suspicious N on the breast of Rameses, and for the style of his coffin ; and the inscriptions on the other mummies are amply sufficient for the purpose. On several are found records of periodical "restorations,"—restorations, that is, exactly in the sense of the modern architectural use of that deceptive word, and consisting, like contemporary works of the kind, in endeavors, more or less successful, according to the cleverness of the imitator, to imitate or improve upon the original. There may be, and probably is, some such record among the grave-clothes of Rameses, but his mummy has not yet been unrolled.

We now cross the room and find behind another barricade a very different class of coffins. These contain the remains of the descendants of Her-Hor,

and among them those in particular of Netzem-Maut, his wife, and of Pe-Netzem, his successor. Evidently this was the family burial-place. Here is the heathen funeral pall, embroidered with the bearings of Pe-Netzem. Here are hundreds of the little blue images which abound in every Egyptian grave. Here are great wigs of ceremony, jars for hearts, baskets of dried fruits, alabaster boxes of very precious ointment, and, in short, all the appointments of a first-class funeral as it was celebrated in the declining years of the Theban monarchy. There are a few objects, too, of a more personal and pathetic interest. The young princess, Isemkheb, at once the niece and the wife of King Ra-men-Kheper, is accompanied in the tomb by the mummy of her pet gazelle. Near her is the body of Queen Ra-ma-Ka, her mother-in-law, who died in giving birth to the princess, Maut-em-hat. A long string of titles reads like a solemn mockery on the little mummy, scarce fifteen inches long, nestling in the flower-lined coffin beside her mother. One other royal or semi-royal personage must be noticed. Zet-ptah-ef-aneh is a scion of the old family, a brother, possibly, or cousin of Queen Ra-ma-Ka, who is known to have brought a strain of the blue blood of Rameses into the veins of the priestly dynasty. The prince enjoyed, apparently, the favor of the usurpers, who put him into one of the priests' offices, and assigned him a burial-place among themselves.

So our long catalogue comes to an end, though without exhausting the objects or the names of interest which occur in this wonderful collection. M. Maspero and Herr Brugsch are about to publish a complete account of everything in French, accompanied with a series of photographs. In it will be found, among other curious notes, the height—or rather length—of every mummy. Raskenen, it seems, was among Egyptian kings like Saul in Israel. He measured six feet one inch, and very few of his descendants took after him in this particular. Aahmes, for instance, his grandson, measured only five feet six inches, and the great Thothmes III. five feet seven inches. Thothmes II. approached the stature of his ancestor, but Sety I. was no more than five feet

nine inches. It is satisfactory to learn that Rameses II. was taller than his father, and not like Thothmes III., our own William III., or a still greater warrior than either, Napoleon Bonaparte, a little man, by any means, for his mummy wants but one inch of six feet.

The historical results of this discovery are hardly equal to the archæological. We have learned much, no doubt, as to the styles of art of different periods. We have also learned something as to the hieroglyphics and the language. We are able to make a connected pedigree of the "priest-kings" who succeeded Her-Hor. But as to the revolution which placed that monarch on the throne, as to the truth or falsehood of the assertion that he came from the Delta, as to whether or not the Assyrian invasion which Dr. Brugsch places about the time of Pe-Netzem, ever occurred at all—the discovery teaches us nothing. We find some potentates mentioned as kings who have been hitherto considered as priests, princes, or ministers; and some whom we have deemed usurpers turn out to have had a hereditary right to the double crown. But mere names and titles and the domestic annals of royal families are hardly to be looked upon as history, and this discovery gives us little else. On the other hand we have, by inference, confirmation of some points of real historical importance. The greatest of these is the proof, already more than half proved by Mariette, that the eighteenth dynasty sprang directly from that of which Raskenen was the representative. It may be reckoned as the thirteenth or as the seventeenth, according to the taste and fancy of the historian; but, without doubt, we have now a tangible proof that whether the fragment relating to Apapi and Raskenen be a romance or a chapter of history, such a king as Raskenen

actually did exist. He or his generals drove out the foreign kings—the Hyksos, perhaps—from Lower Egypt, and made themselves masters of the whole country. The opinion of Mariette that Queen Aah-hotep was the daughter of Raskenen, and carried on the succession to her descendants, the Thothmes and Amenhoteps of the eighteenth dynasty, is strongly supported. Yet we learn nothing as to why the two immediate predecessors of Rameses II. were held to have commenced a new dynasty distinct from the eighteenth, and little fresh light is thrown on the usages or laws regulating the royal succession.

It is very clear that the usurping family of priest-kings revered and preserved the remains of their predecessors—even of kings as remote from their own time as the Emperor Charlemagne is from the Emperor William. There must have been an object in this. It is probable that Her-Hor and Pe-Netzem would wish to identify themselves and their families with the glories of Thothmes and Rameses; it is possible that when the usurper king married Ra-ma-Ka, a daughter of the ancient house, he felt himself entitled to claim affinity with her ancestors, and to offer filial reverence to their remains. Only the greater kings were selected for honor. Hor, Aay, Setnacht, and the whole tribe of the later Rameses, are unnoticed. But we have evidence that even in the degenerate days of the twenty-first dynasty, with the Assyrians and the Ethiopians already hovering on the northern and southern frontiers, the Egyptians recalled the name of the king who overran Syria and Palestine as far at least as Aleppo, and preserved the memory of the conqueror who avenged the wrongs of Egypt upon Asia.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

MONKEYS.

BY ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE.

IF the skeletons of an orang-utan and a chimpanzee be compared with that of a man, there will be found to be the most wonderful resemblance, together with a very marked diversity. Bone for bone, throughout the whole structure,

will be found to agree in general form, position, and function, the only absolute differences being that the orang has nine wrist-bones, whereas man and the chimpanzee have but eight; and the chimpanzee has thirteen pairs of ribs,

whereas the orang, like man, has but twelve. With these two exceptions, the differences are those of shape, proportion, and direction only, though the resulting differences in the external form and motions are very considerable. The greatest of these are, that the feet of the anthropoid or man-like apes, as well as those of all monkeys, are formed like hands, with large opposable thumbs fitted to grasp the branches of trees but unsuitable for erect walking, while the hands have weak small thumbs but very long and powerful fingers, forming a hook rather than a hand adapted for climbing up trees and suspending the whole weight from horizontal branches. The almost complete identity of the skeleton, however, and the close similarity of the muscles and of all the internal organs, have produced that striking and ludicrous resemblance to man which every one recognizes in these higher apes and, in a less degree, in the whole monkey tribe; the face and features, the motions, attitudes, and gestures being often a strange caricature of humanity. Let us, then, examine a little more closely in what the resemblance consists, and how far, and to what extent, these animals really differ from us.

Besides the face, which is often wonderfully human—although the absence of any protuberant nose gives it often a curiously infantile aspect, monkeys, and especially apes, resemble us most closely in the hand and arm. The hand has well-formed fingers with nails, and the skin of the palm is lined and furrowed like our own. The thumb is, however, smaller and weaker than ours, and is not so much used in taking hold of anything. The monkey's hand is, therefore, not so well adapted as that of man for a variety of purposes, and cannot be applied with such precision in holding small objects, while it is unsuitable for performing delicate operations such as tying a knot or writing with a pen. A monkey does not take hold of a nut with its fore-finger and thumb as we do, but grasps it between the fingers and the palm in a clumsy way, just as a baby does before it has acquired the proper use of its hand. Two groups of monkeys—one in Africa and one in South America—have no thumbs on their hands, and yet they do not seem to be

in any respect inferior to other kinds which possess it. In most of the American monkeys the thumb bends in the same direction as the fingers, and in none is it so perfectly opposed to the fingers as our thumbs are; and all these circumstances show that the hand of the monkey is, both structurally and functionally, a very different and very inferior organ to that of man, since it is not applied to similar purposes, nor is it capable of being so applied.

When we look at the feet of monkeys we find a still greater difference, for these have much larger and more opposable thumbs and are therefore more like our hands; and this is the case with all monkeys, so that even those which have no thumbs on their hands, or have them small and weak and parallel to the fingers, have always large and well-formed thumbs on their feet. It was on account of this peculiarity that the great French naturalist Cuvier named the whole group of monkeys *Quadrumanæ*, or four-handed animals, because, besides the two hands on their forelimbs, they have also two hands in place of feet on their hind-limbs. Modern naturalists have given up the use of this term, because they say that the hind extremities of all monkeys are really feet, only these feet are shaped like hands; but this is a point of anatomy, or rather of nomenclature, which we need not here discuss.

Let us, however, before going further, inquire into the purpose and use of this peculiarity, and we shall then see that it is simply an adaptation to the mode of life of the animals which possess it. Monkeys, as a rule, live in trees, and are especially abundant in the great tropical forests. They feed chiefly upon fruits, and occasionally eat insects and birds'-eggs, as well as young birds, all of which they find in the trees; and, as they have no occasion to come down to the ground, they travel from tree to tree by jumping or swinging, and thus pass the greater part of their lives entirely among the leafy branches of lofty trees. For such a mode of existence, they require to be able to move with perfect ease upon large or small branches, and to climb up rapidly from one bough to another. As they use their hands for gathering fruit and catching insects or birds,

they require some means of holding on with their feet, otherwise they would be liable to continual falls, and they are able to do this by means of their long finger-like toes and large opposable thumbs, which grasp a branch almost as securely as a bird grasps its perch. The true hands, on the contrary, are used chiefly to climb with, and to swing the whole weight of the body from one branch or one tree to another, and for this purpose the fingers are very long and strong, and in many species they are further strengthened by being partially joined together, as if the skin of our fingers grew together as far as the knuckles. This shows that the separate action of the fingers, which is so important to us, is little required by monkeys, whose hand is really an organ for climbing and seizing food, while their foot is required to support them firmly in any position on the branches of trees, and for this purpose it has become modified into a large and powerful grasping hand.

Another striking difference between monkeys and men is that the former never walk with ease in an erect posture, but always use their arms in climbing or in walking on all-fours like most quadrupeds. The monkeys that we see in the streets dressed up and walking erect, only do so after much drilling and teaching, just as dogs may be taught to walk in the same way; and the posture is almost as unnatural to the one animal as it is to the other. The largest and most man-like of the apes—the gorilla, chimpanzee, and orang-utan—also walk usually on all-fours; but in these the arms are so long and the legs so short that the body appears half erect when walking; and they have the habit of resting on the knuckles of the hands, not on the palms like the smaller monkeys, whose arms and legs are more nearly of an equal length, which tends still further to give them a semi-erect position. Still, they are never known to walk of their own accord on their hind legs only, though they can do so for short distances, and the story of their using a stick and walking erect by its help in the wild state is not true. Monkeys, then, are both four-handed and four-footed beasts; they possess four hands formed very much like our

hands, and capable of picking up or holding any small object in the same manner; but they are also four-footed, because they use all four limbs for the purpose of walking, running, or climbing; and, being adapted to this double purpose, the hands want the delicacy of touch and the freedom as well as the precision of movement which ours possess. Man alone is so constructed that he walks erect with perfect ease, and has his hands free for any use to which he wishes to apply them; and this is the great and essential bodily distinction between monkeys and men.

We will now give some account of the different kinds of monkeys and the countries they inhabit.

THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF MONKEYS AND THE COUNTRIES THEY INHABIT.

Monkeys are usually divided into three kinds—apes, monkeys, and baboons; but these do not include the American monkeys, which are really more different from all those of the Old World than any of the latter are from each other. Naturalists, therefore, divide the whole monkey-tribe into two great families, inhabiting the Old and the New Worlds respectively; and, if we learn to remember the kind of differences by which these several groups are distinguished, we shall be able to understand something of the classification of animals, and the difference between important and unimportant characters.

Taking first the Old World groups, they may be thus defined:—apes have no tails; monkeys have tails, which are usually long; while baboons have short tails, and their faces, instead of being round and with a man-like expression as in apes and monkeys, are long and more dog-like. These differences are, however, by no means constant, and it is often difficult to tell whether an animal should be classed as an ape, monkey, or a baboon. The Gibraltar ape, for example, though it has no tail, is really a monkey, because it has callosities, or hard pads of bare skin on which it sits, and cheek-pouches in which it can stow away food; the latter character being always absent in the true apes, while both are present in most monkeys and baboons. All these animals, however, from the largest ape to the smallest monkey,

have the same number of teeth as we have, and they are arranged in a similar manner, although the tusks, or canine teeth, of the males are often large, like those of a dog.

The American monkeys, on the other hand, with the exception of the Marmosets, have four additional grinding teeth (one in each jaw on either side), and none of them have callosities, or cheek-pouches. They never have prominent snouts like the baboons; their nostrils are placed wide apart and open sideways on the face; the tail, though sometimes short, is never quite absent; and the thumb bends the same way as the fingers, is generally very short and weak, and is often quite wanting. We thus see that these American monkeys differ in a great number of characters from those of the Eastern hemisphere; and they have this further peculiarity, that many of them have prehensile or grasping tails, which are never found in the monkeys of any other country. This curious organ serves the purpose of a fifth hand. It has so much muscular power that the animal can hang by it easily with the tip curled round a branch, while it can also be used to pick up small objects with almost as much ease and exactness as an elephant's trunk. In those species which have it most perfectly formed it is very long and powerful, and the end has the underside covered with bare skin, exactly resembling that of the finger or palm of the hand and apparently equally sensitive. One of the common kinds of monkeys that accompany street organ-players has a prehensile tail, but not of the most perfect kind; since in this species the tail is entirely clad with hair to the tip, and seems to be used chiefly to steady the animal when sitting on a branch by being twisted round another branch near it. The statement is often erroneously made that all American monkeys have prehensile tails; but the fact is that rather less than half the known kinds have them so, the remainder having this organ either short and bushy or long and slender, but entirely without any power of grasping. All prehensile-tailed monkeys are American, but all American monkeys are not prehensile-tailed.

By remembering these characters it is easy, with a little observation, to tell

whether any strange monkey comes from America or from the Old World. If it has bare seat-pads, or if when eating it fills its mouth till its cheeks swell out like little bags, we may be sure it comes from some part of Africa or Asia; while if it can curl up the end of its tail so as to take hold of anything, it is certainly American. As all the tailed monkeys of the Old World have seat-pads (or ischial callosities as they are called in scientific language), and as all the American monkeys have tails, but no seat-pads, this is the most constant external character by which to distinguish them; and having done so we can look for the other peculiarities of the American monkeys, especially the distance apart of the nostrils and their lateral position.

The whole monkey-tribe is especially tropical, only a few kinds being found in the warmer parts of the temperate zone. One inhabits the Rock of Gibraltar, and there is one very like it in Japan, and these are the two monkeys which live farthest from the equator. In the tropics they become very abundant and increase in numbers and variety as we approach the equator, where the climate is hot, moist, and equable, and where flowers, fruits, and insects are to be found throughout the year. Africa has about 55 different kinds, Asia and its islands about 60, while America has 114, or almost exactly the same as Asia and Africa together. Australia and its islands have no monkeys, nor has the great and luxuriant island of New Guinea, whose magnificent forests seem so well adapted for them. We will now give a short account of the different kinds of monkeys inhabiting each of the tropical continents.

Africa possesses two of the great man-like apes—the gorilla and the chimpanzee, the former being the largest ape known, and the one which, on the whole, perhaps most resembles man, though its countenance is less human than that of the chimpanzee. Both are found in West Africa, near the equator, but they also inhabit the interior wherever there are great forests; and Dr. Schweinfurth states that the chimpanzee inhabits the country about the sources of the Shari River in 28° E. long. and 4° N. lat.

The long-tailed monkeys of Africa are very numerous and varied. One group

has no cheek-pouches and no thumb on the hand, and many of these have long soft fur of varied colors. The most numerous group are the Guenons, rather small long-tailed monkeys, very active and lively, and often having their faces curiously marked with white or black, or ornamented with whiskers or other tufts of hair; and they all have large cheek-pouches and good-sized thumbs. Many of them are called green monkeys, from the greenish-yellow tint of their fur, and most of them are well-formed pleasing animals. They are found only in tropical Africa.

The baboons are larger, but less numerous. They resemble dogs in the general form and the length of the face or snout, but they have hands with well-developed thumbs on both the fore and hind limbs; and this, with something in the expression of the face and their habit of sitting up and using their hands in a very human fashion, at once shows that they belong to the monkey-tribe. Many of them are very ugly, and in their wild state they are the fiercest and most dangerous of monkeys. Some have the tail very long, others of medium length, while it is sometimes reduced to a mere stump, and all have large cheek-pouches and bare seat-pads. They are found all over Africa from Egypt to the Cape of Good Hope; while one species, called the hamadryas, extends from Abyssinia across the Red Sea into Arabia, and is the only baboon found out of Africa. This species was known to the ancients, and it is often represented in Egyptian sculptures, while mummies of it have been found in the catacombs. The largest and most remarkable of all the baboons is the mandrill of West Africa, whose swollen and hog-like face is ornamented with stripes of vivid blue and scarlet. This animal has a tail scarcely two inches long, while in size and strength it is not much inferior to the gorilla. These large baboons go in bands, and are said to be a match for any other animals in the African forests, and even to attack and drive away the elephants from the districts they inhabit.

Turning now to Asia, we have first one of the best known of the large man-like apes—the orang-utan, found only in the two large islands, Borneo and Sumatra. The name is Malay, signifying

“man of the woods,” and it should be pronounced *orang-ootan*, the accent being on the first syllable of both words. It is a very curious circumstance that, whereas the gorilla and chimpanzee are both black, like the negroes of the same country, the orang-utan is red or reddish-brown, closely resembling the color of the Malays and Dyaks who live in the Bornean forests. Though very large and powerful, it is a harmless creature, feeding on fruit, and never attacking any other animal except in self-defence. A full-grown male orang-utan is rather more than four feet high, but with a body as large as that of a stout man, and with enormously long and powerful arms.

Another group of true apes inhabit Asia and the larger Asiatic islands, and are in some respects the most remarkable of the whole family. These are the Gibbons, or long-armed apes, which are generally of small size and of a gentle disposition, but possessing the most wonderful agility. In these creatures the arms are as long as the body and legs together, and are so powerful that a gibbon will hang for hours suspended from a branch, or swing to-and-fro and then throw itself a great distance through the air. The arms, in fact, completely take the place of the legs for travelling. Instead of jumping from bough to bough and running on the branches, like other apes and monkeys, the gibbons move along while hanging suspended in the air, stretching their arms from bough to bough, and thus going hand over hand as a very active sailor will climb along a rope. The strength of their arms is, however, so prodigious, and their hold so sure, that they often loose one hand before they have caught a bough with the other, thus seeming almost to fly through the air by a series of swinging leaps; and they travel among the network of interlacing boughs a hundred feet above the earth with as much ease and certainty as we walk or run upon level ground, and with even greater speed. These little animals scarcely ever come down to the ground of their own accord; but when obliged to do so they run along almost erect, with their long arms swinging round and round, as if trying to find some tree or other object to climb up-

on. They are the only apes who naturally walk without using their hands as well as their feet; but this does not make them more like men, for it is evident that the attitude is not an easy one, and is only adopted because the arms are habitually used to swing by, and are therefore naturally held upwards instead of downwards, as they must be when walking on them.

The tailed monkeys of Asia consist of two groups, the first of which have no cheek-pouches, but always have very long tails. They are true forest monkeys, very active, and of a shy disposition. The most remarkable of these is the long-nosed monkey of Borneo, which is very large, of a pale brown color, and distinguished by possessing a long, pointed, fleshy nose, totally unlike that of all other monkeys. Another interesting species is the black and white entellus monkey of India, called "Hanuman" by the Hindoos, and considered sacred by them. These animals are petted and fed, and at some of the temples numbers of them come every day for the food which the priests, as well as the people, provide for them.

The next group of Eastern monkeys are the Macaques, which are more like baboons, and often run upon the ground. They are more bold and vicious than the others. All have cheek-pouches, and though some have long tails, in others the tail is short, or reduced to a mere stump. In some few this stump is so very short that there appears to be no tail, as in the magot of North Africa and Gibraltar, and in an allied species that inhabits Japan.

AMERICAN MONKEYS.

The monkeys which inhabit America form three very distinct groups: 1st—the Sapajous, which have prehensile or grasping tails; 2d—the Sagouins, which have ordinary tails, either long or short; and, 3d—the Marmosets, very small creatures, with sharp claws, long tails, which are not prehensile, and a smaller number of teeth than all other American monkeys. Each of these three groups contain several sub-groups, or *genera*, which often differ remarkably from each other, and from all the monkeys of the Old World.

We will begin with the howling mon-

keys, which are the largest found in America, and are celebrated for the loud voice of the males. Often in the great forests of the Amazon or Oronooko a tremendous noise is heard in the night or early morning, as if a great assemblage of wild beasts were all roaring and screaming together. The noise may be heard for miles, and it is louder and more piercing than that of any other animals, yet it is all produced by a single male howler sitting on the branches of some lofty tree. They are enabled to make this extraordinary noise by means of an organ that is possessed by no other animal. The lower jaw is unusually deep, and this makes room for a hollow bony vessel about the size of a large walnut, situated under the root of the tongue, and having an opening into the wind-pipe by which the animal can force air into it. This increases the power of its voice, acting something like the hollow case of a violin, and producing those marvellous rolling and reverberating sounds which caused the celebrated traveller Waterton to declare that they were such as might have had their origin in the infernal regions. The howlers are large and stout-bodied monkeys with bearded faces, and very strong and powerfully grasping tails. They inhabit the wildest forests; they are very shy, and are seldom taken captive, though they are less active than many other American monkeys.

Next come the spider-monkeys, so called from their slender bodies and enormously long limbs and tail. In these monkeys, the tail is so long, strong, and perfect, that it completely takes the place of a fifth hand. By twisting the end of it round a branch the animal can swing freely in the air with complete safety; and this gives them a wonderful power of climbing and passing from tree to tree, because the distance they can stretch is that of the tail, body, and arm added together, and these are all unusually long. They can also swing themselves through the air for great distances, and are thus able to pass rapidly from tree to tree without ever descending to the ground, just like the gibbons in the Malayan forests. Although capable of feats of wonderful agility, the spider-monkeys are usually slow and deliberate in their motions, and have a

timid, melancholy expression, very different from that of most monkeys. Their hands are very long, but have only four fingers, being adapted for hanging on to branches rather than for getting hold of small objects. It is said that when they have to cross a river the trees on the opposite banks of which do not approach near enough for a leap, several of them form a chain, one hanging by its tail from a lofty overhanging branch and seizing hold of the tail of the one below it, then gradually swinging themselves backwards and forwards till the lower one is able to seize hold of a branch on the opposite side. He then climbs up the tree, and, when sufficiently high, the first one lets go, and the swing either carries him across to a bough on the opposite side or he climbs up over his companions.

Closely allied to the last are the woolly monkeys, which have an equally well-developed prehensile tail, but better proportioned limbs, and a thick woolly fur of a uniform gray or brownish color. They have well-formed fingers and thumbs, both on the hands and feet, and are rather deliberate in their motions, and exceedingly tame and affectionate in captivity. They are great eaters, and are usually very fat. They are found only in the far interior of the Amazon valley, and, having a delicate constitution, seldom live long in Europe. These monkeys are not so fond of swinging themselves about by their tails as are the spider-monkeys, and offer more opportunities of observing how completely this organ takes the place of a fifth hand. When walking about a house or on the deck of a ship the partially curled tail is carried in a horizontal position on the ground, and the moment it touches anything it twists round it and brings it forward, when, if eatable, it is at once appropriated; and when fastened up the animal will obtain any food that may be out of reach of its hands with the greatest facility, picking up small bits of biscuit, nuts, etc., much as an elephant does with the tip of his trunk.

We now come to a group of monkeys whose prehensile tail is of a less perfect character, since it is covered with hair to the tip, and is of no use to pick up objects. It can, however, curl round a

branch, and serves to steady the animal while sitting or feeding, but is never used to hang and swing by in the manner so common with the spider-monkeys and their allies. These are rather small-sized animals, with round heads and with moderately long tails. They are very active and intelligent, their limbs are not so long as in the preceding group, and though they have five fingers on each hand and foot, the hands have weak and hardly opposable thumbs. Some species of these monkeys are often carried about by itinerant organ-men, and are taught to walk erect and perform many amusing tricks. They form the genus *Cebus* of naturalists.

The remainder of the American monkeys have non-prehensile tails, like those of the monkeys of the Eastern hemisphere; but they consist of several distinct groups, and differ very much in appearance and habits. First we have the Sakis, which have a bushy tail and usually very long and thick hair, something like that of a bear. Sometimes the tail is very short, appearing like a rounded tuft of hair; many of the species have fine bushy whiskers, which meet under the chin, and appear as if they had been dressed and trimmed by a barber, and the head is often covered with thick curly hair, looking like a wig. Others, again, have the face quite red, and one has the head nearly bald, a most remarkable peculiarity among monkeys. This latter species was met with by Mr. Bates on the Upper Amazon, and he describes the face as being of a vivid scarlet, the body clothed from neck to tail with very long, straight, and shining white hair, while the head was nearly bald, owing to the very short crop of thin gray hairs. As a finish to their striking physiognomy these monkeys have bushy whiskers of a sandy color meeting under the chin, and yellowish-gray eyes. The color of the face is so vivid that it looks as if covered with a thick coat of bright scarlet paint. These creatures are very delicate, and have never reached Europe alive, though several of the allied forms have lived some time in our Zoölogical Gardens.

An allied group consists of the elegant squirrel-monkeys, with long, straight, hairy tails, and often adorned with prettily variegated colors. They are

usually small animals ; some have the face marked with black and white, others have curious whiskers, and their nails are rather sharp and claw-like. They have large round heads, and their fur is more glossy and smooth than in most other American monkeys, so that they more resemble some of the smaller monkeys of Africa. These little creatures are very active, running about the trees like squirrels, and feeding largely on insects as well as on fruit.

Closely allied to these are the small group of night-monkeys, which have large eyes, and a round face surrounded by a kind of ruff of whitish fur, so as to give it an owl-like appearance, whence they are sometimes called owl-faced monkeys. They are covered with soft gray fur, like that of a rabbit, and sleep all day long concealed in hollow trees. The face is also marked with white patches and stripes, giving it a rather carnivorous or cat-like aspect, which, perhaps, serves as a protection, by causing the defenceless creature to be taken for an arboreal tiger-cat or some such beast of prey.

This finishes the series of such of the American monkeys as have a larger number of teeth than those of the Old World. But there is another group, the Marmosets, which have the same number of teeth as Eastern monkeys, but differently distributed in the jaws, a pre-molar being substituted for a molar tooth. In other particulars they resemble the rest of the American monkeys. These are very small and delicate creatures, some having the body only seven inches long. The thumb of the hands is not opposable, and instead of nails they have sharp compressed claws. These diminutive monkeys have long, non-prehensile tails, and they have a silky fur often of varied and beautiful colors. Some are striped with gray and white, or are of rich brown or golden brown tints, varied by having the head or shoulders white or black, while in many there are crests, frills, manes, or long ear-tufts, adding greatly to their variety and beauty. These little animals are timid and restless ; their motions are more like those of a squirrel than a monkey. Their sharp claws enable them to run quickly along the branches, but they seldom leap from

bough to bough like the larger monkeys. They live on fruits and insects, but are much afraid of wasps, which they are said to recognize even in a picture. This completes our sketch of the American monkeys, and we see that, although they possess no such remarkable forms as the gorilla or the baboons, yet they exhibit a wonderful diversity of external characters, considering that all seem equally adapted to a purely arboreal life. In the howlers we have a specially developed voice-organ, which is altogether peculiar ; in the spider-monkeys we find the adaptation to active motion among the topmost branches of the forest trees carried to an extreme point of development ; while the singular nocturnal monkeys, the active squirrel-monkeys, and the exquisite little marmosets, show how distinct are the forms under which the same general type may be exhibited, and in how many varied ways existence may be sustained under almost identical conditions.

LEMURS.

In the general term, monkeys, considered as equivalent to the order Primates or the Quadrumana of naturalists, we have to include another sub-type, that of the Lemurs. These animals are of a lower grade than the true monkeys, from which they differ in so many points of structure that they are considered to form a distinct sub-order, or, by some naturalists, even a separate order. They have usually a much larger head and more pointed muzzle than monkeys ; they vary considerably in the number, form, and arrangement of the teeth ; their thumbs are always well developed, but their fingers vary much in size and length ; their tails are usually long, but several species have no tail whatever, and they are clothed with a more or less woolly fur, often prettily variegated with white and black. They inhabit the deep forests of Africa, Madagascar, and Southern Asia, and are more sluggish in their movements than true monkeys, most of them being of nocturnal or crepuscular habits. They feed largely on insects, eating also fruits and the eggs or young of birds.

The most curious species are—the slow lemurs of South India, small tailless nocturnal animals, somewhat resem-

bling sloths in appearance, and almost as deliberate in their movements, except when in the act of seizing their insect prey; the Tarsier, or spectre-lemur, of the Malay Islands, a small long-tailed nocturnal lemur, remarkable for the curious development of the hind feet, which have two of the toes very short and with sharp claws, while the others have nails, the third toe being exceedingly long and slender, though the thumb is very large, giving the feet a very irregular and *outré* appearance; and, lastly, the Aye-aye of Madagascar, the most remarkable of all. This animal has very large ears and a squirrel-like tail, with long spreading hair. It has large curved incisor teeth, which add to its squirrel-like appearance and caused the early naturalists to class it among the rodents. But its most remarkable character is found in its forefeet or hands, the fingers of which are all very long and armed with sharp curved claws, but one of them, the second, is wonderfully slender, being not half the thickness of the others. This curious combination of characters shows that the aye-aye is a very specialized form—that is, one whose organization has been slowly modified to fit it for a peculiar mode of life. From information received from its native country, and from a profound study of its organization, Professor Owen believes that it is adapted for the one purpose of feeding on small wood-boring insects. Its large feet and sharp claws enable it to cling firmly to the branches of trees in almost any position; by means of its large delicate ears it listens for the sound of the insect gnawing within the branch, and is thus able to fix its exact position; with its powerful curved gnawing teeth it rapidly cuts away the bark and wood till it exposes the burrow of the insect, most probably the soft larva of some beetle, and then comes into play the extraordinary long wire-like finger, which enters the small cylindrical burrow, and with the sharp bent claw hooks out the grub. Here we have a most complex adaptation of different parts and organs all converging to one special end, that end being the same as is reached by a group of birds, the woodpeckers, in a different way; and it is a most interesting fact that, although woodpeckers

abound in all the great continents, and are especially common in the tropical forests of Asia, Africa, and America, they are quite absent from Madagascar. We may therefore consider that the aye-aye really occupies the same place in nature in the forests of this tropical island, as do the woodpeckers in other parts of the world.

DISTRIBUTION, AFFINITIES, AND ZOÖLOGICAL RANK OF MONKEYS.

Having thus sketched an outline of the monkey tribe as regards their more prominent external characters and habits, we must say a few words on their general relations as a distinct order of mammalia. No other group so extensive and so varied as this, is so exclusively tropical in its distribution, a circumstance no doubt due to the fact that monkeys depend so largely on fruit and insects for their subsistence. A very few species extend into the warmer parts of the temperate zones, their extreme limits in the northern hemisphere being Gibraltar, the Western Himalayas at 11,000 feet elevation, East Thibet, and Japan. In America they are found in Mexico, but do not appear to pass beyond the tropic. In the Southern hemisphere they are limited by the extent of the forests in South Brazil, which reach about 30° south latitude. In the East, owing to their entire absence from Australia, they do not reach the tropic; but in Africa some baboons range to the southern extremity of the continent.

But this extreme restriction of the order to almost tropical lands is only recent. Directly we go back to the Pliocene period of geology, we find the remains of monkeys in France, and even in England. In the earlier Miocene several kinds, some of large size, lived in France, Germany, and Greece, all more or less closely allied to living forms of Asia and Africa. About the same period monkeys of the South American type inhabited the United States. In the remote Eocene period the same temperate lands were inhabited by lemurs in the East, and by curious animals believed to be intermediate between lemurs and marmosets in the West. We know from a variety of other evidence that throughout these vast periods a mild and almost sub-tropical climate

extended over all Central Europe and parts of North America, while one of a temperate character prevailed as far north as the Arctic circle. The monkey tribe then enjoyed a far greater range over the earth, and perhaps filled a more important place in nature than it does now. Its restriction to the comparatively narrow limits of the tropics is no doubt mainly due to the great alteration of climate which occurred at the close of the Tertiary period, but it may have been aided by the continuous development of varied forms of mammalian life better fitted for the contrasted seasons and deciduous vegetation of the north temperate regions. The more extensive area formerly inhabited by the monkey-tribe, would have favored their development into a number of divergent forms, in distant regions and adapted to distinct modes of life. As these retreated southward and became concentrated in a more limited area, such as were able to maintain themselves became mingled together as we now find them, the ancient and lowly marmosets and lemurs subsisting side by side with the more recent and more highly developed howlers and anthropoid apes.

Throughout the long ages of the Tertiary period monkeys must have been very abundant and very varied, yet it is but rarely that their fossil remains are found. This, however, is not difficult to explain. The deposits in which mammalian remains most abound are those formed in lakes or in caverns. In the former the bodies of large numbers of terrestrial animals were annually deposited, owing to their having been caught by floods in the tributary streams, swallowed up in marginal bogs or quicksands, or drowned by the giving way of ice. Caverns were the haunts of hyænas, tigers, bears, and other beasts of prey, which dragged into them the bodies of their victims, and left many of their bones to become imbedded in stalagmite or in the muddy deposit left by floods, while herbivorous animals were often carried into them by these floods, or by falling down the swallow-holes which often open into caverns from above. But, owing to their arboreal habits, monkeys were to a great extent freed from all these dangers. Whether devoured by beasts or birds of prey, or dying a

natural death, their bones would usually be left on dry land where they would slowly decay under atmospheric influences. Only under very exceptional circumstances would they become imbedded in aqueous deposits; and instead of being surprised at their rarity we should rather wonder that so many have been discovered in a fossil state.

Monkeys, as a whole, form a very isolated group, having no near relations to any other mammalia. This is undoubtedly an indication of great antiquity. The peculiar type which has since reached so high a development must have branched off the great mammalian stock at a very remote epoch, certainly far back in the Secondary period, since in the Eocene we find lemurs and lemurine monkeys already specialized. At this remoter period they were probably not separable from the insectivora, or (perhaps) from the ancestral marsupials.

Even now we have one living form, the curious *Galeopithecus* or flying lemur, which has only recently been separated from the lemurs, with which it was formerly united, to be classed as one of the insectivora; and it is only among the Opossums and some other marsupials that we again find hand-like feet with opposable thumbs, which are such a curious and constant feature of the monkey tribe.

This relationship to the lowest of the mammalian tribes seems inconsistent with the place usually accorded to these animals at the head of the entire mammalian series, and opens up the question whether this is a real superiority or whether it depends merely on the obvious relationship to ourselves. If we could suppose a being gifted with high intelligence, but with a form totally unlike that of man, to have visited the earth before man existed in order to study the various forms of animal life that were found there, we can hardly think he would have placed the monkey tribe so high as we do. He would observe that their whole organization was specially adapted to an arboreal life, and this specialization would be rather against their claiming the first rank among terrestrial creatures. Neither in size, nor strength, nor beauty, would they compare with many other forms, while in intelligence they would not

surpass, even if they equalled, the horse or the beaver. The carnivora, as a whole, would certainly be held to surpass them in the exquisite perfection of their physical structure, while the flexible trunk of the elephant, combined with his vast strength and admirable sagacity, would probably gain for him the first rank in the animal creation.

But if this would have been a true estimate, the mere fact that the ape is our nearest relation does not necessarily oblige us to come to any other conclusion. Man is undoubtedly the most perfect of all animals, but he is so solely in respect of characters in which he differs from all the monkey-tribe—the easily erect posture, the perfect freedom of the hands from all part in locomotion, the large size and complete opposability of the thumb, and the well developed brain, which enables him fully to utilize these combined physical advantages. The monkeys have none of these; and without them the amount of resemblance they have to us is no advantage, and confers no rank. We are biassed by the too exclusive consideration

of the man-like apes. If these did not exist the remaining monkeys could not be thereby deteriorated as to their organization or lowered in their zoological position, but it is doubtful if we should then class them so high as we now do. We might then dwell more on their resemblances to lower types—to rodents, to insectivora, and to marsupials, and should hardly rank the hideous baboon above the graceful leopard or stately stag. The true conclusion appears to be, that the combination of external characters and internal structure which exists in the monkeys, is that which, when greatly improved, refined, and beautified, was best calculated to become the perfect instrument of the human intellect and to aid in the development of man's higher nature; while, on the other hand, in the rude, inharmonious, and undeveloped state which it has reached in the quadrumana, it is by no means worthy of the highest place, or can be held to exhibit the most perfect development of existing animal life.—*Contemporary Review*.

WESTERN WANDERINGS: THE NEWEST AMERICAN RAILROAD.

In the south-west corner of the United States territory of New Mexico, and about twenty miles from the frontier of Mexico, lies Deming, a village of mushroom growth, which owes its importance to the fact that it is the point of junction of the Southern Pacific, and Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé railroads, and that it aspires to be a terminal centre of a system of Mexican railways which are intended to connect the United States with the sister republic. Whether these hopes are destined to be realized or not, will, however, depend upon the result of the contest in which Deming is engaged with its formidable rival El Paso in Texas, the town to which I was bound when, on the evening of the 21st of last December, I descended from the sleeping-car in which I had journeyed from San Francisco. Not many months previously the change of cars at Deming had been attended with some risk. It was not an uncommon thing for a gang of "rustlers"—as the lawless desperadoes

who abound in Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas are called—to surround the passengers on the platform, order them to throw up their hands so as to prevent their having recourse to their revolvers, and empty their pockets. As, however, the railways have brought law-abiding citizens into the country, and the town has assumed more respectable proportions, and enjoyed the advantage of a succession of fearless sheriffs, these outrages have diminished to such an extent that a whole fortnight had elapsed prior to my arrival without any serious disturbance of the public peace having taken place; and on this occasion the incident was one which was scarcely deemed worthy of notice. An inebriated "cow-boy," who had come up from his "ranch" to enjoy himself, by way of bringing his "spree" to a satisfactory conclusion, decided to ride through the ladies' waiting-room with a revolver in one hand and a rifle in the other. He had just completed this feat, and was now looking round for some human tar-

get to his taste, when he was accidentally met by the intrepid sheriff, who happened to be carrying a double-barrelled gun loaded with buckshot, and who then and there—"blew a hole in his heart as big as your fist," thereby immensely increasing the confidence which he already enjoys in the community, and still further establishing that sense of security which has caused Deming to become the envy of its less fortunate neighbors. The local paper, describing the incident, says that "the man fell, remarking that he was a dead man." There is something peculiarly suggestive of the coolness alike of the cow-boy and the rest of the community in this sentence. With his latest breath he uttered no unworthy cry or exclamation. He simply remarked, as a casual fact, "that he was a dead man." I have heard the number of summary executions which the energetic official who now preserves order at Deming has promptly effected with his own hand put as high as twenty-five during his comparatively short tenure of office; but although he has no doubt kept an accurate score, as he is a pious church-member, he is said to be reserved on the subject, and to evade a too rigid cross-examination. The total number of men killed on the line by acts of violence during the year 1881 was put at two hundred and fifty; and I saw in a local paper with strong Hibernian tendencies a comparison between the agrarian crimes in Ireland and the miscellaneous outrages of Arizona and New Mexico, proving that the proportion of murders was much larger in those territories than in Ireland, and arguing therefrom that it was an infamous libel upon the Green Isle to stigmatize it as being in a lawless and disturbed condition. There can be no doubt that if a few trenchant officials of the type of the sheriff of Deming were scattered over the "proclaimed" districts in Ireland, the Land Leaguers would soon share the demoralization which is rapidly overtaking the cow-boys of New Mexico. After all, these latter are a comparatively harmless class as compared with the "rustlers." The former shoot not for gain, but for sport, or in self-defence, when their rough play leads to retaliation. They delight in taking pot-shots

at the cigar of the unwary smoker, in startling him by boring a hole in the brim of his hat with a bullet, or making him dance by aiming at his toes on each foot alternately; but if he takes these amenities in good part, they do not desire his life-blood. It is only when they are in unusually high spirits that they ride pell-mell down the village street, taking shots right and left; and then it is that the indignant citizens form vigilance committees and ride in pursuit, neither party giving or receiving quarter. In all this the sordid love of pelf plays no part. It is only when they are, so to speak, outlawed, that they take to the life of the "rustler," and, like Billy the Kid or the James Brothers, become celebrated for daring acts of robbery, keep a tally of the murders they have kept committed by making notches on their revolvers, and form gangs which are the terror of the country, until some man as desperate as themselves—like Wild Bill, or Garrett, who shot Billy the Kid the other night in his bedroom by moonlight—breaks up the gang by causing the most of them to "hand in their checks," or, in other words, take their departure for another world, when a delighted and appreciative public instantly elect the self-appointed champion of order sheriff. Hence it happens that these law-preservers are for the most part as daring men and as expert shots as the law-breakers; and the inadequacy of courts of criminal jurisprudence to deal efficiently with existing social conditions has become universally recognized.

At Deming I transferred myself from the Southern Pacific to the new line called the "sunset route," which is intended to connect that spot with Galveston in Texas, by way of San Antonio de Behar, and which at this period was only open for passenger traffic as far as El Paso, Texas, at which town I arrived in the small hours of the morning. I had no need to be informed by a chance acquaintance whom I met at the hotel, that it was "booming." Signs of the "boom" were apparent everywhere—in the demolition of the low Mexican houses with their pillared verandahs, which were giving way in the principal street to brand-new American stores with sloping roofs and plate-glass windows, and in the busy crowd of nondescript

and rather rough-looking characters who thronged the hotel entrance, whose talk was principally of mines, ranches, and stores of groceries and dry goods. I have never visited a place more typical of American progress during wanderings which have taken me through every State in the Union; and I felt so much infected with the spirit of rush and enterprise and speculation which characterized it, that, if I had not already paid somewhat dearly for a similar experience on a former occasion, I should have been sorely tempted to invest. A fellow-traveller who was on his way from an Arizona mining city to Boston, and who intended to continue his journey with me, informed me a few hours after our arrival that he had given up his eastern journey, and was on his way to a lawyer to sign a deed of partnership with a friend whom he had accidentally met, and who had already persuaded him to go into the grocery business with him. It is this extraordinary versatility and readiness to abandon plans, form new combinations, and make prompt decisions, which enables the pioneer of civilization in the West to rise and fall with such remarkable rapidity. The present population of El Paso is estimated at over 3000, of whom probably about two thirds are American, and the remaining third Mexican, who lounge listlessly at the street-corners watching the stir and enterprise which have overtaken their once sleepy village, without apparently being stimulated thereby to take part in the competition for sudden wealth which has been excited.

Numerous hack-wagons with canvas tops, and drawn by seedy mules, ply between the American town and El Paso del Norte, which is situated in the Mexican province of Chihuahua on the other side of the Rio Grande, the river which forms the frontier between the United States and Mexico. The distance between the two El Pasos is only about two miles, the road lying across a plain—dusty in dry weather and knee-deep in mud after the rains—where the rich alluvial soil is already being turned to account for market-gardens, which are divided by low *adobe* walls, between which we jolt slowly over the ruts in our primitive conveyance. I had made the casual acquaintance of an American

who was resident in the Mexican town, and who offered to do the honors of it if I would accompany him; but of his name and occupation I was ignorant, until we arrived at our destination. Passing the American Custom House we reached a rough bridge, partly constructed of wooden piles and partly of a pontoon, by which the turbid yellow stream is crossed, and which is leased to the proprietor of the hack-wagons, who charges a shilling a head for the trip, including the toll. A little above the passenger-bridge the river is spanned by the railway, which is destined to connect the City of Mexico with El Paso, Texas, and which has already been completed for about forty miles toward the town of Chihuahua—pronounced Chihawa. This bridge is used also by foot-passengers, and my companion told me that the night preceding a man had been robbed and murdered upon it. He said, however, that acts of violence had become rare since the late splendid exploit of the local sheriff, whose fitness for his office, in his opinion, exceeded even that of his colleague and rival at Deming; for not long before a band of six rustlers came tearing down the streets of El Paso, shooting and otherwise disconcerting the peaceable citizens. The sheriff rushed to the rescue, and posting himself in a suitable and commanding spot, emptied the whole six barrels of his revolver into the mounted gang, killing four in succession on the spot, the last falling dead at a distance of 125 measured paces. This remarkable story was confirmed by several citizens whom I questioned in regard to it, and one of whom was in the street at the time. This sheriff is notorious not only for the accuracy of his aim, but for the dexterity of his "draw"—and, as my companion insisted, "Shooting well ain't o' no account if ye don't know how to draw." As he was himself "heeled"—which is the technical term for being armed—he was able to illustrate his meaning by whipping out the revolver, which he carried in the usual pocket a little above and behind the right hip, and presenting it at an imaginary enemy with a rapidity and skill which he could only have acquired by long practice.

On the Mexican side of the Rio Grande

we were inspected with great care by the barefooted slouching soldier whose duty it was to watch for contraband articles ; but my companion informed me that, either by bribery or skilful smuggling, he always evaded the duties. For instance, he had carried across a pair of lamps the day before, the value of which in the United States was twelve dollars, and the duty on which was six, without being discovered, by the simple device of taking them to pieces and distributing them among the pockets of a party of friends, to whom he promised a free entrance to his "dance-saloon;" for he went on to say that while waiting for something more profitable to turn up, "he was running a dance-saloon," and it was at the door of this establishment, which was a roughly constructed long wooden erection, that he ordered the hack to stop, and politely escorted me to the bar, where he was warmly greeted as "Jim" by a group who were collected round it, and to each of whom I was presented formally by Jim, who prefaced his introduction by turning to me and saying, "Let's see—what was it you said your name was?" As I had said nothing whatever about my name, it is evident that before a satisfactory introduction could take place, this delicate way of gaining the information had become necessary. In regard to my entertainer, my curiosity was amply satisfied by knowing that he was "Jim," and a very popular Jim he seemed. I had, however, "to stand drinks round" at his own bar to him and the crowd, in return for making the acquaintance of so many choice spirits, and from that moment began to revolve in my mind schemes for escape. It was evident they were all "heeled;" and though nothing could exceed their politeness, there was something in the local surroundings—in the tawdry attempts at ball-room decorations, in the dust and *débris* of the previous night's dance which a small boy was sweeping up, in the loose unprincipled aspect of the irregular rows of bottles behind the bar, and the haggard debauched look of Jim's friends before it—which was not calculated to inspire confidence. Besides, I saw a perspective of innumerable drinks, so I gently insinuated that I was obliged to go to the office of the railway on business, and

slipped away into the Plaza, which had a church of the usual Mexican style of architecture on one side, and a row of stunted trees all round, with stone benches under them, while the whole of the central space was covered over with an immense temporary wooden erection, under which *faro*, *monte*, and *roulette* tables were abundantly scattered ; for this was Christmas week, and every night the town became a scene of gambling, riot, and debauch. It was still early in the day, so that only one card-table was in active operation, round which a group of slouching Mexicans were crowded, eagerly betting, and watching the game.

El Paso del Norte is an old and thoroughly typical Mexican town. The low *adobe* houses which line the ragged streets open on a narrow *trottoir*, where walking is difficult in consequence of idle loungers, and a descent from it into the street itself means literally wading in a pond. In some of these lanes I saw mules slushing through the water knee-deep, and this seemed the normal condition of the principal thoroughfares. Behind the church was a bull-ring, where, during Christmas week, two or three fights take place ; and behind the bull-ring were the barracks. Here I scraped another casual acquaintance, in the person of a long-haired American, who was lounging at the gateway, and who appeared to be on intimate terms with the Mexican corporal of the guard. Through him I obtained permission to visit the barracks, which contained in all 120 men, whose quarters and accoutrements I inspected, finding both much better than I expected. It is true they all lived in one large room, and slept on the mud floor, but it was clean and airy. On the other side of the barrack-yard was a prison, which I also examined. Here was a manacled Mexican smoking cigarettes and waiting calmly the day of his execution for a murder which he had committed, and which was to take place in a week. There was, besides, a group of other prisoners for minor offences ; and among them, eating the usual black cakes made of beans, were two free-born American citizens of the rustler class, in whom my long-haired friend was interested, and whom he consoled with words of encouragement, assuring

them that he was taking active measures to secure their liberty. These most likely consisted in a large fee to his friend the corporal or some of the other Mexican officers, commissioned or non-commissioned, with all of whom he seemed on good terms.

The attractions of El Paso were soon exhausted. Almost every other house was a drinking-saloon; and the whole place had an air of dissipation which was rather suggestive than alluring. The worst class of Americans come over from the other side, preying upon the vices of the Mexicans to their own profit, and making what money they can out of their propensities for gambling, drinking, and dancing. "Le vin, le jeu, les belles voilà nos seules plaisirs," seemed fitly to describe their lives and occupation, at all events during Christmas week. My fellow-passenger back in the hack was an American "belle," who had been up to see the "boys," as she called them, whom I had visited in prison, who were friends of hers; and during the interview, a Mexican soldier had taken advantage of a touching moment to rob her of five dollars and her pocket-handkerchief, so that I was entertained by her opinions of the Mexicans as a race, couched in strong language, during the half-hour I enjoyed the pleasure of her society.

As I was informed at El Paso that although the new Texas Pacific Railway would not be open for passenger traffic for a week, it was possible to get through on a construction-train; and as I was fortunate enough to meet one of the officials who was going by it, I determined to take advantage of his kind offer to put me through to New Orleans by this as yet untraversed route. The hour for the starting of the train was one in the morning, and the accommodation a workman's caboose. As provender was doubtful on the line, I provided myself with a package of sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs sufficient to last for two days, and with this simple store took my seat, in company with about a dozen workmen who were going down the line, on the narrow bench of the caboose, behind which we dragged some trucks loaded with rails, which we were constantly dropping or adding to for the remainder of the night, the ever-recurring shocks

which attended the operation rendering sleep impossible, even had the accommodation otherwise admitted of it. For fifty miles the line skirts the Rio Grande; and I was informed there were already some good farms being opened, and that American settlers were beginning to take up their abode in the small Mexican villages on the banks. At daylight we reached Camp Rice, the spot at which the railway leaves the river. Here there were one or two shanties, very much resembling the poorest kind of Irish hovels; but in one of them we found a stalwart American, with a Chinaman as cook, who most unexpectedly provided us with a cup of hot coffee and a tough beefsteak. Excepting where some willows and alders fringed the river-banks, the country was treeless and desolate in the extreme. At nine o'clock we reached Sierra Blanca, the junction of the Galveston and San Antonio Railway with the Texas Pacific. The former line now trends to the south, but it is only completed from El Paso to this point, a distance of ninety-four miles, which we had traversed at the rate of about ten miles an hour, and which will probably not be opened to San Antonio for some months yet.

Sierra Blanca consisted of a tent and a stationary caboose, which had been taken possession of by an irrepressible Chinaman, and converted into a kitchen and dining-room for the workmen on the line. We found here about a dozen men, some of them navvies, and two or three enterprising travellers, who, like myself, were trying to work their way through by the new route. They had arrived from El Paso twenty-four hours before: but the train which should have met them—also a construction-train—had not yet appeared; in fact it was now thirty hours late, and the prospect seemed gloomy in the extreme. Most of the travellers of the day before had been obliged to spend the night sleeping round a large fire they had made under the canopy of heaven. One or two had found quarters in the tent, and others had passed the night in the Chinaman's caboose; but none of these alternatives were pleasant to anticipate. The country round was a desolate waste of *mesquite* scrub, Spanish dagger, and bear grass—the Spanish dagger a species of

cactus twisting its weird forms far as the eye could reach across the prairie, and the bear-grass yellow and seared for lack of water. There is an absolute dearth of water across the desert here for about 200 miles ; and the engines, as well as the employes, have to be supplied from the tanks which are brought by rail and stationed along the line, so that the freight of the water is a considerable addition to the cost of maintenance. It is hoped, however, that energetic boring will remedy this evil in time, and that wells will be found. Until then, although the soil is excellent, the resources which this region undoubtedly contains must remain undeveloped.

We were delighted, while enjoying a modest repast of fried pork and beans in the Chinaman's caboose, to receive the welcome intelligence that the train was approaching, though somewhat dismayed on its arrival to find nothing better than a "box-car" to stow ourselves away in. With the addition to our numbers formed by the delayed passengers of the night before, we had no room to sit, much less to lie down ; and as "the crowd" consisted almost entirely of the great unwashed, the atmosphere was stifling. This could be remedied by pushing back the sliding door—there were no windows ; but the temperature was too low to make this agreeable, and we had therefore to choose between being nearly stifled or chilled. The former alternative was considered preferable, and the fetid odors were somewhat modified by dense clouds of bad tobacco smoke. The conversation consisted largely of profane anecdotes and local experiences of brawls and cheating or being cheated at play or in business ; and so we crawled warily across the scrubby desert, between two barren ranges of serrated hills which rise to a height varying from 1000 to 1500 feet above the level of the plain—one called the Sierra Diablo, and the other the Sierra Carrizo. The former of these is said to be the highest mountain on the route, and is nearly 6000 feet above the sea-level. Although the line itself nowhere rises very perceptibly, and must have been an easy one to construct, on account of the absence of grades, it reaches an elevation at its highest level, which we shortly after attained, of about

4500 feet above the sea. Here our engine broke down, and we stopped for repairs near a couple of tents in which four men were encamped who had been boring for water. This they had just been fortunate enough to find at a depth of 225 feet, and the water had already risen 60 feet in the well. It was being drawn to the surface by a pump worked by two mules, and was of a gray color, but perfectly drinkable. There was something particularly dreary and isolated looking in the position of this camp, and I was not surprised to see a rifle lying on the ground beside each man's mattress. I asked the men whether they had no fear of attacks from the Indians, but they said that not more than three or four men had been killed by Indians on the line during the year, and that they felt tolerably safe, as the Indians had all returned to the reservation since the summer troubles. These had been the most serious on the Southern Pacific road in Arizona, where the Apaches had been out in such great force as to cause some of the stations on the line to be abandoned for some days. One poor woman at a small station at which I had been delayed for some hours, owing to the smash-up of a freight-train, gave me a vivid description of a night of terror which she spent in the scrub, owing to the proximity of a band of Apaches to the section-house which she and her husband inhabited, and from which they fled precipitately at midnight, owing to a report brought in by some workmen that they had been chased by the Indians only a few miles lower down the line. It is due to the aborigines to say that they are more sinned against than sinning. The frauds perpetrated upon them by the Indian agents, by which they are sometimes driven almost to starvation, and hence to despair, render them savage and reckless ; and they secretly leave the reservation in large bands, scouring the country, plundering and murdering defenceless settlers, and revenging themselves upon the white man generally for injuries which they undergo at the hands of the government officials, until troops are concentrated in the disturbed district, and the pursuit gets too hot to be pleasant, when they sneak back by twos and threes to the reservation, assume an

air of harmless and injured simplicity, and deny strenuously that they have ever left it. To judge, however, from the accounts which I received in all quarters of their treatment at the hands of the Indian agents, these latter are a far less civilized class than the savages whose affairs they are supposed to administer.

It was dark before we commenced our descent from the summit level, and I therefore missed seeing what little scenery there is in the shape of a pass through the hills, which is said to occur at this point. I am inclined to think, however, that there is nothing very striking to be seen. We stopped repeatedly at the frame section-houses—which occur every ten or fifteen miles, and are the only signs of human life along the line—to drop or add on trucks, and on these occasions could hear the plaintive wail of the coyotes breaking the silence of the desert as they approached the habitation of man in search of food. The skins of these animals are worth a dollar apiece; and one of the section-house men told me he had killed twenty in two days, so that he was enabled to vary the monotony of his life and add to his income at the same time. I observed two “loping” stealthily along through the scrub just before nightfall, and so far they were the only wild animals I had seen. As we were leaving one of the section-houses, the tedium of the journey was vailed by one of the men, who was standing near the open door of the box-car as we were moving slowly along, falling suddenly out of it in an epileptic fit. He was picked up without having sustained any serious injury; and, curiously enough, two hours had scarcely elapsed after his recovery, when another man who was sitting next to me, and whose head had been constantly dropping upon my shoulder as he dozed, was similarly attacked. Two other men who had been copiously imbibing from bottles they had brought with them, became, at the same time, drunk and uproarious; and the confusion of attending upon the sick man, and keeping his inebriated comrades quiet, in a dark box about half the size of an ordinary luggage-van, by the light of a feeble, smoky petroleum-lamp, was an experience so eminently disagreeable,

especially combined with a fetid odor of humanity and tobacco-smoke acting on an empty stomach, that my satisfaction was intense on finding at one in the morning that we had arrived at Toyah, that we were to stay there for six or seven hours, and that there would be a possibility of finding a shake-down of some sort in a tent or shanty. As my official friend was compelled to leave me here in order to visit another part of the line, to which he proceeded on an engine, I attached myself to an individual whose respectability seemed to some extent guaranteed by the fact that he was possessed of some baggage in the shape of a hand-valise, and was altogether the most presentable-looking personage, so far as costume and “deportment” were concerned, in the party. Together we went on a voyage of discovery for night-quarters, and were not a little surprised to find in the dead of night this wild remote camp in a state of general illumination and apparent festivity.

Our reception was more characteristic than pleasant. We had not walked a dozen yards from the train when we were startled by two reports from a pistol, and I distinctly heard the bullets sing through the air at no great distance. My companion was evidently under no doubt on the subject, for he dryly remarked: “Guess them shooters was loaded; the boys must be having a good time,”—which, if noise meant anything, they certainly were, for the shots were succeeded by shouts and yells, and more shots, though I did not hear the whistle of any more bullets. All this was taking place at some saloons about two hundred yards distant, and I suggested that we should go to a shanty as far as possible in the opposite direction, which rejoiced in the attractive title of “The Nip Tuck Saloon.” I did not so much care about the nip as the tuck, if it could be got, but I feared there was not much hope. However, it was a good sign of the respectability of the house that it was shut up and the proprietor in bed. It was a wooden construction, with a bar and saloon below, and a loft above; and when our sleepy host opened the door, he told us we should find a couple of unoccupied beds in the latter. The approach to it was by a stair outside

the shanty, and it turned out a gaunt, draughty apartment, with the moonlight coming through the chinks of the boards which formed roof and walls. In close proximity to each other were two full beds and two empty ones. It is not pleasant to go to bed in a room with two characters curled up in adjoining beds whom you have never seen awake, and in regard to whose nature and disposition you have nothing to guide you but their snores, and so much of their noses and beards as appear above the bed-clothes—particularly while shooting continues lively and suggestive just outside the house. My immediate neighbor, for all I knew to the contrary, might be a "Colorado Jim," or a "Buffalo Bill," or a "James Brother," only waiting for me to drop off into an innocent slumber to begin "blowing holes" in me for fun, preparatory to emptying my pockets. I had taken the precaution so to dispose of my cash that no one short of a detective would have found it—so I was not uneasy on this score; and I had left my baggage in the train. My companion, however, "hung on" to his valise with such pertinacity that I expected to see him make an elaborate change of toilet before turning in; but he only hid it under his greatcoat, and divested himself of his outer garments. Just at this period our host looked in, and I questioned him in regard to the noise and firing. He said "it was only the boys having a good time; they were only in play; there might be some one hurt by morning, or there might not. He guessed there wouldn't; they was only cow-boys and Mexicans in on a spree. There warn't no rustlers among them." He admitted, however, that Toyah "was a putty hard place,"—with which consolatory assurance he left me; and a few moments afterward, in spite of the snores of my next neighbor, and the extreme hardness and lumpiness of the bed, and the perpetual popping of pistols and yells of joy and merriment inspired by whiskey, I fell into a sound sleep, from which I was only awakened a little before daylight by all the dogs in the place uniting in a frantic chorus of barking, probably at the intrusion into their precincts of a too inquisitive coyote. My companions shortly after revealed their real character, and when

they appeared awake and dressed, wore a harmless and respectable aspect. He of the valise now disclosed to me the mystery of his luggage. "Mister," he said to me abruptly, after the two others had left the room, "let's see—what was it you said your name was again?" I told him, though, as in the case of my El Paso friend, I had never mentioned it before, and he kept constantly forgetting it afterward, and repeating his inquiry. He was too much excited by the revelation he was going to make to think seriously of anything else but his valise, which he unlocked, and displayed, not a change of clothing, but specimens of silver-ore of all shapes and sizes, the whole making up a package from which he never parted, though, as he said, it was "considerable hefty." This was all the baggage he was taking east, and on this foundation he proposed to build his pile. They were specimens from a mine he had struck in Chihuahua, and his eyes gleamed with the fire of the veteran prospector when he spoke of it. This disclosure was such a touching evidence of the confidence with which I had inspired him, that we became great friends henceforth; and I went so far as to introduce him to an acquaintance I made later in the train, and who, I thought, might be useful to him, prefacing my introduction by the remark, "Mister, let's see—what was it you said your name was again?" Our host gave up a cup of coffee and a tough beef-steak for breakfast; and on my questioning him as to the result of last night's spree, he said he had not heard that any of the boys "had been much hurt." Probably a shot through the calf of the leg, or a trifle of that sort.

I took a stroll through the place in the cool morning air, when it was still slumbering off the effects of the previous night's dissipation, and counted twelve wooden shanties and twelve tents—all saloons, with the exception of a dry-goods store, a grocery store, and a blacksmith's shop. Toyah is 194 miles from El Paso, and was the first inhabited spot, excepting tents and section-houses dwelt in by railway employes, I had seen since leaving the latter place. It had taken us just twenty-four hours to perform this distance. It is supplied with water from a spring not very far

distant, and the existence of some large cattle-ranches in the neighborhood shows that the country is not altogether destitute of that important commodity. Here, to my great relief, I found that a rough passenger-carriage had been substituted for the caboose in which we had hitherto journeyed; and I took my seat in company with some twenty others, with the feeling that I was once more approaching the regions of civilization. After traversing for twenty miles the plain of *mesquite* scrub, which differed in nothing from that which we had crossed for over two hundred miles, we reached the Pecos River, a yellow, sluggish, winding stream, that cuts its way across the plain between precipitous banks of clay ten or twelve feet high, which makes it a difficult stream for cattle to approach for watering purposes. Owing to the number of salt lagoons which drain into it, the Pecos is too brackish to be used by man for drinking purposes, though the cattle are very fond of it. It is also impregnated with gypsum. The engineer told me that it was so full of saline deposit as to render it useless so far as the locomotives were concerned. Beyond the Pecos the appearance of the country somewhat improved. The grass was greener and more succulent, and I observed several droves of cattle in splendid condition. Here, too, prairie-dogs abound, popping in and out of their holes, and giving short impatient barks as they watched the passing train with inquisitive eyes. As we progressed game became abundant; huge droves of antelope, numbering several hundreds in each drove, scampered across the track, and we sometimes had to slacken up and whistle them off it. Three of the passengers had rifles, and kept firing incessantly at the beautiful animals as they showed their white sterns and bounded in huddled masses through the scrub. I am happy to say I only saw one wounded: it was mere wanton cruelty, as even had they killed any, we should not have stopped to pick them up; but had I not seen it, I could not have believed that in any part of the country game was still to be found in such multitudes. I also saw four deer; and three dark objects were pointed out to me on the horizon, which I was assured were buffalo. I was obliged, however, to take my informant's

word for this, as without opera-glasses it was impossible to be sure of it. There is no doubt, however, of their presence in large numbers on the line, as two hunters whom I met at one of the section-houses assured me they had killed sixty-five during the week. There was quite an eatable dinner prepared for us in a section-house, although there were no signs of habitations or a settled population throughout the whole day's journey. In the afternoon we passed numerous salt lagoons, which are dry during the summer, and which even now exposed extensive saline tracts to view; and a little after dark reached Big Springs, also a town of saloons—a sort of magnified Toyah. It was too dark, however, to see more than the glimmer of its petroleum-lamps in the tents and shanties, and hear the sounds of merriment which proceeded from them; for this was Christmas Eve, and spree were going on in every direction, with occasional explosions of gunpowder.

Big Springs is situated at the present extreme limit of Western Texas civilization. From here eastward settled habitations occur at intervals, and the character of the country begins to change; and here I found a sleeping-car, and could actually take a ticket and consider myself on a line of recognized travel. From El Paso to this point I had paid for the privilege of being bottled up in cabooses and box-cars at the rate of five cents per mile, but there were no regular tickets issued. Now I afforded myself the luxury of a "section," much to the astonishment of my mining friend, who was so little familiar with the term, that when asked whether he wanted a "whole section," he thought the conductor was offering him 640 acres of railway land. When day dawned, our eyes were rejoiced once more by the sight of trees. They were the first I had seen since leaving El Paso, and even those had been planted, and were irrigated from the river. Indeed, all the way from Los Angeles in Southern California, the country is completely destitute of any other vegetation than that of various kinds of cacti and bushy scrub. Here, too, near the railway station, were groups of houses, with a post-office, stores, and other indications of a settled country. The population was

evidently still of the "hard" type, however. As we drew up at the platform of one small station, a free fight was in active progress upon it. Two or three pistol-shots were fired, and the engineer seemed to think it best not to linger, so we glided slowly past the combatants—not, however, before one of them had time to spring on to the train. I was not aware of this fact, or I should have questioned him as to the occurrence generally. I only saw him two stations afterward, when he was arrested by a sheriff's *posse*, so I suppose he had been shooting to some purpose. From this and other indications which I observed along the line of route, I should judge that the list of casualties from the use of the revolver was larger on Christmas Day than on that of any other day set apart for religious celebration and worship throughout the year. The irrepressible newsboy now appeared on the train, and I observed that his stock of light literature consisted chiefly of the lives and exploits of notorious border ruffians and desperadoes, written in the thrilling style calculated to stimulate the imaginations of the rising generation, and foster a wholesome spirit of emulation.

We found quite a gorgeous Christmas dinner prepared for us at Weatherford; and a large proportion of the male population took advantage of the arrival of the train and dined with us, entertaining us as though we had been distinguished guests—which did not release us, however, from the obligation of paying for our dinner. At night we reached the thriving town of Dallas, which boasts a population of fifteen or sixteen thousand, and here I promised myself a full night's rest in a comfortable bed. The Texas Pacific continues to Texarkana, a town on the State line dividing Texas and Arkansas; but I left it at this point to strike south. Its total length is about 860 miles, of which 450 have been built during last year. On the 1st of January of this year it was to be opened for passenger traffic; and in spite of the barren character of the country through which it passes, there can be no doubt that a great future is in store for it. At present, passengers travelling between California and the East in winter, whether they go across the Rocky Moun-

ains by the Union Pacific, or round by way of the Southern Pacific, and Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé railroads, are always subject to the risk of being snowed-in, and to the inconveniences of inclement weather; but by taking the Texas Pacific route to St. Louis and the East, a temperate climate is assured, and there is an entire absence of steep grades, snow-sheds, tunnels, or cuttings, which, if they increase the picturesqueness of a line, interfere with its smoothness and comfort; but besides this, the Texas Pacific will bring the Southern States into direct communication with California and Mexico. It will open up a vast tract of territory, of which the mining resources are unknown, and which only needs irrigation to be made to yield of its abundance; and experience has shown in the St. Joachim valley, and elsewhere in California, the changes which artesian wells produce upon the face of a country. It will enable the ranchers of Western Texas and New Mexico to bring their cattle down to Galveston and other ports of export on the Mexican Gulf, and, in fact, thoroughly open up a region which has hitherto been almost hermetically sealed to the introduction of capital. In all this it will have a serious rival in the Galveston, San Antonio, and El Paso Railway; but there will probably be found traffic for both. At present these embryo lines have entered into a joint working arrangement, which, however, is scarcely likely to last. From El Paso westward it is proposed to continue the system by a line almost parallel to the Southern Pacific, having for its terminal point San Diego, the most southern port of California, and which boasts a magnificent harbor; and it is hoped that the traffic to Australia may be diverted from San Francisco to this point. Both companies have been granted immense tracts of land on either side of their tracks; and at the present moment there can be no doubt that the prudent and far-sighted speculator might invest money at points, which, as the country develops, are certain to acquire importance, to great advantage. A year hence it will probably be too late; but there are now spots in the neighborhood of springs, and on the Pecos River, which are to be had almost for nothing, and

which must inevitably rise rapidly in value.

It is a thirty-three hours' run from Dallas to New Orleans; and I was grateful to find myself in the St. Charles Hotel of that city, after a journey of eight days and a half, including stoppages, from San Francisco. As the first traveller who had come through the new route from one city to the other, I was duly interviewed, and found myself an object of some interest. It is probable that before this appears in print, the journey will be regularly performed in six days, or even less. I was in a hurry to get on from New Orleans to Havana; but in the absence of any direct boat, was compelled to take a steamer which touched at ports on the Florida coast. As they were places rarely visited by the ordinary traveller, I was consoled to some degree for the delay thus involved. Cedar Keys is the most southern point at present reached by any connected system of American railways, and it owes its growth and present importance mainly to this fact: A group of flat, sandy, coral islets shelter the harbor, and on one of these the town is built. On another, separated from it by a channel about half a mile wide, is a village mainly inhabited by employés in the cedar-mills. A few years ago there were not more than twenty houses on the two islands: they now contain a population of about 2000; and on the one most thickly inhabited, which is separated from the mainland by a lagoon traversed by the railway, I observed a good many new houses being built of the shell concrete, which is the most available material. The isle is so narrow that there is only room for the one street, which runs nearly its total length; but it then forms an angle like the letter L, and the spur widens out, so that the place will have room to spread in this direction. Here it rises to a height of forty or fifty feet above the level of the sea in three separate mounds. These are artificially formed, and were ancient Indian burial-places of immense extent. They are now overgrown with various kinds of ilex, palmettos, tamarisk, and pines, beneath which people are already beginning to perch their houses. In digging the foundations they exhume numbers of skulls, fragments of Indian

pottery, flint arrowheads, and other vestiges of antiquity; but so far they have only scraped on the surface. It is possible that a really serious excavation undertaken here might bring to light many objects of interest: as it was, I gave a little girl twenty-five cents for a flint arrowhead that she had found. I grubbed into the mounds myself for a short time, and found that they were composed almost entirely of shells and loose loam.

The main industry of Cedar Keys is the manufactory of cedar-wood for lead-pencils. The air was perfumed with the odor, and huge rafts of cedar-logs were being slowly propelled across the lagoons from the swamps where they are cut. Formerly they used to be shipped in bulk for manufacture; but now they are sawn up on the spot to the requisite length for lead-pencils. I visited one of the manufactories; but the largest was that of Mr. Faber on the other island. A delay of three hours sufficed to exhaust the attractions of Cedar Keys, and we steamed slowly down the Florida coast in our very lively little craft, which made bad weather of it against a strong head-wind. It is a run of thirty hours to Key West; but as the channel is too difficult to enter by night, we were compelled to wait outside for daylight before running for seven or eight miles between the flat coral-islands, thickly wooded, on one of which the town is situated. It is the most southerly possession of the United States, and is quite tropical in the character of its vegetation. I was altogether unprepared to find in this remote spot so large, well-built, and flourishing a town. The island is three miles and a quarter long, with an average breadth of about a mile, and is traversed in all directions near the town by excellent roads. On these are situated the houses and villas of the citizens, surrounded by fruit and flower gardens, which in some cases are quite extensive, and attest the wealth of the proprietor.

Thus on New Year's Day we found roses, poinsettias, daturas, oleanders, yellow elders, and other plants, glowing in a perfect blaze of color; while groves of cocoa-nuts, with here and there a date-palm, bananas, papaws, shaddocks, sapodillas, sour-sops, custard-apples,

tamarinds, and alligator-pears, remind one that the possessions of Uncle Sam extend into more southern latitudes than one is apt to realize. On the highest point of the island, which is not more than eight or ten feet above the sea-level, a convent is situated, surrounded by gardens, where I was kindly received by the lady-superior, and from its upper balcony obtained a view over the whole island. Here thirteen nuns, affiliated to a large convent of the same order at Montreal, have been recently established. Indeed the building is not yet completed; their schools, however, already contain 120 children. The whole population of the island was estimated by a local resident at 13,000—but I am inclined to think that this was too high—of whom 6000 are Cubans—principally refugees during the recent Cuban insurrection, who have established themselves here as tobacco manufacturers—4000 Americans, and 3000 negroes. A large proportion of the latter come from our own colony of the Bahamas. The principal industry of the place is the manufacture into cigars of raw Cuban tobacco, which is brought over in the leaf to avoid the duty. It is said that the climate of Key West so much resembles that of Cuba, from which it is only eighty miles distant, that it is not possible to distinguish the cigars made here from those of Havana, which are supposed to derive their peculiar excellence as much from the properties of the climate as from those of the tobacco itself. Next in importance to the tobacco industry comes the sponge trade. These sponges are obtained on the coral bottom at a depth of from fifteen to thirty feet, and are brought to the surface, not by divers, as in the Mediterranean, but by long poles with hooks at the end of them, as the water is so transparent that on a still day they are clearly to be distinguished at the bottom. The harbor was full of the small schooners employed for this purpose, and the wharf was piled with spongeheaps, which were sold by auction while I was present, and realized over £3000. The average amount of the sale every day during the season is about £2000. I was told that prices were unusually high; but I nevertheless bought a very good sponge for a shilling. From two to three hundred

turtle a-week are also exported from Key West to New York; and a very large trade is done with Havana in fish. Altogether tobacco, sponges, turtle, and fish, combine to support a thriving, active, and increasing community.

It so happened that on the day of my visit nearly all the shops were shut, for it was the negroes' holiday, and they were most ostentatiously engaged in celebrating their independence. Bands of negresses of all ages, dressed in white book muslin, with pink or blue sashes, according to the group in the procession to which they belonged, were early gathering at the street-corners, flaunting their finery with the vanity peculiar to the race—their black arms showing beneath their transparent sleeves, and the open-worked thread stockings and high-heeled embroidered shoes forming a most singular *chaussure* for the huge black feet, upon which they endeavored daintily to trip along—their extensive hips swaying gracefully from side to side as they languished upon the arms of their beaux, who wore white-thread gloves, high silk hats, and black frock-coat, trousers, and waistcoat, with pink or blue ribbons crossing their chests, as though supporting some knightly order, and flowers in their button-holes. When the band appeared, and the flags waved, and the procession formed, the whole proceeding was irresistibly comic in its grave solemnity, and the air of importance and distinction assumed by the performers—more so, in fact, than a procession of buffoons fantastically dressed, which appeared later in the day, dancing and throwing themselves into grotesque attitudes, which were not altogether decent, but which afforded infinite diversion to the sable spectators. I heard that the performances were to close with speech-making and a ball; but owing to the departure of the steamer, I missed these interesting functions.

Key West was a point of some military importance during the American Civil War, and Fort Taylor, a massive structure on a rocky islet, connected with the larger island by a bridge, was strongly garrisoned, and is at the present time heavily armed, though its garrison is reduced to a single caretaker. The barracks are situated at the other end of the town, but the company of

soldiers which occupied them had been recently transferred to the mainland. As a settlement it has as old a history as any in America, having been originally under Spanish rule, from which it subsequently passed into British possession. In those days, however, and even for long after it became the property of the United States, it was an obscure, insignificant place, and it is only since the Civil War, but more especially since the termination of the Cuban insurrection in 1876, that its present prosperity has developed, so that its population is now tenfold what it was twenty years ago. The island is so low that it is subject to inundations from the sea after violent hurricanes; and upon more than one occasion the inhabitants of the streets contiguous to the port have been compelled to flee precipitately with all their household goods to the centre of the island to escape the invading ocean. Owing to the number of casualties happening to ships navigating these dangerous waters, the United States Government has organized an establishment at Key West consisting of several licensed vessels, which are kept cruising on the lookout for ships in distress or in want of pilots. Indeed the Florida Keys or Cays are a sinister-looking appendage to the mainland—from the southeastern extremity of which this maze of low mangrove and wooded islets, rocks, and sandbanks, sweep to the south and west for nearly 200 miles. Throughout their whole extent they are skirted to the distance of from four to six miles by dangerous narrow coral-reefs, which are "steep-to," and through which there are several cuts leading to a navigable channel within, for vessels of the heaviest draught, as far up from the westward as Key West. It is creditable to the United States Government that lighthouses are tolerably numerous.

It is only a run of eight or nine hours from Key West to Havana, at which city I arrived exactly a fortnight after having left San Francisco. If a regular line of direct steamers were established between New Orleans and Havana, the journey, now that the Texas Pacific is opened, could be performed from San Francisco to the latter city in eight days, thus furnishing a fresh illustration of the facilities for travel which newly estab-

lished routes are affording for communication between important commercial centres hitherto unconnected.

A week later and I was gliding beneath the forest-clad mountains of San Domingo, the fairest island of the Antilles, and could realize, as I gazed upon their wooded slopes, the emotions which must have stirred the heart of Columbus when, after sighting the low coral islet of Watling, he found himself in the presence of what he believed to be a new continent, to which, in the joy of finding his long-cherished hopes realized, he gave the name of Hispaniola. Just before rounding Cape Isabelle, we can see the bay in which he founded the first colony in the New World four hundred years ago: its site is now indicated by the ruins of a single pillar, almost hidden among the bushes near the beach. An hour more and we are cautiously creeping between the closely approaching reefs into the insecure harbor of Porto Plata, which, notwithstanding the disadvantages of its position, is nevertheless the chief commercial port of the island. Like a frail beauty, what it lacks in safety, it makes up for in looks. Nothing can be more enchanting than the aspect of the place from the seaward, nestled in groves of palms and other tropical trees at the base of the singular flat-peaked mountain, Isabella della Torres, which rises in rear of the town to a height of nearly 3000 feet, clothed to its summit with magnificent timber. The bright red and gray roofs of the little town contrast agreeably with the foliage in which its houses seem embowered. The harbor is a semicircular basin about half a mile in extent, with a low sandy beach and shallow water, excepting near the entrance, which is very narrow; on one side of it is a mangrove-covered point, and on the other a grassy hill about seventy feet high, crowned by a fort and lighthouse. In the rear of this is the town, and I lost no time in landing to see whether its internal attractions justified those of its outward aspect. If ever there was a case in which, while "every prospect pleases, only man is vile," was true, it is eminently so of Porto Plata. The town consists of a dozen or more narrow streets intersecting each other at right angles, the houses one-story wooden

tenements with verandahs and roofs of corrugated iron or shingle. There is an almost entire absence of sidewalks ; while huge puddles, crossed by stepping-stones, and treacherous mud-holes, lie in wait for the unwary foot-passenger. There are no roads or wheeled vehicles in the place, and the population move about the town on foot, and go into the country on pony-back. The total number of inhabitants is between 4000 and 5000, of whom not a hundred are pure white, and they are all foreigners. Signs of the disastrous effects of administration by a negro republic were evident in the decaying aspect of the place. No new houses were being built, but the ruined foundations of those which had formerly existed were numerous. There is a modern Roman Catholic church of barbarous architecture, with a red roof of corrugated iron overlooking a small grass-grown *plaza*, where twice a-week a negro band plays, and the colored beauty and fashion come to listen ; and on the other sides of the square are a club, established by the small foreign community, and the government offices, above which proudly waves the flag of the republic with its four red and blue squares. Keeping guard over it is an extremely indolent bare-footed sentry smoking a cigarette, and clad like any ordinary member of the poorer class of the community—he is leaning upon his antiquated musket, the only indication about him of his calling in life.

Men and women wear European costume of light texture—the women tidier than negroes usually are ; and as the doors and windows of their houses stood open, I had an opportunity of seeing that the interiors were, for the most part, neat and comfortable-looking. As I overheard several of the blackest-looking talking English, I got into conversation with them, and found that a constant intercourse was kept up with the Bahamas, especially with Turk Island ; and the black population of British subjects numbered about 400, although, in order to become a naturalized citizen of San Domingo, no other form is necessary than that of registration. Foreign negroes are subject to many disabilities. My informant told me that they adhered invariably to their British nationality for the benefit of the protection which it

afforded them in case of revolutions, as, without it, they would be immediately pressed into military service. They came here, they said, because it was so much easier to make a living than in the British colony ; but they all intended, as soon as they had made money enough, to go home. They form the entire Protestant community of the place, and are Wesleyan Methodists and Baptists. The former are ministered to by a colored parson, and the latter by an English missionary, who is the only pure Englishman in Porto Plata. The foreign merchants are for the most part German or Spanish. The language of the natives is Spanish. The result of eighty years of black government is not encouraging. The greater part of this magnificent and fertile island is still uncultivated. The exports of Porto Plata, its chief commercial port, have within the last ten years fallen off by two-thirds, and its imports, which are taxed 50 per cent *ad valorem*, by nearly as much. The former consist almost entirely of tobacco and mahogany ; but to judge by the rapidity of its decrease, the tobacco exportation will soon become utterly extinguished by the successful rivalry of Brazil, and the heavy export duties imposed by the local government. The fear of revolutions and of unexpected taxation prevents foreigners from embarking their capital here, where, under favorable circumstances, large fortunes might be realized, for the richest land is to be had at nominal prices. Nevertheless a German has been tempted into creating a very fine sugar estate within two miles of the town, which he started only two years ago, and which is already promising so well that it may be the forerunner of others. The tobacco is brought over from the valley of the Vega and the country round St. Jago about forty miles distant, on pony-back : but there is a talk of a tramway, and also of a railway from Samana Bay up to St. Jago, the material for commencing which, I was informed, had already left England, and which is guaranteed by the Government by means of a percentage on the exports from the three principal ports in the island. But the merchants of Porto Plata with whom I conversed on the subject, had no confidence in its being a remunerative

enterprise—in fact, their tone was one of extreme despondency, and their belief in the government so small, that they seemed to derive no encouragement from any efforts made by foreigners to develop the resources of the island. They united, however, in giving the country people a good character, so far as their treatment of foreigners is concerned. They throw no obstacles in the way of their settling wherever they please; and they can travel in any direction in the most perfect safety, San Domingo thereby affording a strong contrast to the neighboring republic of Haiti, where no foreigner can venture into the interior, or even own land, much less settle down among the people as a planter. I walked to Fort San Felipe, from which a glorious view is obtained over the town and harbor—the commerce at the time being represented by two small schooners—and observed an awkward squad of the gallant army of the Republic at drill. Their rifles and muskets were of all shapes, sizes, and ages; they indulged in no sort of uniform, were barefooted and bareheaded as the case might be, and altogether seemed very appropriate defenders of the antiquated cannon and breast-high wall which constituted this a military stronghold. San Domingo has now been virtually free from a revolution for the unusually long interval of four years; but ex-Presidents Baez and Cesario Guillermo, who reside in the neighboring island of Porto Rico, keep the present Government lively by constantly hatching plots for a new revolutionary movement; and it is not supposed that a ministerial crisis, which here always takes a sanguinary form, can much longer be delayed. Indeed, only five months before my visit, an expedition organized by Guillermo had landed in the island; but the leaders were disappointed in their expectation of receiving popular support, and the great majority of the seventy or eighty men of which the expedition was composed, were either shot or made prisoners.

The climate of Porto Plata is probably superior to that of any other town in the West Indies. Yellow fever is unknown; the town always enjoys a fresh sea-breeze during the day; and even in

summer the weather is never oppressively hot. Were the island in the possession of the English, a sanitarium would doubtless be established on the Cibao range of mountains, the loftiest peak of which, Yagua, rises to a height of 7500 feet above the level of the sea. It takes scarcely twenty-four hours to run from Porto Plata to San Juan, the chief town of Porto Rico, and the contrast between the two places is very striking. As approached from the sea, San Juan presents, in some respects, a more imposing aspect even than Havana. Its massive stately fort, containing handsome well-built barracks and government buildings, and the lofty mansions of the town itself, surrounded by fortifications which would have been considered strong a few years ago, transport one from the bastard civilization of the negro republic to that based upon the ancient grandeur of Spain. Indeed, were it not for the colored population which inhabit the streets, there is nothing to distinguish them from those of a well-built Spanish town. There is the inevitable *plaza* and cathedral, the palace of the captain-general, and the government offices, the *paseo*, the mole, and the fortress; there are also the white-washed two-storied houses, with their verandahs and green venetian shutters, and with the black-eyed *señoritas* looking between the blinds. With a population of about 32,000, San Juan does a steady trade in sugar, tobacco, and coffee; and were it not for the grasping policy of the Spanish Government, the profound corruption which pervades all classes of the community, and the injustice resulting from it, which drives foreign capital out of the country, the island would become a far more valuable appendage to the mother country than it is. Notwithstanding the commercial importance of the place, there is not a single English house of business in it, and the trade is not increasing. There is a small railway, seven miles long, running to a village in the country—the only railway in the island. Owing to the state of the roads, the cost of conveying the produce of the interior to the coast in cumbrous ox-wagons is very great, but it is not likely that any improvement will take place. The Spanish officials who administer the colony, like those in Cuba,

only think of filling their pockets and going back to Spain as speedily as possible, regardless of the interests of the colony itself. The Liberal party, who are very numerous, cherish a profound hatred for Spanish rule in consequence, and would willingly engage in a revolution to-morrow if they thought there was any chance of success ; but the experience of Cuba has not been encouraging, and the result of free institutions in the hands of creoles and the colored population, as illustrated in Haiti and San Domingo, goes to show that the corruption, oppression, bigotry, and egotism of Spain are a lesser evil than the turbulence, sloth, ignorance, and incapacity of a native administration. The slave population of Porto Rico, unlike that of Cuba, has been emancipated, and certain labor complications have arisen, in consequence, to check the progress of the island. However, it compares in population, in the variety of its productions, and in the area of land under cultivation, most favorably with San Domingo, Haiti, and even with Cuba, and is perhaps the most creditable colony under the rule of Spain ; but the more one examines into the productive capacity and resources of these islands, the largest and most fertile of the West Indies, the more insoluble does the problem of their ultimate destiny become. Containing a population of over four millions of inhabitants, of which scarcely a million are "yellows," as the mulattoes call themselves in contradistinction to the "blacks," only a fraction are pure white. The influence of civilization seems destined to fade before their gradual absorption into semi-barbarous conditions. Sooner or later the fate which has overtaken Haiti and San Domingo will in all probability

overtake Cuba, Porto Rico, and possibly even some of our own West India Islands. It seems as though the Nemesis which must inevitably follow the introduction of slavery should be found in the seizure of these islands by the descendants of slaves from the posterity of their former masters ; while, by a curious irony of fate, it will be reserved for modern humanitarians to be the instruments of their lapse into barbarism. The only measures which could restore these favored regions to wealth and abundance, and encourage the introduction of capital and enterprise, would be opposed to all popular ideas of philanthropy and justice. Though self-government by the negro means the restoration of cruel fetish rites, even involving cannibalism, as at present practised on certain festivals in Haiti, the hatred and persecution of the white man, and the conversion of cultivated lands into wildernesses, the independence of the negro must not be tampered with ; and any attempt to limit or interfere with it when he has obtained it, or to oppose it when he has not, would be considered a violation of the first principles of political morality. It is possible that, as the population of the United States increases, its government may take a different view of their duties to the world at large, and resort to the forcible annexation of these tempting undeveloped islands ; but until that or some other equally immoral act takes place, we must be content to watch the gradual lapse into desolation and barbarism of one of the fairest portions of the earth's surface, as the negro race extends its supremacy over regions where, so far as the general interests of humanity are concerned, the aboriginal Indian might just as well have been left undisturbed.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE SLEEPER.

BY JAMES THOMSON.

I.

THE fire is in a steadfast glow,
 The curtains drawn against the night ;
 Upon the red couch soft and low
 Between the fire and lamp alight
 She rests half-sitting, half-reclining,
 Encompassed by the cosy shining,
 Her ruby dress with lace trimmed white.

II.

Her left hand shades her drooping eyes
Against the fervor of the fire.
The right upon her cincture lies
In languid grace beyond desire,
A lily fallen among roses ;
So placidly her form reposes,
It scarcely seemeth to respire.

III.

She is not surely all awake,
As yet she is not all asleep ;
The eyes with lids half open take
A startled deprecating peep
Of quivering drowsiness, then slowly
The lids sink back, before she wholly
Resigns herself to slumber deep.

IV.

The side-neck gleams so pure beneath
The underfringe of gossamer,
The tendrils of whose faery wreath
The softest sigh suppressed would stir.
The little pink-shell ear-rim flushes
With her young blood's translucent blushes,
Nestling in tresses warm as fur.

V.

The contour of her cheek and chin
Is curved in one delicious line,
Pure as a vase of porcelain thin
Through which a tender light may shine ;
Her brow and blue-veined temple gleaming
Beneath the dusk of hair back-streaming
Are as a virgin's marble shrine.

VI.

The ear is burning crimson fire,
The flush is brightening on the face,
The lips are parting to suspire,
The hair grows restless in its place
As if itself new tangles wreathing,
The bosom with her deeper breathing
Swells and subsides with ravishing grace.

VII.

The hand slides softly to caress,
Unconscious, that fine-pencilled curve,
" Her lip's contour and downiness,"
Unbending with a sweet reserve ;
A tender darkness that abashes
Steals out beneath the long dark lashes,
Whose sightless eyes make eyesight swerve.

VIII.

The hand on chin and throat downslips,
 Then softly, softly on her breast ;
 A dream comes fluttering o'er the lips,
 And stirs the eyelids in their rest,
 And makes their undershadows quiver,
 And like a ripple on a river
 Glides through her breathing manifest.

IX.

I feel an awe to read this dream
 So clearly written in her smile ;
 A pleasant not a passionate theme,
 A little love, a little guile ;
 I fear lest she should speak, revealing
 The secret of some maiden feeling
 I have no right to hear the while.

X.

The dream has passed without a word
 Of all that hovered finely traced ;
 The hand has slipt down, gently stirred
 To join the other at her waist ;
 Her breath from that light agitation
 Has settled to its slow pulsation ;
 She is by deep sleep re-embracecl.

XI.

Deep sleep, so holy in its calm,
 So helpless, yet so awful too ;
 Whose silence sheds as sweet a balm
 As ever sweetest voice could do ;
 Whose tranced eyes, unseen, unseeing,
 Shadowed by pure love, thrill our being
 With tender yearnings through and through.

XII.

Sweet sleep ; no hope, no fear, no strife ;
 The solemn sanctity of death,
 With all the loveliest bloom of life ;
 Eternal peace in mortal breath :
 Pure sleep, from which she will awaken
 Refreshed as one who hath partaken
 New strength, new hope, new love, new faith.

THE DECAY OF CRITICISM.

BY PROF. GRANT ALLEN.

I.

IN the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. Caro has a vigorous and polished article, keen and well thrust, like a rapier in a master's hand, *more suo*, on the decadence of the critical function in France. If anybody has a right to an opinion on such a subject it is certainly M. Caro himself : and his ideas deserve consideration here in England, too, where many of the facts he points out are as true as beyond the Channel, while, as to others, we may perhaps occasionally congratulate or commiserate ourselves on a decided contrast, in our favor or otherwise. Let us first hear what this critic of critics has to say, and then let us proceed to criticise his criticism in its turn, if haply we may thus get at last some little way toward the bottom of this interesting question, so far as concerns the England of the present day at least.

Everybody knows, says M. Caro—whose words I can only pretend to condense roughly, *crassa Minerva*, in our blunter mother tongue—everybody knows that criticism is now reduced to such a dead level of mediocrity and impotence as it has never before known. Not, of course, scholarly criticism, art criticism, theatrical criticism ; not, above all, religious criticism, which plays so large a part in the great underlying struggle of our age. Our present question narrows its bounds to the consideration of criticism applied to books—literary, historical, or philosophical—the kind once wielded in the past by a Villemain, a Saint-Marc Girardin, a Gustave Planche, a Sainte-Beuve ; which had for its domain the comparative literature of all ages and nations, or the curious analysis of a single great typical work. Twenty years ago, the publication of an important book was a literary event. As soon as it appeared, it became the object of a careful and scrupulous examination. It was deeply studied, well weighed, and judged on its merits. Praise or blame were meted out, not by favor but by desert, though, of course, without shutting

out the idiosyncrasy and the preferences of the individual critic. On every leading paper literary criticism was then as thoroughly organized as dramatic criticism is to-day. Setting aside first-rate names like that of Sainte-Beuve, with his keen discernment of nascent genius, many distinguished men of the second order kept up the general level of this intellectual magistracy. The public had competent guides to direct its choice. In those thrice happy days the critics were recognized oracles of good sense, reason, and sound knowledge. 'Twas they who set the current of opinion about new works, who made and explained success or failure, who unmasked quackery and stamped out meaningless paradox in its earliest stage. They were not always infallible, they were not always even impartial ; but at any rate they were seldom so far mistaken as the mob of readers, left to-day without pilot or compass, and driven helplessly about by every passing wind of pseudo critical doctrine.

And now, in our own time, where do we find ourselves ? The success of a book, be it novel or poem, historical work or philosophic essay, if not due to mere chance, has at least no sufficient cause or reason. In the long run, of course, before the final court of appeal—posterity—distributive justice will prevail, and books live or die at last by their merits alone. But meanwhile good works have to wait unconscionably long before they get their recognition. At the same time sensational successes, forced on by some journalistic ring or mutual-admiration freemasonry, perhaps even by simple impudence and inordinate puffing—M. Zola is not mentioned by name—carry the day triumphantly for the moment. Trashy windbags achieve a scandalous publicity, while meritorious productions languish in the shade. Public opinion on literary questions has become absolutely anarchic. Each man reads by chance, and judges by his own hasty and unreasoning impressions. Hence the public taste inevitably declines. We seldom meet now a

days a man who judges well and can give the grounds for his judgment. Each blindly follows the fashion, without perceiving that he himself is one of the units who make it up.

So much for the symptoms ; the causes are complex and hard to diagnose. The obvious explanation is to say there are no more critics. The race has worn itself out and no longer reproduces its kind. But then this disappearance of a whole literary genus is itself the fact which demands explanation ; the odd phenomenon is the poverty and the lessened influence of those who survive. There are still critics—ay, and good ones too. But they cannot stem the tide of public taste : they find themselves slowly stranded and isolated on their own little critical islets. Their authority is only recognized within a small sphere of picked intellects, and does not affect the general current of the popular mind. They have reputations, but they have not influence. Some, addressing themselves to the narrow circle of experts, appear but rarely in print in order to express their sympathy with some really great work, or their righteous wrath against some aberration of the public taste. Others, designed by nature and by the lofty impartiality of their literary judgment, to be the heirs of Sainte-Beuve, are daily deserting literature and giving up to politics what was meant for mankind. By the side of these survivors from the Augustan age of criticism, there are other and younger men, ripened before their time by study and reflection, our consolation in the present and our hope in the future, who are no unworthy representatives of the race that has passed away. But the striking point about all these manifestations of contemporary criticism is just this—that such occasional scattered individual judgments do not coalesce into a body, do not form a code, do not compose a tribunal. Judges there still are, no doubt ; but a literary court there is not. The decrees of the experts lack validity ; there is no force to back them up, no sanction such as only the wider public can bestow. Their authority is personal, not official. In short, criticism has now become a happy accident ; it is no longer an institution universally ac-

cepted as of yore by virtue of its collective force and its recognized light and leading. Our generation has altered all that.

II.

So far M. Caro on the main question. We shall return by-and-by to his further charges and side issues. Meanwhile, what can we in England say in answer to this stern gravamen ? Are things as bad here as we are told they are in France ; or can we still show a critical school as good and as authoritative as any that our fathers knew ?

The lawyers have an illogical but convenient habit of meeting the various counts of an indictment by quite contradictory answers, any one of which, if proved, will sufficiently serve their purpose. First, their client did not commit an assault at all ; secondly, he committed it under grave personal provocation ; thirdly, he was somewhere else at the time he is alleged to have committed it. I propose to treat M. Caro's charges—which he intends for France alone—in much the same manner. First, it may be denied that there is now any decay of criticism in England at all ; secondly, it may be maintained that there never were any critics in England ; and thirdly, it may be humbly argued that the reasons for the decline are not exactly those suggested by M. Caro.

Nobody can doubt that, so far as France is concerned, our author is absolutely right in his facts. Twenty years ago there *was* a critical school in Paris, which commanded universal respect. A *causerie* by Sainte-Beuve settled the question at once, and taught people authoritatively what they ought to think. A review signed by one of the recognized names made or marred a struggling reputation. And this criticism, whatever we may think of it on the scientific side, at least knew its own mind, had its own canons, and could give its reasons boldly in very straightforward language and in a very polished French style. It was itself literature, as well as a criticism of literature ; and it was further from deserving Balzac's famous but very unjust sneer than any other critical school that has ever existed. In England, however, it may well be doubted whether we have any such Aug-

ustan age to look back upon. Our great period of criticism in the past can hardly be that of musty fusty Christopher, of Hazlitt, or of Macaulay. To criticise is not to tear to pieces every book by a political opponent, and to smear with congenial but indiscriminate laudation every book by a political friend. It is not to apply artificial rules of composition thirty years after they have become practically obsolete. It is not to write prettily and brilliantly about any side subject suggested by the work nominally under review. It is not to begin with a formal passing allusion to the supposed examinee, and then to diverge into a glowing original declamation, in the best and most magnificent Philistine taste, like a very Goliath of Gath, upon the matter which your poor lay-figure has merely served to drag in clumsily without rhyme or reason. The criticism of our fathers and our grandfathers was not even successful in its haphazard predictions. It was the criticism that crushed Keats, snarled at Byron, smiled contemptuously over Wordsworth and Coleridge, and tried to snuff out Tennyson.

On the other hand, in our own days there has begun to grow up, for the first time in England, a school of critics who have obviously based their ideas of criticism upon the model of Sainte-Beuve, and of Saint-Marc Girardin. Englishmen reading the works of the great French critical masters have been seized by the conviction that such a high, wide, and earnest conception of the critical function had never existed in English minds. They have been impressed at once by the philosophical breadth and by the literary finish of the French school. They have learnt much from the Villemains and the Sainte-Beuves on the one hand, from the Taines, the Renans, and even the Gautiers on the other. Thus, just at the moment when the critical impulse is dying out in France, it has begun to live in England. Contrast even such a book as Mr. Lewes's "*Life of Goethe*," which stands on the borderland between the two periods, with anything that ever went by the name of criticism in England before. In fact, until the last thirty or forty years, nobody here had ever dreamt that a critic ought to look at

book or author from anything higher than the standpoint of his own immediate passing likes and dislikes, or that criticism need by anything different in kind from the comments which young ladies make upon the novels that they recommend or condemn to one another at the door of the circulating library. And now, take just the set of names appended to the well-known series of "*English Men of Letters*," and ask one's self when before could such a mass of high critical opinion have been brought together in England? At our universities, indeed, the real danger seems to be that men are growing too exclusively critical and neglecting original productivity altogether.

"But this criticism is not authoritative. It does not form a supreme court and possess a recognized jurisdiction." Well, that is true enough, perhaps. It is a characteristic of our higher criticism in England at the present day that it confines itself mainly to the past or to made reputations. It publishes solid books and essays, but it does not descend into the arena of the current journalistic press. It is reticent about new men; to say the truth, in such a crowded world as ours has now become, it has no leisure to know or consider them. Time was when promising young men were aged eighteen or twenty; nowadays, the promising young man is aged forty-five, and he has elbowed his way with difficulty by that time out of the vast crowd of average competitors. Hence our criticism is at present mostly retrospective. Perhaps the best, certainly the safest criticism is always so. It is easiest to prophesy after the event; easier, too, to get rid of distracting particulars, and to estimate the man's real place among his contemporaries when you can look back upon him with the calm impartiality of posterity. No doubt, the true critics still in many cases contribute to the current press: but then, they do not put on their best critical spectacles for the purpose. They apply the common article that the current press demands. What this article is, and why it must be so, we may consider after we have heard M. Caro's views upon the origin and nature of the analogous commodity in France.

III.

Our present condition in this matter, M. Caro continues—again I abstract loosely—is due to a peculiar concourse of social and political causes in contemporary French opinion. In the first place, politics have split up all society into two hostile camps. Never before was the division of parties so radical or so universal. A civil war is smouldering insidiously among the intellects of the country. The generous courtesy of other days is dead : the republic of letters has lost its old friendly and chivalrous character. A charming book, published on the wrong side, will meet in certain quarters with nothing better than a damning silence. A ripe study, falling into the midst of this chilly environment, is judged not on its merits, but by purely political likes and dislikes. Nay, one can even foretell, long beforehand, its exact reception in each journal. It is apotheosis on the one side, anathema on the other. The public naturally learns to interpret these hysterics at their true worth. It cares neither for the stock enthusiasm that the reviewers keep on hand to order, nor for the vials of wrath that they hold in reserve for the unoffending adversary. Their very exaggeration makes them innocuous, because nobody takes any notice of what they say. The general injustice of criticism annihilates itself—by a sort of natural compensatory principle, the blame and the praise cancel out. How different, indeed, are these falsetto shrieks from the delicate irony and scathing self-restraint of a Voltaire ! And how infinitely more execution can be performed with that fine and trenchant blade of tempered steel than with the coarse African knob-stick of these latter days, which makes so loud a noise and does so little real damage !

Again, a second cause of the barrenness of contemporary criticism is to be found in the existing organization of the newspaper press, which has turned the reviewer into a kind of improvisatore, instead of a careful and deliberate critic. "There are a few old-fashioned steady-going papers, it is true, which make it a point of honor to keep up the traditions of better days : but with this exception, the state of the periodical press makes

serious criticism an absolute impossibility. Journalism no longer demands either special aptitude, special training, or special function. Nowadays, any man can write, because there are papers enough to give employment to everybody. No reflection, no deliberation, no care : all is haste, fatal facility, stock phrases, commonplace ideas, and a ready pen that can turn itself to any task with equal ease, because supremely ignorant of all alike.

"A little time since," said a journalist of the old school to M. Caro—"a little time since there were a few papers definitely devoted to certain well-understood political programmes, all edited by men of talent or else—no mean alternative—by men of honest merit. Journalism was not then an open profession. A man must have proved his mettle before he could enter it ; he must keep up to his own first mark in order to remain in it. Now, it is far otherwise. Increased communications, augmented industry, wider popular education, greater public freedom, have between them multiplied tenfold the number of newspapers. So the number of journalists has multiplied side by side with them a hundredfold to meet the increased demand : and the Press has accordingly become an open profession where every comer may serve at once, without apprenticeship, special training, or novitiate of any kind."

What this veteran journalist said was no more than the truth. Under the old régime, a paper was a commonwealth guided by responsible leaders, who formed, so to speak, a cabinet ministry for the whole concern. Recruits were not picked up haphazard, but carefully selected for their peculiar talents and specially adapted to their peculiar functions. The articles were written more or less in council, or at least under the same informing inspiration, so that the idiosyncrasies, the fancies, and the humors of each contributor were finally subject to a certain central control, or general discipline. Each writer shared to his proper degree in the collective authority of the paper. A double responsibility bound the contributor : that of his own personal reputation and that of the common organ. Each had his specialty, and moved easily in his own

orbit, as a writer who respects himself must always do ; but still, they had none the less to reckon in the end with the understood spirit of the paper. Their liberty was bound up in its solidarity. Nowadays, all is changed. There is no subordination, no discipline, no common sentiment. True, you must write within the limits of the party creed ; you must keep strictly to the fraction of a political faith which your journal represents ; but with this one restriction you are free as air. You need not show special knowledge nor special talent ; if your first article is a hit, if you can even make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness in the shape of a capitalist proprietor, your way is smooth before you. You may write on any subject on earth—literature, science, finance, politics, or small-talk. In this singular trade, you may become a master-workman offhand without the trouble of learning the rudiments of the handicraft.

How can criticism exist in such an atmosphere as this ? The writer takes to his craft nowadays, not because he has a taste for literature, but because he has an incurable faculty for scribbling. He has no culture, and he soon loses the power of taking pains, if he ever possessed it. But he can talk with glib superficiality and imposing confidence about every conceivable subject, from a play or a picture to a sermon or a metaphysical essay. It is this utter indifference to subject-matter, joined with the vulgar unscrupulousness of pretentious ignorance, that strikes the key-note of our existing criticism. Men write without taking the time or the trouble to read or to think. Hence, instead of critical studies we are getting to expect nothing more than anecdotal portraits. It is a long or even a difficult piece of work to study a book : it is a delicate and complex operation to criticise it. A book suggests innumerable ideas ; even to read it through may take three or four whole days—an impossible waste of time for the modern journalist. But the reading is only a fraction of the entire task ; to weigh it, to compare it, to unravel all its intricacies—why, the thing is quite too unspeakably tedious. And who, pray, would be the better for it ? The paper ? Good heavens, the

paper could never print anything so intolerably dull as a real critique ! The public ? Do you really suppose that that frivolous, amusement-hunting, many-headed creature could conceivably take the trouble to read it ? Let us have a good story or two, and everybody will be satisfied. The critic accordingly becomes a reporter—perhaps even an interviewer. He gives us an exact inventory of the author's study, a full diary of his average habits, a general account of his social peculiarities. If he knows nothing about these things, then he evolves them from his inner consciousness. All the world is pleased, and the critic is an extinct animal.

But journalism is not only to blame. The public has made it what it is. A society always gets the type of journal that it wants : the press does but photograph and stereotype the taste of the people. Now, never before was the world at large so culpably indifferent to great works—so careless of the higher literature in every sphere of thought, as at present. We are standing by while society is passing through a transitional stage on its way to the dead-level of uniform mediocrity that we see already in the United States. It is the fashion to laugh at De Tocqueville : yet the facts that De Tocqueville pointed out forty years ago in America were almost prophetic in their application to ourselves. We Frenchmen are getting rapidly Americanized. Business grows daily more and more absorbing ; politics grow daily more and more concentrated and specialized. Between these upper and nether millstones, poor literature is wholly ground out of existence. A crass practical materialism is the inevitable result, and the struggle for life slowly crushes out all the non-essentials from our existence, till we are left at last to live on bread alone, and not on the word that was once held to be a vital part of our innermost being. The higher criticism and the higher letters ask too much effort from our wearied and blasé public. Idle repose, not fresh occupation, is all that it demands. The intervals of business must be filled up with mere pleasures ; and organized gossip must be henceforth the mainstay of our reformed modern journalism. The world requires that,

and will put up with nothing else. What a Nemesis of public bad taste !

IV.

Now, I do not think the first of M. Caro's reasons holds good in the England of to-day at all. The times are gone by when a Tory reviewer felt bound to rend a Radical poet, and when a Radical reviewer felt bound to insinuate doubts about a Tory historian's private character. Even the Quarterlies do not now consider it a point of honor to attack and defend a Homeric treatise by Mr. Gladstone, or a novel by Lord Beaconsfield, as though the future of the country depended on the interpretation of a line in the Sixth Iliad, or upon the literary fate of Endymion and Lothair. The issues before us are more momentous than they ever yet were ; but we have learned to approach them with less personal rancor than at any previous period. To be sure, there is an acrimonious tail here and there, which stings like the scorpion's rather blindly, against all the traditions of English public life : but then these tails have no effect upon the world at large, and we may probably boast with truth that never hitherto was criticism in general so little influenced by personal or political animosities as at the present moment in England. That it is quite otherwise in France one must regretfully admit. There, politics have really divided the world upon every possible question. Even in science the political bias has made itself a marked disturbing factor. It has been my duty of late years to read and review an immense number of French books on various anthropological subjects : and I cannot recall a single instance in which the political animus did not distort the author's view in one direction or the other.

As to the mania for apotheosis, that we may admit is quite as rampant here as elsewhere, perhaps, indeed, a great deal more rampant than in any other country. Our phases of Ruskin-worship, Carlyle-worship, and Browning-worship are more grotesque and servile than anything to be found even in America itself. As a rule, too, such worship gathers around whatever is most amorphous and least definite or categorical in thinking and philosophizing among us

—around the most immature, or crudest, or most truly purposeless of our great writers. A nebulous hazy thinker, who cloaks platitudes or unintelligible sayings in that grand, eloquent, high-souled phraseology that makes them sound like profound truths, is sure to attract a great deal of this heedless worship to himself. On the other hand, the men who assert a definite idea in definite language get followers, it is true, but do not become the centres of a professed cult. There are Millites, but no Mill-worshippers—Spencerians, but no Spencerists. Even in poetry, Mr. Tennyson has many imitators, but hardly a school of adulators ; while Mr. Swinburne has gathered around him a whole galaxy of tuneful anarchists and pantheistic Bacchantes.

Let us pass on to M. Caro's second point, the organization of journalism. Here we must allow that matters in England are tending in the same direction as in France, though they have not yet gone nearly so far. Our better journals are still written by men of high culture and special training ; perhaps, indeed, the better journals are so written now more than at any previous time. But it cannot be denied that current criticism as we get it in the average even of these leading papers is of a very empirical and hasty character. How can it be otherwise ? In the first place, look at the space placed at the disposal of each reviewer : why, there I have half unconsciously hit upon the very kernel of the question, for does not the mere word "reviewer" call up a wonderfully different mental concept from the word "critic" ? Well, the reviewer has to say what he has got to say in some two or three short columns at the outside. How absurdly inadequate for anything like real criticism ! But even in this limited space, the larger part must be devoted to a mere general descriptive analysis of the book and its contents, which crams the purely critical portion, if such there be at all, into a single half column perhaps. Then the reviewer has above all things to make his review readable, as the term is understood by the public for whom he writes. I do not deny that this treatment is quite good enough for nine out of ten books that come under his notice : for prob-

ably only the professional reviewer has any conception of the depths of human inanity that are poured daily out of the British printing-press ; and it would be a good thing if reviewers were only at liberty to stifle some of these monstrous births at the outset, or to have a periodical massacre of the innocents under a heading of " Books not worth reviewing," so as to leave more space for those which are really deserving of a hearty commendation or even of a sound though detailed castigation. But this may not be. *Fas obstat*, and the publishing interest could not hear of it.

Then, again, look at the really good books. When such a one falls into the reviewer's hands, he generally knows that he cannot attempt to criticise it at all. He has no room, and what is more, in most cases, he has no time. If it is what the publishers call " an important work,"—in plain English one of which they expect to sell a great many—advance copies are sent to the principal critical journals, and the review appears as soon as the book itself is announced for distribution. The public is eagerly waiting to be told all about it: and the so-called critic is really reduced to the position of a mere reporter, who gives a running analysis of the book to save his readers the trouble of skimming it for themselves. Every paper is afraid that every other will be beforehand with it. Suppose a critic of the conscientious sort were asked to criticise—not merely to review—a new book of real value, for a modern weekly paper. Could he do it in a couple of days? Could he do it in three columns? Could he do it in the weekly paper style at all? Of course, in such a well-conducted journal as the *Academy*, we still often get the very best judges giving their opinion on the very best books ; but how often, even there, is such an opinion anything worth calling, in the true sense, a criticism? anything more than a mere dogmatic statement of weighty and well-grounded approval or condemnation?

Naturally, reviewing thus becomes wholly unauthoritative. There are too many books published for the public to read the reviews of all. These reviews are themselves too hasty and too incomplete to be worth much. And the consequence is that, except in the case of

" important books," they scarcely serve as a guide to the general public at all. The worst sufferers are, of course, the younger writers of good but not of startling or sensational works. At one time the complaint of young authors was that the critics snuffed them out. Nowadays they cannot complain of the critics, but of the public. There is at this moment a whole knot of young men in London who have written meritorious but unsalable books, and who are now waiting, as they have been waiting any time these ten years, for their recognition. When their books first appeared the critics in every case dealt them all round substantial justice—praised them, recommended them, and even as far as possible criticised them. But the recommendations carry no weight. If *laudari a laudatis* were all the battle, they might rest upon their laurels ; for it is just the leaders of thought who are most accessible and most ready of recognition for new men. But it is the solid, massive, immovable, pachydermatous public whose hide the younger authors fail to pierce. Indeed, with the solitary and damning exception of Mr. Mallock, it would be hard to name a single writer of the present generation who has achieved even a decent reputation before he was forty. The fact is, newspaper criticism produces no result, because there is too much of it, and the competition is too fierce for any one name to emerge from the crush except by a miracle. A good book, you say—the critics praised it ; ah, indeed—why look at the *Opinions of the Press* at the end of everybody's volume and see if the critics have not praised them all. They were every one good, no doubt ; but how on earth can anybody read the ten thousand books per annum that the critics have praised? It was another thing when a new book was an event in the world, and was eagerly canvassed by all the town : but nowadays what can the young author expect but to wait his turn, and back his life against his innumerable competitors?

As to the part played by the public in this decadence of newspaper criticism, it is much the same in England as in France. Only one may reasonably doubt whether our public is not far more instead of less immovable than that of America. We are a slow and very

Philistine people ; it is hard to get at us in any way. Consequently, new works become much more slowly known here than across the Atlantic. There are men by the dozen—I could name them, but refrain—whose books are quite unknown in England, and who have sold their hundred or two here at a loss, while in America you may see them hawked about by dozens at the railway depôts, in cheap popular paper-covered editions (pirated, of course), at fifteen cents the volume. The public here does not want criticism because it does not want literature. It interests itself only, as M. Caro puts it, in business and pleasure ; it demands only *panem et circenses*. It is, therefore, content in the matter of literature to follow the big names that it knows ; and, really, one cannot much blame it. Who can seriously sit down to examine critically the mass of trash that is turned out daily in London alone ? And when the reviewer comes unexpectedly across a genuine pearl, who is going to listen to the voice of one crying in the wilderness of anonymity, and proclaiming that he, the anonymous one, has at last discovered a real live author ?

V.

M. Caro's final reason for the decadence I shall consider more briefly, interspersing such reflections as his remarks suggest, side by side with his own statements. It is one more peculiarly applicable to France, though it has side applications to England as well. He believes that the evil may be traced in part to the new French system of higher instruction, which sets a peculiar premium upon specialism. There are no more thinkers among the younger men, he complains ; there are only philologists, archæologists, Hellenists, Orientalists. One professor said to him—a truly gruesome saying—' Nous ne voulons plus de critiques ; il nous faut des chercheurs d'inédits.' Now, specialism is full of attractions for mediocrity. There, a small man may easily reign supreme within his own petty realm. He can make his private microscopic discoveries, and gain kudos for them at the cheapest possible rate. Men of this class, multiplied innumerable by the new French system, can never become

critics in the wide sense of the term. They may pick small holes in other people's scholarship, but they will never rise to take a broad general view of anybody or anything. Such views can only be gained, intellectually as well as physically, from a height : and a height is just what these good easy specialists can never attain to.

Well, we cannot deny that we in England are somewhat menaced by precisely the same danger. At Oxford to-day, specialism is rampant. " There is no chance now," said a clever lazy Oxford man to me one day, " in Latin and Greek, or even in Sanskrit, and Assyrian, and Akkadian, without a lot of grind ; so I mean to go in myself for the Ostiak dialect of Tungusian." Mere banter, of course, but characteristic, for all that. Who has not met in London the man who greets any mention of a Darwin, a Spencer, or a Helmholtz with the stereotyped remark, " Well, for my part, I can't say what his general theories may be worth, but I can certainly assert that in my own department, his molecular physics, you know, are horribly shaky," or " his views about Amharic grammar are painfully false," or " his information as to the edicts of Asoka is not corroborated by the latest German researches." With us, however, I do not think this evil has yet crept high enough to affect even newspaper criticism very largely ; I mean, the specialists are still too young for the most part to have obtained a hearing even in journalism.

All this specialism, too, says M. Caro, what is it after all but the product of a weak abandonment, in the panic which followed the war, of whatever was essentially and distinctively French in our intellectual natures ? We Frenchmen are just at present out of humor with our own native qualities. We want to make ourselves into Germans off-hand, and we only succeed in losing our national virtues and becoming very second-rate Frenchmen after all. Yet they were surely well worth preserving, when one comes to think on it, these essentially French characteristics that we are trying to exchange for second hand German specialism. It was no unimportant trifle, believe me, that art of just composition, that sense of due

proportion, that power of setting in the highest relief the innermost essence of a question, and of disregarding mere side digressions and minor episodes, which marked the best French school of criticism. Clearness and form are not simple ornaments of style, they are the symbols of the highest grasp of matter. France has always possessed certain intellectual aptitudes in this direction which none but Frenchmen themselves can ever take away from her. She is the mother country of those lucid and luminous spirits who know how to make their brilliant ideas distinctly visible before all the world. She is the land of Montaigne, Pascal, Descartes, Montesquieu, and Voltaire. Even her masses are distinguished by an extraordinary development of unconscious critical taste. It is one of the advantages enjoyed by Frenchmen that they move amid so delicately discriminative an environment. But if France is to continue what she has been, the soil must not lie fallow : it must be tilled in future on the same old lines as ever. Suppose hereafter a Villemain, a Cousin, or a Guizot arises in our midst, for heaven's sake don't let us condemn him, with his broad vision and organizing intelligence, to decipher inscriptions or to publish unedited fragments. Let us be Frenchmen still, and don't let us lose our national individuality in the arid and dreary specialism of the new school, imported smoking hot to Paris from the lecture-rooms of Berlin.

Is there not in all this a certain lesson for us Englishmen as well? Are not

we, too, a little over-anxious to convert ourselves forthwith into the image of the fashionable Teutonic monographist? Are we not too apt to forget that England also has by native inheritance her great and invaluable mental qualities, above all the grand quality of grasp? Among the widest and most all-embracing generalizations of the world, surely no small part has been due to Englishmen. We have had a Bacon, a Locke, a Hume, a Newton, a Darwin, a Lyell, and a Spencer. Evolutionism, which is revolutionizing the world of thought, has been throughout an almost exclusively English impulse. Even in pure *belles lettres*, our literature has been marked by a certain kindred noble expansiveness that is wholly alien to the microscopic pettiness of modern specialism : for have we not also had a Chaucer, a Shakespeare, a Milton, and a George Eliot? Our historians and our poets have mostly possessed the broad philosophic temperament ; witness, each in his way, Gibbon, Pope, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Tennyson, and Browning. Surely our own English traits are well worth preserving, and we would be ill-advised indeed if we were lightly to exchange them for a base imitation of German ponderousness, or even for a futile endeavor after French lucidity, grace, and brilliance. Let us be English before all things, and then we need scarcely fear that the higher criticism in its best and widest aspect will ever really be lacking in professors among us.—*Fortnightly Review*.

BISHOP BERKELEY.

THE general reader may perhaps be interested in a slight sketch of one of the best and brightest men who lived at the commencement of the 18th century. It is certainly no exaggeration so to describe one who seems to have acquired the respect and admiration of all who came in contact with him—a man who was poet, mathematician, philosopher and philanthropist, who with great learning, influential friends, and high position, could show that ambition had no place in his heart, and that he valued ease and riches so little as to resign them

at the lightest dictates of probity, or for the love of his fellow-men. There can be little doubt as to the genuine virtue of a man, who, having been the intimate college-mate of Swift, could win his lifelong respect and admiration. Swift, whose keen insight into human character has never been surpassed, took every opportunity of bearing testimony to Berkeley's talents and virtues, and used all the influence and power he possessed to push the fortunes of one he so much esteemed. Pope, the great satirist, who lashed the dunces and pretenders of his

time with merciless rigor, had, when he came to speak of Berkeley, only words of praise. In his "Epilogue to the Satires" he says :

" Even in a bishop I can spy desert ;
Secker is decent, Rundel has a heart ;
Manners with candor are to Benson given ;
To Berkeley every virtue under heaven."

In a letter written to Swift at the end of 1729, Pope mentions Dean Berkeley among those he hoped to meet one day " in that place to which God of his infinite mercy bring us and everybody." As to his learning, Dr. Johnson, no mean authority on such a point, said, " Berkeley was a profound scholar, as well as a man of fine imagination." The depth of his learning was shown in the many philosophical works he published ; while his fancy and imagination found expression in essays that Steele and Addison did not think unworthy of appearing in company with their own. When the *Tatler* had given place to the graver *Spectator*, and the *Spectator* in its turn had made way for the still more serious *Guardian*, the two brilliant essayists found a worthy colleague in Berkeley. In a short address written on the conclusion of the work, they informed their readers that " Mr. Berkeley, of Trinity College, in Dublin, had embellished their volume with many excellent arguments in honor of religion and virtue." Eleven papers altogether are from Berkeley's pen. Nearly all are on the subject of free thinking in religion, against which the most famous of his works were written. One paper, on the importance of public schools, was suggested by a visit to that of Westminster. Another is on the pleasures of the imagination. Two papers on the pineal gland, written in imitation of Addison's narrative of the dissection of the heart of a beau and the head of a coquette, are clever and fanciful, but they are wanting in the lightness, the delicacy, and the subtle humor, which are so conspicuous in the pleasantries of Addison.

George Berkeley was born at Kilcrin, near Thomastown, County Kilkenny, March 12, 1684. His father was a cadet of the family of the Earl of Berkeley. His first school was that of Kilcrin, where Swift also was educated, and they may have been school-fellows for a

time. At the age of fifteen he entered as a pensioner at Trinity College, Dublin, where he certainly had the society and friendship of Swift. At this time he was doubtless of a quiet and retiring disposition, only throwing aside his reserve when he was among those whom he loved and trusted, as we find that the most opposite opinions of him were held by his contemporaries. While some looked upon him as little better than a fool, his intimate companions regarded him as a prodigy of learning. This latter opinion was justified in the future, for in 1707, before he reached his 23d year, he competed for and obtained a fellowship. Within the next three years he published his "Theory of Vision" (1709), a work of remarkable acuteness, and notable as being one of the first in this line of thought. It may be briefly characterized as a successful attempt to trace the boundary-line between our ideas of *sight* and *touch*. The course of his argument led him to assert that if a man born blind were suddenly to receive his sight, his new sense would not enable him to recognize a thing which he had formerly known by touch, and also that he would have no idea of the relative situation of objects. This theory was, many years afterward, strangely confirmed. In 1728 a young man, born blind, was couched by Dr. Cheselden. He said that all objects seemed to touch his eyes ; he could not distinguish, by sight only, between the dog and the cat, and was so bewildered by the seeming contradictions of sight and touch that he asked which was the *lying* sense.

In 1710, Berkeley published his "Principles of Human Knowledge," that great work which has perhaps been as much misunderstood and as much misdescribed as any that has ever been written.

Some seem to have considered that Berkeley wished to prove that the ordinary notion of matter is false and that such tangible things as stones, trees, and houses are nonentities except as "ideas in the mind." Dr. Johnson seems to have taken this view of the theory, for we find Boswell saying :

" We stood talking together of Bishop Berkeley's ingenious sophistry to prove the non-existence of matter, and that everything in the universe is merely ideal. I observed that

though we are satisfied his doctrine is not true, it is impossible to refute it. I shall never forget the alacrity with which Johnson answered, striking his foot with mighty force against a large stone, till he rebounded from it, 'I refute it thus.'"

On another occasion, being in company with a gentleman who upheld Berkeley's theory, when the gentleman was going away, Johnson said to him, "Pray, sir, don't leave us; for we may perhaps forget to think of you, and then you will cease to exist." Berkeley was strongly antagonistic to the materialistic opinions of his day. In reply to the demand for a proof of the existence of anything beyond the material world, he attempted to show that the existence of matter could no more be proved than the existence of spirit, and that all we know is that the mind receives certain impressions. Swift said that "he became the founder of a sect of Immaterialists, by the force of a very curious book on that subject," and that many eminent persons became his proselytes.

Thirty years afterward, Berkeley's mode of reasoning was employed by Hume, in his "Treatise on Human Nature," to advocate exactly opposite opinions.

Placing the *ideas* of an external world on one side, and the *existence* of an external world on the other, he showed that almost everything concerning the latter was taken for granted, but that no *proof* of it had been, or could be, advanced.

Sydney Smith very wisely and wittily summarized these opposite theories, when he said, "Bishop Berkeley destroyed this world in one volume octavo; nothing remained after his time but *mind*, which experienced a similar fate at the hands of Mr. Hume." Burke once had the intention of writing a refutation of Berkeley's theory. What a book we might have had, but for the fact that he "To party gave up what was meant for mankind."

In 1713, he published a further defence of his theory in "Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous," which still further increased his reputation, and brought him many new friends. Swift at the same time was working hard for him, bringing him under the notice of influential men, and pushing his fortunes in a manner that he never would

have done for himself. In a letter to Stella, dated April 7, 1713, Swift says:

"I went to Court to-day on purpose to present Mr. Berkeley, one of your fellows of Dublin College, to Lord Berkeley of Stratton. That Mr. Berkeley is a very ingenious man and great philosopher, and I have mentioned him to all the Ministers, and have given them some of his writings; and I will favor him as much as I can. Thus, I think, I am bound in honor and conscience to use all my little credit towards helping forward men of worth in the world."

This letter does honor to both Swift and Berkeley. It shows how pertinaciously Swift worked for his friend, to find him writing again on the 16th, " . . . dined with Dr. Arbuthnot, with Mr. Berkeley, one of your fellows, whom I have recommended to the Doctor, and to Lord Berkeley of Stratton."*

At last Swift succeeded in getting a place for his friend. He introduced him to the celebrated Earl of Peterborough and got him appointed Chaplain and Secretary of Legation to that nobleman, who was just starting on an embassy to Italy. Within twelve months Peterborough returned to England, but Berkeley spent the next seven years in travel. He visited most parts of Europe, but seems especially to have devoted his time to Italy, for Swift says, "he went through every corner of Italy, Sicily and other islands." We can imagine the delight with which such a man would explore the historical cities of Italy, so long the refuge of art and literature, with all their treasures of books, paintings, buildings and sculpture. In 1721 he returned to England and employed himself in literary work and in gaining proselytes to a scheme which occupied his mind greatly, as we shall presently show. In 1724, the Duke of Grafton gave him one of the best pieces of preferment to be had, viz., the Deanery of Derry, worth £1100 a year. He now felt that he should not be justified in retaining his fellowship, and accordingly at once resigned it. Being forty years of age, in the possession of a handsome income, having travelled and seen the world, he might have been expected to settle down to the enjoyment

* Swift at this time was anxious to know what the Ministry were going to do for him. On the 18th he was told that he was to be Dean of St. Patrick's.

of that literary life for which his learning, his talents, his position and his tastes peculiarly fitted him. Or, supposing him to have been ambitious, he might have been expected to regard his promotion as but the preliminary step to greater things, and to make his powerful friends and his great and acknowledged abilities the means of attaining the highest honor of his profession. Other and nobler thoughts, however, filled his mind. For three years he had been meditating on a design which entitles him to the admiration of all good men. He desired to obtain a charter from the crown to found a college in the Bermudas. This was to be the centre of an organization which was to propagate the Gospel among the American Indians. Here missionaries were to be trained, and here such converts as could be induced to do so were to live till they were sufficiently educated to carry the knowledge of Christianity to their brethren. He proposed to resign his deanery and to become president of the college. His salary he fixed at £100 per annum, that of each fellow £40, and each student £10. His character must have been singularly noble and elevated, not only to have prompted him to such a design, but to have enabled him to acquire such an influence as he did over the minds of the best men around him. Speaking of this project, Swift says :

"He has seduced several of the hopefulest young clergymen and others here, many of them well provided for, and *all of them in the fairest way of preferment*; but in England his conquests are greater, and I doubt will spread very far this winter."

In a letter Swift wrote at this time to Lord Carteret, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, asking him to do all he could for Berkeley, he spoke of him as "an absolute philosopher with regard to money, titles, and power," and asked his Lordship to keep "one of the first men of the kingdom for learning and virtue," quiet at home, or else to assist him to the utmost in the accomplishment of his noble and generous though romantic design. Berkeley worked hard to secure the success of his scheme. Bolingbroke, writing admiringly to Swift of Berkeley's self-sacrifice, says that he himself has had thoughts of buying the dominion of the Bermudas and there

taking refuge from the turmoil of Europe. He jestingly proposes that Swift should accompany him, promising him that, as governor, he will never allow the currency of "*Woo's halfpence*."* Later on we find Pope writing of Berkeley as "well, and happy in the prosecution of his scheme." Finally the project received the sanction of Parliament, and Sir Robert Walpole promised a public grant of money.

In 1728, Berkeley married Anna Elvert, daughter of the Right Hon. John Forster, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and soon afterward sailed for America.

In spite of the excellence of the project, and of the men who worked at it, there was no possibility of its success without ample funds; and these not being forthcoming, it necessarily failed.

For nearly seven years Walpole avoided payment of the grant under various pretences, and at length gave Berkeley to understand that he could not carry out his promise till "it suited public convenience." Thus the whole scheme fell to the ground, and Berkeley returned to England, harassed by creditors, and almost heartbroken at his failure. Such a man did not deserve to lack preferment, and in this case at least merit was not overlooked. He was appointed to the Bishopric of Cloyne, and he now devoted the rest of his life to the faithful discharge of his duties and the enjoyment of his favorite studies. It was his custom to rise at a very early hour, summon his family to a music lesson, and spend the rest of his morning in study. During this portion of his life he published the "*Analyst*," which was followed by several other works, among which was a letter to the Roman Catholics of his diocese entitled "*A Word to the Wise*." In the *Dublin Journal* of November 18, 1749, they returned "their sincere and hearty thanks to the worthy author, assuring him that they are determined to comply with every

* Small change having become very scarce in Ireland, the Government had given a contract to Mr. Wood of Wolverhampton for the supply of a large amount of copper money. Swift's "*Drapier Letters*" against this money compelled the government to withdraw "*Wood's halfpence*."

particular recommended in his address to the utmost of their power."

One of the most curious circumstances in connection with Berkeley's life is the belief that once prevailed that he had succeeded in *making a giant*. According to an account given in Watkinson's "Philosophical Survey of Ireland" (1777), he took a poor orphan, named Magrath, and reared him on certain hygienic principles, with the result that the boy, at the age of sixteen, was seven feet high, and that he was seven feet eight inches in height when he died, with all the symptoms of old age, twenty years old.

Others say that the good Bishop merely took pity on Magrath, who, having perhaps lost the use of his limbs on account of his extraordinary growth, was taken under the protection of the prelate and fed on good and nourishing food until he regained his strength.

Suffering a good deal from nervous colic toward the end of his life, and having received benefit from the use of tar-water, he wrote a treatise (1744) on its virtues, on which he said he had bestowed more pains than on any of his works. His last book, published (1752) but a few months before his death, was "Further Thoughts on Tar-Water." Whatever other people may have thought of the efficacy of tar (and we know by the advertisements that this remedy is largely believed in by people of our own time), there is no doubt that the Bishop had great faith in it; indeed, he owned that he regarded it as a panacea. Swift in his "Bouts Rimés" refers to it:

"Let nobles toast in bright champagne
Nymphs higher born than Domitilla;
I'll drink her health, again, again,
In Berkeley's tar, or sars'parilla."

In case any of our readers would like to know the method of preparing Berke-

ley's panacea, we give them the following extract from a letter written in May, 1744:

"The Bishop of Cloyne, in Ireland, has published a book of two shillings price, upon the excellencies of tar-water, which is to keep ye bloud in due order, and a great remedy in many cases. His way of making it is to put, I think, a gallon of water to a quart of tar, and after stirring it together, to let it stand forty-eight hours, and then pour off the clear and drink a glass of about half a pint in ye morning, and as much at five in ye afternoon, so it's become common to call for a glass of tar-water in a coffee-house as a dish of tea or coffee."

We may close our notice of tar-water with the following extract from one of the papers of that day:

"Who shall deride what pious Cloyne has done,
The Church shall rise and vindicate her son;
She tells us—all her bishops shepherds are,
And shepherds treat their rotten sheep with tar."

The good prelate spent the last year of his life at Oxford, to which place he removed for the purpose of superintending the education of one of his sons. Here again the strictly conscientious character of the man displayed itself. He did not think it right to draw his stipend as Bishop, and yet absent himself from his diocese. Accordingly, having failed in his endeavors to obtain a canonry or some other post at Oxford, in exchange for his bishopric (worth £1400 per annum), he wrote out his resignation. The King, however, refused to accept it, declaring that he should die a bishop, but that he might live where he pleased. Berkeley died suddenly, at Oxford, in the midst of his family, on Sunday evening, January 14, 1753, while listening to a sermon of Dr. Sherlock's that Mrs. Berkeley was reading to him. He was buried in Christ Church, Oxford.—*Temple Bar*.

THE VISTAS OF THE PAST: THE MOON AND THE EARTH.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

MANY of those who follow with interest the teaching of science, but have not leisure to study carefully the methods and principles on which those teachings depend, are inquiring what new views are these according to which the

moon was born of the earth many millions of years ago and has been retreating ever since from the parent orb; how these views are related to the nebular hypothesis of Laplace; and what bearing they may have on astronomical and

geological estimates of past eras in the earth's history. An eloquent lecture by the Astronomer Royal for Ireland has done much to increase the interest with which these questions are viewed; indeed, it may be doubted whether many who are now inquiring about these matters had heard of them at all before Dr. Ball brought them before the attention of the audiences to whom his lecture has been addressed.

I propose to sketch—and only to sketch, for the subject is one which would require more than a full number of the *Contemporary Review* for adequate discussion—the ideas resulting from the researches of Mr. George Darwin, noting how they are related to former views respecting the development of the solar system, and how they bear on certain other astronomical and geological theories. At the outset I may remark that I cannot altogether agree with the opinions expressed by Dr. Ball, and to some degree by Mr. Darwin, respecting the manner of the moon's birth; but as to the general theory to which Mr. Darwin's researches have led there seems very little room for doubt or question.

In carrying back our thoughts to the past of the earth, our most trustworthy guide (though we must be careful in following even this guide) is evidence found in the study of processes actually taking place at the present time. For instance, we find that the earth is slowly cooling. We can, therefore, safely go back to a time when she was much hotter than she is at present; and though we may not be able to assume confidently that her temperature was ever so great as to cause every particle of her substance to be vaporized, may infer even that, if other features actually existent seem readily explicable on such an assumption. Again, we find that the earth gathers in every year hundreds of millions of meteoric masses of greater or less weight, down to bodies weighing only a few grains; and we know from the orbits followed by the greater number of these that they belong to systems travelling around the sun on paths of such a nature as to forbid us from believing that they were originally expelled from the earth. Seeing, then, that the earth is gathering in materials from without, though now at a very slow rate,

and seeing further that this process is of necessity one which takes place more and more slowly as time proceeds, we are justified in looking back to a time when it progressed far more quickly than at present, in considering that over the whole intervening period—many millions of years—it has been at work, and finally in inferring that no unimportant part of the earth's present mass has been derived in this way from meteoric aggregation.

Now, among other processes of change that are taking place in the earth and her dependent or associate orb, the moon, are two others, discovered in comparatively recent times, though not quite so recently as some might infer from Dr. Ball's account. About a quarter of a century ago Professor Adams, co-discoverer with Leverrier of the distant Neptune, announced that he had discovered an error in Laplace's discussion of the so-called acceleration of the moon, and that when this error was corrected the acceleration could not be entirely accounted for by the theory of gravitation. It was presently shown by the eminent astronomer Delaunay (not to be confounded for a moment with the Delaunay who has recently insisted on the inferiority of the weaker sex) that this unexplained part of the acceleration of the moon may be explained on the assumption that it is not the moon which is gaining, but the earth which is losing time; in other words, that the great terrestrial clock, the rotating earth, by which we measure time, is not going at a uniform rate, but is gradually losing its rotation spin. Laplace's assertion that the earth's rate of rotation, so far as astronomy can measure, is appreciably constant, was based on his investigation of the moon's so-called acceleration. Supposing that no part of this change remained unexplained, when solar and planetary perturbations of the moon were taken into account, he naturally inferred that the great terrestrial timepiece is keeping most perfect time. Finding, on the contrary, that a part of the acceleration does remain unexplained, we are justified in assuming, as at least a possible interpretation of the excess of acceleration, that our chief timepiece is losing time. Delaunay pointed to the tides as a probable and sufficient cause

of this change—the great tidal wave carried, not bodily, but still swayingly, against the direction of rotation, checking the earth's rotation spin slowly but "exceeding surely."

Next, it was shown that, accompanying this change, there must be a gradual loss of lunar motion, accompanied by a gradual recession of the moon.*

Elsewhere I may take occasion to describe more at length these two processes of change. Here, for the present, let it suffice to note that astronomy recognizes them as taking place, and that they therefore are among the processes which we may carry back in imagination to a very remote past, that so we may recognize what probably was the initial condition—at any rate, a very early condition—of the orbs in which they are taking place.

Of course it is an obvious thought that if the moon is thus receding now, and has been receding in the past, she will one day part company with the earth altogether, and that she was at one time quite close to the earth, and even a part of the earth's mass. Considering, also, the change in the earth's rotation period, and carrying our thoughts as far back into the vistas of the past for this change as for the other, we see a time when the earth was rotating so fast that its equatorial parts were barely restrained by gravity from yielding to the tremendous resulting centrifugal tendency. A simple calculation shows that if the earth rotated once in about one hour and a third, retaining its shape unchanged (which last it could not do unless very much more rigid than it is), a body at the equator would be absolutely weightless. But a much slower rate of rotation than this would suffice to break off the equatorial regions. If the earth rotated once in about three hours the equator would increase its distance from the polar axis, the centrifugal tendency (the rate of rotation continuing) would be greater and

the surface gravity less, and the material of the equatorial surface would be separated from the rest of the earth's substance.

Dr. Ball follows Mr. Darwin in taking about this rotation rate—one spin in three hours—as that existing when the moon's mass separated from the earth. If we assume the earth at that stage of her existence to have been, apart from centrifugal effect, of the same volume and mass as at present, her substance possibly liquid, but not in great part vaporous, this estimate would be justified. But it appears to me we must not overlook the probability that the separation of the moon from the earth took place when a large part of the earth's mass continued vaporous through intensity of heat. If that were so, the earth's volume would then have been much greater than at present, even though her mass may have been, as it probably was, much smaller. What we see now in the giant planets, long after the moon-generating part of their career, seems to confirm this view, which *à priori* reasoning renders probable. We have also to take into account the smaller mass of the earth at that remote period, before those many millions of years throughout which the earth has been gathering year by year hundreds of millions of meteoric masses.

Now, with a larger and less dense orb, a slower rotation rate—probably a rotation rate very much slower—would have sufficed to cause the earth to part with matter from its equatorial regions, where, of course, the centrifugal tendencies resulting from over-rapid rotation would be most pronounced.

I have been in the habit during the last ten years of pointing out when lecturing on the moon that she probably had her origin as part of the vaporous or partly vaporous mass whence the earth also was formed, and that to this origin she owed the peculiar rotational motion which keeps the same face ever directed towards the earth. I can see nothing in Mr. Darwin's researches which should lead us to forsake this, the most natural interpretation of the moon's origin; on the contrary, the vast duration of the past periods necessary for the increase of the moon's distance from actual contact with the earth

* This may seem inconsistent with what we said above about the lunar acceleration which astronomers have endeavored to explain. But this acceleration is one of the temporary changes which the moon's motion undergoes. It alternates with a similarly temporary retardation, in periods of great length indeed, but not to be compared with the enormous time intervals which we are considering.

to her present orbit, and for the increase of the terrestrial day from three hours to twenty-four, suffices of itself to assure us that the earth at that remote time must have been in great part vaporous. The giant planets also, as I have already hinted, tell the same story, for though they have thrown off their moons—Saturn perhaps has not quite finished the work—they are still, as we can see from their small density and their aspect, in great part vaporous. When they were beginning the work of moon-formation many tens of millions of years ago, they were, we may be sure, still hotter, and therefore a much larger portion of their mass was vaporous.

But it is the manner of the moon's birth, as suggested by Mr. Darwin (Dr. Ball accepting the suggestion as probably sound), which seems to me least likely to accord with the probable manner of the moon's generation, and also to correspond least with *à posteriori* evidence.

Mr. Darwin pictures the earth rotating once in three hours, with a double tidal wave (a wave affecting the fluid substance of her entire mass), raised by solar action. Such a wave, synchronizing with what may be called the pulsation period of the earth (with the dimensions she then had), would get higher and higher, just as a pendulum, receiving a succession of minute but well-timed impulses, swings farther and farther, until at length cohesion would no longer be possible, and the mass out of which the moon was one day to be formed was thrown off. The considerations I have indicated above would not affect this reasoning; they would only modify our views as to the size and condition of the earth when the moon's mass was thus liberated, and therefore as to the rate of the earth's rotation spin at the time, and the period of the moon's first free revolution. But there is a more important consideration, now to be taken into account, which forbids us, I think, to believe that the moon's mass was thus thrown off, as it were, at a single effort. The monstrous tidal pulsation which would undoubtedly take place under the conditions described, would inevitably lead to the throwing off of a small mass long before it had at-

tained swing enough, so to speak, to throw off such a mass as the moon's—one eighty-first part of the entire mass of the earth. Most probably, too, the crests of each tidal wave would throw off a mass of matter at about the same time, forming, for the time, two small moons instead of one large one. Still more probably, in my opinion, the crest of each wave would scatter cosmic spray rather than a single great globular mass. After each wave had thus swollen and eventually burst into spray, it would gradually subside for a while, the solar tidal impulses no longer quite synchronizing with the earth's tidal pulsation; but presently the waves would begin to grow again, would flow larger and larger, until again a flight of small masses would be flung from the summit of each. Again and again the process would be repeated, until at length the earth's constantly changing rotation rate would cause the sun's tidal action no longer to synchronize with the earth's pulsation period. Then, and then only, the earth would cease to throw off cosmical spray.

Now what would be the condition of the matter thus thrown off, and what its subsequent behavior? Each particle, each globule of molten matter, would behave just as the moon, according to the theory we are considering, has actually behaved. It would begin from the first moment of its separate existence to retreat slowly from the earth. Long before the tidal wave had again grown sufficiently high to throw off spray, the spray last thrown off would have passed beyond its reach. Again, each of the tiny globules thus thrown off from the earth would at first travel nearly in the plane of the earth's equator (later influences would modify this relation considerably). Thrown off with slightly varying directions and degrees of velocity, the bodies expelled on opposite sides at one of these earth-spasms, would before long have spread themselves all around the earth, some gaining on the main body, others losing. Probably before the next flights of cosmical spray left the earth, the bodies last thrown off would form a tolerably uniform very narrow ring around the earth.

This process would have continued between certain definite epochs—the first

being the time when the earth's rotation began to approach to synchronism with her pulsation period,* the last being the time when there began to be no sufficient approach to synchronism (in the mid-interval only would there have been perfect synchronism). This period must have lasted for a very long time—probably for millions of years. When it was over, what was the condition of the matter which had been thrown off from the earth's mass? Manifestly it must have formed at that time a series of close concentric rings of tiny satellites. Probably the rings were so close that, though each was very narrow, they formed a continuous flat and rather broad ring. But, whether this were so or not, it is certain that the outermost and innermost ring of the series would form the boundary circles of a flat and rather broad ring-system of small bodies, closely resembling in appearance (as seen from a great distance) the Saturnian ring-system, and having a real structure precisely like that which the researches of Benjamin Peirce and the Bonds in America, of Clerk Maxwell and others in this country, have proved that the Saturnian ring-system actually has.

It seems to me, on the one hand, so clear that the process suggested (with great plausibility) by Mr. Darwin and Dr. Ball must really have taken place in such a manner as to produce a ring such as I have described, and, on the other hand, it is so certain that the Saturnian ring-system is of this nature, that I feel persuaded we have here been led—by paths along two lines of research, each of great difficulty, apparently tending in very different directions—to the explanation of the mystery of Saturn's rings, and of the much deeper mystery of the origin of worlds and moons. Sixteen years ago, in the preface to my treatise on "Saturn and its System" (my first work), I pointed out that probably in the study of the Saturnian rings we might find an interpretation of the manner in which the solar system itself had been developed. My prediction, if

such it can be called, has not been exactly fulfilled, though the relationship I indicated between the two problems has been confirmed. For, instead of the study of the Saturnian ring-system having thrown light (except reflected light) on the origin of worlds and moons, it would seem as though the study of the origin of the moon had thrown light on the Saturnian rings.

Be this as it may, there can be very little question, I believe, that the moon was not formed at a single effort, as Dr. Ball has suggested, but that a series of rings was first formed, constituting a single flat ring-system. The formation of the moon from such a system of rings would result from the gradual process by which the number of the minute bodies forming the ring-system would be reduced by collisions. If the ring-system was (as seems probable) immersed at the beginning, and for a long time, in the vaporous outskirts of the earth, this process would be less slow than it otherwise would have been. Satellite after satellite would coalesce with neighboring satellites; probably, centres of aggregation would be formed, which would absorb wandering satellites in the ring-system still more effectively. Every combination of the kind, by changing the period of revolution of the mass thus formed (for at every collision there would be a loss of *vis viva*) would tend to hasten the change of the ring-system into a single orb. It is no new idea that such a process as this took place, no mere attempt to reconcile new results with views previously entertained. The occurrence of such changes as I have here described was indicated by me sixteen years ago in my treatise on Saturn (p. 126), and it was there shown that changes in the appearance of the rings, and probably the recent development of the inner dark ring, may be due to processes of this kind—collisions among the satellites, and consequent loss of *vis viva* by the entire system.

The formation of the moon, whether in this manner, which appears to me much the more probable, or as a single catastrophic event, must have occurred at so remote a period that the earth's rotation (carrying back over this enormous interval of time the process of retardation, which has certainly been in

* That is the period of vibration of her mass after any impulse (affecting the whole earth) had been received from without. The earth would as certainly have had such a pulsation period as the vibrating substance of a bell has.

progress) must, when the moon was first formed, have been much more rapid than at present. The moon's period of revolution, also, must have been very much shorter than it now is. From and after that era, the processes of change must have been those which Mr. Darwin has described, and which Dr. Ball has pictured (with coloring in some parts perhaps *tant soit peu* exaggerated). We have no occasion to explain, as the latter *savant* does, how the earth's frame recovered from the shock of the moon's genesis, or how the scar left on her then plastic surface, where the moon's mass had left her, was presently healed by the "gentle ministrations" of the mutual attraction of the particles forming her substance;* for no such scar would ever, according to our view, have marred the fair surface of the earth. But subsequent changes would have been the same in whichever of these two ways—the sudden or the gradual—we suppose the moon to have been formed.

According to either view, it is by no means clear that the moon's rotation period would have been the same as her period of revolution around the earth, as is now the case. But it is certain, that from the beginning of her existence as an independent orb, the moon must have been at work in raising a tidal wave, and at first far more actively even than now. Not only would she have raised a higher wave, because nearer to the earth, even had the earth been then what it is now; but since the earth must then have been in great part fluid, the moon would from the beginning do what the sun had for countless ages been doing—she would raise, like him, a tidal wave affecting the whole fluid substance of the earth; and, owing to her much greater proximity, the tidal wave she thus raised must of necessity have been very much greater than that raised by the sun. This tidal wave, like that now raised by the moon, would retard the earth's rotational spin, and much more effectively. The retardation of the

earth's spin would then, as now, be accompanied by a gradual retardation of the moon's motion, and recession of the moon from the earth. And while these changes were taking place, the earth, by her attraction on the then fluid mass of the moon, would be producing similar effects. The moon (supposing her then to have rotated in less time than she occupied in revolving round the earth) would be acted upon tidally by the earth. A mighty wave of fluid or at least plastic matter would circle around the moon in a direction contrary to that in which she was rotating; she would, therefore, gradually lose her rotational spin, just as the earth was losing hers, only at a more rapid rate. The reaction corresponding to this action would be, in the earth's case, as in the moon's, shown by increased distance. In other words, the earth's rotation and the moon's rotation would both be reduced in rate, the moon's the more rapidly, and both changes would combine reactionally in increasing the distance separating the two bodies.

Only one of these processes is now going on—the moon's action is diminishing the earth's rotational spin (and the moon's distance is therefore increasing by reaction), the earth's action is not diminishing the rotational spin of the moon. The reason why the latter action no longer produces any effect is that it has done its work, it no longer has anything left to work upon. The moon's rotation now synchronizes with her revolution around the earth, there is no tidal wave (there could be none if the moon's entire surface were covered by ocean, or even if the moon's entire mass were fluid), and therefore there is no loss of rotational spin. I have said the earth no longer has any work to do so far as modifying the moon's rotation is concerned. This is nearly true, but not quite. The earth has still some work to do, in preventing the rotation rate of the moon from diminishing, as it would otherwise tend to do, under the sun's action. If the earth were suddenly destroyed, or rather removed entirely away from the solar system, the moon would continue to travel around the sun, in a path very little changed from that which she at present follows, and, by such wave-motion as the sun

* "By these gentle ministrations," says Dr. Ball, "the wound on the earth would soon be healed. In the lapse of time, the earth would become as whole as ever, and at last it would not retain even a scar to testify to the mighty catastrophe."

can produce in the moon's mass, he would tend slowly to diminish her rate of rotation. The neighborhood of the earth prevents any such change from occurring, and would do so, even if the sun could raise a large tidal wave in deep lunar seas or in the moon's entire mass. It will be seen presently that this is a consideration of some importance. There is also some work for the earth to do—though it is but slight—in diminishing the moon's rate of rotation so as to correspond exactly with the slow gradual increase in her period of revolution. Students of the moon could well wish this were otherwise, so that the farther side of the moon, which we never see, might come, however slowly, into our ken.

The earth, then, acting on the moon caused the moon to adopt that mode of motion which we recognize in her, turning once on her axis while she revolves once around the earth. In this peculiarity of the moon's motion we recognize one piece of evidence, which of itself is absolutely convincing, as to the vastness of the time-intervals which have elapsed since the moon first began her independent existence. Whatever the moon's original rotation period may have been it was certainly very much shorter than her present rotation period. If we suppose it identical originally with her period of revolution there would have been an enormous amount of work for the earth to do in gradually reducing the period to its present value—both periods, in point of fact, simultaneously. We have, then, to carry back the earth's history so far that, independently of all other evidence to that effect, we find ourselves forced to accept the conclusion that, at the beginning of the separate existence of earth and moon, our earth was a globe rotating much more rapidly than at present and much nearer to the moon.

And here the question arises whether we can find in this inference any explanation of the undoubted discrepancy between the teachings of geology and those of astronomy as to the earth's age. On the one hand the study of the earth's crust tells us of one hundred millions of years at the very least during which the earth has been the scene of changes such as are now in progress,

chiefly—one may say, altogether—under solar influence. On the other hand, regarding the sun's emission of heat as resulting, in the main, from the contraction of his mass, we find that, assuming his density uniform, or nearly so, the contraction of his mass to its present dimensions, even from a former infinite extension, would have resulted only in generating as much heat as would last, at the present rate of emission, about twenty millions of years. We do not gain by supposing the rate of emission less in former ages of the earth, for then, the rate of solar work on the earth being less, the length of time necessary to complete the work which has actually been done would have been proportionately greater. The difficulty is very serious. Dr. Croll, who was one of the first to call attention to it, suggested the explanation, which I take to be inconceivable, that our sun was generated by the collision of several orbs which had been rushing through space with enormous velocity, and that his supply of heat represents the energy of those rushing suns, as well as that resulting from compression. My own solution of the difficulty is one which is confirmed by other researches, including an important investigation by Mr. G. Darwin, that the sun is not of nearly uniform density throughout his apparent globe, but that he is enormously compressed toward the centre, and that, in point of fact, the surface we see lies very far above the real surface of the sun.

Dr. Ball believes that in the former proximity of the moon we may find a complete answer to the enigma. In the primitive oceans, he says, the moon raised tides as she does now, but when she was nearer the tides were much higher than at present. For instance, when the moon's distance was but forty thousand miles, or roughly, a sixth of her present distance, her tide-raising power was not six times, but two hundred and sixteen (six times six times six) times greater than at present. So far Dr. Ball's reasoning is sound; but I cannot follow him in saying that therefore, the tides would have been two hundred and sixteen times as high as at present. (There is no such simple relation as this between tide-producing energy and the height of the tidal wave).

Still, we may admit that the tides were very much higher then than now.

"These mighty tides," says Dr. Ball, "are the gift which astronomers have now made to the working machinery of the geologist. They constitute an engine of terrific power to aid in the great work of geology. What would the puny efforts of water in other ways accomplish when compared with the majestic tides and the great currents they produce? In the great primæval tides will probably be found the explanation of what has long been a reproach to geology. The early palæozoic rocks form a stupendous mass of ocean-made beds, which, according to Professor Williamson, are twenty miles thick up to the top of the Silurian beds. It has long been a difficulty to conceive how such a gigantic quantity of material could have been ground up and deposited at the bottom of the sea. The geologists said, 'The rivers and other agents of the present day will do it if you give them time enough.' But, unfortunately, the mathematicians and the natural philosophers would not give them time enough. The mathematicians had other reasons for believing that the earth could not have been so old as the geologists demanded. Now, however, the mathematicians have discovered the new and stupendous tidal grinding engine. With this powerful aid the geologists can get through their work in a reasonable period of time, and the geologists and the mathematicians may be reconciled."

I am disposed to doubt seriously whether mathematicians and astronomers have done more than to somewhat alleviate the pressure of the difficulty we are considering. That they have subtracted somewhat from the work which had formerly been assigned to the sun must be admitted. We need not inquire what the former height of the tides, or to discuss the action of the tidal wave in detail. If we consider only that the tidal wave, according to the very theory we are considering, has, by its reaction against the earth, reduced the earth's rotation-spin from a rate of one rotation in perhaps not more than three hours, certainly not more than six, to one rotation only in twenty-four hours, we see that the work done on the earth's crust must have been enormous. It represents the friction-products, so to speak, of all that work. The wonder might rather be that the ocean-made beds are not much thicker than they are, than that they are so thick. But here is our difficulty returning to us in another form. Is it clear that the beds considered by Dr. Ball were not made subsequently to the time when the moon was at the comparatively small distance he

mentions? Can we for a moment imagine that the tremendous work of checking the earth's rotation-spin to less than a quarter of what it was, has only left such traces as these? Must not that work have been done while still the greater part of the earth's mass was fluid, and the water tidal wave have begun its work long after? Geologists have other reasons than the thick ocean-made strata for their belief in the vast periods of time which form the great difficulty of the problem. There is the evidence derived from the study of organic matter, the evidence derived from the remains of once-living creatures—animal and vegetable. The moon might have raised a tidal wave as high as Chimborazo without hastening the progress of what may be called the development of the earth—nay, she would very seriously have checked this progress. It may be doubted even, whether life, belonging to any save the lower forms, could have existed during the time when such tidal waves as Dr. Ball pictures careered round the swiftly rotating globe.

It remains to be noticed that, though the day will continually increase as the moon recedes, and, *vice versa*, the length of the month, measured in days, attained long since its maximum. It was then—some millions of years ago—about twenty-nine days long, and is now but twenty-seven and one-third days, as days are now. As the moon recedes, the lunar month—which is also the moon's day—will contain fewer and fewer of our terrestrial days. For our day grows longer, now, at a greater rate than the lunar month increases. Our day will continue to grow longer and longer as the moon recedes. In one hundred and fifty millions of years, or thereabouts, our day will be about one thousand four hundred of our present hours long; this period, also, will then be that in which the moon circles around the earth—about fifty-eight and one-third of our present days. Dr. Ball goes on to consider how the sun would affect this state of things. There would be a tide raised by the sun on the earth after the moon had ceased to raise any tide (the earth's rotation exactly synchronizing with the moon's revolution); and, as a result of this, Dr. Ball says, that the earth would

begin to rotate in a longer time than the moon circles round her. It appears to me that the moon's action would check any tendency of this sort, just as the earth's action on the moon has, as we know, prevented the moon from rotating in a longer period than that of her revolution round the earth. The state of

compromise with a moon circling once in one thousand four hundred hours round the earth rotating in the same time, the moon also so rotating, would be, I believe, a state of stable equilibrium. It is not a very pleasant future to look forward to. Fortunately it is very remote.—*Contemporary Review*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE MEMOIRS OF AN AMERICAN PUBLISHER.*

THE name and the doings of the late Mr. Fields are well enough known to English readers to insure a hearty reception for this book, while some Englishmen at least must have been further disposed to welcome it by the pleasant article which his old friend Mr. Whipple devoted to the kindly Boston publisher in the *Atlantic Monthly* not long ago. Mr. Fields's "Yesterdays with Authors," and, if we are not misled by memory, other reminiscences of his published during his lifetime in one shape or other, form one of the most important mines of biographical information about the English authors of the last half-century. Mr. Fields was, as every publisher ought to be, a nursing father to literature, and not merely a speculator in it. In not a few cases he seems to have definitely preferred importing English editions even of authors for whom the demand was considerable enough to make it very well worth his while to pirate them. He appears, indeed, in every sense to have loved our nation. Though he enjoyed a fairly long life, he was always more or less of an invalid, and his panacea in such cases seems to have been a visit to England. Besides this plague of ill-health, he was exceptionally unfortunate in domestic affairs until the latter part of his life. Nevertheless, his biography reads like that of a man who was thoroughly happy, uniting as he did a great appetite for work with an appetite equally strong for society. It may safely be said that where these two appetites coexist and are gratified, no life was ever miserable. Now, both in America and in Europe Mr. Fields had only to pick and choose in the society that he liked best—that of men and women of letters—and his publishing business gave even him work enough and to spare. A cheerful atmosphere of combined work and play seems always to have surrounded him. In his old age—though in strictness he can hardly be said to have reached that period, for he was only sixty-five when he died—after he had given up the active business

of publishing, he displayed his energy and literary tastes in a way characteristic enough of his countrymen, but a little odd to Englishmen. He turned lecturer, and wandered about the States delivering his list, the subjects of which varied from "Cheerfulness" to "Keats," and from "Rufus Choate" to "Masters of the Situation." No doubt they were excellent lectures, and he was an excellent lecturer. But a remark of his somewhere about "old 'Cheerfulness' having gone off famously," or words to that effect, exhibits the terrible side of the proceeding to some minds. Could anything be more awful than to pronounce one's own views on cheerfulness *vivâ voce* for the twentieth or perhaps the two hundredth time?

To many readers, however, if not to most, the picture of Mr. Fields's own character, however pleasant, will be less attractive than his passing sketches of the great Englishmen and Englishwomen whom he knew. Of necessity these are only the gleanings of the grapes of Ephraim, supplementary to the published reminiscences of their author. But the biographer has laid many letters and a diary under contribution, and much that is interesting and attractive is the result. On one page we find how Mr. Fields met Thackeray once in Paris arm in arm with Mahony (Father Prout), whom Thackeray described at a subsequent meeting on the same day as "good but dirty;" then there are numerous letters to and anecdotes of Miss Mitford, and a few of De Quincey, who, it seems, insisted on calling Mr. Fields "his editor," which indeed he was in the English as well as in the French sense. Some of the documents are very recent, such as letters from the late Mr. Severn, in one of which it is not uninteresting to read that Keats's old friend was "deeply pained" at the most ill-advised and improper publication of letters to Fanny Browne. There is, as might be expected, a great deal about Dickens, and especially about his last fatal visit to the United States. The notes taken at the time of the terrible state of exhaustion to which his readings reduced him give of course no exactly novel information, but still much

* "Memoirs and Correspondence of J. T. Fields." London; Sampson Low and Co., 1882.

that is interesting. The reviews of Mr. Fields's various visits to London are tolerably full, and almost always worth reading. One of his favorite employments (which is told without any parade of good deeds) appears to have been to wander about London in the small hours and administer food and drink to the waifs who flit about the streets at that time. It is forty years since, and the story suggests a curious reflection. The progress of civilization has made it practically impossible for anybody to emulate Mr. Fields's good deeds without subjecting the daring landlord who should make them possible to the certainty of an indorsed license.

Naturally the larger part of the book is occupied rather with American than with English reminiscences, though the frequency of Mr. Fields's visits to England and his affection for the country and the people make the English notes abundant. Those on America and Americans are equally attractive in manner, if somewhat less in matter. Agassiz (very frequently), Bryant, Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Lowell, and others come in for mention, as well as, and perhaps most frequently of all, Hawthorne. The minor stars of Mr. Fields's galaxy are numerous, and it may sometimes be thought that he looks at them through a telescope of rather high power. But that was his habit with small and great, English and Americans alike, and it would be unfair to lay stress on only one half of the phenomenon. Nor do we care to comment on an occasional tendency on the part of the biographer to indulge in that extraordinary transcendental jargon of which certain American lady writers fortunately keep the secret to themselves. But, come what may, we must protest against Mr. Whittier's celebrating his friend in strains of "which the last stanza makes "holiness" rhyme to "bliss" and "this." A poet's publisher, as Mr. Fields was eminently, and a writer of very tolerable verse himself to boot, surely deserved an epitaph with a somewhat richer rhyme.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

AMERICAN MEN OF LETTERS: NOAH WEBSTER.

By HORACE E. SCUDDER. BOSTON: HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & Co.

The life of Webster marks a period of dictionary-making that is, perhaps, of service to the student of practical philology. Probably no other writer has had to face the same obloquy or praise that the dictionary of Webster has produced on both sides of the Atlantic. Yet, when we analyze the amount of censure that is bestowed on Webster, we find that, taking all in all, it was chiefly his ideas as to pronunciation that have been objected to. His proposed reforms in spelling, with a desire to render the English language more regular and

easy, were, on the whole, less irritating to the scholar than his peculiar ideas of correct pronunciation as it ought to have been in England; but, taking New England at the same time as the type and the norm whence all the various local variations of vowel sounds may be supposed to have been derived, a careful examination of the life of Noah Webster may show many persons that he was in reality a scholar of far greater depth of solid attainments than can be imagined by the modern school of lexicographers. To read nowadays, in the present age of spelling reform, some of the criticisms of Webster or Johnson may seem far-fetched and peculiar. Yet, probably, no person of the present generation will venture to maintain all the propositions enunciated either by Johnson or by Webster, and, practically, very few persons regard the authority of either of the great lexicographers of the Old or of the New World as entirely final. Of course, we have still among us the bizarre mortal who accepts one dictionary (*i.e.* his dictionary) as the final appeal in all disputed cases of orthography or etymology. The *homo unius libri* may vary the Ciceronian maxim as applied to himself, and be certain that there is nothing so absurd in definitions that cannot be sheltered under the protecting ægis of some dictionary-maker or another. But such minds are not those that have contributed to the rapid and right progress of lexicographical science. Noah Webster did his work solidly, and with deliberation, and if we are not able to view his productions in the favorable light wherein they are often regarded across the Atlantic, we must recognize his labors as of the greatest possible value to all seekers for the truth, as it is expounded in dictionaries of the English language. There are many points of personal biography in this work that will render it of interest to other persons than the professional philologist, and we are glad to read a work that places the life of one of the greatest scholars of America in a clear light before English readers.

THE RHYMESTER; OR, THE RULES OF RHYME.

A Guide to English Versification, with a Dictionary of Rhymes, an Examination of Classical Measures, etc. By the late Tom Hood. Edited, with additions, by Arthur Penn. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

He who truly possesses the "vision and faculty divine" probably does not often resort to rhyming dictionaries and poets' guides for aid in the expression of his "unpremeditated song." Tom Moore labored a day and a night to find a single word needed to complete the polishing of one of his songs; but then there are those who are so bold as to say

that Moore was no poet, in spite of the "Irish Melodies." The late Tom Hood, in the original introduction to his "Rules of Rhyme," suggested what is doubtless the real and only value of hand-books of this kind. While very few can become poets, very many can become versifiers, and versification, as he believed, "is an elegant accomplishment, to say the least," as well as "a strong educational power." Therefore the object of his work was to enumerate, explain, and define those laws and principles which pertain strictly to the mechanism of verse. He believed that English versification should be taught in the schools, commending also the practice of Greek and Latin verse-writing as a highly praiseworthy and useful occupation.

But this dainty little volume, which is an enlargement and complete revision of the earlier work, is much more than a dictionary of rhymes or a guide to the art of versification, since more than half of its space is given to explanations and illustrations which are of the highest interest to all who read and enjoy poetry. There are chapters on rhyme, metre, and rhythm, figures, song-writing, comic verse and *vers de société*, and other kindred topics. The American editor has added a pleasant chapter on the sonnet, another on the *rondeau* and *ballade*, and a third in which several other forms of verse are described, with illustrative examples, such as the *rondelet*, *triolet*, and *villanelle*. Many of these quaint and delicate little poems cannot be properly appreciated without a good degree of familiarity with the technical limitations imposed upon the poet, and although the attempt to popularize in English some of these curious forms from the old French may not result in practical success, yet one cannot fail to be interested in the experiments of such workmen as Mr. Dobson and Mr. Gosse.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. By John T. Morse, Jr. American Statesmen Series. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The object of this series of biographies of American statesmen, as set forth in the prospectus, "is not to give merely a number of unconnected narratives of men in American political life, but to produce books which shall, when taken together, indicate the lines of political thought and development in American history—books embodying in compact form the result of extensive study of the many and diverse influences which combined to shape the political history of our country." With the exception of two or three lives anterior to the Revolution, the series is to be devoted to the period from the war of the Revolution to the war of Secession. The list of contributors, including such names as Dr.

von Holst, Prof. W. G. Sumner, Carl Schurz, Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, and Henry Cabot Lodge, gives ample assurance of a high degree of excellence in the whole series; and if each succeeding volume equals this first one by the editor in interest and permanent value, a wide gap in American political literature will be admirably filled.

There is perhaps a peculiar appropriateness in the selection of John Quincy Adams as the subject of the initial volume of a series intended to illustrate the principles and practical workings of our political institutions. He stood midway between two great eras. In his early years he aided in securing forever the results of the Revolution, and in removing the evils that so seriously threatened the young republic; and in his old age he heard the ominous mutterings of the approaching civil war, and proclaimed to a blinded people the impending woes. His departure from the White House marks the close of a list of Presidents who were patriots and honorable men, representing in their lives the principles of true statesmanship. With Jackson was inaugurated a new form of statesmanship, that infamous organization of strategy and chicane since so well known under the name of the "political machine." He was the "last of the Greeks," who fought single-handed in a vain struggle against forces that were tending to destroy political integrity and nobility, and change the whole basis of political life. While candidate for the presidency he declared that he "should do absolutely nothing" to promote his election, and no breach of this resolution was ever successfully brought home to him. Says Mr. Morse: "Since the days of Washington he alone presents the singular spectacle of a candidate for the presidency deliberately taking the position, and in a long campaign really never flinching from it: 'that, if the people wish me to be President I shall not refuse the office; but I ask nothing from any man or any body of men.'" All of the acts of his long career of public service were characterized by this fearless independence, together with a keen sense of duty and a rigid conscientiousness. Almost universally hated in his own age, he has had but few admirers since, and mainly because of his uncompromising honesty. The record of his life presents a picture of singular, almost repellent barrenness, crowded with bitter antagonisms, and never relieved by the hearty support and genuine sympathy of friends.

We are tempted to find fault with Mr. Morse for not giving us more copious extracts from those famous diaries of Mr. Adams, in which he was accustomed to find relief day by day for his accumulated wrath in denouncing secretly those sins of his political associates

which he could not always make war upon openly. But within the limits of a brief narrative he has drawn an admirable portrait of that remarkable man, who was "hardly abused and cruelly misappreciated in his own day, but whom subsequent generations already begin to honor as one of the greatest of American statesmen, not only pre-eminent in ability and acquirements, but even more to be honored for profound, immutable honesty of purpose and broad, noble humanity of aims." With this judgment the author closes his excellent volume.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE Prix Brunet for 1882 is to be awarded for the best essay on the bibliography of Aristotle.

A NEW periodical is announced in Calcutta under the title of the *Antichristian*.

A GERMAN translation of Boccaccio's "Decameron" has been prohibited as immoral by the authorities of Frankfort-on-the-Main.

LORD ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL is engaged in collecting legends and traditions regarding the Campbells and Argyleshire.

W. FRIEDRICH, of Leipsic, is about to publish a sumptuous edition of "Ahasver," the epic poem recently given to the world by the Queen of Roumania.

MR. J. SNODGRASS, the translator of Heine's "Wit, Wisdom, and Pathos," has in the press a version of Heine's fragment on "Religion and Philosophy in Germany."

JEAN CROUSOUTY, sub-librarian of the museum at Cracow, has discovered what is believed to be the earliest book printed in Hungarian. It is a Legend of St. Paul, dated 1512.

COUNT LEO TOLSTOY, who is at present staying at Moscow, is at work on a very interesting commentary to the New Testament, which, however, owing to difficulties with the censorship, will be printed out of Russia.

PROF. MOMMSEN has left Berlin for Italy. It is believed that he is going to re-collect his notes for the history of Rome under the Emperors—notes which were consumed by the fire two years ago.

A WORK on "The Science of Mind," by Prof. Troitsky, of Moscow, is in the press, and will shortly be published. Prof. Troitsky is a disciple of the English school of psychology, and his work is the result of many years of labor.

MESSRS. W. & R. CHAMBERS have just issued a new edition of their "Etymological Dictionary of the English Language," which has been in

preparation for some years under the editorship of Dr. Findlater. The dictionary has been entirely rewritten, with special attention to etymology, and is practically a new work.

A BELGIAN bibliophile, who writes under the name of Philomneste Junior, has published (Brussels, Gay and Doucé) a second and revised edition of his "Livres perdus," which first appeared in 1873. He gives a list of about five hundred books and booklets which have disappeared from our sight, with references to the sources of information about them.

THE Rev. Alfred Ainger, who has just finished a volume on Charles Lamb for Mr. Morley's "English Men of Letters" series, intends to follow it up by a reprint of "The Essays of Elia," with introduction and notes, which will be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. in their "Golden Treasury" series.

MR. WILLIAM ANDREWS, honorary secretary of the Hull Literary Club, has in the press a new work, entitled "Typographical Curiosities."

IT is rumored that the Canadians are desirous of absolute independence in the matter of copyright, and that the Hon. Wm. Macdougall will introduce a bill on the subject in the present session of the Dominion Parliament.

MR. MONGREDIEN, author of "Free Trade and English Commerce" and "History of the Free Trade Movement in England," has in the press a new work, entitled "Pleas for Protection Examined," which Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. will shortly publish for the Cobden Club.

In 1867 Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt published "Memoirs of William Hazlitt," his grandfather. Portions of the great critic's correspondence were included in this work. Having during the interval made considerable additions to the matter of this text, corrected its errors, and secured fresh correspondence, the author is preparing a new edition.

MR. GALLENGA's new work will be entitled "A Summer Holiday in Russia." He has devoted considerable attention to the Jewish question. The work will contain chapters on Odessa, Kieff, and Warsaw, to each of which the author will add an appendix recording his views on the subject of the outrages perpetrated on the Jews in those cities.

THEODORE EFFENDI KASSABE lately got into trouble at Constantinople for the production of political squibs and caricatures. He has restored himself to imperial favor by abandoning politics for romance writing, which has given more pleasure to his patrons.

MR. J. INGRAM is going to publish, through Mr. Bogue, a volume called "Claimants to Royalty." It will consist of sketches of various claimants from the pseudo-Smerdis down to modern times. Some information which has never been previously published with regard to the attempt by Perkin Warbeck on the English crown will be included.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL will shortly publish a "Charles Dickens Birthday Book." Miss Dickens has compiled the volume, which has cost her more than a year of labor. Mrs. C. E. Perugini supplies five illustrations—namely, a frontispiece and the seasons. They are not taken from any thing or character in Dickens's works, but the models are all of children.

WHEN Berthold Auerbach set out for Mentone, he resolved, it is said, never to return to his native country, so mortified was he with her internal condition, and above all with the treatment accorded to the Jews. It is also said that he declared that he desired it to be made known after his death that he died of sorrow and shame for the present state of the Fatherland, in the future of which he had lost all faith.

THE first volume has appeared (Paris, Firmin-Didot) of the "*Cœuvres inédites de Bossuet*," edited by M. A. L. Ménard from the mss. preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale and elsewhere. The series will consist of two volumes containing the course of instruction given by Bossuet (with two assistants) to the Dauphin, son of Louis XIV. The subject-matter of this first volume is the Satires of Juvenal, with notes and an application to the morals of the time, taken down by short-hand as delivered by Bossuet. There is also a portrait of Bossuet, after Rigaud, reproduced by photogravure.

HERR MOHR, of Freiburg and Tübingen, has just published a reprint, in form and type closely resembling the original, of the fragment of Goethe's "*Faust*" published in 1790. Some critical remarks are appended by Prof. W. L. Holland, of Tübingen.

THE German association of spelling reformers has taken the practical step of publishing the first of a series of classical native authors in the new orthography.

THE court of the Landgericht of Posen, in Prussia, has issued a decree confiscating all the copies of a German translation of M. Zola's "*Nana*;" the "*Faute du pasteur Mouret*" is included in the same condemnation.

SCIENCE AND ART.

A STANDARD LIGHT.—The want of a standard light for photometric purposes has long been felt; and since the introduction of electric illumination, some better means of measuring the light given by various systems than that hitherto adopted has become imperatively necessary. The old standard, the sperm candle, becomes, through unavoidable variations in manufacture, a very uncertain unit of light; and the Carcel burner adopted by the French is also unsatisfactory. In order that some definite agreement should be arrived at respecting this important subject, a Photometric Committee was appointed by the Board of Trade to inquire into and report upon the matter. This committee has now finished its labors, and recommends the adoption of an air-gas flame—first suggested by Mr. Vernon Harcourt—as the most reliable for the purpose. This contrivance consists of a brass burner with a quarter-inch aperture, giving a flame two and a half inches high. It is fed with a definite mixture of the vapor of light petroleum and atmospheric air. The flame produced is constant and trustworthy, and is in every respect suited for the purpose indicated.

THE ANCIENT WORLD.—In a recent lecture on the world at the time of man's appearance, Boyd Dawkins, the English geologist, gave a brief sketch of some of the changes which have preceded the present condition of the earth's surface. In the eocene and miocene periods, he said, Europe was united with Iceland and Greenland, and also with the United States of America by a barrier of land, extending past the Faroe Isles, which was covered by a dense forest, composed to a large extent of the same trees, in Europe and in America, and which allowed of a comparatively free migration of animals to and fro between England and the United States. In the rivers of Europe were alligators and fish not to be distinguished from those of America. In the pliocene age the barrier of land became depressed, and for the first time in the history of the world what is now the Atlantic became connected with the Arctic sea. During all these changes the British Isles formed part of the Continent, and the Atlantic seaboard was marked by the 500-fathom line. As regards the changes in climate in Europe in the three periods, the lecturer said that during the first period the climate was tropical in Britain, palms and bread-fruits and other southern trees living in the south-east of England. In the second period the climate was cooler and palms were scarce, but magnolias and tulip trees and sequoias abounded. In the third period the

climate became temperate. These surroundings of man were gradually shaped in the three earlier stages of the tertiary period until they arrived very early at that equilibrium which is found to-day.

PROGRESS IN AFRICA.—We learn that two companies have been formed for the development of the coal-fields in Cape Colony. It has long been the opinion of geologists that certain parts of South Africa would yield vast quantities of coal; and for some time past coal mines at Molteno and Paardekzaal have been worked with very successful results. One of these mines, the Molteno, is of an unusual type. It consists of a hill which has been pierced with a shaft from its summit, with another horizontal heading driven into it from its base. This mine is estimated to contain at least half a million tons of rich coal. A line of railway is being laid between Molteno and East London; and as the district is rich in ironstone as well as coal, it has probably a prosperous future before it. In this connection may be mentioned a projected railway in West Africa from the Gold Coast to the interior, which will open up a district rich in palm-oil, india-rubber, and other products of this fertile land.—*Chambers's Journal*.

ASSYRIAN DISCOVERIES.—Mr. Rassam, the well-known discoverer of Assyrian relics, lately gave at a public meeting a brief account of his recent doings. At about twelve miles from Bagdad a ruin was pointed out to him by an Arab, and he at once commenced some excavations there. After several days' work the diggers came upon an enormous building, containing several chambers. Most of these were paved with brick or stones; but one had a floor of asphalt! Numerous inscriptions were found on this building; but the most important discovery was made by the workmen after Mr. Rassam had been obliged to come home. In one of the rooms there were found records inscribed on nearly ten thousand tablets. These tablets are on their way to England, and until they reach the hands of experts it is impossible to say what story they may unfold. Suffice it to add that we may be on the verge of a discovery that may prove more important than anything yet achieved in the history of Eastern research.

FOREIGN BODIES IN THE EYE.—One of the most general things that we do when we get anything in our eye is to rub the injured organ with the vain delusive hope of rubbing the offending body out, instead of which we only make the eye dry, inflamed, and more painful, and render the extraction of the foreign body more difficult. No matter what it is that has got into the eye—with perhaps the ex-

ception of mortar and lime—keep the eyelids closed as long as you can without touching them. Under the upper eyelid there is a gland which is continually pouring forth a fluid we call tears. Pain will almost always cause this gland to pour forth a large amount of this fluid, and when, a foreign substance having got into the eye, we at once close the eyelid without rubbing it, this fluid will, in most cases, be sufficient to wash the offender, if not absolutely on to our cheek, yet so near to the edge of the eyelid as to be easily removed. Should this not answer, gently bathe the eye with a moistened soft handkerchief or sponge. If, however, a piece of flint or iron or other hard substance be in the eye, you will generally find it under the upper eyelid, and to remove it you must turn up the lid. This is done by laying a small probe or the blunt end of a darning or worsted needle across the upper lid, about half an inch from the margin; then, by taking the middle eyelashes between the finger and thumb, and drawing them outward and upward, while at the same time the probe is gently pressed upon the lid, and the patient is told to look down, the eyelid is easily everted. The foreign body then comes into sight, and can easily be removed with something soft, as a camel's-hair brush, a feather, etc. If, however, the body be imbedded, and consequently does not move, the patient must at once see a surgeon. Mortar or lime in the eye occasions great pain and injury if not quickly removed. If seen *immediately*, the eye should be well washed with a tepid solution of vinegar and water (about a teaspoonful of vinegar to half a tea-cupful of water), and the lid being everted as before described, all particles should be removed. A drop or two of oil dropped into the eye afterward will often greatly soothe it.—*Ambulance Lectures*.

ELECTRICAL RESISTANCE OF A VACUUM.—The opinion has long prevailed that vacuous space is a non-conductor of electricity. If the electrodes of a vacuum tube, which can be gradually exhausted, be connected with a Ruhmkorff coil or other source of electricity of high tension, it is observed that the discharge passes more and more readily as the rarefaction is increased. At a certain state of the rarefied air, however, a limit seems to be reached; and, if the exhaustion is continued beyond this point the resistance in the tube increases, and finally becomes apparently so great that the discharge ceases to pass. The air pressure at which this last phenomenon occurs is different in different tubes, as it depends upon the width of the tube, the distance apart of the electrodes, their nature, and their size. The above result has been con-

firmed by numerous observers, and the conclusion has been drawn that air (and other gases) when reduced beyond a certain state of tenuity is incompetent to transmit electricity. Prof. Edlund (*Philosophical Magazine*, January 1822) combats this view, and shows that there is another way of explaining the apparent absence of conductivity in a highly exhausted vacuum tube. He cites and discusses numerous experiments by Gassiot, Plücker, Hittorf, Gauguin, Wiedemann, and others, and gives very strong reasons for the view that the high resistance of the tube is due to an obstruction to the discharge which is set up at the surface of the negative electrode. This obstruction acts like a large resistance, though it is more probably of the nature of a counter-electromotive force. The actual resistance of the tube may therefore be regarded as composed of two parts, of which one depends on the length of the tube, and the other only on the nature and size of the negative electrode. The latter part is of insignificant amount until the pressure is reduced to the fraction of a millimetre, when it rises rapidly in value, and, as the rarefaction is continued, becomes so great as to stop the passage of electricity altogether, no matter how high the acting electromotive force may be. Prof. Edlund arrives at the conclusion that vacuous space, so far from being a non-conductor, is a good conductor of electricity. If this be so, and if the space which separates us from the sun readily allow electrical action to be transmitted through it, we shall be better able to understand the direct electrical action which the sun appears to exercise on our globe, and the variations of this action during the prevalence of sun-spots. We shall be able also to admit the measurements of those who have observed the aurora borealis (which undoubtedly consists of electrical discharges) at a height above the surface of the earth at which the tenuity of the air must be far greater than anything we can produce in our laboratories.

A NEW FRIEND OF HUMANITY. — "What wonderful digestions they must have!" lately exclaimed a British gourmet when reading Mr. Carl Bock's interesting volume, how a certain Dyak tribe always eat their captives, old as well as young. It may be, however, that these interesting cannibals do not trust to the powers of nature alone to digest the toughest grandfather as easily as the tenderest infant. The papaw tree flourishes in Borneo, we believe, and if we may accept the statements of the *Illustrirte Zeitung*, the feasting Dyak has a powerful assistant in that plant. Experimental proof has been afforded that the hardest beefsteak, the most obdurate of

mutton chops, becomes soft and tender if wrapped in papaw leaves for twenty-four hours previous to cooking. The juice is even more powerful; a small quantity placed in a vessel in which a piece of meat was boiling disintegrated the fibres in five minutes. In the same way hard-boiled eggs soon dissolved when immersed in a strong brew of papaw juice and water, while finely minced meat was speedily converted into a sort of thick soup. In fine, the papaw tree is nature's patent digester, warranted to act as a solvent on all kinds of animal food.

VENTRILOQUISM BY BIRDS. — Many birds, according to Mr. E. E. Fish, appear to possess powers of ventriloquism. A cuckoo, not a rod off, can make his voice appear to come from a furlong away; the thrush singing from a low perch seems to be in the treetop; the vesper sparrow and field sparrow on the roadside fence, as if singing from a distant field. The robin has a similar power, and the cat-bird can sing in a loud, voluble sound, or in a low, soft, sweet, and tender warble. The oven-bird, the smallest of the thrushes, singing from a distance, can throw its sharp, ringing notes in such a way as to cause the listener to believe that it is almost within reach.

HIGH TIDES AND THE MOON. — Professor Ball, of Dublin, has been recently trying to prove that the moon is the result of tidal evolution, that in the very remote past, when the moon was only 40,000 miles distant, the earth must have been swept by tides of enormous height, and that these tides must have been powerful agents in producing changes on the earth's surface which geologists are now unable to account for. In a recent number of *Nature*, Professor Newberry, of Columbia College, goes carefully over the geological record, and shows conclusively that these hypothetical high tides have left no trace of their existence, and that since the beginning of the geological record the order of nature has been essentially what it is to-day. The testimony of the rocks on this subject, says Professor Newberry, is so full and conclusive that it really leaves no room for discussion; and hence the astronomers have been in error in regard to the genesis of the moon, and she never formed a portion of the earth's mass, or the separation took place at a period so remote that she had receded to nearly her present distance before the dawn of life on the earth.

CONCUSSION OF THE BRAIN. — Concussion of the brain is the common result of a contusion of the head, and cannot be too seriously regarded. In any case of injury to the head,

where insensibility has occurred, a doctor should be sent for, but even in slighter cases, when the concussion has apparently only produced a temporary dizziness, careful treatment, both at the time and after the injury, will be necessary to restore the patient to a healthy state of both mind and body. In any case of insensibility from injury to the head, no harm can be done by cutting the hair close, and applying cold water to the head until the surgeon's arrival; or should this be delayed, and the patient's body be cold and the skin clammy, hot bottles may be put to the feet in addition. Beyond this, however, it is never safe for a non-professional person to go, in a case of severe injury to the head; and most particularly ought the administration of stimulants in any form to be avoided. Cases of head-injury are often more grave in their after-consequences than in their immediate symptoms, and it is sometimes difficult to persuade the friends of a patient who is apparently well, of the necessity for rest and quiet for some weeks after the accident. Irritability of temper and inability to bear slight noises are often but symptoms of irritation of the brain, and should be at once reported to the medical adviser.—*Family Physician*.

MISCELLANY.

ENGLISH AND ROMAN HIGHWAYS.—In England, as elsewhere, the Romans were our great masters in the art of road-making. A thousand years of disuse have not sufficed to obliterate from the face of the country traces of the long lines of roadway which connected their principal camps and stations with each other. Some of them will serve as foundations of modern highways. But, for the most part being designed and executed for military purposes alone, they remain simply as monuments to attest the energy and the engineering skill of a race who were at one time the indisputable masters of what was then the civilized world. Our Saxon forefathers were far behind them in this respect. Despite the example which had been set them, their ideas of local self-government gravitated in a very different direction. The withdrawal of the controlling and originating central authority told in England, as it did elsewhere, against the continuance of the intercourse which had previously existed between localities distant with each other. Great as were the capacities for managing their own affairs displayed by the various districts into which England became split up after the departure of the Romans, there is no blinking the fact that the roads, even in the more frequented parts of the country, became steadily worse. The old Roman "streets" were no longer kept in re-

pair, partly, no doubt, because the exigencies of trade refused to be warped into the lines of strategical convenience, but partly also, it must be admitted, because public opinion was by no means alive to the necessity of good roads at all. The commerce of the country, such as it was, was carried on mainly by means of pack-horses. Chariots had ceased to be used for purposes of war; such wains as there were had their cumbrous fabric supported upon wheels hewn out of a solid block of wood, which creaked and groaned as they rumbled along over the hardest and most gravelly tracks which could be found for them. Wherever firm soil was wanting, each wagoner picked out for himself a new line of country, warned against bogs and marshes by the apparent failures of those who immediately preceded them. Where the land had begun to be inclosed, and the soil was tenacious, "lanes" of enormous width were left to serve as the main arteries of traffic, each vehicle during winter carefully avoiding old tracks as leading to certain break-downs. The results of this primitive order of things may still be traced distinctly all over that large portion of the south of England which remains uninclosed, and even in those parts of the midland counties where the population has not increased rapidly, and traces are still left of the general configuration of the country. Macaulay has left us a striking description of the state of the sister country in this respect so late as the time of William III. We know how it fared with Scotland before the days of General Wade, so celebrated for his road-making exploits. Nor have we reason to believe that any real advance was made in road-making science in England itself until the use of wheeled-carriages became general, and the construction of something like sound ground upon which they could travel became in consequence a necessity.—*Nineteenth Century*.

IS THE FULL MOON RED-HOT?—If Professor De Morgan were still living, the following would expose me to the risk of being immortalized on the gibbets of a new edition of his book on "Paradoxers," i.e., scientific heretics, a class of unfortunates with whom I do feel a sort of sneaking sympathy in spite of having received some ridiculously insolent letters from their most outrageous representative. Thirteen years ago, when writing the "Fuel of the Sun," I stated in Chapter VII. reasons for concluding that the intrinsic brilliancy of the lunar surface is, relatively to that of the sun, much greater than is usually supposed, and similar reasons apply to the superficial lunar temperature. At the last eclipse (December 5) when the partially-

eclipsed moon first became visible at a little past five, the shaded part displayed a full copper-red color; as the eclipse progressed this advanced to a darker or more obscure copper color; then the redness gradually faded, and the shaded portion of the moon grew darker and grayer, until at last it became of a dark slate color, and its outline or "limb" was barely traceable toward the end of the eclipse. I believe that the surface of the moon is, as it appears to be, of a dull red heat, and that this high temperature is due to the action of the sun's rays striking it directly without any intervening shield of aqueous vapor or other atmospheric matter. If the volcanic tufa, of which the moon's surface is evidently composed, resembles the corresponding material on our earth, it is one of the best absorbers of heat and the worst of conductors. This being the case, the uninterrupted glare of the sun's rays would produce its maximum possible effect on a thin film of the moon's surface; and as radiation and absorption are co-equal, this surface would rapidly cool by uninterrupted radiation while screened by the earth's shadow. In connection with this subject it must be remembered that "red heat" is not an absolute temperature; it varies with the heated surface when viewed in the dark. Thus, if a piece of bright platinum on which an ink mark has been made be heated barely to redness, the ink mark shows out as though hotter than the metal. The dross on a ladle of melted metal shows a red heat, while the metal itself is dark. If a figured tile with black and white pattern be heated to redness, and seen in the dark, the black glow is so much more vivid than the white that the pattern appears reversed. If the pattern be in glazed and unglazed surfaces, the unglazed shows a red heat at lower temperature than the glazed. A tufaceous surface like that of the moon is specially favorable for such display of red luminosity at the lowest possible temperature. Therefore the copper color may be brought out by a temperature of about 600 deg. The reasoning that ascribes so high a temperature to the side of the moon presented to the sun must lead to the conclusion that the dark or night side is intensely cold—that sunset on the moon is followed by such active, uncompensated radiation that in a few hours after darkness the red-hot surface must cool down to a temperature below the coldest of our arctic and antarctic regions, and the copper-red heat must return in a few hours after sunrise.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

AN EASTERN LEGEND.—The most painful thing to endure among the ruins of Palmyra is the want of water. The inhabitants have

no other water than that of a hot spring, the water of which has an intense smell of sulphur. It can only be drunk after it has been exposed to the wind for twelve hours in a leather bottle. Yet, however repulsive it might have appeared at first, one gets so accustomed to it that at last the water brought by travellers, even from the "Wild-goat's Well" (Ain el Woul, half way between Karatenn and Palmyra), appears tasteless. The following legend relates to the sulphurous well of Palmyra, Ain el Ritshen, or the Star Well. Once upon a time a large snake had taken its abode in the well, and was stopping its mouth so that no water could be drawn from it. Solomon, son of David, ordered the animal to leave the place, in order that the people might use the water. The snake replied to the wise king, "Grant me to come out with my whole body, and promise me not to kill me. I have a sun-spot in the middle of my body, and I shall die if anything touches me on that place." When Solomon had given him the required promise, the snake began to wind itself out; it crawled and crawled, but there was no end to it. Its rings already filled the valley, and there was no appearance of a sun-spot yet. Solomon began to be frightened, and he trembled so much that a ring slipped from his finger at the very moment when the mysterious spot appeared at the mouth of the well; the ring fell on that spot, and the snake was broken in two parts. The hind part of the monster remained in the well, and was putrefied in it, so that it became impossible to drink the water. Solomon purified the spring with sulphur, and the putrid smell disappeared, but that of sulphur remains till now. The ashes of the front part of the snake, burned by Solomon, dispersed to all the four winds, became another plague, that of the army of springing insects—*e.g.* locusts, etc.—*Das Deutsche Familienblatt*.

SUPPLICATION.

A TRANSLATION OF M. SULLY PRUDHOMME'S "PRIERE."

Ah! did you know how the tears apace
Fall by a lonely hearth, alas!
I think that before my dwelling-place
Sometimes you'd pass.

And did you know of the hopes that arise
In wearied soul from a pure young glance,
May be to my window you'd lift your eye
As if by chance.

And if of the comfort you only knew
A heart may bring to a heart that is sore,
You'd rest a while, as a sister might do,
Beside my door.

But if you knew of the love that enwraps
My soul for you, and holds it fast,
Quite simply over my threshold, perhaps,
You'd step at last.

I. O. L.



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A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

BY FREDERIC HARRISON.

IN one of those delightful tales of Voltaire which nobody reads now (we are occupied in reading books about Voltaire's books, or rather articles on the books about Voltaire's books), I remember how the King of Babylon cured of excessive self-esteem a great satrap called Irax. The moment he awoke in the morning the master of the royal music entered the favorite's chamber with a full chorus and orchestra, and performed in his honor a cantata which lasted two hours; and every third minute there came a refrain to this effect:

"What virtue, what grace, what power hath he;
How pleased with himself my Lord must be!"

"Ah! combien Monseigneur
Doit être content de lui-même!"

The cantata over, a royal chamberlain

advanced and pronounced a harangue that lasted three-quarters of an hour, in which he extolled him for possessing all the good qualities which he had not got. At dinner, which lasted three hours, the same ceremonial was continued. If he opened his mouth to speak, the first chamberlain said "Hark! we shall hear wisdom!" And before he had uttered four words, the second chamberlain said, "What wisdom do we hear!" Then the third and the fourth chamberlains broke into shouts of laughter over the good things which Irax had said, or rather ought to have said. After dinner the same cantata was again sung in his honor. On the first day Irax was delighted; the second he found less pleasant; on the third he was bored; on the fourth he said he could bear it no longer; and on the fifth he was cured.

I sometimes think this nineteenth

* A Lecture given at the London Institution.
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century with its material progress and its mechanical inventions, its steam and electricity, gas, and patents, is being treated by the press, and its other public admirers, much as the chamberlains in *Zadig* treated the satrap. The century is hardly awake of a morning before thousands of newspapers, speeches, lectures, and essays appear at its bedside, or its breakfast table, repeating as in chorus :

"What virtue, what grace, what power hath he ;
How pleased with himself my Lord must be !"

Surely no century in all human history was ever so much praised to its face for its wonderful achievements, its wealth and its power, its unparalleled ingenuity and its miraculous capacity for making itself comfortable and generally enjoying life. British Associations, and all sorts of associations, economic, scientific, and mechanical, are perpetually executing cantatas in honor of the age of progress, cantatas which (alas !) last much longer than three hours. The gentlemen who perform wonderful and unsavory feats in crowded lecture halls, always remind us that "Never was such a time as this nineteenth century !" Public men laying the first stones of institutes, museums, or amusing the Royal Academy after dinner, great inventors, who have reaped fortunes and titles, raise up their hands and bless us in the benignity of affluent old age. I often think of Lord Sherbrooke, in his new robes and coronet, as the first chamberlain, bowing and crying out, "What a noble age is this !" The journals perform the part of orchestra, banging big drums and blowing trumpets—penny trumpets, twopenny, threepenny, or sixpenny trumpets—and the speakers before or after dinner, and the gentlemen who read papers in the sections perform the part of chorus, singing in unison—

"How pleased with itself this age must be !"

As a mere mite in this magnificent epoch, I ask myself, What have I done, and many plain people around me, who have no mechanical genius at all—what have we done to deserve this perpetual cataract of congratulation ? All that I can think of is the assurance that Figaro gives to the count, "our lordships gave ourselves the trouble to be born in it !"

It is worth a few minutes' thought to

ask what is the exact effect upon *civilization*, in the widest and highest sense of that term, of this marvellous multiplication of mechanical appliance to life ? This is a very wide question, and takes us to the roots of many matters, social, economic, political, moral, and even religious. Is the universal use of a mechanical process *per se* a great gain to civilization, an unmixed gain, a gain without dangers or drawback ? Is an age which abounds in countless inventions thereby alone placed head and shoulders above all the ages since historical times began ? And this brings us to the point that the answer to the question largely depends on what we mean by civilization. We need not attempt to define *civilization*. Before any one can fully show the meaning of civilization, he must see in a very clear way what is his own ideal of a high social, moral, and religious life, and this is not the place to enter on any such solemn, not to say tremendous topic.

We had better not hope for any very slashing answer to the question, either in one extreme view or the other. We seldom get much from extreme views, but from complex and balanced views ; and this is a very compound and balanced subject, this of civilization and progress and material improvement. I should not ask the question if I thought that mechanical progress was an incalculable and unqualified gain to humanity. And we do not advance matters if, on the other hand, we decry material inventions or progress of any kind. We all know how at least one of the few living men of genius we still have among us, one of whom I can never speak without profound gratitude, honor, and affection, is wont to pour out his stirring, fascinating tirades against this age of steam and all its mechanical works—odes as lyrical, and as little to be reduced to logic as that of Gray's bard defying the Plan-tagenet King. I am no member myself of the society of St. George, and as a humble son of the nineteenth century I heartily welcome every form of mechanical improvement. The cause of progress is bound up with every principle worth having ; and material progress is an indispensable step in general progress. Let us hail the triumphs of steam, and electricity, and gas, and iron ; the railways and the commerce ; the indus-

try, the appliances, and conveniences of our age. They are all destined to do good service to humanity. But still it is worth asking if the good they do is *quite* so vast, *quite* so unmixed, *quite* so immediate, as the chamberlains and the chorus make out in their perpetual cantata to the nineteenth century.

Let us note some of the mechanical glories of the last hundred years, as they are so often rehearsed. For four thousand years we know, and probably forty thousand years, man has travelled over land as fast as his own legs, or men's legs, or horses' legs could carry him, but no faster; over sea as fast as sails and oars could carry him. Now he goes by steam over both at least three times the pace. In previous ages, possibly for twenty centuries, about a hundred miles a day was the outside limit of any long continuous journey. Now we can go four thousand miles by sea in fourteen days, and by land in five days. It used to occupy as many weeks, or sometimes months. We have now instantaneous communication with all parts of the globe. The whole surface of our planet has only been known about a hundred years; and till our own day to get news from all parts of it to one given spot would certainly have required a year. The President of the United States delivers his message, and within three hours newspapers in all parts of the world have printed it word for word. For twenty thousand years every fabric in use has been twisted into thread by human fingers, and woven into stuff by the human hand. Machines and steam-engines now make 10,000 shirts in the time that was formerly occupied by making one. For twenty thousand years man has got no better light than what was given by pitch, tallow, or oil. He now has gas and electricity, each light of which is equal to hundreds and thousands of candles. Where there used to be a few hundred books there are now 100,000; and the London newspapers of a single year consume, I dare say, more type and paper than the printing presses of the whole world produced from the days of Gutemberg to the French Revolution. You may buy a good watch now for as many shillings as it used to cost pounds, and a knife worth a week's labor is now worth the labor of one or

two hours. The fish eaten in Paris is caught in Torbay; our loaf of bread is grown in California; and a child's penny toy is made in Japan; a servant girl can get a better likeness of herself for 6d. than her mother or her grandmother could have got for £60; the miners of the north, they say, drink champagne and buy pianos, and travel 100 miles for a day's holiday. The brigade of the Guards with breech-loaders would now decide the battle of Waterloo, or the battle of Blenheim, in an hour, and the Devastation would sink all the navies which fought at the Trafalgar and the Nile. In old days if a regiment were needed (say in Delhi or to New Zealand) it could hardly have been summoned and placed there within six months or a year. It could now be done in five or six weeks. Queen Elizabeth, they say, ruled over less than 5,000,000 subjects, and Queen Anne perhaps over less than 10,000,000. Queen Victoria enjoys the loyal devotion of at least 250,000,000. Bess counted the total revenues of government on one hand (I mean in millions); Anne could do it on two hands. Queen Victoria as Empress, I suppose, disposes of 150 millions. In the last century the capitals of Europe had a population hardly equal to that of Finsbury or Marylebone in our day. London has grown about eight or ten times in a hundred years. Whole districts as large as the entire kingdom of Alfred or St. Louis, which a hundred years ago was moorland and meadow, are now one continuous factory, where the wealth, the population, the product of one acre is equal to that of a whole county in the days of Queen Anne. I will not continue the tremendous recital any further. Every one can work it out for himself. Take the facts and figures of the days of Queen Anne, which, we are told, was a sort of a Golden Age of the Beautiful, and multiply them by 50, 100, or 1000, and we get to our point of modern sublimity. And what Marlborough and Walpole, Swift and Addison, called the impossible is now the commonplace. Every one can state for himself the hyperbolic contrast between the material condition we see to-day, and the material condition in which society managed to live one, two, three centuries ago, nay, ten, or twenty, or a hundred centuries

ago. Take it all in all, the merely material, physical, mechanical change in human life in the hundred years, from the days of Watt and Arkwright to our own, is greater than occurred in the thousand years that preceded, perhaps even in two thousand years or twenty thousand years. The external visible life of Horace Walpole and Pope did not essentially differ from that of Chaucer, Boccaccio, or Froissart; nor did it differ very much from that of Horace and Virgil; nor indeed did it utterly contrast with that of Aristophanes and Plato. Are we so *vastly*, so *enormously*, the wiser, the nobler, the happier?

Is the advance in real civilization at all to be compared with the incredible "leaps and bounds" of material improvement?

To ask such a question is to answer it. Robert Lowe, the Society of British Engineers, and the British Association itself, hardly ever pretended that this Victorian age is so incalculably wiser, better, more beautiful, than any other in recorded history. What they say is that it has incalculably more good things, incredibly greater opportunities than any other. Quite so! it has a thousand times the resources of any other age. Permit us to ask—Does it use them to a thousand times better purpose? I am no detractor of our own age. I do not know if there is any in which I would rather have lived, take it all round. We all feel, in spite of a want of beauty, of rest, of completeness, which sits heavy on our souls and frets the thoughtful spirit—we all feel a-tiptoe with hope and confidence. We *are* on the threshold of a great time, even if our time is not great itself. In science, in religion, in social organization, we all know what great things are in the air. "We shall see it, but not *now*"—or our children and our children's children will see it. The Vatican with its syllabus, the Mediævalists-at-all-costs, Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Ruskin, the Æsthetes, are all wrong about the nineteenth century. It is *not* the age of money-bags and cant, soot, hubbub, and ugliness. It is the age of great expectation and unwearied striving after better things. Still, is it the Millennium foretold by the prophets, by civil engineers and railway kings?

The last hundred years have seen in

England the most sudden change in our material and external life that is perhaps recorded in history. It is curious how many things date from that 1770 or 1780. The use of steam in manufactures and locomotion by sea and land, the textile revolution, the factory system, the enormous growth of population, the change from a rural to a town life, the portentous growth of the Empire, the vast expansion of sea power, of commerce, of manufactures, of wealth, of intercommunication, of the Post; then the use of gas, electricity, telegraphs, telephones, steam presses, sewing machines, air engines, gas engines, electric engines, photographs, tunnels, ship canals, and all the rest. Early in the last century England was one of the lesser kingdoms in Europe, but one-third in size and numbers of France or Germany. Now it is in size twenty times—twenty times—as big as either, and six or seven times as populous as either. London then was only one of a dozen cities in Europe; hardly of the area of Manchester or Leeds. It is now the biggest and most populous city in recorded history, nearly equal, I suppose, in size and population to all the capitals of Europe put together. One hundred years ago to have lit this theatre, as it is now lighted, would have cost, I suppose, £50, and the labor of two or three men for an hour to light and snuff and extinguish the candles. It is now done for a shilling by one man in three minutes. A hundred years ago to have taken us all to our homes to-night would have cost, I suppose, on an average, 5s. a head and two hours of weary jolting. I trust we may all get home to-night for 4d. or 6d. a head at the most in half an hour. If you wanted an answer from a friend in Dublin or Edinburgh it would have cost you by post (one hundred years ago) about 2s. in money and a fortnight in time. You now get an answer in 30 hours for two-pence, or a penny if you are as brief as the Prime Minister. A hundred years ago, if you wanted to go there, it would have taken you a week, and you would have to make your will. You can now go in a day, and come back the next day. And so on; and so on. The chamberlain's refrain still runs in my head. The important point is that this most unparalleled change in mate-

rial life only began about a hundred years ago.

Is the civilization of the nineteenth century so incredibly superior to the civilization of the eighteenth or the seventeenth century? England in 1882 is in many things wiser and stronger, perhaps better, than in 1782. But England in 1782 was wiser, stronger, and certainly better than in 1682. I should not like to compare 1682 with 1582, though many things decidedly open questions in the days of Queen Bess had been well settled in those of the merry monarch; and 1682 was perhaps a time when we should have felt life easier and safer than in 1582. But compare 1582 with 1482, or 1382. It is the difference between modern and mediæval life. Slowly and in the long run the ages do advance in civilization. But taking England alone, and looking back for five centuries, do we find such an enormous impetus to civilization in its high sense in the nineteenth century, as we find in its low sense, in its mere physical, material sense?

Compare England with other countries in Europe. While England in a hundred years has utterly transformed the face of its material life, France has done so in a much smaller degree, Italy and Germany even less, and Spain not at all. None of these countries has changed very much in population, in area, in relation of town and country, in density, in habits of locomotion, in material appliances. Thirty years ago, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Florence, and Madrid were to the eye not much unlike what they were in the days of Louis XV. and Frederick the Great. To this day, country life in Brittany, in Auvergne, in Pomerania, Silesia, or Bohemia, in the Romagna, and Grenada, is substantially what it was in the days of the seven years' war. In the meantime, life in Surrey and Middlesex, in Lancashire, Yorkshire, Warwickshire, has outwardly changed more than it did between the Conquest and the Revolution. That is to say, England has in a hundred years undergone enormous material change; relatively France and Germany, Italy and Spain (except in one or two places), have undergone small material change. Has the *relative* position of these nations in the scale of true civilization altered so

very much? Not at all! Most persons would say that in the hundred years France had advanced in true civilization about as fast as England; so too of Germany. Many persons might think both, or one at least, had advanced relatively faster than England. And yet their material progress has been incredibly less than that of England.

Take science. Science now enjoys a multitude of appliances which it never had before. Early in this century the planet was not even explored. Tens of thousands of important phenomena were unknown, because they lay out of the reach of human observation. Trade, material progress, wealth, and the discoveries have multiplied a thousand times the instruments and materials and opportunities of science. Steam, gas, electricity, telegraphy, photography, telescopes, microscopes, batteries, electric lights, electric casts, electric measures, and conductors in forms infinite, have given the modern man of science an armory of incredible variety and power. To place beside the marvellous tools of modern science those with which Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Harvey, and Lavoisier worked is like putting the armory of a modern ironclad beside that of a Chinese junk. And yet, is our science relatively to its opportunities so enormously superior to the science of any other age? Let us speak of our science with profound respect and honor. We are proud to think it inferior to none in history. Three names at least of the Victorian epoch, Faraday, Darwin, and Thomson, will live in the history of science and mechanics. But great as our time is in science, no competent man will pretend that it is distinctly higher than the age which saw Newton, Herschel, Black, and Priestley; or the age of Bacon, Harvey, Galileo, Descartes, and Leibnitz; or the age of Buffon, D'Alembert, Lagrange, Lavoisier, and Bichat. You may raise your mechanical apparatus of science a thousandfold, you do not double your scientific genius once.

Or philosophy? We are all philosophers nowadays in one sense, but is the philosophy of 1882 so vastly taller than the philosophy of 1782, fresh from Hume, and Adam Smith, Montesquieu, Kant, and Diderot? Or literature? We

read 1000 pages now where our forefathers read one. Every day the press turns out in legible type more matter than in Dr. Johnson's day it turned out in a year; more than in Shakespeare's day it turned out in a century. And yet, is the age so far ahead in letters of the age of Voltaire, Rousseau, Burke, Goethe, Goldsmith, Schiller, Alfieri, Lesage, Johnson, Fielding, Richardson, and Sterne? Or to go back another hundred years, we may take the age of Corneille, Molière, Racine, Milton, Locke, and Dryden. There is good music in 1882; but is it so stupendously better than Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Gluck, and Beethoven? There are good pictures; but do we do better than Reynolds and Gainsborough, not to talk of Rubens, Vandyke, and Holbein?

Civilization is a very elastic, impalpable, undefinable thing. But where are we to turn to find the tremendous relative superiority of 1882 over 1782 or 1682, or 1582? We may hunt up and down, and we shall only find this: Population doubling itself almost with every fresh generation—cities swelling year by year by millions of inhabitants and square miles of area—wealth counted by billions, power to go anywhere, or learn anything, or order anything, counted in seconds of time—miraculous means of locomotion, of transport, of copying anything, of detecting the millionth part of a grain or a hair's breadth, of seeing millions of billions of miles into space and finding more stars, billions of letters carried every year by the Post, billions of men and women whirled everywhere in hardly any time at all; a sort of patent fairy-Peribanon's fan which we can open and flutter, and straightway find everything and anything the planet contains for about half-a-crown; night turned into day; roads cut through the bowels of the earth, and canals across continents; every wish for any material thing gratified in mere conjuror's fashion, by turning a handle or adjusting a pipe—an enchanted world, where everything does what we tell it in perfectly inexplicable ways, as if some good Prospero were waving his wand, and electricity were the willing Ariel—that is what we have—and yet, is this civilization? Do our philosophy, our science, our art, our manners, our happiness, our morality,

overtop the philosophy, the science, the art, the manners, the happiness, the morality of our grandfathers as greatly as those of cultivated Europeans differ from those of savages? We are as much superior in material appliances to the men of Milton's day and Newton's day, as they were to Afghans or Zulus. Are we equally superior in cultivation of brain, heart, and character, to the contemporaries of Milton and Newton?

Not to dwell on the higher sides of life, we may turn to the lighter side of civilization—it is an indefinitely complex fact—take the bloom, or dress, of social life—was life one hundred or two hundred years ago, before steam, electricity, and photography existed, so cramped and helpless a thing, so *borné*, and ill-provided? Somehow it was not. Take Horace Walpole's delightful letters and memoirs, or Saint Simon's in France, the still more delightful memoirs of Miss Burney; take the history of Johnson's Club, and his life, and his friends, the story of Goldsmith with his life travelling over Europe, or take Gibbon's memoirs, or Hume's, or Fielding's letters. Take the old *Spectator* and *Tatler*, *Rambler*, and the rest; read the letters of Pope, or Swift, or Dryden. Again, go close into the inner home of Milton, or Sir P. Sidney, or Raleigh, Sir Thomas Browne, Montaigne, Rabelais, Shakespeare; even Chaucer, Froissart, Leonardo da Vinci, Raffaele, Buonarrotti, or Benvenuto. We know how these men lived, what they thought about, and talked about, and how they passed their time. I institute no barren comparison between the value of their age and ours. They had in all conscience their folly, ignorance, lust, crime, I simply say, did their want of all the material contrivances we have to-day blunt and cramp their lives so much as we, spoiled sons of the nineteenth century, would expect? We know this: If Fielding went down to his home in Somersetshire, it took him several days to ride through muddy lanes, and we go in four hours; if Swift went to Dublin it might occupy him a fortnight; if Raleigh sailed to the West Indies and the Spanish Main, he would not be heard of at home for a year; and when Shakespeare played *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, he had neither limelight, footlights, scenery,

costumes, nor stage machinery, and he did not spend £5000 before he drew up the curtain. When Milton went to Italy he did not manage to do the "regular North Italy round" in a fortnight, and he was not personally conducted to Galileo's villa at Arcetri—as we are—though I dare say he saw as much there as most of us do—even though a schoolboy would think Galileo's telescope a clumsy old thing. I believe Gibbon and Montaigne, Montesquieu and Voltaire, had read nearly as much, and knew nearly as much, as Mr. Mark Pattison; although, we are told, almost every subject of learning and science has been reconstructed many times over since their day. I dare say Buffon and Linnæus knew almost as much about animals and plants as Mr. Darwin himself, though they lived, if not in the pre-historic certainly in the pre-evolution era. Addison and Voltaire wrote essays as good even as Matthew Arnold's, though neither Sweetness nor Light had been patented in those days; and, though the Dublin and the Edinburgh mails now carry more sacks full of letters in a day than they used to carry in a year, I doubt if in a billion letters that Mr. Fawcett now dispatches there is one that is worth a line of Swift's to Vanessa, or one of Hume's to Adam Smith, or one of Gray's to Mason, or Cowper's to Hill, or one of Voltaire's to D'Alembert, or one of Goethe's to Schiller.

A scholar of the old days could hardly get sight of more than a few thousand books. Now he can get to London or Paris in a few hours, and see millions for the mere asking. We can now do, or see, or hear, in twelve hours, what it took our ancestors twelve months to do, or to see, or to hear. A man in Milton's day or Addison's day spent £3000 in three years in travelling over Europe. He may now see as much for £200 in three months. And a year will show him more than Marco Polo, Captain Cook, and Christopher Columbus saw in their lives of voyaging. In Shakespeare's day a dozen men in a barn played *Lear* and *Othello* to three or four dozen men of leisure. There are now splendid theatres in every town in Europe, with electric lights and real thunder. It would have taken Horace Walpole or Pope three months of letter-writing and of

travelling and talking to learn what a man can now learn of the world around him in an hour over his *Times* after breakfast.

Why is it that we don't get any farther? Because we know that Shakespeare got to the root of the matter in tragedy quite as deep as Mr. Irving. No one can call Pope or Addison, Voltaire or Montesquieu, wanting in culture (Mr. Matthew Arnold even sees the *note of culture* there). No one can deny that Milton had a fine style and a fine taste; no one can say that Johnson, Congreve, Dryden, Pope, Fielding, Reynolds, and Charles James Fox passed narrow, stunted, dull lives. And yet the tools, the appliances, the conveniences of these men's lives were, in comparison with ours, as the tools, appliances, and conveniences of the ancient Britons or the South Sea Islanders were to theirs. Why, then, with all this arsenal of appliances, do we not do more? Can it be that we are overwhelmed with our appliances, bewildered by our resources, puzzled with our mass of materials, by the mere opportunities we have of going everywhere, seeing everything, and doing anything?

We have been so much delighted with our new material acquisitions, that we forget what risks and drawbacks and burdens they involve; we are often blind to the evils they in turn introduce, and we imagine that these discoveries enlarge the human *powers*, when they only multiply the human *instruments*. When the books of a year and of a library were counted by hundreds or thousands, learned men could really know what was best to be known, and mastered that best. But when books are counted by hundreds of thousands and millions, it is almost a matter of chance what a man reads, and still more what he remembers. Enormous multiplication of material necessarily involves great subdivision of work. This system of subdividing every study into special lines grows with strange rapidity. The incalculable accumulation of new material, and the intense competition to gather still more material, drive students to limit their research to smaller and smaller corners, until it ends often in ludicrous trivialities, and mere mechanical registering of the most obvious facts, instead of

thought and mental grip. A hundred years ago, a naturalist was a man who, having mastered, say, some millions of observations, had, if he possessed a mind of vigor, some idea of what Nature is. Now, there are millions of billions of possible observations, all in many different sciences, and as no human brain can deal with them, men mark off a small plot, stick up a notice to warn off intruders, and grub for observations there. And so a naturalist now often knows nothing about Nature, but devotes himself say to one hundredth or thousandth part of Nature—say the section of *Annelida*—and of these, often to one particular worm, or he takes the *Gasteropods*, and then he confines himself to a particular kind of snail; and then after twenty years he publishes a gigantic book about the co-ordination of the maculæ on the wings of the extinct *lepidoptera*, or it may be on the genesis of the tails of the various parasites that inhabited the palæozoic flea. I don't say but what this microscopic, infinitely vast, infinitesimally small, work has got to be done. But it has its dangers, and saps all grip and elasticity of mind, when it is done in a crude, mechanical way, by the medal-hunting tribe.

When we multiply the appliances of human life, we do not multiply the years of life, nor the days in the year, nor the hours in the day. Nor do we multiply the powers of thought, or of endurance; much less do we multiply self-restraint, unselfishness, and a good heart. What we really multiply are our difficulties and doubts. Millions of new books hardly help us when we can neither read nor remember a tithe of what we have. Billions of new facts rather confuse men who do not know what to do with the old facts. Culture, thought, art, ease and grace of manner, a healthy society, and a high standard of life, have often been found without any of our modern resources in a state of very simple material equipment. Read the delightful picture of Athenian life in the *Dialogues* of Plato, or the comedies of Aristophanes, or of Roman life in the epistles of Horace, or of Mediæval life in the tales of Boccaccio, or Chaucer, or of Oriental life in the *Arabian Nights*, or in the books of Confucius and Mencius, or the tales of old Japan, or go

back to the old Greek world in the *Odyssey* of Homer, and the odes of Pindar, Theocritus, and Hesiod. In all of these we get glimpses of societies which are to us ideal in their charm; humane, happy, wise, and bright. No one wishes to return to them. We are better off as we are. These idyllic ages of poetry and story had their own vice, folly, ignorance, narrowness, crime. They wanted things indispensable to civilization in its highest form. But they had this. They had wisdom, beauty, happiness, though they had none of our material appliances—neither steam, nor railways, nor factories, nor machinery, nor coal, nor gas, nor electricity, nor printing presses, nor newspapers, nor underground railways, nor penny post, nor even post-cards. And what they fell short of they would not have got by all the steam-engines and telegraphs and post-offices on earth.

Steam and factories, telegraphs, posts, railways, gas, coal and iron, suddenly discharged upon a country as if by a deluge, have their own evils that they bring in their train. To cover whole counties with squalid buildings, to pile up 100,000 factory chimneys, vomiting soot, to fill the air with poisonous vapors till every leaf within ten miles is withered, to choke up rivers with putrid refuse, to turn tracts as big and once as lovely as the New Forest into arid, noisome wastes; cinder-heaps, cesspools, coal-dust, and rubbish—rubbish, coal-dust, cesspools, and cinder-heaps, and overhead by day and by night a murky pall of smoke—all this is not a heroic achievement, if this Black Country is only to serve as a prison yard or work-house yard for the men, women, and children who dwell in it. To bury Middlesex and Surrey under miles of flimsy houses, crowd into them millions and millions of overworked, underfed, half-taught, and often squalid men and women; to turn the silver Thames into the biggest sewer recorded in history; to leave us all to drink the sewerage water, to breathe the carbonized air; to be closed up in a labyrinth of dull, sooty, unwholesome streets; to leave hundreds and thousands confined there, with gin, and bad air, and hard work, and low wages, breeding contagious diseases, and sinking into despair of soul and

feebler condition of body ; and then to sing pæans and shout, because the ground shakes and the air is shrill with the roar of infinite engines and machines, because the blank streets are lit up with garish gas-lamps, and more garish electric lamps, and the Post Office carries billions of letters, and the railways every day carry 100,000 persons in and out of the huge factory we call the greatest metropolis of the civilized world—this is surely not the last word in civilization. Something like a million of paupers kept year by year from absolute starvation by doles ; at least another million of poor people on the borderline, fluttering between starvation and health, between pauperism and independence ; not one, but two, or three, or four millions of people in these islands struggling on the minimum pittance of human comfort and the maximum of human labor ; something like twenty millions raised each year by taxation of intoxicating liquors ; something like 100,000 deaths each year of disease distinctly preventible by care and sufficient food, and sanitary precaution and due self-restraint ; infants dying off from want of good nursing, like flies ; families herded together like swine, eating, drinking, sleeping, fighting, dying, in the same close and foul den ; the kicking to death of wives, the strangling of babies, the drunkenness, the starvation, the mendicancy, the prostitution, the thieving, the cheating, the pollution of our vast cities in masses, waves of misery and vice, chaos and neglect—all this counted, not here and there in spots and sores (as such things in human society always will be), but in areas larger than the entire London of Elizabeth, masses of population equal to the entire English people of her age. I will sum it up in words not my own, but written the other day by one of our best and most acute living teachers, who says : “ Our present type of society is in many respects one of the most horrible that has ever existed in the world’s history—boundless luxury and self-indulgence at one end of the scale, and at the other a condition of life as cruel as that of a Roman slave, and more degraded than that of a South Sea islander.” Such is another refrain to the cantata of the nineteenth century, and its magnificent

achievements in industry, science, and art.

What is the good of carrying millions of people through the bowels of the earth, and at fifty miles an hour, if millions of working people are forced to live in dreary, bleak suburbs, miles and miles away from all the freshness of the country, and away miles and miles even from the life and intelligence of cities ? What is the good of ships like moving towns, that cross the Atlantic in a week, and are as gorgeous within as palaces, if they sweep millions of our poor who find nothing but starvation at home ? What is the use of electric lamps, and telephones and telegraphs, newspapers by millions, letters by billions, if sempstresses stitching their fingers to the bone can hardly earn fourpence by making a shirt, and many a man and woman is glad of a shilling for twelve hours’ work ? What do we all gain if in covering our land with factories and steam-engines we are covering it also with want and wretchedness ? And if we can make a shirt for a penny and a coat for sixpence, and bring bread from every market on the planet, what do we gain if they who make the coat and the shirt lead the lives of galley slaves, and eat their bread in tears and despair, disease and filth ?

We are all in the habit of measuring success by *products*, while the point is, how are the products consumed, and by whom, and what sort of lives are passed by the producers ? So far as mechanical improvements pour more wealth into the lap of the wealthy, more luxury into the lives of the luxurious, and give a fresh turn to the screw which presses on the lives of the poor ; so far as our inventions double and treble the power of the rich, and double and treble the helplessness of the poor, giving to him that hath, and taking away from him that hath not even that which he has—so far these great material appliances of life directly tend to lower civilization, retard it, distort and deprave it. And they *do* this, so far as we spend the most of our time in extending and enjoying these appliances, and very little time in preparing for the new conditions of life they impose on us, and in remedying the horrors that they bring in their train.

It may be said that there is no necessary connection between great mechanical improvements and these social diseases and horrors. No *necessary* connection, perhaps, but there is a plain historical connection. Flung upon a people at random a mass of mechanical appliances which invite them and force them to transform their entire external existence—to turn home work into factory work, hand work into machine work, man's work into child work, country life into town life, to have movement, mass, concentration, competition, where quiet individual industry had been the habit for twenty generations, and these things follow. Wherever the great steam system, factory system, unlimited coal, iron, gas, and railway system, has claimed a district for its own, there these things are. The Black Country and the Coal Country, the Cotton Country, the central cities, the great ports, seem to grow these things as certainly as they turn their streams into sewers, and their atmosphere into smoke and fog. Read Fielding, or Swift, or Chaucer; and, though we find in the England of the eighteenth century and the fourteenth century plenty of brutality, and ignorance, and cruelty, we do not find these huge mountains of social disease, which seem inevitable the moment we have sudden material changes in life produced by vast mechanical discoveries.

There are thus two ways in which a sudden flood of mechanical inventions embarrasses and endangers civilization in the very act of advancing it. Science, philosophy, education, become smothered with the volume of materials before they have learned to use them, bewildered by the very multitude of their opportunities. Art, manners, culture, taste, suffer by the harassing rapidity into which life is whirled on from old to new fashion, from old to new interest, until the nervous system of the race itself is agitated and weakened by the never-ending rattle. Suppose that a few more discoveries yet enabled us, like Jules Verne's heroes, to pass at will like gnomes through the centre of the earth, or the depths of the sea, and the regions of space, to make a holiday tour to the volcanoes of the moon, and the fiery whirlpools of the sun, to take

soundings in a comet's tail, and to hold scientific meetings in the nebulae of Orion—we should seem to one another madmen; for we should have no common point of interest or action, of rest or affection. Rest and fixity are essential to thought, to social life, to beauty; and a growing series of mechanical inventions making life a string of dissolving views is a bar to rest and fixity of any sort.

And if this restless change weakens the thought, the culture, and the habits of those who have leisure or wealth, it degrades and oppresses the life of those who labor and suffer, for their old habits of life are swept away before their new habits of life are duly prepared; and the increased resources of society are found in practice to be increased opportunities for the skilful to make themselves masters of the weak.

But amid all the dangers of these material appliances flung random upon a society unprepared for them, let us beware how we join in the impatience which protests that we are better without them. Let Mr. Carlyle pronounce anathemas on steam-engines, and Mr. Ruskin seek by the aid of St. George to abolish factories from England; all this is permitted to a man of genius, for all this is permitted to genius, and it is perhaps a grim way of giving us ample warning. But men of practical purpose have a different aim. The railways, the factories, the telegraphs, the gas, the electric wonders of all kinds, are here. No latter-day sermons or societies of St. George can get rid of them, or persuade men to give up what they find so enormously convenient. Nay, the case is far stronger than this. These things are among the most precious achievements of the human race, or rather, they will be, when we have learned how to use them without all the evils they bring with them. Man, in his desperate struggle with the forces of nature, is far too slightly armed to dispense with any one of the appliances that the genius of man can discover. He needs them all to get nearer to the mystery of the world, to furnish his material wants, to raise and beautify his personal and social life. There is one way in which they may be made a curse, not a blessing, and that is to exaggerate their value, to think

that new material appliances to life form a truly higher life ; that a man is *ipso facto* a nobler being because he can travel a thousand miles in twenty-four hours, and hear the words that a man is speaking in New York. What has happened to the nineteenth century is what happens to a country when a gold-field is suddenly discovered. Civilized life for the time seems dancing mad ; and though men will give a hundred dollars for a glass of champagne, degradation and want are commoner even than nuggets. It is significant that the most powerful pictures of degradation which the American continent has produced were drawn in the Western gold-fields, and the most serious scheme of modern communism has been thought out in the same ground. But the nugget (the sudden acquisition of vast material resources) makes havoc in London and Manchester as much as in San Francisco or Melbourne. It does not follow, as some prophets tell us, that gold is not a useful metal ; only we may buy gold too dear.

Society, to use Mr. Herbert Spencer's profound suggestion, is a continual action and reaction between the forces that divide it into new forms of life, and those which reunite these new forms in harmony. Or, to use Comte's still more abstract theory, society is the result of the equilibrium between progress and order, or new phases and old types. But in an age of sudden material expansion, the forces that drive on the new phases in special lines are abnormally raised to fever heat, while those which in ordinary times are active to preserve the type are routed, abashed, and bewildered. In the long run the course of Order will rally again ; but for the moment it is asked to do its work in what is something like an invasion or an earthquake. We have hardly yet got so far as to recognize that the sudden acquisition of vast material resources is not only a great boon to humanity, but also a tremendous moral, social, and even physical and intellectual experiment. Society is a most subtle organization ; and we are apt to lose sight of

the fact that an unlimited supply of steam power, or electric power, is not necessarily pure gain. The progress achieved in the external conditions of life within the last hundred years is no doubt greater than any recorded in human history. It is obvious that other kinds of progress have advanced at no such express speed. But, until all kinds of human energy get into more harmonious proportion, cantatas to the nineteenth century will continue to pall upon the impartial mind.

Socially, morally, and intellectually speaking, an era of extraordinary changes is an age that has cast on it quite exceptional duties. A child might as well play with a steam-engine or an electric machine, as we could prudently accept our material triumphs with a mere "rest and be thankful." To deny steam and electricity, inventions and products, is hardly more foolish than to deny the price which civilization itself has to pay for the use of them. There are forces at work now, forces more unwearied than steam, and brighter than the electric arc, to rehumanize the dehumanized members of society ; to assert the old immutable truths ; to appeal to the old indestructible instinct ; to recall beauty ; forces yearning for rest, grace, and harmony ; rallying all that is organic in man's social nature, and proclaiming the value of spiritual life over material life. But there never was a century in human history when these forces had a field so vast before them, or issues so momentous on their failure or their success. There never was an age when the need was so urgent for synthetic habits of thought, systematic education, and a common moral and religious faith. There is much to show that our better genius is awakened to the task. Stupefied with smoke, and stunned with steam-whistles, there was a moment when the century listened with equanimity to the vulgarest of its flatterers. But if Machinery were really its last word, we should all be rushing violently down a steep place, like the herd of swine.—*Fortnightly Review.*

THE RELATION OF INSECTS TO FLOWERS,

BY PROFESSOR ASA GRAY.

"THE general result is, that to insects, and especially to bees, we owe the beauty of our gardens, the sweetness of our fields. To their beneficent, though unconscious, action flowers owe their scent and color, their honey—nay, in many cases, even their form. Their present shape and varied arrangements, their brilliant colors, their honey, and their sweet scent, are all due to the selection exercised by insects."

This is an extract from the very interesting and able presidential address pronounced by Sir John Lubbock at the semi-centennial meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held at York at the end of August and beginning of September last. It is presented as the outcome of scientific investigation into the relation of insects to flowers, consequent upon the carrying by the former of pollen from one blossom to another of the same species.

I propose to consider in what sense, and to what extent, this summary conclusion is justified by the facts and by legitimate inference, taking it for granted that the statement is meant to be purely scientific. The extract is preceded in the address by a dozen or more lines, in which the history of our knowledge of the action of insects in transporting pollen, and of the structural adaptations in flowers which have reference to such transportation, are referred to, but necessarily in so brief and fragmentary a way that the audience addressed could have obtained therefrom—and the general reader of the printed page will probably acquire—only a vague idea of the known facts, and the dimmest, if any, conception of the process by which the above-cited inferences have been drawn from them. Indeed, although not unfamiliar with the facts and the literature of the subject, I am not sure that I rightly apprehend the meaning intended in the announcement that to insects, and especially to bees, flowers owe their scent, their brilliant coloring, their odorous secretions, and their present shapes, and we ourselves

our enjoyment thereof. But, unless the statement is partly rhetorical, it may be taken to mean that the action of these insects has sufficed to produce the varied coloration, secretions, and actual shapes of blossoms—in other words, that this action scientifically accounts for these phenomena.

What, in the first place, are the facts and the nearer inferences from which these conclusions are drawn? Succinctly stated, they are these, or such as these :

Conspicuously colored and scented and nectariferous flowers, or those which possess some of these qualities (which generally go together)—and the larger number of the flowers of the higher orders of plants are such—are habitually visited by insects in search of nectar or of pollen for their food or other use ; and insects do in this way actually carry from blossom to blossom pollen, which adheres to or smears some parts of their bodies or limbs. The structure and arrangement of these flowers, or of their parts, is commonly such that pollen is taken by some visiting insects from the anthers or pollen-bearing organs, and some of it actually comes to be deposited upon the stigma or pollen-receptive organ of the blossom, where only it can fulfil its function of impregnation ; sometimes upon the stigma of the same flower, sometimes, and it may be more usually, upon the stigma of other flowers. This is the case in hermaphrodite flowers, and most conspicuously colored and nectariferous flowers are hermaphrodite ; while, as to those that are unisexual, bearing the pollen in one sort of flower and the stigmas in another—often widely separated, even on different trees or herbs—insect-agency is the sole or main dependence for impregnation, except when the pollen is wafted by winds, as in such cases is usual.

Moreover, very many hermaphrodite flowers are so constructed that they are not readily, and some of them not possibly, self-fertilizable—*i.e.*, capable of being impregnated with their own pol-

len ; for the reason that this pollen will not habitually or readily, or even will not at all, reach the stigmas when left unvisited and unaided ; and such flowers, which would otherwise fail of their end, are made productive by the unconsciously-rendered and habitual aid of insects. Then, again, there are flowers (chiefly hermaphrodite), of very various kinds, which appear to be specially constructed in reference to the visits of particular kinds of insects, and this in a variety of ways—some by one peculiarity of structure, or shape, or position of parts, some by another ; and there is a diversity of modes in which the pollen is debarred from access to the stigma of its own flowers, and at the same time put in the way of being conveyed by some particular kind of visiting insect to the stigmas of other blossoms on other individual plants. And this through what all agree in calling “adaptations” and “contrivances” of the most wonderful and exquisite character. The adaptations concerned, and the actions of insects in relation to them, are of such variety that volumes are needed to describe them. The literature of the subject—which, as Sir John Lubbock remarks, originated with the curious volume by Christian Conrad Sprengel (which appeared before its time, near the close of the last century, and was unappreciated), and which was began anew by Darwin seventy years later—is now copious and accessible. Much of it is in a popular form, and is attractive reading. It irresistibly incites to personal observation, for which the materials are everywhere at hand. I suppose that no one who reads up the case, and who uses his own eyes a little in the way of verification, will doubt that insects largely act as pollen-carriers for flowers, that the structure of the majority of insect-visited blossoms is in reference to insect visitation, and that the fertility of such flowers is generally enhanced, and in many of them is absolutely secured, by it. So far, the conclusion is tantamount to demonstration.

Now comes the theoretical inference that all these various adaptations of flowers to insects are in view of intercrossing. Sprengel formulated this idea in the expression, “Nature seems to have wished that no flower should be fertilized

by its own pollen.” The proposition in this form will not hold good ; for we now know of flowers which must always be self-fertilized, though no known plant bears such flowers only ; and we know of many flowers which habitually close-fertilize, though they may intercross. Darwin uses, instead, the metaphorically expressed aphorism, “Nature abhors perpetual self-fertilization.” But for the present, adhering to the facts and to the direct inferences from them, the simple proposition is, that flowers are habitually intercrossed, some almost constantly and necessarily, some only occasionally, or, as it were, precariously ; that in the higher-developed conspicuously-colored and nectariferous flowers, insects (or in certain cases birds) are the agents for cross-impregnation ; and that the peculiar structures or special adaptations of such flowers are in relation to insect-agency.

This carries with it the proposition that bright coloring, odors, and the nectar of blossoms, are for the attraction of insects—are allurements in reference to service. That they serve this purpose is a manifest fact, and we do not know that they serve any other ; that is, we do not know, nor is there any probable conjecture, that these endowments are of any other use to the plant itself. It is accordingly inferred that this is their *raison d'être*. This inference, and the inference that the object, so to speak, is to secure or favor intercrossing between hermaphrodite blossoms, are inductions from a vast number of particular observations and considerations, some of which will further appear. And this conclusion finds confirmation in the fact that flowers which are neither brightly-colored, nor odorous, nor nectariferous, and accordingly do not attract, or do not in such ways attract, insects, are generally adapted to be cross-fertilized through a different agency—namely, by the wind ; and they are perhaps as obviously, if not as exquisitely, constructed in reference to this, as more gifted and showy flowers are to being served by insects. Indeed, most of them are dioecious or monœcious—*i.e.*, the sexes are separated either to distinct plants, or to different branches of the same herb or tree. Now, for structurally hermaphrodite flowers to act, or tend to act,

as if practically unisexual is, so far as it operates, to conform the vegetable kingdom to one rule, and to the rule which is almost universal in the animal kingdom. The meaning of it is, the contribution of elements from two individuals to progeny. In the light of this, the establishment of cross-fertilization as a general fact, gives a reason why plants should have sexes at all. Certainly not for mere increase in numbers; for many propagate with the utmost facility by offshoots, buds, or equivalent modes of simple segregation, and in the lower orders immense majorities of the individuals are so produced, and with the greatest rapidity.

But budding propagation is the extreme opposite of that which results from cross-fertilization, being in fact the closest kind of breeding in-and-in; and the advantage or *raison d'être* of the one must be quite different from that of the other.

This brings us to the question, Is cross-fertilization in plants for them a good, and, if a good, is it a necessity? The doctrine of the text at the head of this discourse assumes its necessity. So we have to inquire, how far and by what proof this is made out.

The good in general of intercrossing may be argued from its demonstrated necessity in certain cases. There are such cases beyond doubt, and of more than one class. There are cases, such as in Orchises and Irises, in which the structure and adjustment of parts is such that pollen cannot of itself reach the closely adjacent stigma, but is admirably well disposed to be carried away by a visiting bee or moth, while the stigma is exactly placed so as to receive this pollen from the incoming, but not from the departing insect. There are numerous and very diverse cases in which the stigma comes into condition at an incompatible time, either before the pollen matures or after it is shed, but never synchronously with the stamens, thus forbidding close-fertilization; and in these blossoms there are commonly special adjustments or timed movements of parts, which facilitate cross-fertilization under the aid of insects. There is, moreover, a distinct class of cases, in which individual plants of the same species, even from different seeds of the same pod, in about equal

numbers, produce two kinds of hermaphrodite flowers, which are sterile or approximately so *per se*, but reciprocally fertilize each the other. The common Primrose and the crimson-flowered Flax of the gardens are examples. In the latter it has been found that the pollen is quite inert upon the stigma of the same flower, or upon other flowers of the same plant; while the same pollen promptly fertilizes the flowers of the other set, and so reciprocally. Not only are all such flowers insect-visited, but the differences which characterize the two sorts are wholly in relation to insect-visitation, and the consequent transportation of pollen from the stamens of the one sort to the stigmas of the other; this being secured, or at least favored, by particular adjustments as to the length or height of the parts concerned.

Thus it is pretty well made out that the cross-fertilization of some hermaphrodite blossoms is a necessity to the continuance of the species, either because the pollen is naturally prevented from reaching its own stigma, or because it is impotent when it may reach it. And there is reasonable presumption that what is a necessity to certain species is an advantage to the rest. As most species actually share in the process, so far at least as to be occasionally cross-fertilized, either by insects or by winds, it may be fairly supposed that they also share in the benefit. Indeed, it is difficult to think otherwise. But upon Darwinian principles, in view of the struggle for life, that which is an advantage to individuals inevitably comes to be *cateris paribus* a necessity to the race. This leads up to Mr. Darwin's hypothetical conclusion, that Nature abhors self-fertilization, and that, accordingly, no continually self-fertilized species would continue to exist.

This would seem to be a question quite capable of being settled one way or the other by experiment—namely, by close-breeding and cross-breeding for several generations a series of species, chosen from such as are capable of both, and noting the effects. Mr. Darwin undertook this, and the results are mainly recorded in his volume "On the Effects of Cross and Self-fertilization." Summarily stated, they are, that species with flowers particularly adapted in structure

for natural cross-fertilization were generally infertile or not prolific under artificial self-fertilization—this is only what has been substantially stated already; also that in those which were naturally capable of own-pollenization as well as of natural intercrossing, the latter was commonly attended in the first instance, or for a few generations, with increased fertility or with augmented vigor or robustness of the offspring. Yet, indeed, with such exceptions or limitations that this sagacious investigator came to the conclusion "that the mere act of crossing by itself does no good; the good depends on the individuals which are crossed differing slightly in constitution, owing to their progenitors having been subjected during several generations to slightly different conditions." This is in analogy with the experience of breeders of domestic animals, and in accordance with the remarkable fact that hybrid plants tend to take on increased robustness or vegetative vigor. But the fact, if such it be, that the benefit of crossing is reduced to zero when the progenitors live under the same condition, militates somewhat against the universality of the Darwinian aphorism. Indeed, the whole case is complicated by a conflict of tendencies, each of which has its advantages. Close-fertilization and cross-fertilization co-exist in the ordinary run of flowers. And if many flowers are demonstrably adapted for cross-fertilization only, not a few are quite as exclusively adapted to self-fertilization. Between the two plans there is a balancing of benefits and risks; the recondite and generally remote good of the one is offset by the risk of failure in the transportation of pollen (as from the lack of appropriate visiting insects, or from the bad habits some of them form of forcing a surreptitious side-access to the honey, and so shirking the service); the direct success of the other is offset by the liability to sterility or diminution of vigor. To adopt the metaphor of the modern school, the struggle between these two modes has been going on through past ages—each has prevailed over a part of the field, but a large portion of it is still in litigation. It is notable, however, that all plants which produce strictly and unavoidably self-fertilizable blossoms, and propagate mainly by these, produce also more or

less of other blossoms cross-fertilizable by insects. So that if we must reduce our conception of the aim of Nature in the vegetable kingdom to unity, it should rather be expressed as cross-fertilization tempered by close-fertilization, than close-fertilization tempered by cross-fertilization.

So the necessity of cross-fertilization is an hypothesis, verifiable to a certain extent, and one which, on the whole, best correlates the facts. It will probably hold its ground. But it may still be said that the most convincing evidence we have of the *general* utility, and therefore of the necessity of cross-fertilization in hermaphrodite flowers, is that derived from the consideration not merely of its prevalence (for that is subject to many exceptions and limitations), but of what any one familiar with the facts can hardly avoid calling the vast pains that seem to have been taken, and the great diversity of particular instrumentalities employed, to secure this end. Note that this sort of inference holds equally good under whatever conception of the way in which these forms and adapted structures came to be what they are. It comports as well with Darwinian as with Paleyan teleology; indeed, the modern view absolutely requires us to infer essential good to the plants themselves from these adaptations and operations. Such scientific belief or faith must pass only for what it is worth; and the worth of it in the present case will be apprehended only by those who are widely familiar with the vast number and variety of facts which it correlates and explains.

After all, perhaps the most serious objection or limitation to the Darwinian aphorism, "No continuously self-fertilized species would continue to exist," is the long survival of certain bud-propagated races, and the absence of satisfactory proof that such races ever die out from debility or any inherent infirmity. Some seedless and bud-propagated races of the higher orders of plants appear to be of great antiquity, but still completely vigorous; and among animals which retain vegetative propagation, such as polyps, certain coral-structures are still building up solely in this way from an ancestor

doubtless far older than history, and perhaps older than the human species. Yet, if sexual close-breeding induces deterioration or sterility and mortality of the race, all the more should non-sexual propagation, which is the extreme of close-breeding.

In fine, the Darwinian proposition, if it be taken universally, is by no means proven, probable though it be, and perhaps is not provable. It is an hypothesis on trial. Even if not unqualifiedly true, it is most likely to be true as respects all showy flowers visited by insects; for them at least its truth is taken for granted in the statement under examination, and from it "the general result, that to insects, and especially to bees, we owe the beauty of our gardens, the sweetness of our fields, and flowers owe their scent and color, their honey—nay, in many cases even their form—all are due to the selection exercised by insects," is substantially derived.

What is here asserted is not the obvious truth that bright-colored and odoriferous and nectariferous blossoms, being at least generally dependent upon insects for propagation, have thereby been continued in existence; nor that, blossom and insect being in adaptation to each other to such extent that the insect is essential to the blossom (as likewise is the blossom to the insect), either may be loosely said to be owing to the other. The meaning manifestly is, or will be understood to be, that the action of the insects concerned has produced the colors, scents, honied secretions, and even the special forms of all such flowers—that this action scientifically explains and accounts for their existence.

Now, according to an hypothesis which I freely accept, there is a sense in which "the selection exercised by insects"—"beneficent, though unconscious"—may be said to have *given rise* to these colors, forms, etc. Assuming, as is probable, that our plants with showy flower-leaves are the remote descendants of those destitute of such array; assuming that the coloration began with little, and increased by degrees through numberless generations; inferring that, in former times, as in ours, bright coloring in the flower was

accompanied by, and was the visible sign of, sweet secretions or other products upon which certain insects liked to feed; assuming, as we may, a tendency to variation at least as great as now, yet that the tendency of progeny to inherit the traits of parents and grandparents has ever been the fundamental law of Nature—then the natural inference must be that even the incipiently and moderately more conspicuously colored flowers would be better seen and more visited by insects than the less colored, therefore more intercrossed with similar equally attractive individuals, and so preserved as the founders of an improved race, to be similarly improved and modified in succeeding generations. So likewise with flowers exhaling odors, of which insects are keenly perceptive. Scent is commonly associated with color, but is also an endowment of many dull-colored blossoms, where it wonderfully serves to attract insects from a distance. Some flowers are more fragrant than others of the same species. Wind-fertilized flowers are mostly scentless, as well as dull-colored—they were the predecessors and probable ancestors of the insect-fertilized; development in perfume, in flowers that have it, may be inferred to have gone on *pari passu* with development in color, through the same process of unconscious selection.

Then as to shapes. So very large a proportion of flowers are symmetrical and regular in form and arrangement of parts, that for this and for other reasons, which need not here be specified, botanists take such to be the normal condition, and the irregularity which prevails in certain large families of the higher orders of plants, as something to be accounted for. The kind of irregularity or departure from geometrical symmetry referred to is exemplified in a pea-blossom, a snapdragon, a sage-blossom, and in every flower of the vast orchis family. Now all flowers of this class are brightly colored and habitually insect-fertilized, or at least belong to families that are generally so. And observation irresistibly suggests the conclusion that all these numerous, wonderfully diversified, and sometimes most curious and strange alterations of shape are adaptations—often most exquisite adap-

tations—to insect-visitation, and mainly to cross-fertilization. They are so either by favoring access, or by obstructing a mode of access which would not subserve the end, or as pouches or other receptacles for nectar, rightly adjusted to secure service in return for food, or even, in certain cases, for the shutting out of an unserviceable kind of insect-visitor, etc. Volumes have been written, and many more are yet to be written, in illustration of this and related topics, for the field of observation is practically inexhaustible. The scientific conclusion we are now concerned with—the general result of mainly recent inquiry, conducted under the light of the doctrine of natural selection—is, that these adapted forms have arisen from simple and small beginnings, and have been led on by the selective action of visiting insects to the present diversity, complexity, and elaborate adjustment of parts. So that all this, and all that renders flowers such interesting objects of intellectual contemplation, as well as of sensuous delight, may in a certain sense be said to have been brought about through the action of insects in seeking their food. But the influence is reciprocal, and it is understood—although we need not stop to consider the other side of the case—that the mouth-organs of the visiting insects have been as much modified by the flowers as the flowers by them. So the showy flowers have given rise to the existing bees and moths, in the same sense and in the same way that these have given rise to the flowers.

Sharing the modern scientific belief in derivative adaptation and evolution, I conceive that the hypothesis of the diversification of flowers and insects through reciprocal influence is a legitimate one. But the belief that things have so come to pass, and the conclusion that the selection exercised by insects of itself affords scientific explanation of—*i.e.*, accounts for—the actual shapes, arrangements, colors, and secretions of blossoms, are two quite different propositions. To be a scientific explanation, it should show, or enable us to conceive, how insect-visitation operates or in any way tends to develop colors, originate apparatus of secretion, produce from the plane surface of a petal pouches or tubes for holding nectar, and in general to di-

rect growth into new and special forms. Thus far it does not appear how the visits of bees to a blossom can make one hair white or black. For all that yet appears, we may be indebted to bees for the beauty of our gardens and the sweetness of our fields, much as we are indebted to the postman for our letters. Correspondence would flag and fail without him; but the instrument is not the author of the correspondence.

We do, however, obtain a scientific explanation of a part of the process of the evolution of flowers and of their adaptations. If blossoms have been undergoing change, even occasionally, from dull to brighter coloration, from simplicity to diversity and a certain complexity, from general to specialized forms; if they have added from time to time new organs; if these organs, at first rudimentary and of one simple pattern, tended to enlargement and diversification; then, under the inheritance of like by progeny from parent, and through the inevitable survival of only the fittest to the actual conditions at every stage, it is obvious that the visitation of insects preferentially to those flowers which, step by step, were becoming more attractive, would have picked out those for preservation and increase, or would even have provided opportunity for further development and new acquisitions. Thus the selection and preservation, and we may say the eduction, of the actual forms and adaptations, may be scientifically accounted for, but not their origination.

The origination is the essential thing. Differences of a certain sort between one flower and another do sometimes arise; they originate, quite beyond our observation, somehow and somewhere in the transition from parent to offspring. That which was not in the one appears in the other. This, when not monstrosity, is called by naturalists variation. Naturalists well know that certain forms spring from others in this way; on the ground of analogy they confidently affirm the same of a multitude of other forms; and, with Natural Selection to help them, they now infer—more or less confidently—that all the differences between one blossom and one plant and another have come about through successive variations.

Granting that it has been, or may have been so, how far does Natural Selection account for it, in any case? As we have seen, it will account for the survival of the forms that have survived; but only on the condition precedent that they have developed the very structure which was well suited both to the outward conditions and to their own particular exigencies. They might at the same time produce that which was less fitted, or was unfitted to the circumstances, as the hypothesis assumes they did—probably with more confidence than is altogether warranted. Such forms would be eliminated. Many must have perished by the way, which might have flourished under slightly different conditions. Thus far, it is seen that Natural Selection acts only as a destroyer, or, if as a preserver, only because the annihilation of ninety-nine members of the flock betters the opportunities of the one remaining. But this metaphorical term is one of elastic meaning, and it has been used, even from the first, in a double sense. Primarily and strictly it is a personifying expression for the *ensemble* of the agencies and conditions to which plants and animals are subject, including, of course, their action on one another. In this—the sense in which we have been using it—Natural Selection is recognized as a *vera causa*, is wholly intelligible, undoubtedly operative, and is applicable as a scientific explanation of the diversification of species, furnishing as it may one factor of the requisite explanation. It accounts for the survival of certain adaptable forms; it does not pretend to account for the correlation of growth in which they originated. But the term has also been taken to include the internal response of the plant or animal to the action of the conditions, as well as the action of the latter upon the former. And there is a sense in which this may be quite proper, in which Natural Selection, strictly so called, may have much to do with variation. I do not here allude to the interdependence of the two—that, as Natural Selection could accomplish nothing of moment without a supply of variant forms to pick and choose from, so, on the other hand, the wheels of the machinery—whatever it be—which turns out variations, would soon be clogged and arrested unless Natural Selection

continually took away the unadaptable, to give room and opportunity to the better-adapted. It appears to be thought—and it is probable, though by no means certain—that (however it be with organisms of higher grade) the plant's action is wholly called out by surrounding influences; and so these influences may be a cause of the variations which, selected and led on by the same, have produced the results we are considering. Mr. Darwin evidently takes this view, and has thrown no little light upon it. Although he speaks of our ignorance of the causes of variation, yet he has more and more in his later works looked to mechanical causes for explanation, and has in some cases shown how they may act. Yet no one appears to be more penetrated with the idea that the whole physiological action of the plant is a response of the living organism to the action of the surroundings. He would probably agree that, though the external conditions *induce* the actions and changes of the living plant to a certain extent—it may be wholly—they do not *produce* them, and are quite insufficient to explain them. I have no room for presenting the grounds of this opinion, nor is it necessary. Let the doubter attentively read three of Mr. Darwin's volumes—"The Movements and Habits of Climbing Plants," "Insectivorous Plants," "The Power of Movement in Plants"—and be convinced.

We are not saying that variation—the appearance of offspring manifestly unlike parent—is scientifically inexplicable; for we expect much will yet be explained; but that here, as elsewhere, an inexplicable residuum will still remain. What we may say is, that Natural Selection has not explained it, and that no good reason appears for believing that purely physical or mechanical principles will ever explain the incoming of the differences between one plant or animal and another. This one may say without prejudice against the applications of physics to physiology, in which so much fruitful work has recently been done and is doing.

The upshot is, that Natural Selection, taken in the sense of a *vera causa* whose working we really comprehend, explains only the selection of certain among other

once existing forms to be selected from ; in the largest legitimate sense, it indicates that physical influences in some recondite way induce living organisms to movement and change ; while, if extended to comprehend the actions of plants and animals in adaptation to the surroundings, as well as the influence of these surroundings upon them, it becomes a *phrase*, which is so far forth emptied of real scientific meaning and explanatory value.

Add, however, to "Survival of the fittest," "Correlation of growth," which is always implied when not expressed by Darwin and Wallace, and the hypothesis is made complete. But what is "Correlation of growth ?" A phrase denoting a fact, covering the really essential facts of the case, but not pretending to be a scientific explanation. Surely it is to this correlation of growth that "we owe the beauty of our gardens and the sweetness of our fields" more and in a juster sense than "to the beneficent though unconscious action" of the bees. Without it the result could not be at all, although without the bees of course it would not have been as it is. The text upon which I have so long and perhaps needlessly discoursed exhibits one face of the shield, and, when understood as we probably may all understand it, appears to have not only plausibility but real scientific value.

A word, in closing, upon the character of Variation—that is, upon that upspringing of the differences between individual forms which may amount to such large results,—a word which need hardly, if at all, surpass the narrowest bounds of purely scientific inquiry. Variation is commonly said to be *accidental*. Some take this to mean that, as anything may chance to happen, while only the lucky can survive, all that is needed for the scientific explanation of the actual adaptations of the organic world, under Natural Selection, is time enough for the happening. And, indeed, it either comes to this—the old fortuity which the human mind declines to accept—or it comes to something

quite different. This fortuity, however, is not Darwinism, although that has needlessly been left open to such implication. Mr. Darwin over and over explains that by "accidental" variation he means merely that which comes to pass from unrecognized or unassignable causes. Yet it clearly appears that Darwin does regard variation as accidental in the sense of its being inherently likely (heredity abstracted) to occur in all conceivable directions, or in any one direction as much as in any other ; and from this it has been inferred—though not by Mr. Darwin—that it is essentially lawless. From observation one would rather infer that variation actually tends, and really occurs, in some directions only, but in various degrees. Lawless, or really random variation, would be a strange anomaly in this world of law, and a singular conclusion to be reached by those who insist upon the universality of natural law. But if variation proceeds according to law, the exquisitely adapted results to which our attention has been directed are its fulfilment.

This purely scientific discussion has been carried on wholly without reference to what has been called "metaphysical teleology" (as if one sort of recognition of purpose were not as metaphysical as another) ; and there is no special need to enter upon that debatable ground. Some suppose, and many fear, that the progress of science is doing away with the idea of purpose in Nature, under a crude notion that Purpose and Evolution are essentially contradictory. Others, who clearly perceive that Man inevitably will and must read Purpose in or into Nature, conceive of Unconscious Purpose. This to most minds seems like conceiving of white blackness. To most minds Purpose will imply Intelligence. And, with the alternative presented to them, "either Nature is the outcome of Intelligence, or Intelligence is the outcome of Nature," they will not deem it wholly unscientific or super-scientific to inquire which hypothesis may afford the more reasonable explanation of the phenomena.—*Contemporary Review*.

EMIGRATION FROM IRELAND.

BY J. H. TUKE.

THE public mind in regard to Ireland has for some months been so entirely absorbed in questions affecting the suppression of crime and disorder on the one hand, and the action of the Land Courts as affecting landlord and tenant on the other, that there has been no chance of a hearing for any suggestions or plans in reference to other remedies which the Land Act sought to apply for the amelioration or permanent improvement of the condition of the Irish people. No doubt, questions affecting the relations of the cultivator to the soil in a country in which four fifths of the population are engaged in or dependent on agriculture must have a paramount claim to attention. It does not follow, however, that the other remedies, small as they may appear relatively to the chief one, ought to be overlooked. Even outside the Land Act there are, as it seems to me, other and quite legitimate ways in which the Government might—nay, must at some not far distant day—seek to mitigate the present evils.

Foremost among these I should place the formation in the West Coast districts of light railways or steam tramways in connection with the greater lines running from the East to the West of the island. Those who have travelled much in the West of Ireland know from experience how great an expense of time and how much bodily fatigue has to be undergone by any one who would really see the country. A journey of thirty or sixty miles a day for a fortnight or three weeks on an outside car, as is often needful, is, in fact, a greater strain upon the system than a journey from England to Manitoba. Still more serious is the absence of ordinary facilities of communication for those who may unhappily be called upon to administer justice, or form part of a flying squadron. But even these evils, being occasional, are not so serious as the economic injury permanently sustained by the population owing to their great distance from markets, and the consequent loss both in time and in value of produce.

Thus I have known poultry eaten as

the cheapest *animal* food for the poor, and turbot as the cheapest fish, while eggs were selling at the rate of 8*d.* or 10*d.* per score, in the depth of winter, in the northwest counties, though worth 1½*d.* and 2*d.* each in Dublin or Liverpool. More than half of the population of Donegal, Mayo, Galway, and other districts, are practically out of reach of any railways for their produce, being at distances of from 20 to 50 miles from the nearest station.

How inadequately many counties are provided with means of communication may be shown by stating that in the county of Galway, which is as large as Devonshire, 84 by 62 miles in length and breadth, there are only 82 miles of railway, and in Mayo—a county of the size of Norfolk—not more than 70.

The importance of promoting the planting of timber ought also to be carefully noted. Loans at a low rate to proprietors for this purpose would be of great service. The needful drainage of the land and planting and fencing of young plantations would employ a large amount of labor, and gradually the supply of timber would prove a source of great wealth to the remote hilly districts where little else than heather now grows, and in which, whenever the bog is cut, the trunks of trees of former generations may be seen.

But great as are the benefits likely to result both from increased facilities for transit and from the planting of timber, they can only be very gradually realized, and, so far as the formation of railways is concerned, can only supply labor in certain localities and for a limited time.

The question of paramount importance at the present moment is that of *Emigration*—a question dealt with indeed, but most imperfectly, by the Land Act.

Looking at the extreme impoverishment of certain districts, especially those on the West coast, it has again and again been pointed out that the condition of a population attempting to obtain a livelihood upon very small holdings of land is such that neither ownership nor non-

payment of rent would help them. The normal state of a population living with their cows and pigs, or horses and asses, is so deplorable that it is impossible to allow them to remain as they are—always on the verge of destitution, and in bad seasons in an actual state of starvation.

Writing on this subject when visiting Ireland in the winter of 1880, I remarked :* "In connection with this part of the subject it is of the utmost importance to recognize the fact that farms under ten, fifteen, or twenty acres, according to their quality, are too small to support a family. It matters not whether a tenant has fixity of tenure or, being a peasant proprietor, has no rent to pay ; he cannot, unless he has some other source of income, live and bring up a family on a small farm under ten or fifteen acres, such as form so large a proportion of the holdings in the West of Ireland."

It was clearly seen by many of those who are the true friends of Ireland and supported the passing of the Land Act, that it could not materially help the very large number of families who are thus attempting the impossible, and whose existence creates the ever-recurring cry of distress or famine, and its consequent discontent and crime.

How very large is the number of such families is shown by a reference to the "Returns of Agricultural Holdings for Ireland" for 1880, compiled by the Local Government Board. From these we find that there were in the whole of Ireland 660,000 holdings. Of these, in round numbers, one third, or 218,200, were valued at £4 and under, while 196,000, or nearly another third, were valued under £10 and above £4. So that 415,000, or very nearly two thirds of the whole agricultural holdings in Ireland, are under £10 a year in valuation, though by no means in rent.

That a *rental* of £1 per Irish acre for arable or for pasture land would not be an excessive estimate for the whole of Ireland may, I think be accepted ; but the Poor Law or Griffith's valuation is usually 25 to 50 or 100 or more per cent below the actual rent ; and it would be

very misleading to speak of 415,000 holdings at or under £10 valuation, as only representing a similar number of acres. Reference to other Tables of Statistics (Ireland) shows that there are in Ireland 280,500 holdings of not more than 15 acres in extent ; and we believe it would not be an over-estimate to place the number of occupiers of land, who are without other means of living than holdings of from 1 to 10 acres, chiefly of poor bog land, at 200,000, representing one million persons at least.

We know also that at least one million persons were assisted during the period of sharp suffering in 1880.

But it is when we examine into the figures relating to the Western counties that their extreme poverty becomes really apparent. If we take five counties bordering on the Atlantic—Donegal, Mayo, Galway, Clare, and Kerry—and look at the relative size of the holdings in these counties, as shown in the table on p. 742, and bear in mind also the opinion, strongly indorsed by the Roman Catholic Bishops and clergy, as well as by persons engaged in agriculture, that the holder of less than 15 acres cannot maintain a family in any degree of comfort, we cannot feel surprised that these counties furnished the largest number of applicants for assistance, and are now steeped in debt and imperatively call for aid for Emigration.

These figures show that a population of little over a million is living upon 158,000 holdings, of which no less than 77,200, or nearly one half, are rated under £4 ; while 47,800, or nearly another one third of the whole, are rated at £10 and under—making together 125,000, or four fifths of the whole number.

It may, I think, be safely estimated that a very large proportion of the occupants of the 77,200 holdings rated under £4 in the five counties belong to the class alluded to as living in debt, filth, and wretchedness.

Look at the facts as disclosed in the three following Unions :

In the Clifden Union (co. Galway) there are 4027 holdings, of which 3246 are rated under £4, and the total acres under tillage do not exceed 10,600—of which 4900 are under potatoes and other root crops, and 3100 are under oats and

* "Irish Distress and its Remedies," p. 97, 5th edition. London : Ridgway.

COUNTIES.	Population.	No. of Holdings.	£4 and under.	£10 and under.	Over £10.	Total Acres under Tillage.	Acres under Meadow and Clover.	1881 Total Acreage Cultivated.	Of which under Oats.	Under Potatoes.	Other Crops.
Donegal.....	205,000	38,000	21,300	10,500	6,200	177,000	54,000	231,000	94,000	48,600	34,400
Mayo.....	243,000	39,200	21,700	12,800	4,700	136,500	42,500	179,000	62,800	56,700	17,000
Galway.....	241,000	39,000	20,000	11,500	7,500	138,700	85,500	224,200	54,300	50,500	34,000
Clare.....	141,000	19,000	5,300	6,700	7,600	57,000	84,000	141,000	16,500	25,800	14,700
Kerry.....	200,000	22,600	8,900	6,300	7,400	75,500	90,000	165,500	27,500	31,100	16,400
	1,030,000	158,400	77,200	47,800	33,400	584,700	356,000	940,700	255,100	212,700	116,500

Divide the total Acreage under Tillage by the total number of Holdings in each County, and the following are the results :

In Donegal	4.7 acres per Holding under Tillage	Of which 2.5 acres are Oats.	1.26 Potatoes and .94 in other cereals.
Mayo	3.5 "	" 1.6 "	" .44 "
Galway	3.4 "	" 1.4 "	" .84 "
Clare	2.85 "	" .825 "	" .75 "
Kerry	3.26 "	" 1.2 "	" .76 "

rye, and the remainder in grass, clover, etc.

In the Belmullet Union (co. Mayo) there are 3500 holdings, of which 3068 are rated under £4, and the total acres under tillage do not exceed 9500 acres, of which 4000 are in potatoes, and 4600 in oats, rye, etc.

In Glenties Union (co. Donegal) there are 7055 holdings, of which 5577 are rated under £4, and the total acreage under tillage does not exceed 17,200, of which 9600 are in potatoes, etc., and 7600 in oats, etc.

Through the kindness of my friend, Mr. H. A. Robinson, of Westport, the Local Government Inspector for the counties of Mayo and Galway, I am able to present returns of the actual condition of the tenants in three townlands in Mayo, which he has selected as fairly representing "thousands of families similarly situated throughout these counties." (See p. 744.)

From these figures it will be seen that in each case the total value of the salable stock upon the townlands hardly equals the total indebtedness.

What a picture of destitution is here exhibited! Surely this is a condition of society which no statesman ought to ignore; which no moralist or political economist can contemplate without alarm; no philanthropist without seeking to remedy or alleviate it.

It would be misleading in the extreme to suggest or infer that people so steeped in debt represent the average condition of Ireland, or that there are not, even in the midst of this destitution, larger and better farms and well-to-do tenants; but the fact no less remains that there are thousands of other families equally impecunious, equally impoverished, and, if evicted from their homes, equally without any resource or hope of shelter or support other than that which the dreaded workhouse offers.

If further evidence be needed, it can readily be obtained. The Local Government officials could at once, if required, furnish volumes of evidence similar to that already given. But I believe it will almost universally be admitted that it is not evidence, so much as an evident course of action, that is needed at this juncture.

It may well be asked, Does the Land

Act apply any remedy which will, however slowly, raise the condition of these people? Will reduction of rent, or fixity of tenure, or facilities for purchase, or the loan clause, be of avail to convert a miserable and destitute population—some say the most miserable and destitute population on the face of the earth—into a prosperous and contented one?

But granted for a moment that these clauses might ultimately operate for the benefit of the people, it is at the outset incumbent upon us to ask, How can the 3½ years of arrears of rent, and the incubus of debt which has been shown to exist, be cleared off?

The Arrears clause of the Land Act enacted that tenants wishing to apply for its benefits should pay or settle with the landlord for the year prior to the passing of the Act, and then that the landlord and tenant might jointly apply for a loan not exceeding one year's rent, to be repaid over a term of years, all other arrears being swept away. But this clause was in force for six months only, and has now most unfortunately expired. The re-enactment of the Arrears clause seems to me essential, but it must also be made wider in its scope before either landlords or tenants can avail themselves of it as freely as is needed.

On referring to the figures in the foregoing tables, we shall notice a remarkable similarity in the condition of the three counties of Donegal, Mayo, and Galway; Donegal being the best, relatively, both as regards acreage under cultivation and the proportion per acre to the population. Indeed, no one who is acquainted with the eastern half of Donegal—from Letterkenny to Stranorlar or Londonderry, for example—will have failed to notice the contrast with the western half. Just as, broadly, we may divide Ireland into east and west, for comfort or misery, so it is with Donegal. This of course makes the average size of the holdings in the western half even smaller. And it would not, I think, be unfair to estimate the 6200 holdings in Donegal above £10 valuation at an average of 20 acres per holding. This would take 124,000 acres out of the total of 231,000 under cultivation, leaving 107,000 acres for the remaining 31,800 holdings, varying from £1 to £10 valuation; or, in other words,

No. of Holdings.	Total number of persons.	Total Acreage.	Valuation for Poor Law { Griffiths.	Actual Rental.	Rent owing, average 3½ years.	Debts to Shops.	Total Indebtedness.	Total Barrels of Potatoes.	Total Small Stacks of Oats.	Cows and Calves.	Pigs.	Sheep.	Horses.	Assets.	Total Value of Assets.
Same Estate.		a. p.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.								
1 Townland.....25	157	57 2	£ 36 5	85 8	£ 333 15	372	£ 705 15	68 Bbls. = 34 Tons	19½ stks.	33	14	22	1	8	
2 Townland.....29	146	63 2	£ 43 0	82 18	£ 236 0	178	£ 414 0	153 " = 7½ "	45 "	77	38	54	1	3	
Together.....54	303	120 ..	79 5	168 6	£ 569 15	550	£ 1119 15	221 Bbls. = 110 Tons 24/4 p. Bbl.	64½ stks. very small	110	52	76	2	11	Estimated value £1,100
3 Townland.....34	210	238 .. much bog land	£ 16 5	£ s. d. 79 6 8	£ 158 15 2 years.	£ 257	£ 415 15	29½ acres Potatoes	20½ acres Oats.	43	2	4	From £400 to £500

about $3\frac{1}{2}$ acres per holding. Applying the same rule to Mayo, we should have an average of $2\frac{3}{4}$ acres, and in Galway of $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres per holding under tillage.

Small as these quantities may appear, it will be seen on reference to the instances previously given, taken from actual estates, that in one case 25 families were endeavoring to live on a total of 68 acres of tillage, or $2\frac{3}{4}$ acres only in each holding; and in another instance 29 families had 63 acres, or about $2\frac{1}{4}$ each; and in the others, although the acreage is so much greater, owing to a large quantity of bog land being included, the amount of land *cultivated* was not larger.

What, then, is the remedy? For a people so deeply indebted as the majority of this poor class of tenants are, the purchase of their holdings is an impossibility—the payment in cash of one fourth of the purchase-money is clearly beyond their power, and to borrow it of the *gombeen* man is merely to add to the clog which, sooner or later, will certainly drown them in the swamp of debt.

What, then, remains? Reclamation of waste lands, and consequent employment of the people? Over and over again it has been pointed out that “reclamation” is too costly; that to expend from £15 to £20 an acre on reclamation, in addition to the first cost of the land for the 15 or 20 acres required to support a family, with the needful outlay for buildings, is an utterly unprofitable investment; a game which a rich man may enjoy, but which an investor will shrink from. And now that good arable land, with homestead, may be purchased in England at £25 or £30 per acre, the chances are still less in favor of an Irish investment, to say nothing of the ill odor which Irish tenants have brought upon themselves by the “No Rent” cry.

Must, then, this mass of misery be left to fester, sending up its malaria of discontent, leaving the contagion to spread over the whole of the British Islands? Policy and humanity alike forbid.

Coming, then, again, to Emigration as a means for, at least, partially remedying the evil, it seems important to consider:

1st. What is Emigration at present doing for these districts?

2d. What facilities does the Land Act give?

3d. What aid or assistance has the State previously given?

As to the first question. It may be stated that, out of the 95,857 persons who emigrated from Ireland in 1880, 3400 only were from Donegal, and that Mayo and Galway and the rest of Connaught contributed little over one fifth of the whole, or 20,549 persons. The total numbers emigrating in 1881 were considerably less (78,400), but there is no reason for supposing that in that year, as in the past 28 years, the more prosperous counties did not contribute the larger percentage; want of funds being, no doubt, the cause of this anomaly. It therefore follows that the districts most needing relief have not hitherto found it in Emigration, owing, doubtless, to the lack of means.

As to the second question, What assistance does the Land Act offer for Emigration? I think the words of the Emigration Clause are the best answer. They are as follows:

“32. The Land Commission may, from time to time, with the concurrence of the Treasury, and on being satisfied that a sufficient number of people in any district desire to emigrate, enter into agreements with any person or persons having authority to contract on behalf of any state, or colony, or public body, or public company, with whose constitution and security the Land Commission may be satisfied, for the advance by the commission by way of loan, out of the moneys in their hands, of such sums as the Commission may think it desirable to expend in assisting emigration, especially of families from the poorer and more thickly populated districts of Ireland. Such agreements shall contain such provisions relative to the mode of the application of the loans and the securing and repayment thereof to the Commission, and for securing the satisfactory shipment, transport, and reception of the emigrants, and for other purposes, as the Commission with the concurrence of the Treasury approve. Such loans shall be made repayable within the periods and at the rate of interest within and at which advances by the Board of Works for the purpose of the reclamation or improvement of land are directed by this Act to be made repayable: Provided always that there shall not be expended by virtue of the authority hereby given a greater sum than two thousand thousand pounds in all, nor a greater sum than one-third part thereof in any single year.”

Can any one who reads this carefully doubt that the opposition given to emigration by the Irish party in the House

has, in this case, almost, if not quite, stultified the measure? All that the Act offers is a loan of money on *good* security, repayable over a term of years, not to exceed £66,000 in any one year! There are few public companies in London who have moneys to invest who could not offer the same. It will be noticed also that the "public body" which borrows has to undertake all the risks of collection, as well as to make satisfactory arrangements for the transport and reception of the emigrants. Who, then, will be surprised to hear that no loans have been placed, that the clause is, in fact, a dead letter, and that no applications have been seriously entertained, still less granted?

As to the third question, What aid or assistance has the State previously given to emigration? It may be stated that there are several sections of the Irish Poor Relief Act which empower Guardians to give assistance for this object.

No. 1. "Section 51 enacts that the Commissioners may direct the Guardians to raise such sum not exceeding 1s. in the £ yearly for the purpose of assisting emigration of poor persons resident in the Union to the British Colonies—such amounts to be a charge on future rates extending over five years.

No. 2. "Section 18 empowers Unions to assist destitute persons who actually are or have been inmates of the house to emigrate to the Colonies—charging the same to the electoral division to which the parties were chargeable. Such rate not to exceed 6d. in the £.

No. 3. "Another section provides that if it is proved to the satisfaction of the Guardians that any occupier of land at or below £5, whether on the rates or not, shall be willing to give up his right and possession of the land to his landlord and to emigrate with his family, and the said landlord willing to pay two-thirds of the cost of emigration, then the electoral division may find the remainder.

No. 4. "A further section enacts that the benefit of assisting emigration may be extended to all destitute poor persons not being and not having been inmates of the workhouse; and still further power is given to unions to borrow and raise loans for defraying the expenses of emigration of poor persons resident within the Union upon security of the rates. Further, it is provided the loans may be charged on the rates by debentures limiting the amount to 11s. 8d. in the £ on the clear value of the electoral division—such loans repayable in seven annual instalments.

No. 5. "A further clause *extends* the places (previously limited to British Colonies) to which emigrants may be assisted to *any foreign State*."

This completes, so far as we know,

the whole of the assistance in any way previously offered. The expense was intended to be repaid from the rates, either yearly or by loans at very short periods, thus rendering the burden a very onerous one to the Union or electoral division. Such being the case, we can hardly be surprised that the total number in Ireland assisted to emigrate in the 10 years 1871-1880 has not exceeded 4600 persons (varying from 148 to 864 per annum), and that the total amount expended has not been more than £12,570, or 460 persons yearly at a cost of £1257—say £2 15s. per head. In 1881 the number increased to 1314 persons, and the cost to £3482.

The insignificance of the aid thus rendered will be at once made evident by recalling the fact that in the same decade (1871-80) more than 600,000 persons emigrated from Ireland, and in the year 1880 nearly 100,000.

It might be supposed that the emigration clause in the Land Act would have been allowed to extend to Unions, or that for emigration purposes, a Union, as a "public body," might have been allowed the advantage of 25 years in lieu of 7 for the repayment of the loans. This, however, was not done, and the law advisers of the Government have declined, on the application of one Union, to sanction an advance under the clause. Here, again, we see that the door is at present closed against further assistance to those, most needing help, who wish to emigrate.

But it is not unfrequently objected that the people have no desire to emigrate. I wish that one of these objectors would take a well-found ship into either Galway or West Port Bay, offering free passages to all families who might wish to leave. The result would, I think, convince him of his error. The evidence is all in the contrary direction, as any one who will visit and talk freely with these Western people may easily assure himself. "It's only the cost, sure, that keeps us at home, sir." A visit which I paid to these Western districts last autumn, and a still more recent visit in February last, especially tend to confirm the foregoing conclusions.

On visiting the workhouse at Clifden (co. Galway), I was informed by Mr.

Bourke, the indefatigable clerk of that Union, that the Clifden Board of Guardians had, at the previous board meeting, held on the 22d of February, 1882, *unanimously* passed a resolution beseeching the Government to grant some assistance for emigration. The minute is as follows :

"Resolved,—That, taking into consideration the poverty and destitute condition of the poorer classes of tenantry of this Union, particularly those evicted for non-payment of rent, and also those along the sea-shore holding miserable patches of land caused by the subdivision of holdings, and who for three-fourths of the year are in a state of semi-starvation, we respectfully request the interference of the Government to assist in the way of emigration. Unanimously agreed to

"(Signed) JOHN BOURKE,
"Clerk of the Union."

Nor was other evidence wanting of the strong feeling in the district on this question. I had not been an hour in the town before I had a call from the priest and a resident gentleman of a neighboring parish, earnestly inquiring whether any assistance could be obtained for emigration. The priest informed me that he had 15 families at least for whom emigration was a necessity. Shortly after I left the town, as I was afterward informed, 20 or more small tenants came to the hotel asking for help to emigrate.

But what stronger proof of the necessity for help can be given than that already pointed out, showing that the comparatively well-to-do and richer portions of Ireland afford the largest number of emigrants, and the poorer districts the smallest ?

The importance of the State giving some immediate aid to Emigration is more clearly manifested when we consider the subject in connection with the question of evictions—a number having taken place during the past autumn and winter in some of the very poor districts, under circumstances most painful to contemplate.

A very brief notice of my visit to the scenes of the evictions referred to in the minute passed by the Clifden Union may not be deemed out of place here. It is not my purpose to give any description which may serve to aggravate the bitterness of feeling toward landowners in Ireland, whether as individuals or as a

class, nor against a Government which, shortly after entering office, almost risked shipwreck in its endeavor to prevent evictions for a limited time in certain impoverished districts, and whose unhappy fate it has been to carry out, in opposition to its own instincts, the law which permits these evictions. What I am desirous of showing is, that without some other method of relieving these districts, a most grievous cruelty probably will continue to be inflicted, and, in addition, the Unions will become seriously involved.

The facts of the case are, I believe, as follows. Owing to the inability of the tenants to agree with their landlords as to the payment of the three years' arrears of rent, and as to the future terms of tenancy, a certain number were selected for eviction, and in the early days of January a force of soldiers and police were collected, under the command of the R.M., to carry out the work. Seventy or eighty families were then removed, their furniture and belongings turned out of doors, and the doorways of their homes, which it is a punishable offence to re-occupy, roughly filled up with the stone which everywhere abounds.

As is customary, the Relieving Officer was in attendance to offer to any who chose to accept it, the shelter of the workhouse. No one accepted it, but all preferred, in such shelter as they could best obtain, to brave the winter weather—happily for them unusually mild. During the six weeks which have elapsed since this occurred, they have so remained, some in lodgings paid for by the guardians, some in their neighbors' houses, and many others under temporary shelters, which they have built in as close proximity as possible to their own homes. I have twice visited a number of these cabins—"houseen" (pronounced "housheen")—which show some skill and resource in the formation of a dwelling. Under the shelter of some large block of granite, a trench of about two feet in depth is dug along its base, which thus forms a wall on one side, while the sods dug out form the ends and the low wall needed for the other sides of the dwelling; a few timbers slanting upward to the stone, and covered with sods or straw, form the

roof. Some such cabins have chimneys, others not. The sizes vary from ten to fifteen feet in length by six to nine in width, and the heights from four to six feet. Within are found whatever relics of furniture may have been saved from the wreck; some straw forms the bedding or covers the damp floor.

In these cabins I found probably twenty families, varying from four, or five to seven and eight in number—old and young—from infants to the inevitable “crone,” or old grandmother, who so often forms part of the household of the Irish peasant. These people were temporarily supported, in part by the Union (which allows 2s. per week for a family), but chiefly I believe from the money—now rapidly wasting—which they had scraped together to pay the amount of rent which they offered, but which was refused. Most of the people spoken too desired to emigrate. If they could but obtain help for this, they would willingly go. Some were very importunate for help for this purpose. None asked for money as charity. One fine, strong man, who had four years ago built a house of a superior class, costing him £16 and labor, with windows and plastered walls and timbered roof—now wrecked—was especially in earnest. He could find the half of the fare, he said, if the rest was to be had. He had a young wife with an infant two weeks old, one other child, and his wife's sister, who could not be left behind. “Could nothing be done to help him?” He was *sure* he “could earn a living in America.” I hope he may have the chance ere long. Some said they must go into the workhouse; they could not bear the weather longer for their children; they were growing weak. This would, no doubt, be the wisest course for them, and I strongly urged a man whose wife expected soon to be confined to take her there.

At present the *out-door* relief given is so small that it has not become a serious burden to the electoral division; and as this is not *allowed* to be given for more than a month, except in cases of illness or emergency, the grants will probably shortly cease.

As to the eviction of tenants who, having the means, wilfully withheld the rent, I have nothing to say. The with-

holding of the payment of a just debt, whether for rent or otherwise, when means exist for its discharge, is simply dishonesty; and, in one way or other, it is right that the payment should be enforced. But when evictions take place among the very poor, who, when evicted from the miserable dwelling which has served as a home and has been the roof-tree perhaps of generations, have absolutely no means whatever for their support but the workhouse, there arises in my mind a most serious question as to the propriety of the State being called on to employ all its powers to enforce the debt, without some other alternative to offer than the dreaded workhouse. It must never be forgotten that in these cases the mud or stone cabin, however miserable, the cultivation and reclamation, however imperfect, are all the work of the evicted. But for the exertions of these small cultivators—and I am now speaking of the very small holdings—the stony or bog lands which they till would in a vast number of cases simply return to the aboriginal state. It is true that the wild pasture or mountain land over which their few sheep or cattle have grazed might be made use of, and probably to better advantage, by the owner; but the small scattered patches of cultivated land for which the tenants have previously paid 15s. and 20s. per acre would in many cases go out of cultivation and produce little rent, unless indeed they were absorbed by neighboring holders. The small holdings, the hunger for land, arising from the absence of any demand for labor, chiefly give the land its value for rental. No one looking back to the evictions of 1847–8, which included many small tenants, as well as those occupying larger-sized farms, can doubt that much of the bitterness existing among the Irish in America has arisen from their sense of injustice under the hardships then inflicted. And now, when the failure of the crops of 1878–80 has again plunged these poor small holders of land into the Slough of Despond, as regards both rent and other debts, it hardly seems credible that the “resources of civilization” should have no other remedy at hand than an army of soldiers and police—no other solace for their misery than the workhouse or the roadside.

Under the existing clauses of the Poor Law Act, above quoted, ample powers seem to be given to Unions to borrow money for Emigration. That which seems lacking is the power to borrow for a long term in place of a short one.

In looking at the clauses of the Poor Law Act, a gradual growth is evident. These provisions, limited at first to a 6*d.* rate for those who are inmates of the workhouse, and confining the assistance to those who emigrated to the colonies, gradually extend to *any* destitute poor persons within the district—give power to Unions to raise a 1*s.* rate, and to borrow for seven years on debenture any sum within the limit of 11*s.* 8*d.* in the pound on the annual value of the electoral division—and leave the place of emigration to be chosen by the emigrant. Another clause, which relates to the emigration of families whose rental is under £5, provides that Unions may raise one-third, on condition that the landlord pays the remaining two-thirds.

I cannot but think that these clauses are in the right direction, and that the Poor Law Boards are on the whole the best agencies for carrying out any voluntary Emigration which is aided by the State, or jointly by the State and Union. That which seems to be needed to make them efficient and operative for the relief of certain Western Unions is that a short Act should be passed empowering the Treasury to make special advances to these Unions, repayable in twenty-five years at a very low or nominal rate of interest. This assistance should be applied solely to those who of their own free will are desirous to emigrate. In the case of evicted tenants, it ought to be imperative that the offer of emigration or the workhouse should be made as an alternative. And the Relieving Officer who attends evictions should be empowered to make the offer, and prepare his list accordingly.

But it will be argued that the cost of Emigration will be so enormous, that if widely taken advantage of, neither Union nor landlord could bear the strain.

In reply it may be said, that the cost of maintenance in the workhouse now falls upon the Union or electoral division in which the pauper resides, and that thus the owner of the soil is at present liable, especially in the poor

Unions, where four-fifths of the holdings are under £4 valuation and the poor-rates are paid by the landlord.

It is true that the unwillingness on the part of the evicted or impoverished tenant to enter the workhouse is so great as almost to relieve the Union, but this does not alter the fact of the liability for the payment, nor dispose of the necessity existing for the relief offered.

What, then, is the present yearly cost to any Union or electoral division of a family in the workhouse? Taking the average number of a family at five, and the weekly cost, including clothing, at 3*s.* 8*d.* per head per week in the house, we have a yearly cost for the family of £47 13*s.*, which may continue for an indefinite term, and has to be defrayed in the year in which it is incurred. The annual cost, then, of five families in the workhouse, taking it at £50 a family, is £250, payable in the year in which it is incurred.

On the other hand, the cost of emigration for a family of five, including outfit and passage to Canada or the United States, could certainly be effected for £50, leaving a little margin for contingencies, and might, if the permission was granted as proposed, be levied on the district over a long term of years. Taking, then, this amount as repayable in 25 years, you have an annual charge of £2 for principal and 10*s.* for interest (at 1 per cent), as the actual cost of placing in a land beyond the possibility of want, and with the probability of success, a family of five persons, whose only chance, had they remained, was beggary on their miserable holdings or the workhouse.

Let us suppose that one hundred families were thus assisted from impoverished Unions, such as Newport, Westport, Belmullet, and others in Mayo, or Oughterard and Clifden in Galway; at £50 per family we have a total of £5000. Spread this over 25 years, as proposed, and what do we find? That for the same annual sum—£250 a year (£200 principal and £50 interest)—as would be required permanently to keep five families in the workhouse, 100 families may be helped to a land of plenty.

On the side of the Treasury, the advance for the emigration of 100 families at £5000 per Union, supposing the

number of Unions needing help to amount to 20, would be £100,000 a year—barely the cost of a trial of a 100-ton gun, which is cast aside next year as worthless. To the whole 20 Unions this sum would involve an annual outlay of £4000 a year for principal, or, per Union, £200, and interest in addition, if demanded. Surely it is not too much to ask that the Exchequer might lend without interest £100,000 a year for five years for the assistance of the mass of impoverished tenants in certain well-ascertained districts in Ireland—if, indeed, a free grant is not possible of one-half or even the whole sum required for emigration.

In what way could these people be more truly helped?

During the past half-century it has gradually become evident that the attempt of these little Western holders to maintain themselves with any degree of comfort is an impossibility. Living from hand to mouth, on the verge of bankruptcy and destitution, the failure of their crops even for a single year, spite of the yearly earnings in England by which alone in many districts their rent has been paid, has caused the wail of want and hunger to ascend to heaven.

The impossibility that any of the great benefits conferred by the Land Act upon tenants of larger holdings, can render the condition of these small tenants better in the future, or make them an improving and independent race of small cultivators, has, we think, been abundantly shown. Both the worn-out soil and moist climate and the petty subdivision of the holdings are against them. And, though they are surrounded by tens of thousands of acres of waste and wilderness land, the improbability of the reclamation of soil so poor in quality that, even in spite of the demand for land in past days from a much larger population, it has always been considered worthless, has also been pointed out.

Can, then, that be true patriotism which would condemn these people to remain in their bog-huts? Surely, so far as they are concerned, the cry of "Ireland for the Irish" is one to which, as their bitter experience shows, they have already listened too long. Hope for them has been too long deferred. But in that land, scarcely a week away

from their native shore, toward which they so often direct a wistful gaze, peopled in part by their own kith and kin, there is to be found, not only an abundant, nay, an insatiate demand for well-paid laborers, for men, women, and children, but also millions of fertile acres demanding for their cultivation and improvement the only article which these poor Irishmen have to sell—the bone and sinew now lying idle and worthless.

Never at any time have the inducements to Emigration, or the preparations made for the reception of emigrants of the class under consideration, been so great. The Canadian Government offers to all *bond fide* settlers free grants of 80 or 160 acres of land; and on landing at Quebec, guides are in readiness either to direct the emigrant to these lands or to give information as to the places in which labor is most in demand. Of other colonies I am not able to speak from personal knowledge, but that liberal offers are made by them for the passage and conduct of emigrants is well known.

In the United States the demand for labor is almost unlimited, and in order to meet that provision which all well-wishers for the success of the emigrant must desire, means are not wanting for placing him beyond the reach of the temptations of the great seaboard cities. The Catholic colonies of Minnesota and Iowa, under the guidance and direction of Bishop Ireland (himself an Irish refugee), offer the greatest possible advantages for the settler who, with a very few pounds in his pocket, desires to obtain land, and to assist to found in the fertile prairies of the New World colonies of industrious and, because industrious, contented Irishmen.

Another of these colonies is that of the Irish and American Colonization Association, under the management of Mr. John Sweetman, situated on very fertile land in the State of Iowa.

Two years ago Mr. Sweetman purchased a large tract of land for the purpose of enabling poor Irish families to purchase land and commence a new life there under the greatest advantages. Eighty acres of land are here offered to the emigrant at a very low price, and money is advanced for this, as well as for the building of the little shanty and for the purchase of the necessary im-

plements; the repayment being spread over a term of years.

Mr. Sweetman has himself embarked a very considerable fortune in the undertaking, and personally superintends the whole business on the spot, without cost to the Association. Already fifty or sixty families have been settled; thirty or forty more have been selected this year; and want of funds for free passages alone prevents double or treble the number being taken out. Mr. Sweetman has set a really noble example of what may be done by an Irish gentleman for the benefit of his poorer neighbors.*

No man is more entitled to the gratitude of his countrymen than Mr. Vere Foster, of Belfast, for his practical devotion to the interests of the people. Deeply impressed with the importance of emigration as one means of assisting the poverty of the West, Mr. Vere Foster has, during a few recent years, at his own cost issued 10,000 assisted passage tickets of £2 each. Limiting his efforts to Donegal, Connaught, and other western counties, and to assisting young women, for whose services as servants there is always a demand in America, Mr. Foster has through the agency of the Roman Catholic clergy made his practical benevolence extend to nearly every parish in these western districts.

In a circular just issued Mr. Foster says:

"I have recently addressed a circular to those clergymen from whose parishes the greater number of girls emigrated, asking tidings of their success in their adopted country, and I have much pleasure in appending hereto extracts from all the letters which I have received, and which are uniformly of a most satisfactory character.

"The time is fast approaching when I shall have reached the end of my resources, and, having demonstrated that the desire for assistance is widespread, that the clergy of all denominations sympathize with the poorer members of their

congregations in that desire, and that the emigration of the poor girls in question has been attended with signal and almost universal success and contentment, I now desire to enlist the sympathy and active co-operation of societies and individuals on both sides of the Atlantic in the providing of funds to pay ocean passages, and in the forwarding of passengers short of funds and friends from the seaports, to temporary homes in the interior of the country. In the absence of any association for the purpose I would gladly take charge of and administer funds subscribed for the payment of ocean passages, and I hope that conventional communities, or lay societies, especially in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Montreal, may be generously provided with funds by the Irish and non-Irish American laity for the reception of friendless poor girls who may be recommended to them by their clergy in Ireland, and for their travelling charges into the interior, where they would receive further temporary assistance from the local clergy and their congregations. Twenty-five dollars is the sum which I desire to raise in aid of each emigrant.

In the same circular Mr. Vere Foster gives no less than seventy-eight replies from the Catholic clergy in answer to inquiries during the past autumn; and the following may be given as fair specimens of the replies:

1. "I have made careful inquiry about them, and have to state that the accounts are good, and that they are all doing well. I have also to state that there are many girls in this parish who are very desirous of emigrating, but who are unable to do so in consequence of not being able to provide the balance which is necessary, in addition to your subscription of £2."

2. "We have received letters from those young girls who went to America from this part of the country. They give a very gratifying account of their success so far in their adopted country; almost all met their friends upon arriving there. They have expected them. They are, and have reason to be delighted, having left homes of misery and wretchedness to go to a country where honest industry receives its reward. I have no doubt many are anxious to emigrate had they means. When I ascertain their number, I'll be happy to forward their names and co-operate in every way with your benevolent and patriotic purpose."

3. "In reply to your favor to hand this morning, I beg to say that, so far as fell under

* Any further information which may be needed in reference to this admirable instance of Irish self-help, may be had upon application to Mr. John Sweetman, who is at present in Dublin, or to the Secretary of the Irish and American Colonization Association, 12 South Frederick Street, Dublin.

my observation, the girls who left this parish, and were assisted by you, have sent cheering accounts with small remittances of, say, from £2 to £3, to their parents; very many of the girls who left in early spring this year have sent small remittances."

4. "Out of every twenty girls who left this parish for America nineteen went to join their uncles or aunts and other near and dear relatives in the 'Land of the West,' so that for them an organization of charitable and influential persons able and willing to direct and protect friendless and poor girls is not necessary, though such a body might be useful. I know not any small farmer or workman here who has not dear and near friends in America, and these in very many instances implore their poor relations to join them."

5. "I was waiting to see the parents of those girls who availed themselves of the assisted emigration, in order to be in a position to give you the desired information. I have learned with pleasure that these girls are doing well, that they had no difficulty in getting places on their arrival in America."

6. "Such an organization as you refer to would be most desirable. It is somewhat strange that steps have not been taken in that direction up to this. However, there is hardly a family of the middle or very poor classes in Ireland at present that has not sent one or more of its members to America, so that intending emigrants as a rule will have some near relatives or friends to go to."

"In reply to your several queries I beg to state:

7. "The girls who, aided by you, went from my parish are so far doing well, and assisting their poor relatives at home, together with paying the passage of others out."

8. "I am quite certain that many, very many, boys and girls are desirous of emigrating, but are prevented by want of means, and I fully concur with you that immense benefits would be conferred on poor emigrants, who are friendless in America, if the clergy, conventual communities or others, would, at the ports of arrival and in the interior of the country, provide safe and lucrative employment for them."

9. "Many parts of the west of Ireland are overcrowded. Either migration or emigration is certainly needed, and as migration is very improbable, I am of opinion that many small and poor farmers would gladly emigrate if they had favorable prospects in other countries."

10. "The accounts which have come from the girls of this parish who have emigrated are very favorable. Some have sent money home to their parents and relatives."

"There are still a good many girls anxious to go, and most of those are of the farmer class, young and nicely educated. Some are unable to go on account of not having enough of means."

"A society such as that spoken of has been already considered by priests and religious in America."

"Nothing would afford me more pleasure than to hear that an organization to protect

the friendless females in America was set on foot."

"It would be a great matter to have a 'home' for the girls in New York and other ports on landing: owing to inexperience they are often at a loss how to act and how to avoid danger."

11. "I have just returned from Canada. . . . In all cases that I have met, with one exception, the girls are happy and would not come back on any condition. . . . The want of female help is the greatest now in the Dominion. In all Ontario the cry of the people I mixed with was, Send us as many girls as you can. . . . I have received commissions to send out 250 girls, but I am straitened with means. May I expect a continuance of your grants? . . ."

12. "... Upon close and individual inquiry I find all those poor girls have remitted, within the past few months, small sums of money varying from £2 10s. to £5, and all have promised to send more at Christmas. With regard to the first query, I may tell you I have some experience of American life, and how people do generally succeed there. Individual members of families will still emigrate as before, and many of them may and will succeed here, there, and everywhere through the States and elsewhere; but the way I would recommend emigration would be let some one or more trustworthy persons go out to America, and carefully look round and select a settlement, get means to erect some *shanties* at least thereon, and when thus provided bring out whole families or large numbers of families, and let them settle down in their several lots, build and rebuild, till and grow provisions for themselves for the coming year, and have some means doled out to such as need them while the first crop is growing. By this means they one and all will be very soon independent, and set an example to others to follow and do likewise, and thus escape poverty, idleness, and enforced privation at home. The Germans thus act; they squat down, build houses, cut out farms, till and improve them, and soon you'll see church, school-house, and shops spring up as if by magic, and peace and plenty reign around."

"Permitting the Irish to flock into the towns and cities of America, they soon get a distaste for rural life, their natural, suitable, and most eligible course, and hence the failure of so many Irish to succeed, while other nationalities spread out, prosper and grow."

13. "I beg to state that the accounts from the poor girls who left this parish this year are satisfactory. There are a few of whom nothing has been heard since they left. There are several girls here who are anxious to go to America, but have no means. I know five or six, some of whom I could recommend as first-class servants for any house, who have friends in America, and are most anxious to go, but have not the means. They have spoken to me for aid within the last week."

"As regards the prospects here, poverty is a fixed quantity, for Connemara is '*sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper et in sacula*,' the land of wretchedness and misery."

14. "In reply to the queries in your circular, I wish to say that, as regards the girls who emigrated from this parish, they are going on well, and give very satisfactory accounts of the country. Some of them have even sent money *twice* to their friends in a very short time."

15. "I sent off, with your help, a batch of eight girls last summer to America. Seven of these wrote to say they were doing well; the other I understand is doing well too. These girls have sent home money, one as much as ten pounds; another paid her father's passage, and sent money home besides."

One or two speak less brightly of the prospects; *one only* in tones of discouragement; all are unanimous as to the importance of an organization at the port of landing for the oversight and protection of the girls on landing. This subject is of vast importance for all classes of emigrants, and I am glad to know is receiving much attention in influential quarters. Nearly all the letters refer to the amounts sent home to assist relations to follow their example, and Mr. Foster's calculation is that each girl who emigrates finds the funds needed to bring out another.

With so important and unprejudiced a mass of evidence before us, even if we had none other to rely upon, we must admit that the case for those who insist upon the immense importance and benefit of Emigration is fully made out. If further evidence is needed, every traveler who has visited Canada or the United States can add his testimony.

During a visit to these countries in the autumn of 1880, I made it my special duty to inquire as to the results of Emigration. My inquiries extended to Manitoba in the North-West, and other portions of Canada, as well as throughout the Eastern States. The reply was uniform. Place your Irish laborer or small farmer on the land and away from the great cities, and his success is assured. Leave him to fester in our great seaports, and he is as degraded as his fellows in your own ports of Liverpool and Glasgow.

Over and over again, I saw, and conversed with, Irishmen who, having come out in rags, are now highly-valued servants; or having landed penniless, are now the owners of land and houses, and are looked upon as most useful and industrious citizens.

I was especially struck with this in
NEW SERIES.—VOL. XXXV., No. 6

some of the more recently settled States—Minnesota, for instance—in which whole counties were formed and settled by flourishing Irishmen. I may cite the evidence given me by the Hon. Member for — County, in Canada, which he had represented for nearly twenty years, who informed me that a large proportion of his constituents were descendants of poor Irishmen who had fled from the famine of 1847. Very few of the older people were living; a new generation had sprung up—thrifty, well to do, vigorous, well-educated, and raised physically, mentally, and morally. "Why," said my friend, as he closed his encomium upon the improvement of his constituents, "her Majesty might raise a regiment of Guardsmen among them, they are so fine a set of men."

But let an Irish emigrant, who has not been more than a year in the country, speak for himself. The following is taken from a letter from one of those who have been helped "to a better land" by Miss Georgiana Kennedy, of Dublin, who has certainly conferred upon her countrymen a greater boon than some of those ladies who claim to be considered patriots and advisers of the people:

Letter from Joseph Conroy to Miss Kennedy.

"CURRY MURRY CO., MINN., }
U. S. A., December 1, 1881. }

"... Myself and my family are in the very best of good health at present. I have had the very best of good luck since I arrived here, my family always keeping so well and my cow and oxen and all. My crops have done well from the first day we occupied our house and eighty acres of land. I have got all my potatoes secured, about sixty bushels, which will give us plenty for winter. I also have my flax saved and in a secure stack ready for threshing. I also have my Indian corn cut and stacked and all my hay secured, and I am now after siding my house with wood, which is far better than sodding. I also have lumber to ceil it, which will make it quite warm. I am busy at present getting my stable built and hauling firewood from Tracy.

"Mr. Sweetman has given to every settler timber for siding his house and ceiling it, along with four cords of firewood to each settler, which we are busy drawing home from Tracy. I am sure that there is not a gentleman in the world deserves more praise for all his doings towards his settlers than what Mr. Sweetman does—yes, he is a most kind-hearted gentlemen and smiles with joy at all our good doings. I put my trust in the Almighty God in all my undertakings, reaping,

mowing, ploughing, sowing, buying, or selling, I do all in His name that guided us here across the Atlantic to our lonely but happy home. Yes, any man can make himself and his home happy if he only has a little common sense to never look back, always to look to the future; to get all his crops planted in time, and to rise early from his bed every morning and make a good day's work, he is sure to get on and do good for himself and his family; and also he will be able to give a happy return to Mr. Sweetman for all his good doings towards him. . . . Yes, my children, they are away from all bad vice, they will see nothing bad here, only the kind word of their father and mother. . . . I also feel happy to let you know that I have got my winter provisions secured, and I have got all my work done for winter, only two and a half cords of wood which lies yet in Tracy; owing to the severe frost our oxen cannot travel. Still we have a good fire burning, we burn hay to save one cord and a half of firewood that I have already at home; I shall have the remaining part when it snows some. I have got my dwelling-house sided and ceiled, which leaves it quite warm, and also a good sod house for my cow and oxen, and two pigs I bought at four dollars. . . ."

My space forbids more.

Again let me repeat, that what poor Irishmen need is to be helped to offer in the best market the only ware they have to dispose of. To deny them this, on the ground that it will lessen the number of Irishmen in Ireland, seems to me a very grave responsibility, not to say a *crime*. Better far a prosperous and contented Ireland, with four millions of people, if it were so, than a pauperized, impoverished, and discontented Ireland with five or eight millions.

And surely if any of the so-called "leaders of the people" of Ireland had any article to dispose of, at present valueless in Ireland, but priceless in America, they would not hesitate to transfer or take it there. To them "Ireland for the Irish" would then indeed be deemed a meaningless cry. But is it less meaningless when that article is labor, and the alternatives beggary, or independence and comfort?

Much false and merely sentimental talk has been indulged in by certain parties to the infinite injury of the impoverished people. Who ever affects to speak of "banishment" or "expatriation" in reference to the multitudes of Englishmen who yearly go abroad to "seek their

fortunes," and who, following in the footsteps of their forefathers, have helped to colonize and civilize the world? And in the greatness of such enterprises have not Irishmen had their full share? Who regards with pity the founders of that great Western Commonwealth whose descendants welcome with open arms all comers from the Old World?

We may justly regret the necessity which the changed conditions of agriculture, or the impoverished soil and climate and small holdings, or any other causes combined, impose upon Irishmen to leave their native land; but to oppose the departure of thousands, who are unable to obtain a decent livelihood in Ireland, to a country which offers them land at the lowest price, and at the same time gives the highest price for the labor they have to dispose of, seems alike shortsighted and impolitic. Just as well might they oppose the exportation of the thousands of tons of Irish potatoes now leaving for New York, and proclaim that they should be left to rot at home.

Unpatriotic do you call it? It is the law written on the human race; the law which drew Abraham from his native land; the law which, written on the minds of the great Aryan family, led them to descend from their eastern homes to people and fertilize the plains of Europe; the law which led Columbus and Vasco di Gama, and a host of others, to search for and to point out the great New World; the law which has impelled and is now impelling tens of thousands of people of all nationalities in Europe to surge forth with increasing volume, in that great wave of humanity which breaks upon the shores of the Western World, not to devastate, but to fertilize and bless. And in that vast gathering of all European races which goes to form the great American nation, Ireland may well be proud to have contributed her full quota; and, spite of some omens to the contrary, the world may be congratulated that both the sentiment and the vivacity of the Irish race will thus be perpetuated and will help to mould the character of the Great English Republic of the future.—*Contemporary Review*.

THE BORDERS AND THEIR BALLADS.

IF there is a district in our Islands where the romance of history and of poetry, of legend, tradition, and daring adventure, associates itself with all that is most characteristic in scenery, it is in the Border counties between Carlisle and Berwick. We call the scenery characteristic, because with all its picturesqueness it is wild and suggestive rather than beautiful. It is true that there are spots of exceeding loveliness, where a river winds peacefully under hanging woods, or a lake lies sleeping in the shadows of the encircling hills; where we look from a castled height through leafy vistas down the rich meadows of some pastoral valley; or where we linger, lost in the memories of the past, in the sculptured cloisters of some ruined shrine. But as a rule, we are still most impressed by the sense of desolation, which must have been overpowering in the lawless days of the moss troopers, had the stranger who for his sins found himself in those solitudes, been in a mood to yield to the sentimental emotions. The lairds and the farmers have wrought wonderful changes. The plough has been passed over many a famous battle-field besides the brown ridge of Flodden; black moss-flows bear waving grain cops; plantations have been covering the bare hillsides; and gentlemen's seats, in their smiling "policies," have replaced the keeps of the riders who shifted for their living. Yet the general aspect of the country is to this day so little altered in essentials, as to enable us to realize all that it used to be. Standing on some frontier height like the Carter Gate, we can picture the condition of the marches when their martial wardens may be said to have lived in the saddle; and when the gear of the good people within their bounds was perpetually changing owners between sunset and cock-crow. We look across a wild jumble of heathery and grassy hills, seldom rising to the dignity of mountains, and intersected everywhere by valleys and chasms. Rills or brawling brooks tumbling down each hollow in a succession of pools, rushes, and cascades, draining the upland peat-bogs, or filtering between banks of gravel,

swelled the streams that meandered through meadows and mosses. A heavy fall of rain might flood these rivers at any moment, and send them down in foaming torrents, "like the mane of a chestnut steed," when they would not "ride," and effectually cut the retreat of invaders, who were brought up at the fords that were guarded in their rear. If we take one of those crystal streams for our guide, and leave the crest of the ridge for the lower country, we find ourselves wandering among green heights and in valleys where the sense of solitude is almost oppressive in the brightest day. Here and there we may come upon the substantial steading of a sheep-farmer, or on the snug sheiling of one of his shepherds. The silence is only broken by the bleating of the scattered flocks; by the shrill whistle of the wary curlew; by the call of the lapwing swooping viciously overhead, or the note of alarm of the startled grouse. But on many a commanding point of vantage we look up to the remains of a shattered keep, with its weather-worn walls of massive masonry. And now and again we skirt what remains of one of those trackless and treacherous morasses which were the real strongholds of the freebooters of the olden time, when inroads in force put fighting out of the question.

Except Berwick, Roxburgh, Caerlaverock, and perhaps Lochmaben, there were no such baronial castles in the Scottish frontier counties as the ancestral holds of the Percys, the Nevilles, or the Howards, which were the stately bulwarks of cultivated England. The strength that the Scots relied upon in the last resort was expressed in the memorable reply of the Earl of Angus to the threats of Henry VIII., his overbearing brother-in-law, who had been irritated by the Earl's sturdy patriotism: "Little does King Harry know the skirts of Cairntable: I could keep myself there against all his English host." The Douglas belonged to a family which, since the days of Lord James, had always "loved better to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak;" and that was the feeling of all the Border clans be-

tween Berwick-on-Tweed and the sands of the Solway. Unrivalled except by their English neighbors as skirmishing light-horsemen, skimming swamp and morass on their light-footed nags like so many web-footed wild-fowls or Wills-o'-the-wisp, their peculiar talent for fighting was altogether opposed to standing wearisome sieges behind walls and battlements. Their rude towers may be said to have served the purpose of the umbrella or light waterproof which throws off the heavy flying shower. They made them good against the chances of a casual raid, rather than leave them to be gutted by the fire that consumed their plenishing. But when a march-storm burst upon their heads in its violence, then, driving their cattle before them with their tough lance-shafts, and mounting the women and bairns on the crupper behind them, they sought shelter in the labyrinths of the moss-flows, where it was foolhardy to follow them.

Yet in those wild days of raiding, cattle-lifting, and fire-raising, when the forays left famine and pestilence behind them, the middle and western marches, at all events, were far more populous than at present. As the birds of prey of the East come flocking to the feast on a dying animal, from what seemed a speckless sky over a lifeless solitude, so the glens that have long since been cleared for sheep-walks, sent forth their swarms of hardy moss-troopers, when the bale-fires were kindled on the heights, and messengers went round with the gathering word. And these men made love in their own rough fashion, marrying and multiplying, and rearing their ragged families. It is a mystery how they managed to maintain themselves, when the arable land around each keep or hamlet was measured by the field-works that could be thrown up to protect it. For although cattle were "lifted" at least as often as bred at home, there must have been limits to the herds on either side of the Border; and when the jackmen found short commons at the tables of their chief, the unlucky non-combatants must often have gone fasting. But the fittest survived, struggling up somehow; and the men were a lean, long-winded generation, who, with hard exercise and spare diet,

trained down to sinew and bone; who carried no superfluous weight in the saddle; who were always in condition to give the blood hounds a breather, if it were their mishap to be hunted like William of Deloraine; and who frequently lived to extreme old age, but more often came to their end by spear or halter.

We said the Border scenery was suggestive as well as characteristic; and the very names either reflect the past, or associate themselves with its memories and traditions. Thus Wolfshope, Wolfscleugh—scores of places similarly christened, though we do not vouch for the exactness of our designations—remind us of times when the exterminated beasts of prey haunted the tangled undergrowth of vanished forests. The ancient family of Swinton may be supposed to have borrowed their honorable patronymic from some formidable tusk-er destroyed by a progenitor—as the "worms" or gigantic serpents of Lambton and Linton succumbed to the prowess of valiant local knights-errant. There is no mistaking the meaning of Harthill, Hindlee, Earnescliff, Todholes, Brockenhope, etc. While the Otterburne, called after the otters that infested its hollow banks, brings us down to the semi-historical ballad of Chevy Chase, when the "doughty Douglas" sought a prey in Northumberland, as a challenge to the rival house of Percy. Who can look up from Belford or Wooler to the lowering brown masses of the Cheviots, now veiled in their draperies of cloud and mist, now standing sharply out in the brilliancy of a sunburst, without thinking of that memorable hunting-party that was to be rued by the child unborn? The shadows of those hill-tops in cloud or storm, seem to fall heavy on the resting-places of the heroes of romance whose souls were untimely despatched to Hades. Yet, as it happens, it is the genius of some forgotten Border minstrel that has consecrated those scenes with their mythical associations; and it is agreed that the Homeric hunting-party in the Cheviots is founded on the historic fight of the Otterburne. Not that the battle loses much in poetical fire, if we read of it in the pages of the chivalrous Froissart. Then, again, with its changing fortunes

and its actual death-roll, it has been seized upon by the genius of some later bard, and immortalized in one of the most soul-stirring of the Border ballads. What can be more touching than the last words of the fallen Douglas, to the mourners who, in the very crisis of the conflict, stood bending in the distraction of sorrow over their dying leader?—

“ Oh bury me by the bracken bush,
Beneath the blooming briar ;
Let never living mortal ken
That e'er a kindly Scot lies here.”

If we may believe the old chroniclers, making due allowance for romantic exaggeration, Otterburne was the most fiercely contested of all the Border fights, not even excepting disastrous Flodden. It was the typical decision in arms of a warden-raid in force, when all the fighting strength of one side had been deliberately mustered to repel an organized onset from the other. But there are scores of other fights and skirmishes, of which we are reminded either by some moss-grown memorial-stone, or by a casual glance over the county maps, down to the bloody rout of Philiphaugh, where “the great marquis” of Aytoun’s noble ballad, for once the victim of some unaccountable mischance, was as much out-generalled as outnumbered. Philiphaugh was fought between opposing bodies of the kindly Scots ; but unfortunately, that was no novel experience in the troubled annals of the northern kingdom. For the blood-feud prevailed among our Borderers as among the Arabs ; and a homicide committed “red-hand” in some hot-headed broil, led to the bitter clan-quarrels that lasted through generations.

The English and Scottish dales have each their separate history, generally similar in outline as in the grim uniformity of details—Tynedale and Redesdale, Teviotdale and Liddesdale—and written in characters of blood and fire. Then there are the royal and feudal fortresses, each of them with its memories, that have supplied the materials for many a thrilling ballad or stirring episode to the chroniclers. The very fastnesses of the obscure freebooters, whose names were never known beyond the districts that they pillaged, have fired the enthusiasm of local antiquaries, and suggested themes for popular modern

songs. And yet, though those pictures of the past are dark and lurid, they are not unrelieved by their gleams of light. For the moss-troopers—who knew neither fear nor ruth, who laughed at any notion of the rights of property, and who seldom gave a thought to religion, unless they had time to send for a priest to hear their shrift—had their chivalrous, and almost their generous side. They were as staunch friends as they were relentless enemies; they would run any risks to rescue a comrade who lay shackled in some dungeon awaiting his doom. They were seldom guilty of wanton, or at least of deliberate cruelty, though they would burn the “biggin” of a wretched family, and carry away or destroy all its means of subsistence. In ordinary raids, we seldom hear of their offering violence—Russian and Bulgarian fashion—to females. And above all, they were true to their plighted word, when solemnly given under certain conditions ; while perjury was held in such general detestation that the most reckless ruffian was suffered to go free if he “cleansed himself by oath of march-treason stain.”

The idea of writing an article on the Borders in the olden time has been suggested to us by reading a striking and interesting piece of county history that has been written by Mr. John Russell, on the fortunes of the very ancient family of the Haigs of Bemersyde.* It seems strange enough that a stock of no great strength, and boasting few influential connections, should have flourished under the same roof-tree for seven centuries, and survived the convulsions and vicissitudes that shifted or uprooted the most powerful families, whose heads held the state of petty princes. We shall advert to that point again. In the meantime, we may remark that Mr. Russell’s book throws many interesting lights on early Border history. He points out that, in opposition to the ordinary course of things, and owing to a combination of adverse circumstances, the Border districts, after making a respectable start in civilization—after submitting to the softening influence of the intelligent religious communities, and

* The Haigs of Bemersyde : a Family History. By John Russell. William Blackwood & Sons ; Edinburgh and London : 1882.

making creditable progress in the arts of peace—relapsed into hopeless lawlessness and barbarism. In the days of the Anglo-Saxons, the Border line, as it has been subsequently defined, did not exist. The Saxon Northumbria included a considerable part of southern Scotland. Even subsequently, when the Saxon kingdom had shrunk to an English earldom, there was no chronic hostility between England and Scotland. On the contrary, noble Norman adventurers held domains indifferently in the two kingdoms, and not a few of them attached themselves specially to the Court of the Scottish king. Scotland, being seldom engaged in foreign wars, had become relatively wealthy. That is shown by the pious but somewhat improvident liberality of David I., styled by the old chroniclers "ane sair sanct for the Crown." He founded and generously endowed the abbeys of Melrose, Jedburgh, Kelso, and Dryburgh; and it must be admitted that if the monks had the selecting of the conventual sites, the choice does infinite credit to their taste. In his interested anxiety for the weal of his soul, he endowed the worthy fathers, some of whom he allured from England, by an indiscriminate alienation of Crown property. Nevertheless, even from a national point of view, the investment might not have proved a bad one had things gone smoothly. The monks, as Mr. Russell explains, set an admirable example to their neighbors. It was their interest to live in charity with all men, and to preach peace and progress to the flocks that paid them dues and reverence. They encouraged their serfs and the kirk-vassals to labor industriously on their fertile domains; they reclaimed the waste places, and promoted tillage, according to the most advanced lights of that age. The abbeys and priories, surrounded by their orchards and meadows, their home crofts and fish-ponds, were so many smiling oases in the surrounding wilderness. Nor did the recluses devote themselves only to their religious duties and the increase of their material comforts. There were students in their peaceful cells who kept alight the lamps of learning. There were cunning illuminators who wrought at the reproduction of rare manuscripts and missals. Those of them who had

any artistic susceptibilities were refined by living in an atmosphere of art, for the designs of the stately abodes, and the sculptured tracery of their chapels and cloisters, show that brilliant precocity of primitive architectural genius which our professionals of modern times have vainly attempted to imitate. The hospitable monks must often have entertained in their refectories the masters and enthusiastic scholars of the early mediæval artistic revelation.

But all that brilliant promise was doomed to sudden eclipse. The most famous prophecy attributed to the Rhymer, who predicted the long stability of fortune of his friends and neighbors the Haigs, warned Scotland of the dire train of disaster which was to follow the death of the good King Alexander. The story is well known. The sage had spoken of a terrible storm which was to desolate Scotland on a certain day. The morning had dawned fine; the skies were singularly cloudless; and the Earl of March, who was probably the feudal superior of the laird of Ercildoune, had laughed at the "bad shot" of his gifted county neighbor. The seer retorted in the mystical epigram that was to prove pregnant with calamitous meaning, when news was brought to the Court of the accident which had befallen the monarch: "That was the storm I foretold, and so it shall prove to Scotland." And so amply was the black prophecy fulfilled in the course of successive centuries of bloodshed, that we might well believe it to have been a subsequent invention of some ingenious compiler of the sanguinary chronicles, were it not probable that in that case we should have had the means of fixing its date. The Rhymer's sagacity might well foresee some of the evils that were to flow from the death of Alexander. The death of the "Maiden of Norway" following that of her father, opened the vexed question of the Scottish succession. The ambition of the first Edward, "the ruthless king" of Gray's magnificent ode, was favored and forwarded by the fierce jealousies of rival baronial claimants. And as it chanced that those warlike barons, the Bruces and the Baliols, the Cummins and the Soulises, had their chief seats in the frontier counties, the Borders were doubly con-

vulsed, and the subversion of their growing civilization was more absolute.

The vicissitudes, migrations, and extinction of the great Border families are curious, though, considering the circumstances, scarcely extraordinary. Bruce's assertion of the national independence was followed by a series of sweeping proscriptions. As a feudal chief and as a patriot, the "good King Robert" had naturally no liking for the rival houses who had allied themselves with the Southern, and pushed him hard. The Baliols were banished, their lands were confiscated, and though one of them usurped the crown for a few months, in future we only find them figuring in Scottish history as the vassals and followers of the English. The Cummins, who counted kinship with the MacDougals of Lorn, shared the same fate, though they afterward recovered rank and power as north-country barons, and have left their lineal descendants in the northern counties. The last of the Lords Soules, if he be the sorcerer and tyrant of sinister memory who was boiled in a leaden shroud, if we may trust Leyden's ballad, had in reality a more peaceful end. He was seized at the head of a formidable following, and tried before his peers in full Parliament on a charge of conspiracy against the sovereign. He saved his life by confessing the crime; but he had to submit to the forfeiture of his vast estates, and died in confinement in Dumbarton Castle. Very probably he deserved his fate, though the exploits of his elder brother, who had done gallant service against the English, and once been joint-warden of the kingdom, might have pled in his favor. But he had dangerous pretensions to the throne, depending on a disputed point of pedigree and legitimacy; and undoubtedly he was as ambitious as he was turbulent and scheming. It may be remarked, by the way, that though the chief fortress of the Soules was in Liddesdale, they had extensive possessions in the Lothians. Glimerton, close to the capital, belonged to them; and it is said they gave their name to the parish of Saltoun—originally Soulistoun. The Gordons, like the Cummins, were another family who shifted northward from the frontiers; they have carried the names of their

southern estates along with them; and indirectly they owed their aggrandizement to the forfeitures which made so many of the nobility landless. Scott tells their story in the notes to his "Border Minstrelsy." Originally they were settled on the lands of Gordon and Huntly in the Merse. Adam de Gordon, a distinguished ancestor of the "Cocks of the North," was a troublesome neighbor to the Northumbrians, and a favorite companion-in-arms of the Bruce. He received a grant of the confiscated estates of David de Strathbolgie, Earl of Athol—which showed, as the event proved, nothing more than the gratitude and kind intentions of his sovereign, for De Strathbolgie saved his feudal territories by a timely return to his allegiance. However, the suspended title was revived in the person of Adam de Gordon's great-grandson, who was actually invested with the wild district of Strathbolgie when the Lord Athol, who then possessed it, had fallen in open rebellion. That John de Gordon had fought under the Douglas at Otterburne—when

"The Gordons good, in English blood
They steeped their hose and shoon."

The romantic vicissitudes of the Douglasses are well known. Tracing their origin back to the myth of the "dark gray man," and to times when tradition confounds itself with history, by warlike deeds and illustrious alliances they grew to a power that repeatedly overshadowed the throne, and excited the fear and hatred of their sovereigns. The last of the elder branch aspired and almost attained to a position much resembling that of Lord Warwick, the mighty king-maker, whom Lord Lytton has described as the last of the English barons. There was no disputed succession, however, in Scotland, and the Douglasses were loyal, though ambitious and overbearing. Since the father of the "Good Lord James" had allied himself with the Southern faction, they never made unpatriotic compacts with England, like their east-country rivals the Earls of March, and too many of the great Border nobility. But they provoked the jealousy of their peers and neighbors as well as of their king, and their aggressiveness had prepared the way for their fall. The honors of the

mighty family that was exiled and proscribed were revived in its younger members. There were Earls of Angus so powerful that it became a common saying that none durst strive with a Douglas or a Douglas's man; and one of the lords of Morton became Regent. Yet the Douglasses never again permanently asserted the exceptional position they once had occupied. We are told that when Montrose tried to raise the Border counties before Philiphaugh, only a mere handful of horse answered the call of the once-honored name. As for the last Duke of Douglas, he died childless in 1761, and the Border possessions of the family have passed to descendants in the female line. Their wealth and greatness in the earliest times, as well as the generous patronage they extended to the arts, are commemorated in those remarkable monuments in their chapel of St. Bride in Douglasdale, which date from the fourteenth century. In Lockhart's "Life of Scott" there is a most interesting account of the visit to the spot, when the author of "Waverley," in the decay of his powers and memory, had been writing his last novel of "Castle Dangerous." It seems strange, by the way, that among all his wanderings in the Borders, he had never before made a pilgrimage to the scenes of historical associations which had inspired many of the finest passages in his works. Five hundred of the race, Lockhart tells us, had been laid to rest in the overcrowded vaults, which had been closed for burials a century before that time.

As the Douglasses, richly rewarded for the loyalty of the Good Lord James, had risen, like the Gordons, on the fall and forfeiture of the rebel barons in King Robert's time, so in repeated confiscations their vast domains came to be distributed among the lesser clans of the Border. Scotts and Kerrs, in a lively hope of favors to come, preferred to fight for the King, who had lands to give away, rather than follow the banners of their formidable neighbors. They acquired other estates afterward, by gift or purchase, exchange, or marriage. The Scotts and Kerrs have flourished and multiplied. Though descendants may have been transmitted in the female line, the representatives of the ancient chiefs occupy the highest rank

in the peerage; while sundry cadets of the clans have been ennobled, whose forefathers were lesser barons, and famous for their moss-trooping feats. Ayton, who inherited the fire and the patriotism of the best of the old Scottish bards, pays a graceful tribute in his "Bothwell" to the sagacity of the successive heads of those gallant families—

"Wise was Buccleuch, and Cessford too,
Who stoutly held their own,
And little cared amid their clans
For threats from either throne."

But other races of reivers, likewise very "pretty fellows in their day," and at least as daring, have been far less fortunate. The Grahams of the Scottish border, for instance—proclaimed a headless and broken clan—were at one time transported bodily to Ireland; while the fate of the gallant Armstrongs, the heroes of so many of our most soul-stirring ballads, is still more melancholy. They had once owned the greater part of Liddesdale, where they had built the keeps, which remain in picturesque decay to the present day, on many a point of vantage. Their chief fortress was Mangertoun, even in its ruin an imposing building of its class; though their real stronghold was among the black flows of the Tarras moss, in which the wizard Lord Soulis had "stabled his stalwart steeds," sent in the disastrous expedition under Red Ringan. But James V. effectually broke their power when, marching southward in guise of peace, he held his rough-and-ready hanging assizes on the Borders; and the ruthless convictions and executions in his grandson's time seem to have finished the work he began. Since then the Armstrongs have gradually disappeared from the districts they had so gallantly defended against the English; and, considering the easy morality of the age, and the better fortune of many of their reiving neighbors, it must be owned that they were hardly treated.

While lands were changing hands in wars and insurrections; while families were being extinguished in savage blood-feuds, or falling victims to the thoroughgoing justice of the Crown—the Haigs stuck to the bulk of their Bemersyde acres, and continued to be fairly flourishing. And the fact is almost as extraordinary as the popular prophecy which

tradition attributes to "true Thomas." They may have owed something to the protection of the powerful Earls of March, who appear to have been their feudal superiors. But the Earls of March themselves were often on the losing side, and when a great insurgent made his peace with the Crown, his dependents were often likely to suffer. Be that as it may, and setting aside the fanciful traditions which traced the pedigree of the Haigs directly to the Pictish kings, they seem to have been settled on Bemersyde in the reign of David I., and consequently in the middle of the twelfth century; so that already they were a highly respectable "county family" when Edward I. invaded Scotland. To quote Mr. Russell, who has shown as much acuteness as research in arranging their interesting family annals:

"Of the hundreds of forts and castles which once existed on the Scottish Border, and whose ruins still excite the wonder and curiosity of the antiquary, Bemersyde is the only one that is still inhabited as a manorial residence, and inhabited, too, by the family that were its original founders."

And he adds, very naturally:

"This singular tenacity of possession, extending as far back as into the twelfth century, would under any circumstances be remarkable; and in the present instance becomes all the more so when we bear in mind that its locality is in the very centre of that district of Scotland which for more than three hundred years was the battle-ground of two hostile nationalities, as well as the scene of almost unceasing internal conflict, rapine, and dissension."

The Haigs may well be proud of their descent, and there is enough that is curious or suggestive in their chronicles to make Mr. Russell's volume both valuable and interesting. We can only refer to it, however, in connection with our subject, and in so far as it throws a light on the condition of the Borders at different periods. What was in the riding-days an ordinary Border tower, has been added to and modernized as "Bemersyde House," though the ancient *stamm schloss*, which has been subsequently battlemented and bartizaned, still exists in the body of the building. The situation is characteristic of all these places of strength, though the surroundings are softer and more romantic than they

often were. Indeed the site of the original Abbey of Melrose, founded by the pious David, is on the opposite reach of the river; and we have referred already to the taste of the monks in the selection of their residences. Bemersyde "stands on an elevated, rocky bluff, overhanging this, one of the most beautiful reaches of the Tweed." So that on the one side it was effectually protected by the river; while on the other, by the fall of the ground nature had assisted art in repelling any onslaught of an enemy. The tower, although of no great size, had its regular outworks; and the position of the barbicans indicated by a magnificent Spanish chestnut, said by tradition to have been planted when the foundations were laid. The venerable chestnut is cherished as the *covin* or trysting tree, beneath which the lairds of Bemersyde were in the habit of welcoming their guests. We may believe, too, that they occasionally held "beds of justice" there, for doubtless they had a right of pit and gallows. The Haigs had established themselves in their ancestral seat in the days when the country was comparatively quiet and prosperous. Its general aspect was very different from what it has become since it was desolated by the ravages of war, and reclaimed by agricultural enterprise. It is only fair, however, to let Mr. Russell speak for himself, since his description happens to be remarkably spirited:

"Next to those everlasting hills and majestic rivers which best defy time and change, the great stretches of forest and woodland that everywhere prevailed formed the chief external feature of the Border country. From the Cheviots to the Lammermoors, the higher grounds were clothed in all the waving luxuriance of a primeval forest—the hillsides that now stand out bare and brown being dark with ancestral pines or shaded by wide-spreading groves of venerable oak. Round Jedburgh and Hawick were immense belts of country covered with trees, the traces of which are visible to the present day. At Bowden, in Roxburghshire, was a wood of 500 acres; and almost the entire area of the county of Selkirk was one vast forest, abounding in magnificent herds of deer. . . . The lofty mountains between the Yarrow and the Tweed, which now yield no higher growth than the heath and the bracken, then bore upon their heaving flanks a 'dark forest,' which a royal army of a later day still thought was 'awesome' to see. The whole country between the Gala and the Leader, down to the Eildons was covered with wood, the

memory of which is still retained in the nomenclature of the district. We have Langshaw, and Allanshaw, and Hareshaw; Broadwoodhill, Wooplawwood, and Oakendean. Even on the estate of Bemersyde were Woodhead, and Flatwood, and Threepwood—names now either lost, or shorn of their significance. . . . The principal rivers were then less restricted in their course than now; for at that time the beautiful haughlands and meadows which modern industry has reclaimed, were in general mere wastes of bog and morass, studded with clumps of willow and alder, and fringed with beds of water-flag and rushes, where the boom of the bittern resounded at nightfall, and flights of wild-fowl darkened the sun at noon-day."

From the early charters granted by the lairds of Bemersyde, we learn something indirectly of the habits of life of a considerable landed proprietor of the period and his dependents. The oldest of those charters which now exists is undated, but it is assumed on good evidence to be *circa* 1215. By it, Petrus de Haga gives two oxgates of land, a portion of one of his forests, and a tenement, to the monks of the adjacent Abbey of Dryburgh, in which the Haigs have always had their burial-place. The consideration was, of course, to be masses for the souls of Peter himself, his departed wife, his ancestors and successors. The tenement alienated by the pious donor had really been the Bemersyde dower-house, as the deed sets forth that it had been occupied by his mother Goda, "of good memory." It is accurately designated as "the fifth to the east," from which Mr. Russell jumps to the conclusion that the village of Bemersyde must have been of considerable size; that the dwelling in question must have been not greatly distinguishable from the others; and that probably it was one of the peels or bastel-houses common upon the Borders at a later period. From that charter, and another which De Haga had signed as witness, he reconstructs and peoples one of those feudal villages which sheltered under the keep of the proprietor or superior. Mr. Russell is probably right in asserting that they were then constructed chiefly of wood; though it is certain that afterward, when forays were frequent, the principal houses appear generally to have been built of solid stone, which might be gutted but could not be destroyed by fire; while the

bondsmen kennelled in hovels which cost but a few hours' labor. They were inhabited partly by freemen, partly by the villeins or born thralls, who were either sold separately or went with the estates, like the blacks on our own West Indian plantations. The charter shows, moreover, that the villagers were in comfortable circumstances, and that they even paid an attention to the graces of life, which became impossible as the country grew more unsettled. Each had a garden round his cottage, with rights of grazing on the commonland. And Mr. Russell refers for confirmation of his pleasing picture to the rental-book of the rich Abbey of Kelso, which, although bearing a somewhat later date, applies to a similar state of things. In the village of Bowden, which was owned by the monks, there was a society of thirty-six thriving cottagers, and to each cottage was attached from one to nine acres. They paid rents which were not exorbitant—even considering the values of that age—partly in coin, varying from one to six shillings, and partly in labor. The services, however, were very different from the crushing conventual *corvées* which went so far toward bringing the French Revolution to a crisis; for they were limited to nine days in the year. There were besides, in Bowden, twenty-eight cultivators of a higher class, who each paid half a merk for his husbandland with its right of patronage—which was precisely our lawyer's fee of six shillings and eightpence—with services payable to the monastery, including labor in harvest. They were further bound, of course, to follow the convent banner in time of war, which in those comparatively happy days was only tantamount to an undertaking to turn out in case of need for the common protection.

There is another very singular charter, which is well worth notice. When Petrus de Haga attached his seal and signature to a formal deed of trivial tenor, he never dreamed that he was suggesting a subject for the speculations of inquisitive antiquarians six centuries later. The writing sets forth that he had covenanted with the abbot and convent of Melrose, in quittance of certain transgressions committed by him and his, to make a yearly payment of ten salmon,

five of them fresh and five old ; that the said religious men, moved by piety, and seeing that the payment tended to the disinheritation of De Haga and his heirs, had consented to relieve him of it. Consequently, it was to be compounded for the annual delivery of a half-stone of wax, under a penalty of thirty pennies to the lamp of the chapel of St. Cuthbert, for each month that the delivery might be delayed. The deed is undoubtedly puzzling. It is a mystery why the delivery of the salmon should have tended to the disinheritation of the Haigs ; for the theory that salmon could ever have been so scarce in the Tweed as to make the discharge of the obligation in any way difficult, is altogether untenable. Mr. Russell's suggested interpretation is far more plausible. He thinks that the fishings on the Bemersyde may have been vested in one of the powerful over-lords, who may have resented any encroachment on his rights as superior ; and that the monks had granted a release to the Haigs from engagements which might embroil them with a formidable neighbor.

But another fact of still greater interest is connected with this curious deed. Among sundry subscriptions of witnesses of rank and consequence, we find that of " Thomas Rimor of Ercildun," demonstrating clearly, were demonstration needed, that the Rhymer was a real historical personage. Besides, although this deed is likewise undated, on collateral evidence it may be assigned to somewhere between the years 1260 and 1270, which approximately fixes the time when the Rhymer flourished. Scott, when speculating on the age of the seer and the events with which tradition has associated him, found it necessary to stretch certain dates to the limits of credibility, that he might reconcile facts which were barely reconcilable. But Sir Walter, although admiring the family of his good neighbors at Bemersyde, as he admired everything that was ancient, honorable, and romantic, was not so thoroughly versed in their pedigree as Mr. Russell, who has ransacked the family records. Scott assumed that there was but a single Peter de Haga, and he felt bound to attribute to him a patriarchal length of years ; while Mr. Russell has discovered that three lairds of the name

had inherited the lands in succession, which simplifies the dates amazingly, by smoothing away sundry difficulties ; and there seem fair grounds for presuming that the Rhymer was an aged man when he set his hand to the deed in question. He is said to have lived at Ercildoune, now Earlstown, in Berwickshire, where the ruin still exists which bears the name of the Rhymer's Tower. And the lands of Ercildoune are only separated from those of Bemersyde by the Cowdenknowes, so familiar to admirers of the Border minstrelsy ; so that True Thomas may well have lived in friendly intimacy with the successive generations of the Peters de Haga. As for the celebrated prophecy, from which the Haigs are said to have borrowed their motto of " Tyde what may," which surmounts the heraldic rock, which is happily suggestive of their stability, if not genuine—and the embodiment, as Mr. Russell suggests, of a kindly wish—it has at least proved *ben trovato*. It is admitted that it has been in circulation from a very remote antiquity. And Scott, while demonstrating that many of the predictions attributed to the Rhymer were spurious and obviously adapted *ex post facto* to memorable historical events, as others might well have been based on a shrewd forecast of probabilities, says, " We know at least, for certain, that a belief in his supernatural knowledge was current soon after his death." He adds that the author of the metrical romance of " Sir Tristram"—the solitary known copy of the romance is treasured in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh—would never have been immortalized in tradition as " the Rhymer," had it not been for the popularity of his prophetic staves.

The storm that the inspired bard had predicted, burst, as we have said, with disastrous violence on the Border. For centuries they became the bloody scenes of universal terror and anarchy ; and such infant institutions as we have seen flourishing on the banks of the Tweed, under the protection of the convents and the feudal strongholds, were everywhere uprooted. When the places of strength were stormed and sacked—when the very monasteries were burned over the heads of their inmates by men who set spiritual censures at defiance—it was certain that

the humbler classes would have more than their share of suffering. When men hardly hoped to reap where they had sown, anything like careful agriculture was at an end. There were no more orchards of fruit-trees, grafted from foreign stocks, to be found within the precincts of the monasteries; no more patches of garden-ground around the cottages of the villagers. We have seen that the tenants of Bemersyde and of the Abbey of Kelso had been in the habit of paying regular rents according to the terms of their tacks. Nothing is more significant of the melancholy change than the fact that, from the wars of independence to the Union, money rents had ceased to be paid altogether. The feudal barons and the chiefs of the clans distributed their bleak domains among their kinsfolk and vassals on tenures of man-service; and the only other return they received was in the shape of occasional help in their own rude farming. Indeed there was little or no current coin forthcoming; and the wealth, or rather the poverty, of the Borderers consisted in their droves of half-starved sheep and cattle. Life, even in the households of the nobility, must have been rough to wretchedness; and often, especially in the winter, they were reduced to extreme privations. When flesh was plentiful, they feasted on huge joints, with coarse-baked cakes of oatmeal or barley; and when girdel and larder were exhausted by their improvidence, the replenishing them depended on the success of their raids. We have always thought that the worthy housekeeper "cut it rather fine" who was in the habit of serving a pair of spurs on her baronial table as a signal that it was high time for her riders to bestir themselves. But the Borderers, like the trappers of the Fur Companies in the far west of America, were accustomed to tide over times of fasting by taking up a hole or two in their leathern belts; and if they set little store by the ceremonial observances of the Church, they were constantly keeping involuntary Lents. Yet the Scots, we fancy, were seldom in such dire extremities as some of their neighbors and enemies on the English side. Like the wilder English dalesmen, they were secured from utter devastation by the natural fastnesses to which they

could retreat, driving their four-footed property before them. But the more open country between the Tweed and Alnwick, or even Newcastle, lay helplessly exposed to a Scottish invasion; famine used to become chronic there, when there was prolonged war between the crowns; and pestilence and deadly epidemics followed closely on the footsteps of the famines. Things could scarcely have been worse, in north-eastern Northumberland, than during the Wars of the Roses, before and after the battle of Hexham. But in the fourteenth century, as we learn from contemporary documents, the rich living of Morpeth had become entirely worthless, though Morpeth was defended by a tower and castle. And it is said that at that time, in all Northumberland there were only eight benefices of any value. Redesdale is as strongly defended by nature as any of the Scotch valleys; and from the times when the Umfravilles held their manors on condition of clearing them from thieves and wolves, the Redesdale men had always been famed for their ferocity and hardihood, as Bernard Gilpin nearly learned to his cost when he undertook their spiritual education in the sixteenth century. But it is significant that in the extensive parish of Elsdon there is not a single gentleman's house of an older date than the reign of Queen Anne.

When all lived by the good old rule that "they should take who had the power"—when men held their lives by as precarious a tenure as the property they were sure to defend desperately—the marvel is that the weaker clans should not have been exterminated. The probable explanation is, that by offering their military services they could make sure of powerful allies or protectors. Hardy fighting-men were always welcome to chiefs with half a score of feuds on their hands, committed to a continual struggle for ascendancy. And there are bonds of man-rent still to be found in family charter-chests, by which barons of good descent and position placed themselves and their people unreservedly at the disposal of some more powerful noble. So in later days, when the lords of Buccleuch, who were always politic as well as valiant, had been rising into prominence on the decline of the

Douglasses, they enlisted the spears of the Elliots and Armstrongs, who were ranking already among the "broken clans." But strong or weak, each man fortified himself as best he could against the impending surprise or onslaught which could only be a question of time. The villages more immediately on the Borders were necessarily the most exposed. In these the strength of the peels or bastel-houses was duly regulated by statute. They were to be surrounded by a wall, which was to be one yard in thickness and six yards in height, and which was to enclose a space of 61 square feet. To the larger peels there were double doors—the outer of grated iron, the inner of oak, crossed with iron-bars, and clenched with hammered horse-nails, such as yielded to the house-breaking experience of Christie of the Clinthill, when he released the imprisoned inmates of Glendearg. The ground-floor of the smaller bastels formed a shelter for the cattle—it communicated with the living-room above by an iron trap-door; and each gloomy little fortress had its loopholes, if not its battlements, from which arrows, bullets, or boiling water were discharged from under cover on the assailants. Many of those villages of clustered forts, the counterparts of which are still to be found in Thibet and Afghanistan, were encircled by a triple wall, enclosing the very limited arable land which was divided by alternate strips among the little community. Where there chanced to be a church, the roof was of stone, to minimize the damage of the periodical conflagrations. Surprises secretly planned and adroitly carried out were most destructive. When there was apprehension of a foray, the passes were watched; scouts were in readiness to carry the alarm to the adjacent hills, where there were old men and lads to tend the bale-fires; and the forts and passes were occupied in force, if there seemed a fair prospect of defending them.

Meanwhile the alarm-fires, kindling from hill to hill, blazed the news to the warden or the lord of the district; while mounted messengers, following fast, explained details and the strength of the foray. If it proved a mere dash of a handful of reivers, probably neither one nor the other thought it worth while to

stir. But if a lord warden deemed the affair of sufficient importance, he had a right to summon every man within his bounds, between the ages of sixteen and sixty. As for the isolated deeds of "spulzie," which were encouraged by custom, they were admittedly illegal if the nations were at peace; though the legalized proceedings, by way of redress, were somewhat rough and primitive. A thief might be followed up by "hot-trod," with hue and cry, hound and horn; while any of his reseters or rescuers were equally answerable to justice with the culprit himself. One of the peasants in the "Black Dwarf," discussing the old fashion of "following a fray" across the Border, describes it, as we have no doubt, very accurately: "Hout! there's nae great skill needed: just put a lighted peat on the end of a spear or hay-fork or something, and blaw a horn, and cry the gathering-word; and then it's lawful to follow gear into England, and recover it by the strong hand, or to take gear from some other Englishman, provided ye lift nae mair than's been lifted from you;—that's the auld Border law made at Dundrennan in the days of the Black Douglas. Deil ane need doubt it." William of Deloraine, as we remember, had "baffled Percy's best blood-hounds:" hounds were kept at towers and castles, as much for the chase of the moss-troopers as of the deer; and where there was a lonely hamlet or an outlying peel, wakeful bantogs were let loose in the enclosures after dusk, to give warning of the approach of a stealthy enemy.

But lawless as they were, the Borders had their rude system of laws, or rather of customs, and their semi-barbarous virtues. The wardens held their courts of justice, whither aggrieved parties came with their complaints, and where those charged with offences which they stubbornly denied, were sometimes persuaded to appear under safe-conducts. When no blood had been shed, outrages that had brought unexpectedly unpleasant consequences were not unfrequently compounded for by agreement. It strikes us that one of these wild open-air tribunals would furnish a fine subject for the painter; and we are surprised that no artist of genius has had the ambition to attempt it. The execution might be

difficult, but it needs no great stretch of imagination to design the composition. We can conjure up the scene on the fells, with a broad river sweeping swiftly round a hill-locked haugh, and a stern fortress rising in the background. A warden of lofty port, in bright armor, but bare-headed, stands or sits in his chair of dignity, surrounded by the chivalry of the neighborhood. The dismounted riders, in the battered mail that has been rusted by exposure to the weather in many a night-ride, or in their storm-beaten buff-coats — fierce-eyed, hollow-cheeked men, but hard as iron—stand grouped about, leaning on their long lances. Their under-sized horses, far more serviceable than showy—many of them strained, half foundered, and touched in the wind with reckless usage and desperate gallops—are picketed or knotted together by the bridles; while savage dogs with shaggy coats and blood-shot eyes, prowl about the outskirts of the gathering. When a case comes up for solemn judgment, what fierce gesticulations between contending suitors, smarting under the sense of mortal outrages! Even respect for the baron sitting *in banco*, whose hand is as heavy as his speech is austere, can hardly hold them back from flying at each other's throats. Or take, as a companion picture, one of the great football-matches, in which not only rival clans would meet each other, but even the marchmen from opposite sides of the boundary-line. Then the armor was cast aside, and the jack-boots likewise, as we should suppose; and the sinewy lads, as long in wind as in limb, "brattled over the braes" after the ball, like their half-bred deer-hounds. What savage "scrimmages" when 'the Border blood was hot, and old enemies meeting in the way of play had a blissful chance of half throttling each other! Naturally the players had to part with their whingers as a preliminary; but we may conceive that many a quarrel beginning with fisticuffs came to be settled afterward with the cold steel. And in the feasting that followed, with the flow of ale and the bursts of barbaric minstrelsy that fired their fierce tempers, the conviviality must often have degenerated into brawling when the "malt got abune the meal." Then we see the guests sepa-

rating after the stirrup-cups, with hand-shakes like bear-hugs, and rough farewells; the riders stagger toward their neighing horses, and break up in boisterous bands, riding through bog and swamp and ford in the wan moonlight—waking the echoes in the hills with shouts and snatches of song, till they had taken the edge off the mettle of their fretted steeds, and sullen silence settled down upon the party.

The union of the crowns, preceding that of the kingdoms, did much to bring that state of bloody anarchy to an end. A man was no longer safe from his sovereign's justice when he had left the frontier line behind him. James VI. of Scotland, unlike his grandfather and his great-grandfather, had no great fancy for acting the Grand Justiciar in person; nor did he care to face the flash of the Border steel, when desperate men drew swords in earnest. But if he did not personally superintend summary executions like those of Piers Cockburn of Henderland and the much-lamented Armstrong of Gilnockie, he went about the work of extirpation more systematically. Strongholds which from time immemorial had been the nests of rebel chiefs, were destroyed or dismantled, and their occupants were heavily fined and banished, condemned to indefinite periods of imprisonment, or bound over to keep the peace under penalties. The "debatable lands," the inhabitants of which had long eluded a jurisdiction that, being claimed by both kingdoms, was enforced by neither, were transferred to the Earl of Cumberland for a fixed yearly fee-farm. The Earl, with the law and its forces at his back, took order with his new tenants, and thenceforward the territories of the notorious Grahams became tolerably orderly. In fact, from the reign of James in England, reiving may be said to have ceased as a profession. But it was a task of time and trouble to change the habits of men who lived in the isolation of their inaccessible valleys, among hills where the intricate passes were only known to themselves. They began to breed sheep and rear herds of black cattle, and occasionally carried their colts to the horse-fairs, which were scenes of deep drinking and hard fighting. But they were still addicted to "lifting" in a quiet way, and

were the terror of their more peaceably disposed neighbors, who often found it prudent to pay them liberal black-mail. We need scarcely say that the king's writ never ran in these dales, and the hue and cry, unless supported by the sheriff and the *comitatus*, discreetly stopped short of the well-guarded entrance. Gradually matters improved, as the law succeeded in asserting itself, and when criminals had no longer the confidence of impunity. The dalesmen had been effectually disarmed after the latest of the Jacobite risings; and though the constable's calling was still a dangerous one, it was found that putting him in bodily peril did not pay in the end. If the law were baffled for the moment, it was nevertheless inexorable, and culprits were followed up and ferreted out. But, in times comparatively recent, the lawless classes were largely recruited from the Border population. It was the districts near the Solway that furnished the bold-est smugglers to the fair-traders who ran their cargoes from the Isle of Man by moonlight. It was the Border farmers who furnished well-armed escorts to the strings of pack-horses, laden with tea-chests and spirit-casks, that might be heard jingling along the hill-causeways in the dead of the night; and the wastes were favorite encampments of those roving gangs of gypsies who established a permanent winter settlement at Kirk Yetholm.

We have referred already to the Borderers' notions of good faith, and to the stanchness with which they kept to their plighted word. Being everything rather than religious, an oath had with them little more sanctity than a simple promise solemnly given. But when a Borderer pledged his "hand and glove," the enemy who had burned the roof-tree over his household, driven his cattle, or slain his brother, might lay aside all distrust and "take a tryst" to talk matters over. And they seem to have always prided themselves on free hospitality, even when the sacrifices in practising it were almost as great as in the case of Boccaccio's poverty-stricken gentleman, who wrung the neck of his favorite falcon to entertain the lady of his heart. We often hear in the old ballads of refugees who were entertained for years at free quarters, though sometimes, no doubt, they

did good service for their keep—as, when Hobbie Noble, the sturdy Bewcastleman in "Jock o' the Side," was picked out as one of the chosen three sent to snatch Lord Scrope's captive from the warden's clutches. In later days, the hearty sheep-farmers, living in rough plenty, could better afford to make their guests comfortable. It was from the actual experience of his own youthful wanderings, that Scott sketched the reception of "the Captain" by Dandie Dinmont at Charlieshope. Week after week Scott and his companion had gone from solitary homestead to solitary homestead, never putting hand in pocket except to pay the turnpikes. To be sure, the favor was felt to be by no means on one side. A farmer who vegetated where no wheeled-carriage had ever been seen, and who let his fly-blown correspondence accumulate in a distant post-office till pleasure or business chanced to take him to the market-burgh, would gladly welcome "the cracks" of a cheerful stranger. And the future author of "Waverley" must have been "grand company," with his endless store of jest and anecdote; with his quick sympathy in the tastes of his companions for the time, and his enthusiasm for their "auld warld" songs and traditions. By the way, there is no better story told in Lockhart's Life than one that is highly characteristic of the excessive hospitality of those hill-folk. After many nights of carousing far into the small hours, Scott was congratulating himself on one occasion on having been let off very easily. There had been only a single bottle of the classic elder-flower wine at supper; and the household, after a temperate repast, had knelt down to its devotions—when suddenly there was a noise of horse-hoofs outside, and the goodman conducting the "exercise" jumped jovially to his feet. He rubbed his eyes, "with an exclamation of 'By —, here's the keg at last!'" and in tumbled, as he spoke the word, a couple of sturdy herdsmen, "whom, in expectation of the advocate's visit, he had dispatched for a supply of rum.

In so savage a country, with its scarcely less savage inhabitants, the most sombre and fantastic superstitions were sure to flourish. The moss-trooper on his lonely rides, with the crimes that

burdened even his callous conscience, heard strange cries in the winds and the moaning of the waters and the cries of the night animals, and evolved terrible and spectral shapes from the mists and the gloomy shadows. His imagination peopled his solitudes with those tutelary spirits that we find in the mythology of all barbarous peoples; and they took their color on the Borders from his uneducated fancy, so that their individualities were as rude as their designations were homely. The streams and the depths of the black lakelets were inhabited by shellycoats and kelpies, while the dwarfish and malignant brown man of the moors would show himself for the most part as a messenger of mischance or disaster. The brownie, more properly so called, was a familiar and friendly spirit, who, like Milton's hard-working and good-humored "lubber fiend," attached himself to a dwelling. The Cumberland dalesmen, we believe, called him Hob Thross. The fairies, or "good people," who were spoken of with bated breath, led up their moonlight dances within the fairy circles on many a green hillock. As for the reality of their existence, how was it possible to question it, when they left such material proofs of it behind them as the goblet that became the famous "luck of Edenhall"?—while, so late as the end of the sixteenth century, an old lady was tried, sentenced, and executed, chiefly on her own damning confession that she had "hanted and repaired with the gude neighbors and the Queen of Elfland." Then there were many holy or enchanted wells, whose waters were either believed to have marvellous healing properties, or which were consecrated to saints by the Church, and recommended as objects of pilgrimage. The belief in witchcraft was of course universal; but on the Borders there had been wizards and witches of all degrees of rank, from the terrible Lord Soulis and Sir Michael Scott, down to the woman who cast her spells on the kye, and would turn herself, by the help of her familiar, into a mawkin. Surveying the lonely wreck of the Soulis Castle of Hermitage in the gloaming, and recalling the sinister fame of its tyrant of evil memory, we can well understand how the belated peasant should have shuddered at it. Built by

malignant demons coerced by magic spells, imprisoned fiends continued to haunt its ruins. But it is strange, when tradition has been confirmed by the credulity of centuries, how imagination from the abstract will condescend on the concrete.

"The door of the chamber where Lord Soulis is said to have held his conferences with the evil spirits, is supposed to be opened once in seven years by that demon to which, when he left the castle never to return, he committed the keys, by throwing them over his left shoulder and desiring it to keep them till his return. Into this chamber, which is really the dungeon of the castle, the peasant is afraid to look; for such is the active malignity of its inmate, that a willow inserted at the chinks of the door, is found peeled or stripped of its bark when drawn back."

As for the illustrious Michael Scott, though his bones are said to have mouldered in one of the Border abbeys, as the lands where he had his "local habitation" lay in Fife, he is only remembered on the Borders by the handiwork of his familiar spirits. It was a demon in his service

"That cleft Eildon hills in three,
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone."

But even that potent necromancer, the evidences of whose supernal powers are so unmistakable, having never put the country people in bodily terror like Lord Soulis, has been ridiculed and vulgarized in the popular recollection. Some of the stories told of him show in a ludicrously grotesque light the enchanter whose horse-hoofs shook the towers of Notre Dame, making him the sport and mockery of inferior intelligences—as when he was turned into a hare by a malicious hag, and only enabled to resume his shape when he found a moment's breathing-space from his greyhounds in his own common sewer.

The manners and rugged simplicity of the Borderers are reflected in their ballads, which are often as harsh, abrupt, and inconsecutive as the uneducated minds that conceived them; but are not unfrequently beautiful in the extreme. In their evident realism, with the frequent undercurrent of quaint drollery, they are the most trustworthy and invaluable contributions to the pictures which fancy dimly evokes from the past. Some of them are unmelodious enough; and the "maker"—for we can hardly

call him the poet—has simply thrown into halting metre everyday incidents in most vulgar speech. We need hardly say that these, for the most part, are indisputably genuine and ancient. But the majority show true poetical fire, with the higher qualities that make popular lyrics immortal. Account for it as we may, and by the admission of the most critical judges, the Scottish national poetry of the olden time is of a far higher order than the Southern ballads. To prove it, we need only compare Percy's "Reliques" with Scott's "Minstrelsy." In the English collections we have the narrative of some more or less sensational episodes turned into rhymes that are often mere doggerel, by some practically minded bard who mainly concerned himself with material facts. Robin Hood was surely a noble subject, as was Clym of the Clough and the other gallant archers who roamed the merry greenwood in Plantagenet times, as the yeoman - champions of the oppressed lower orders. But the exploits, in which these heroes had not always the best of it, might almost be contemporary police-reports conscientiously versified. Even the romantic story of the "Heir of Lynn," a prehistoric type of the victims of our modern money-lenders, where the imminent tragedy has a dramatic and delightfully unexpected *dénouement*, is related with a singular perversity of baldness. The old English ballad, as compared to the Scottish, is Bishop Percy's "Hermit of Warkworth," to Leyden's "Lord Soulis" or Scott's "Eve of St. John." The former, with its languidly monotonous flow and insipidly harmonious rhythm, deserved the caustic ridicule of Johnson, though the Lexicographer may have cherished a grudge to the Bishop, arising out of an after-dinner wrangle. While the others, with their mingled smoothness and fire, with their vigorous touches of character and their bright intensity of local coloring, are as good as anything that had gone before them. For the Scotch ballads, with their appeals to the passions and sentiments, with their animated outbursts of martial or patriotic feeling, with their brilliant touches of vivid description, with their turns of pregnant suggestiveness, and their notes of melting pathos, have passages that must always live in

the memory, as their echoes ring in the ears.

Lyrics of warlike adventure, of feats of harebrained peril, and audacious deeds of stouthreif, were naturally most in favor; and the memory of many an obscure freebooter has been kept green because he happened to number a "sacred bard" among his acquaintances. But some of the most ancient lyrics are in great measure fanciful and allegorical, showing such refinement in imaginative poetry as we should hardly have expected of the times. Noticeable among these is "Fause Foodrage," beginning—

"King Easter has courted her for her lands,
King Wester for her fee,
King Honour for her comely face
And for her fair bodie."

While others, which are either singularly beautiful or morbidly fantastic, are the idealism of the superstitions that must have sent a shuddering thrill through the group that gathered round the chimney-place to listen to them. In "The Young Tamlane," with its blending of vulgar fable and vivid realism, with its exquisitely graceful images and its quaintly descriptive epithets, we have the story of a mortal's intercourse with the Court of Elfland. More happy than the venerable Thomas of Ercildoune, whose unhallowed passion for the Fairy Queen seems to have transported him finally to her unknown country, fair Janet, by her faith, constancy, and courage, succeeds in recovering an enchanted lover. There is admirable spirit in the eager earnestness of Tamlane's instructions to his beautiful mortal bride:

"First let pass the black, Janet,
And syne let pass the broun;
But grip ye to the milk-white steed,
And pu' the rider down.

* * * * *

They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
An adder and an ask;
They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
A bale that burns fast."

Fair Janet is watching at the mirk midnight, listening to the "strange eldritch sounds" borne on the wild north wind, till the painful tension of expectation is relieved by the melodious ringing of the elfin bridles.

"And Janet was as glad o' that
As any earthly thing."

Strong in her love, the valiant maiden lays grip on the bridle of the milk-white steed; and as the elfin *cortège* draws rein, powerless to meddle in the strife, the weird predictions of her lover are fulfilled from point to point, till, after the manifold transformations, each more horrible than the former,

"They shaped him in her arms at last,
A mither-naked man."

The spiteful outbreak of the Queen of Fairyland, as she sees the lover she has held in her spells transferred back again to the arms of her rival, reflects the popular conception of those soulless spirits, and contrasts finely with the more earnest passion and deep maternal feeling of the maiden of mortal race. Infinitely pathetic, and exhibiting a still rarer instance of fantastic power tempered by true poetic feeling, is the wild ballad of "Clerk Saunders." The minstrel indulges freely in the horrible, and yet it never passes into absolute repulsiveness; for what might be loathsome is rather suggested than expressed. For a melodious masterpiece of ghostly and ghastly fancy, it may rank with the night-ride of Wilhelm and Leonore. The unfortunate clerk has been slain in deadly sin: he has died like Sir John Le-Spring, the hero of a modern English Border ballad, in the very embrace of his fond leman.

"And they lay still, and slept sound,
Until the day began to daw;
And kindly to him she did say,
'It is time, true love, you were awa'."

But he lay still, and slept sound," etc.

In the morning, when the "clinking bell" has gone through the town, and the "dead corse has been carried to the clay," the clerk presents himself at May Margaret's window an hour before cock-crow, to reclaim his faith and troth. But with Margaret, as with Janet, the maternal instincts are even stronger than lawless love, and she is loath to give back either faith or troth to the unwedded father of her unborn child. What a thrilling picture of despair, when she invites the shape she knows to be a spectre to come within and kiss her "cheik and chin"! He, too, has been impelled to revisit the scene of their sinful joys by some mysterious but irresistible fatality:

"My mouth it is full cold, Margaret,
It has the smell now of the ground;
And if I kiss thy comely mouth,
Thy days of life will not be long."

What a leave-taking it is when he tears himself away as the cocks are crowing and the "wild-fowls boding day"!—

"Gin ever the dead come for the quick,
Be sure, Marg'ret, I'll come for thee."

And the mysterious sympathy with the murdered man is so strong upon her, that, hap what will, she must follow. She loses sight of his shade in the depths of the forest, but she knows where to find him in the churchyard:

"'Is there ony room at your head, Saunders?
Is there ony room at your feet?
Or ony room at your side, Saunders,
Where fain, fain, I wad sleep?'"

"'There is nae room at my head, Marg'ret,
There is nae room at my feet;
My bed it is full lowly now—
Amang the hungry worms I sleep,

* * * * *

"'But plant a wand o' bonnie birk,
And lay it on my breast,
And shed a tear upon my grave,
And wish my saul good rest.'"

The best modern imitation of "Clerk Saunders" is in Scott's wonderful story of the "Eve of St. John"—by the way, Smailholm Tower is still standing near Bemersyde and Ercildoune. But there is a double mystery, or rather a complication of mysteries, in the original, which Scott has scarcely succeeded in imitating.

The author of "Clerk Saunders" leaves the connecting-links in his conception to the awakened fancy of his hearers: we understand that he must have assigned definite motives to his characters, even when he carries us within the bounds of the supernatural; and yet he leaves his meanings open to the ingenuity of plausible interpretations. But let us change the scene from that midnight chamber of horrors to the saddle, and leave the haunted graveyard for the fresh breezes of the open moors. If we search the minstrelsy of the Borders for forays and hard-fought skirmishes, we have only an embarrassment of choice. We might take the "Raid of the Reidswire," where a friendly Border meeting broke up in a fierce combat, and where the bard runs over a whole

beadroll of notorious Border names in describing the gathering of the clans to that unhappy tryst. But perhaps "Kinmont Willie" is even more characteristic, as recording, with the most unvarnished simplicity of language, one of those dare-devil exploits, which might seem incredible were they not matters of history. Kinmont Willie was an Armstrong, and a follower of the laird of Buccleuch. He had been chased and captured by the English, and laid by the legs in fetters in the dungeons of Carlisle Castle, strongly garrisoned at that time by one of the warlike Lords Scrope. It became a point of honor with his friends to rescue him, and "forty march-men bauld" were found to attempt the desperate adventure. Craft smoothed the way for the display of their courage :

"And five and five, like a mason gang,
That carried the ladders lang and hie ;
And five and five, like broken men,
And so they reached the Woodhouselee."

There is a dash of humor in the answers to "fause Sakelde," who questions them when they have crossed the Border ; and the mason lads tell him that they are bound to harry a corbie's nest. But when Sakelde comes to cross-examine the "broken men," he finds their taciturn leader eminently practical :

"The never a word had Dickie to say,
Sae he thrust his lance thro' his fause bodie."

The castle is stormed, the dungeon is forced, and the Kinmont, still encumbered by his fetters, is mounted on the broad shoulders of Red Rowan :

"O mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
'I have ridden horse baith wild and wood ;
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan,
I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode."

And there is an appropriately facetious finish, when the Bold Buccleuch, coming up with a body of horse to the support of his followers, bandies what we should call "chaff" with the irate Lord Scrope, when the chase has been stopped by the brimming Eden. Patriotism colors all the Border songs, taking poetical liberties with facts and figures, as may be seen in the rival ballads of Chevy Chase ; but on this occasion the Scottish minstrel may be excused for making Lord Scrope sing the praises of the enemy

"He is either himsell a devil frae hell,
Or else his mither a witch maun be ;
I wadna have ridden that wan water
For a' the gowd in Christentie."

"Jock o' the Side" almost reads like another version of the same ballad ; though the rescue of Jock is still more foolhardy, since only three riders-errant achieved the venture. The excitement when Jock was taken was tremendous, reminding us of the capture of Fernan Gonzalez, the Castile champion in the Spanish ballad :

"To Mangerton house Lady Downie has gane,
Her coats she has kilted up to her knee ;
And doun the water wi' speed she rins,
While tears in spaits fa' fast frae her e'e."

If "Jock o' the Side" was founded on fact, all we can say is, that the incidents must have been elaborately embroidered. The three adventurers force the gates of Newcastle ; wring the neck of the "proud porter" who withstands them ; make their way to the keep, and break open the chained and bolted doors with an ease and dexterity that leave Jack Sheppard leagues behind. And the ride from Tyneside to Cholerford, encumbered by the fettered captive, was more marvellous than Turpin's gallop to York. There must have been giants on the Border in those days. "The Laird's Wat," who was chosen as one of the three, and who may be supposed to have had more than an average amount of pluck, was abused by his brother as a "puir, faint-hearted thief," because he hesitated to ride the flooded Cholerford water. However, the four faced the flood, and got over safely, and then the ballad closes with the usual bitterly practical repartee to pursuers who, while close on their heels, had, like Lord Scrope, been brought to a standstill. The Northumbrian land-sergeant resigns himself to the loss of the prisoner, but begs the fugitives at least to leave him his fetters :

"I wat weil no," quo' the Laird's Jock ;
'I'll keep them a' ; shoon to my mare
they'll be."

We may bring our notice of the Borders and their ballads to a close with one which, to our mind, gives the most graphic idea of the life of the fierce raiding-days ; all the more so, that the verses are harsh and abrupt in the ex-

treme, and couched in the rudest and most familiar language. Indeed, Scott characterizes it as "the most uncouth and savage of all the Border ditties;" and many of the words are so antiquated that to understand them a glossary is indispensable. But then each stanza contains a picture, or rather a photograph, with highly suggestive traits of manners. In fact it is just such a ballad as suggested to Surtees his exquisite practical joke of the slaughter of Sir Albany Featherstonhaugh, with which he imposed so thoroughly on the critical minstrel of the North, that the warder on Norham battlements has been made to hum it in "Marmion." In the "Fray of Suport," "an English-woman, residing in Suport, near the foot of the Kershope, having been plundered in the night by a band of Scottish moss-troopers, is supposed to invoke her servants and friends for the pursuit or 'hot-trod'; upbraiding them at the same time in homely phrase for their negligence and security:"

"Sleepy Sim of the Lamb-hill,
And snoring Jock of Suport-mill,
Ye are baith right het and fou';
But my wae wakens na you.
Last night I saw a sorry sight—
Nought left me, o' four-and-twenty gude ow-
sen and ky,
My weel-riden gelding and a white quey,
But a toom byre and a wide,
And the twelve nogs on ilka side,
Fy, lads! shout a' a' a' a',
My gear's a' gane.

But Toppet Hob o' the Main had guestened
in my house by chance.
I set him to wear the front door wi' the speir,
while I kept the back door wi' the lance;
But they hae run him thro' the thick o' the
thie, and broke his knee-pan.

And the mergh o' his shin-bane has run down
on his leather spur whang:
He's lame while he lives, and where'er he
may gang.
Fy, lads! etc.

* * * * *

Doughty Dan o' the Houlet Hirst,
Thou was aye good at a birst;
Gude wi' a bow, and better wi' a speir—
The bauldest march-man that e'er followed
gear;
Come thou here.
Fy, lads! etc.

* * * * *

Ah, lads, we'll fang them a' in a net!
For I hae a' the fords o' Liddell set;
The Dunkin and the Door-loup,
The Willie-ford and the Water-slack,
The Black-rack and the Trout-dub o' Liddell;
There stands John Forster wi' five men at his
back,
Wi' buft coat and cup o' steil:
Boo! ca' at them e'en Jock;
That ford's sicker, I wat weil.
Fy, lads! etc.

* * * * *

Ah! but they will play ye another jig.
For they will out at the big rig,
And thro' at Fargy Graeme's gap.
But I hae another wile for that;
For I hae little Will and stalwart Wat,
And lang Aiky in the Souter Moor,
Wi' his sleuth-dog sits in his watch right
sure;
Should the dog gie a bark,
He'll be out in his sark,
And die or win.
Fy, lads! etc.

* * * * *

Captain Musgrave and a' his band
Are coming down by the Siller-Strand,
And the mickle toun-bell o' Carlisle is rung:
My gear was a' weel won,
And before it's carried o'er the Border, mony
a man's gae down.
Fy, lads! etc.

Blackwood's Magazine.

TALK AND TALKERS.

BY R. L. STEVENSON.

Sir, we had a good talk.—JOHNSON.

As we must account for every idle word, so
we must for every idle silence.—FRANKLIN.

THERE can be no fairer ambition than
to excel in talk; to be affable, gay,
ready, clear, and welcome; to have a
fact, a thought, or an illustration, pat to
every subject; and not only to cheer the
flight of time among our intimates, but

bear our part in that great international
congress, always sitting, where public
wrongs are first declared, public errors
first corrected, and the course of public
opinion shaped, day by day, a little
nearer to the right. No measure comes
before Parliament but it has been long
ago prepared by the grand jury of the
talkers; no book is written that has not
been largely composed by their assist-

ance. Literature in many of its branches is no other than the shadow of good talk; but the imitation falls far short of the original in life, freedom, and effect. There are always two to a talk, giving and taking, comparing experience and according conclusions. Talk is fluid, tentative, continually "in further search and progress;" while written words remain fixed, become idols even to the writer, found wooden dogmatisms, and preserve flies of obvious error in the amber of the truth. Last and chief, while literature, gagged with linsey-woolsey, can only deal with a fraction of the life of man, talk goes fancy free and calls a spade a spade. Talk has none of the freezing immunities of the pulpit. It cannot, even if it would, become merely æsthetic or merely classical like literature. A jest intervenes, the solemn humbug is dissolved in laughter, and speech runs forth out of the contemporary groove into the open fields of nature, cheery and cheering, like school-boys out of school. And it is in talk alone that we can learn our period and ourselves. In short, the first duty of a man is to speak; that is his chief business in this world; and talk, which is the harmonious speech of two or more, is by far the most accessible of pleasures. It costs nothing in money; it is all profit; it completes our education, founds and fosters our friendships, and can be enjoyed at any age and in almost any state of health.

One of the greatest pleasures to a youth is his first success in conversation; the first time that he falls among congenial people, that the talk runs on some point of common interest, that words come to him tull of authority and point, and that he is heard in silence and answered with approval. Next, after he has found that he can talk himself, he goes on to meet others who can talk as well or better than he, finishing his thoughts, uttering the things he had forgotten, using his own language, or one yet more apt and copious, but still native to his understanding. The first discovery is the more striking, but the second is the more cheerful. Then is the date of his first conversation worth the name, when he shall measure himself against his match, Greek meeting Greek, and in the discovery of another soul, glow into

the knowledge of his own. The spice of life is battle; the friendliest relations are still a kind of contest; and if we would not forego all that is valuable in our lot, we must continually face some other person, eye to eye, and wrestle a fall whether in love or enmity. It is still by force of body, or power of character or intellect, that we attain to worthy pleasures. Men and women contend for each other in the lists of love, like rival mesmerists; the active and adroit decide their challenges in the sports of the body; and the sedentary sit down to chess or conversation. All sluggish and pacific pleasures are, to the same degree, solitary and selfish; and every durable bond between human beings is founded in or heightened by some element of competition. Now the relation that has the least root in matter is undoubtedly that airy one of friendship; and hence, I suppose, it is that good talk most commonly arises among friends. Talk is, indeed, both the scene and instrument of friendship. It is in talk alone that the friends can measure strength, and enjoy that amicable counter-assertion of personality which is the gauge of relations and the sport of life.

A good talk is not to be had for the asking. Humors must first be accorded in a kind of overture or prologue; hour, company, and circumstance be suited; and then, at a fit juncture, the subject, the quarry of two heated minds, spring up like a deer out of the wood. Not that the talker has any of the hunter's pride, though he has all and more than all his ardor. The talker will lose his fox and run a hare, miss the hare and come in, at the end of his day's sport, flushed and happy and triumphant, though with empty hands. There are some, indeed, who will bait the same subject by the hour, as in the House of Commons, and cry treason on the man who flags or wanders. But this is not the stamp of the true talker. These talk for victory, or to improve their minds—a purpose that defeats itself. The genuine artist follows the stream of conversation as an angler follows the windings of a brook, not dallying where he fails to "kill." He trusts implicitly to hazard; and he is rewarded by continual variety, continual pleasure, and

those changing prospects of the truth that are the best of education. There is nothing in a subject, so called, that we should regard it as an idol, or follow it beyond the promptings of desire. Indeed, there are few subjects ; and so far as they are truly talkable, more than the half of them may be reduced to three : that I am I, that you are you, and that there are other people dimly understood to be not quite the same as either. Wherever talk may range, it still runs half the time on these eternal lines. The theme being set, each plays on himself as on an instrument ; asserts and justifies himself ; ransacks his brain for instances and opinions, and brings them forth new-minted, to his own surprise and the admiration of his adversary. All natural talk is a festival of ostentation ; and by the laws of the game, each accepts and fans the vanity of the other. It is from that reason that we venture to lay ourselves so open, that we dare to be so warmly eloquent, and that we swell in each other's eyes to such a vast proportion. For talkers, once launched, begin to overflow the limits of their ordinary selves, tower up to the height of their secret pretensions, and give themselves out for the heroes, brave, pious, musical, and wise, that in their most shining moments they aspire to be. So they weave for themselves with words, and for a while inhabit a palace of delights, temple at once and theatre, where they fill the round of the world's dignities, and feast with the gods, exulting in Kudos. And when the talk is over, each goes his way, still flushed at once with vanity and admiration, still trailing clouds of glory ; each declines from the height of this ideal orgie, not in a moment, but by slow declension. I remember, in the *entr'acte* of an afternoon performance, coming forth into the sunshine, in a beautiful green, garden corner of a romantic city ; and as I sat and smoked, the music moving in my blood, I seemed to sit there and evaporate the *Flying Dutchman* (for it was that I had been hearing) with a wonderful sense of life, warmth, well-being, and pride ; and the noises of the city, voices, bells, and marching feet, fell together in my ears like a symphonious orchestra. In the same way, the excitement of a good talk lives for a long while after in

the blood, the heart still hot within you, the brain still simmering, and the physical earth swimming around you with the colors of the sunset.

Natural talk, like ploughing, should turn up a large surface of life, rather than dig mines into geological strata. Masses of experience, anecdote, incident, cross-lights, quotation, historical instances, the whole flotsam and jetsam of two minds forced in and in upon the matter in hand from every point of the compass and from every degree of mental elevation and abasement—these are the material with which talk is fortified, the food on which the talkers thrive. Such argument as is proper to the exercise should still be brief and seizing. Talk should proceed by instances ; by the apposite, not the expository. It should keep close along the lines of humanity, near the bosoms and businesses of men, at the level where history, fiction, and experience intersect and illuminate each other. Into that illusory region where the speakers reign supreme, mankind must be evoked, not only in the august names and shadowy attributes of history, but in the life, the humor, the very bodily figure of their common friends. It is thus that they begin to marshal armies of evidence on either side of their contention ; and as they sit aloft and reason high, the whole pageant of man's life passes before them in review. I am I, and You are You, with all my heart ; but conceive how these lean propositions change and brighten when, instead of words, the actual you and I sit cheek by jowl, the spirit housed in the live body, and the very clothes uttering voices to corroborate the story in the face. Not less surprising is the change when we leave off to speak of generalities—the bad, the good, the miser, and all the characters of Theophrastus—and call up other men, by anecdote or instance, in their very trick and feature ; or trading on a common knowledge, toss each other famous names, still glowing with the hues of life. Communication is no longer by words, but by the instancing of whole biographies, epics, systems of philosophy, and epochs of history, in bulk. That which is understood excels that which is spoken in quantity and quality alike ; ideas thus figured and personified, change hands,

as we may say, like coin ; and the speakers imply without effort the most obscure and intricate thoughts. Strangers who have a large common ground of reading, will, for this reason, come the sooner to the grapple of genuine converse. If they know Othello and Napoleon, Consuelo and Clarissa Harlowe, Vautrin and Steenie Steenson, they can leave generalities and begin at once to speak by figures.

Conduct and art are the two subjects that arise most frequently and that embrace the widest range of facts. A few pleasures bear discussion for their own sake ; but only those which are most social or most radically human ; and even these can only be discussed among their devotees. A technicality is always welcome to the expert, whether in athletics, art, or law ; I have heard the best kind of talk on technicalities from such rare and happy persons as both know and love their business. No human being ever spoke of scenery for above two minutes at a time, which makes me suspect we hear too much of it in literature. The weather is regarded as the very nadir and scoff of conversational topics. And yet the weather, the dramatic element in scenery, is far more tractable in language, and far more human both in import and suggestion than the stable features of the landscape ; sailors and shepherds, and the people generally of coast and mountain, talk well of it ; it is often excitingly presented in literature, and Mr. Clark Russell's squalls and hurricanes are things to be remembered during life. But the tendency of all living talk draws it back and back into the common focus of humanity ; talk is a creature of the street and market-place, feeding on gossip ; and its last resort is still in a discussion on morals. That is the heroic form of gossip ; heroic, in virtue of its high pretensions ; but still gossip, because it turns on personalities. You can keep no men long, nor Scotchmen at all, off moral or theological discussion. These are to all the world what law is to lawyers ; they are everybody's technicalities ; the medium through which all consider life, and the dialect in which they express their judgments. I knew three young men who walked together daily for some two months, in a solemn and beautiful forest

and in cloudless summer weather ; daily they talked with unabated zest, and yet scarce wavered that whole time beyond two subjects : theology and love. And perhaps neither a court of love nor an assembly of divines would have granted their premises or welcomed their conclusions.

Conclusions, indeed, are not often reached by talk any more than by private thinking, that is not the profit ; the profit is in the exercise, and above all in the experience ; for when we reason at large on any subject, we review our state and history in life. Here we may apply the fable of the father and his sons ; there is, after all, no hidden treasure, no sounding discovery is made ; but the soil is labored and oxygenated, and yields more freely of its natural products. From time to time, however, and specially, I think, in talking art, talk becomes effective, conquering like war, widening the boundaries of knowledge like an exploration. A point arises ; the question takes a problematical, a baffling, yet a likely air ; the talkers begin to feel lively presentiments of some conclusion near at hand ; toward this they strive with emulous ardor, each by his own path, and struggling for first utterance ; and then one leaps upon the summit of that matter with a shout, and almost at the same moment the other is beside him, and behold they are agreed. Like enough, the progress is illusory, a mere cat's cradle having been wound and unwound out of words. But the sense of joint discovery is none the less giddy and inspiring. And in the life of the talker such triumphs, though imaginary, are neither few nor far apart ; they are attained with speed and pleasure, in the hour of mirth ; and by the nature of the process, they are always worthily shared.

This emulous, bright, progressive talking, the pick of common life, is most usually enjoyed in a duet. Three, in spite of the proverb, is often excellent company, but the talk must run more gently. When we reach these breathless moments, when there comes a difference to be resolved, the third party is either badgered by a coalition, or the two others address him as an audience and strive for victory ; and in either case, the necessary temper and sincerity are lost.

With any greater number than three, fighting talk becomes impossible ; and you have either indolent, laughter-loving divagation, or the whole company breaks up into a preacher and an audience. It is odd, but true, that I have never known a good brisk debate between persons of opposite sex. Between these it has always turned into that very different matter, a dispute. Instead of pushing forward and continually changing ground in quest of some agreement, the parties have instantly fortified their starting-point, and held that, as for a wager, against all odds and argument. To me, as a man, the cause seems to reside in the superior obstinacy of woman ; but there is little question that the fault is shared ; for the prosperity of talk lies not in one or other, but in both. There is a certain attitude, combative at once and deferential, eager to fight yet most averse to quarrel, which marks out at once the talkable man. It is not eloquence, not fairness, not obstinacy, but a certain proportion of all of these, that I love to encounter in my amicable adversaries. They must not be pontiffs holding doctrine, but huntsmen questing after elements of truth. Neither must they be boys to be instructed, but fellow-teachers with whom I may wrangle and agree on equal terms. We must reach some solution, some shadow of consent ; for without that, eager talk becomes a torture ; but we do not wish to reach it cheaply, or quickly, or without the tussle and effort wherein pleasure lies.

The very best talker, with me, is one whom I shall call Spring-Heel'd Jack. I say so, because I never knew any one who mingled so largely the possible ingredients of converse. In the Spanish proverb, the fourth man necessary to compound a salad, is a madman to mix it : Jack is that madman. I know not which is more remarkable ; the insane lucidity of his conclusions, the humorous eloquence of his language, or his power of method, bringing the whole of life into the focus of the subject treated, mixing the conversational salad like a drunken god. He doubles like the serpent, changes and flashes like the shaken kaleidoscope, transmigrates bodily into the views of others, and so, in the twinkling of an eye and with a heady rapture, turns questions inside

out and flings them empty before you on the ground, like a triumphant conjuror. It is my common practice when a piece of conduct puzzles me, to attack it in the presence of Jack with such grossness, such partiality and such wearing iteration, as at length shall spur him up in its defence. In a moment he transmigrates, dons the required character, and with moonstruck philosophy, justifies the act in question. I can fancy nothing to compare with the *vim* of these impersonations, the strange scale of language, flying from Shakespeare to Kant, and from Kant to Major Dyngwell,

As fast as a musician scatters sounds
Out of an instrument—

the sudden, sweeping generalizations, the absurd irrelevant particularities, the wit, wisdom, folly, humor, eloquence, and bathos, each startling in its kind, and yet all luminous in the admired disorder of their combination. A talker of a different calibre, though belonging to the same school, is Burly. Burly is a man of a great presence ; he commands a larger atmosphere, gives the impression of a grosser mass of character than most men. It has been said of him that his presence could be felt in a room you entered blindfold ; and the same, I think, has been said of other powerful constitutions condemned to much physical inaction. There is something boisterous and piratic in Burly's manner of talk which suits well enough with this impression. He will roar you down, he will bury his face in his hands, he will undergo passions of revolt and agony ; and meanwhile his attitude of mind is really both conciliatory and receptive ; and after Pistol has been out-Pistol'd, and the welkin rung for hours, you begin to perceive a certain subsidence in these spring torrents, points of agreement issue, and you end arm-in-arm, and in a glow of mutual admiration. The outcry only serves to make your final union the more unexpected and precious. Throughout there has been perfect sincerity, perfect intelligence, a desire to hear although not always to listen, and an unaffected eagerness to meet concessions. You have, with Burly, none of the dangers that attend debate with Spring-Heel'd Jack ; who may at any moment turn his pow-

ers of transmigration on yourself, create for you a view you never held, and then furiously fall on you for holding it. These, at least, are my two favorites, and both are loud, copious, intolerant talkers. This argues that I myself am in the same category ; for if we love talking at all, we love a bright, fierce adversary, who will hold his ground, foot by foot, in much our own manner, sell his attention dearly, and give us our full measure of the dust and exertion of battle. Both these men can be beat from a position, but it takes six hours to do it ; a high and hard adventure, worth attempting. With both you can pass days in an enchanted country of the mind, with people, scenery, and manners of its own ; live a life apart, more arduous, active, and glowing than any real existence ; and come forth again when the talk is over, as out of a theatre or a dream, to find the east wind still blowing and the chimney-pots of the old battered city still around you. Jack has the far finer mind, Burly the far more honest ; Jack gives us the animated poetry, Burly the romantic prose, of similar themes ; the one glances high like a meteor and makes a light in darkness ; the other, with many changing hues of fire, burns at the sea level, like a conflagration ; but both have the same humor and artistic interests, the same unquenched ardor in pursuit, the same gusts of talk and thunderclaps of contradiction.

Cockshot is a different article, but vastly entertaining, and has been meat and drink to me for many a long evening. His manner is dry, brisk, and pertinacious, and the choice of words not much. The point about him is his extraordinary readiness and spirit. You can propound nothing but he has either a theory about it ready made, or will have one instantly on the stocks, and proceed to lay its timbers and launch it in your presence. "Let me see," he will say. "Give me a moment. I *should* have some theory for that." A blither spectacle than the vigor with which he sets about the task, it were hard to fancy. He is possessed by a demoniac energy, welding the elements for his life, and bending ideas, as an athlete bends a horseshoe, with a visible and lively effort. He has, in theorizing,

a compass, an art ; what I would call the synthetic gusto ; something of a Herbert Spencer, who should see the fun of the thing. You are not bound, and no more is he, to place your faith in these brand-new opinions. But some of them are right enough, durable even for life ; and the poorest scene for a cock-shy — as when idle people, after picnics, float a bottle on a pond and have an hour's diversion ere it sinks. Whichever they are, serious opinions or humors of the moment, he still defends his ventures with indefatigable wit and spirit, hitting savagely himself, but taking punishment like a man. He knows and never forgets that people talk, first of all, for the sake of talking ; conducts himself in the ring, to use the old slang, like a thorough "glutton," and honestly enjoys a telling facer from his adversary. Cockshot is bottled effervescency, the sworn foe of sleep. Three-in-the-morning Cockshot, says a victim. His talk is like the driest of all imaginable dry champagnes. Sleight of hand and inimitable quickness are the qualities by which he lives. Athelred, on the other hand, presents you with the spectacle of a sincere and somewhat slow nature thinking aloud. He is the most unready man I ever knew to shine in conversation. You may see him sometimes wrestle with a refractory jest for a minute or two together, and perhaps fail to throw it in the end. And there is something singularly engaging, often instructive, in the simplicity with which he thus exposes the process as well as the result, the works as well as the dial of the clock. Withal he has his hours of inspiration. Apt words come to him as if by accident, and, coming from deeper down, they smack the more personally, they have the more of fine old crusted humanity, rich in sediment and humor. There are sayings of his in which he has stamped himself into the very grain of the language ; you would think he must have worn the words next his skin and slept with them. Yet it is not as a sayer of particular good things that Athelred is most to be regarded, rather as the stalwart woodman of thought. I have pulled on a light cord often enough, while he has been wielding the broad-axe ; and between us, on this unequal division, many a specious fal-

lacy has fallen. I have known him to battle the same question night after night for years, keeping it in the reign of talk, constantly applying it and reapplying it to life with humorous or grave intention, and all the while, never hurrying, nor flagging, nor taking an unfair advantage of the facts. Jack at a given moment, when arising, as it were, from the tripod, can be more radiantly just to those from whom he differs; but then the tenor of his thoughts is even calumnious; while Athelred, slower to forge excuses, is yet slower to condemn, and sits over the welter of the world, vacillating but still judicial, and still faithfully contending with his doubts.

Both the last talkers deal much in points of conduct and religion, studied in the "dry light" of prose. Indirectly and as if against his will the same qualities from time to time appear in the troubled and poetic talk of Opalstein. His various and exotic knowledge, complete although unready sympathies, and fine, full, discriminative flow of language, fit him out to be the best of talkers; so perhaps he is with some, not *quite* with me—*proxime accessit*, I should say. He sings the praises of the earth and the arts, flowers and jewels, wine and music, in a moonlight, serenading manner, as to the light guitar; even wisdom comes from his tongue like singing; no one is, indeed, more tuneful in the upper notes. But even while he sings the song of the Sirens he still hearkens to the barking of the Sphinx. Jarring Byronic notes interrupt the flow of his Horatian humors. His mirth has something of the tragedy of the world for its perpetual background; and he feasts like Don Giovanni to a double orchestra, one lightly sounding for the dance, one pealing Beethoven in the distance. He is not truly reconciled either with life or with himself; and this instant war in his members sometimes divides the man's attention. He does not always, perhaps not often, frankly surrender himself in conversation. He brings into the talk other thoughts than those which he expresses; you are conscious that he keeps an eye on something else, that he does not shake off the world, nor quite forget himself. Hence arise occasional disappointments; even an occasional unfairness for his companions, who find themselves one day

giving too much, and the next, when they are wary out of season, giving perhaps too little. Purcel is in another class from any I have mentioned. He is no debater, but appears in conversation, as occasion arises, in two distinct characters, one of which I admire and fear, and the other love. In the first, he is radiantly civil and rather silent, sits on a high, courtly hilltop, and from that vantage ground drops you his remarks like favors. He seems not to share in our sublunary contentions; he wears no sign of interest; when on a sudden there falls in a crystal of wit, so polished that the dull do not perceive it, but so right that the sensitive are silenced. True talk should have more body and blood, should be louder, vainer and more declaratory of the man; the true talker should not hold so steady an advantage over whom he speaks with; and that is one reason out of a score, why I prefer my Purcel in his second character, when he unbends into a strain of graceful gossip, singing like the fireside kettle. In these moods, he has an elegant homeliness that rings of the true Queen Anne. I know another person who attains, in his moments, to the insolence of a Restoration comedy, speaking, I declare, as Congreve wrote; but that is a sport of nature, and scarce falls under the rubric, for there is none, alas! to give him answer.

One last remark occurs: It is the mark of genuine conversation that the sayings can scarce be quoted with their full effect beyond the circle of common friends. To have their proper weight, they should appear in a biography and with the portrait of the speaker. Good talk is dramatic; it is like an impromptu piece of acting where each should represent himself to the greatest advantage; and that is the best kind of talk where each speaker is most fully and candidly himself, and where, if you were to shift the speeches round from one to another, there would be the greatest loss in significance and perspicuity. It is for this reason that talk depends so wholly on our company. We should like to introduce Falstaff and Mercutio, or Falstaff and Sir Toby; but Falstaff in talk with Cordelia seems even painful. Most of us, by the Protean quality of man, can talk to some degree with all; but the

true talk, that strikes out all the slumbering best of us, comes only with the peculiar brethren of our spirits, is founded as deep as love in the constitution of our being, and is a thing to relish with all our energy, while yet we have it, and to be grateful for forever.—*Cornhill Magazine*

WHISPERS.

WHERE the summer winds are blowing,
Where the purple grape is growing,
Where the rosy hues are glowing
In the skies above,
'Neath the branches intertwining,
He at her sweet feet reclining,
In her eyes her heart divining
Whispers still of love.

Ah, what bliss in his caresses,
As his lips he softly presses
On her brow and shining tresses,
Soothing her fond fears.
Whispering he will love her ever,
Whispering he will leave her never,
Till cold death their souls shall sever
In the vale of years.

From the sky the red is dying,
Withered leaves around are lying,
And the winds are ever sighing
Sadly overhead;
One more blossom bruised and broken,
One more heartless lover's token,
One more *whisper* falsely spoken,
One more spirit fled.

Temple Bar.

THE "LADY MAUD."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR."

CHAPTER IV.

WE were in the midst of a mild argument, the subject of which had been started by Norie. Presently I noticed Tripshore, who was stumping the port side of the deck as regularly as a sentinel in front of his box, suddenly stop, and peer at the sea over the weather bow, sheltering his eyes with his hand from the moonlight. After a bit he went aft, and spoke to the fellow at the wheel, and then he returned and stood, sheltering his eyes and staring.

"I fancy Tripshore has sighted something worth looking at, to judge by the attention he is giving it," said I, un-

willing to be the first to address the man.

Sir Mordaunt broke off in what he was saying, and called out, "What do you see, Mr. Tripshore?"

"Why, sir, what looks to me uncommonly like a ship's boat adrift," he answered, pointing in the direction into which he had been staring.

We left our chairs and went to the side, where we stood peering and peering.

"I see it, uncle!" exclaimed Miss Tuke. "Look at the big star there, like a lantern over the sea; the object is exactly under it."

"In the very wake of its light,"

said I, and I went for the night-glass.

"Isn't it a boat, sir?" asked Tripshore.

"Certainly," I answered, after a prolonged squint; "but I don't see anybody in her."

The glass passed from hand to hand, and all were agreed that it was a boat that had gone adrift, unnoticed, while towing astern of a ship.

"Can't we edge down to her, somehow, Tripshore?" said Sir Mordaunt. "I should like to have a close look at her."

"I'm afeard there's not much edging to be done, sir," responded Tripshore, grinning, and casting his eyes round the sea. The breathlessness of the calm that had fallen could be seen in the water under the moon, where the magnificent flashing silver reflection was as motionless as a surface of illuminated looking-glass. And yet, wonderful to relate, on looking over the side, I saw that the schooner was still obeying the impulse of some very phantom of a draguht of air overhead, for there were bubbles crawling by, and ripples as fine as the wires of a pianoforte breaking from her stem, and resembling silver threads upon the dark water as they came aft within the sphere of the moon's reflection.

"You might shove her up a little, do you know, Mr. Tripshore," said I. "She ought to bear it. Here we are, moving without wind, which proves that the 'Lady Maud' is bound to go, no matter how you head her."

He immediately told the man who was steering to starboard the helin. That the vessel was moving was shown by her creeping round so as to bring the moon on the port bow.

"Why, Sir Mordaunt," I exclaimed, "you've got a wonderful ship here! Of course there is a current of air aloft, but would any man believe that a yacht of this tonnage will answer her helm on such a sea as this?"

"The helmsman steered, the ship moved on, Yet never a breeze up blew,"

chanted Miss Tuke, melodiously, at my elbow.

"Don't go on with those rhymes, or you'll come to dead men, Ada," said the baronet.

"It beats cock-fighting," exclaimed Tripshore, looking up at the canvas, that hung without a stir. "I thought the draught was ahead just now—but favoring it must be, if it's anywheres about at all. Yet there's no use worriting the men by boxhauling them yards about, sir," said he, looking at me. "If our anchor was over, I should reckon some big fish had got hold of it, and was showing us the way down Channel."

"Quarter-deck, there!" bawled the man on the look-out in the bows. "There's a boat away out yonder ahead of us!"

"What are ye hollerin' about?" growled Tripshore. "We've been watching of it this half-hour. Why didn't you report it before?"

"'Cos I didn't see it," answered the man.

"Yachtsmen are like new-born puppies when they get upon the sea—blind for several days," rumbled Tripshore in his gizzard, looking at me.

A quarter of an hour passed, by which time the boat was about a third of a mile distant. But the yacht had now come to a dead stand. I threw the end of my cigar overboard, and watched it, but it did not shift its position by a hair's breadth. A wonderful calm, truly! Often afterward I recalled that picture—the sea like ebony in the east, but gloriously radiant in the south; nothing in sight but the little boat and the smack on the starboard beam, looking like a fold of gray mist upon the dark water; the sky black as ink on the skirts of the haze which floated around the small, brilliant, yellow moon, and all up aloft as silent as the grave.

"Heaven have mercy! what's that?" Pooh! only the cold snout of one of Sir Mordaunt's great dogs upon the palm of my hand.

"Why, Walton, man, what a shout! Do you know you have made me drop my cigar?" exclaimed Sir Mordaunt; and he stooped and groped about the deck.

"I beg to apologize," said I. "I was a million miles high among the stars, and to be brought back to earth by that rascal's nose was really too great a trial;" and I shook my fist at the splendid brute, who contemplated me with a languishing eye, and half a fathom of tongue

hanging out of his jaws, as if he were trying to bolt the ensign. Miss Tuke was shaking with laughter. I believe she had shoved the dog's head against my hand.

"That boat bothers me," said Sir Mordaunt, looking at it through the night-glass. "Now that we have neared her, she seems more like a wherry than a ship's boat."

"I wonder Johnny Fisherman hasn't sighted her," said I. "But be she what she will, it must take us all night to come up with her, if there's to be no more wind than what we have now. So, Sir Mordaunt, if you like to order me away in one of your boats, I shall be happy to overhaul the little derelict, and give you a report upon her."

"A good idea, Walton; but why should you have the trouble of going? Trip ashore there——"

"No, no; I'll go."

On this the necessary orders were given, the watch came aft, and presently I was in the stern-sheets of one of our smaller boats, rowed by a couple of men, and heading for the source of our puzzlement.

"Do you see the phosphorus now, Miss Tuke?" I shouted, as we shoved off, calling to her as she stood, with her uncle and Norie, watching us from the yacht's side. Every dip of the oars flashed the water up in fire, and whole clouds of the green radiance revolved in the wake of the boat. I looked at the yacht when some distance from her, and heartily wished Miss Tuke had been with me, to see the beautiful moonlight picture. The vessel was more like a phantom than a real thing; her sails pale and visionary, the water under her as black as ebony, and reflecting like wan and fainting stars the points of tremulous brilliance kindled in her mirror-like sides by the exceedingly clear and powerful moonbeams.

It took us about ten minutes to reach the boat, but it was not until we were quite close that I could see that no ship had ever owned her. She was indeed a pleasure boat, painted a light blue; the head of her mast, that had been unstepped, projected over the bow, and the clew of her lug trailed in the water over her side. The men threw their oars in; we glided alongside and grasped the gunwale.

"Just as 'might ha' been sworn!" said one of my fellows. "Here's a dead man in her."

I stood up and looked into the boat. The first object my eye rested upon was the figure of a man lying at full length upon his breast, with his face hidden in his arms. The mast was along the thwarts, but a portion of the sail was in the bottom of the boat, and the man lay upon the canvas. There were a couple of oars, with their blades projecting over the stern, and I immediately noticed a bundle of man's clothes—trousers, coat, waistcoat, shirt, hat, and boots, a complete rig-out—in the stern-sheets. I jumped into the boat, followed by one of the men.

"Is he dead, think you, sir?"

"Help me to turn him over—gently."

As we raised him he moaned, then gave a deep grunt, and immediately afterward uttered a loud, prolonged shriek, and sprang to his feet with such frantic energy that the boat was all but capsized by him, and I had to grasp his collar to save him from falling overboard.

"Where am I?" he shouted, staring about him in the wildest manner, and then peering into my face. "Oh, my good God!" he groaned, "my brother's drowned, and I've been drifting about in this boat since seven o'clock this morning, if to-day's Thursday;" and catching sight of the clothes in the stern of the boat, he burst into tears, and wept and sobbed most grievously.

"Here," said I to the yachtsmen, "hitch the end of this painter to your aftermost thwart, and tow us to the schooner. Bear a hand, men, as I'm afraid this poor fellow is starving."

Saying which, I put my hand upon the young man's shoulder, and in a manner obliged him to sit down. So far as I could read his face by the moonlight, he looked about five or six and twenty years old. He was dressed in a light tweed suit, and a small telescope was slung at his back. He was as white as a corpse, and shivered and shuddered incessantly, even to the extent of his teeth chattering; quite dazed, too, and staring now at me, and then at the boat ahead, and then up at the moon, and around the sea, with an air of stupefaction that was like madness, until his

eyes fell upon the clothes in the stern-sheets, whereupon he would moan as though suffering an agony of pain, and twist and turn about in such a fashion that I was obliged to keep my hand ready to collar him, lest he should writhe himself overboard. I asked him one or two questions; but beyond learning that his boat had been blown out to sea from Weymouth, and that his brother, who had been his companion, was drowned, I could get no information from him. He was as muddy and confused as a man in liquor, and could only stare and groan and topple about in his misery.

As we approached the yacht, Sir Mordaunt called to know what I had found. I would not answer, for fear that Lady Brookes, whose cabin port-hole was sure to be open, should hear me and be alarmed. However, when we were close enough for the people aboard the schooner to see two figures in each boat, a dead hush fell upon them—no more questions were asked.

We got the boats alongside. "Catch hold of that rope," said I to the poor fellow; but he was too weak to gain the deck unassisted. Sir Mordaunt's good heart stood in no need of explanations; he took one arm and Norie the other, and between them they carried him to a chair, and forthwith administered a bumper of cold brandy grog. The spirit acted like magic, and the poor creature drew himself erect, and looked earnestly and intelligently about him.

"Our friend," said I, "will be all the better for something to eat. He has been drifting about the Channel in his open boat all day."

Instantly Miss Tuke ran below, and returned with a plate of cold meat and bread, which she placed on the skylight before the young man. He seemed mightily embarrassed by the kindness shown him, and utterly miserable, too; for though he ate with avidity, he would pause every minute to sigh deeply, and once I saw the bright tears drop off his cheeks on to his plate.

We drew away while he ate, and stood looking at his boat and talking in whispers about him. The clothes in the stern had a dreadfully significant appearance, knowing, as we did, that they belonged to a drowned man.

After a little I went back to the young fellow, and asked him if he would have some more meat. He said no; and then, grasping my hand, thanked me in the most moving manner for saving his life.

"You feel pretty well again, I hope?" said Norie.

"Much better, I thank you, sir." And looking away over the sea, he exclaimed, with a gush of grief, "I have left my wife at Weymouth, and the long absence will have broken her heart. And oh, my poor brother! my poor brother!"

I saw Miss Tuke clasp her hands, and I own I was much affected.

"How came you into this wretched plight?" said I.

"Oh, sir," he answered, "I can tell it you all in a few words. I am clerk in a London bank, and my brother was in the Weymouth post-office. I had got a fortnight's holiday, and brought my wife to Weymouth for a change of air. My brother owned the boat you found me in, and last night we arranged to have a sail before breakfast this morning. We started, and sailed a long distance out, and then my brother said before we returned he would bathe. He undressed and jumped into the sea, and was swimming very well, when all at once he cried out, his arms stood up out of the water, and he disappeared. I tried to row the boat round to where he had sunk, but she was too heavy and the wind too strong, and, besides, he never rose again," said he, looking at us with his white face, and stretching out his quivering hands in a manner strange indeed to see.

"Here, take this, my man," said Sir Mordaunt, pouring out another nip of brandy.

The poor fellow swallowed the dose, and then continued:

"I know nothing of the management of boats, and I was made foolish by the dreadful suddenness of my brother's death. The Bill of Portland was in sight, and I put the oars out and rowed in that direction; but besides being a bad rower, I found the oars too heavy, the wind was sideways and against me, and I felt ill and weak with sorrow and fear. I had soon to give up, but I thought of my wife, which made me re-

solve to set the sail and try to reach the shore by sailing. I hoisted it up, but found, owing to my ignorance of steering, that, on adjusting the sail so as to catch the wind properly, I was leaving the land instead of approaching it. I looked about for help, but there was only one vessel in sight, a long way off; yet I thought I might be able to overtake her, or at least get near enough to make them see that I was in distress. So I turned the rudder, and, the wind being strong and behind me, the boat ran very fast along, but not fast enough to reach the vessel, which gradually faded out of sight. I saw more vessels, but all of them a long way off, and not knowing where I should be blown to, I took the mast down, hoping that by remaining stationary I should be noticed by some passing ship. But though the sail was down, I knew that I was being blown further and further from the land; and what with that, and the thought of my drowned brother and of my wife waiting for me, I wonder I did not fall crazy," said he, looking strangely. Then, after a pause, he exclaimed suddenly, "Pray what time is it?"

I told him.

"How am I to get home?" he cried, starting up and flinging a look round the sea. "Is Weymouth far off?"

"Now, don't worry yourself," said I. "We'll put you in the way of getting home."

Sir Mordaunt looked at me as if he would ask how *that* was to be done.

"You see, my friend," I continued, "that we are in a dead calm; and without wind, you know, a sailing vessel is helpless."

"Yes, sir, I know that," he answered, sadly. "But I'm thinking of the fear and grief my long absence will cause my wife."

Miss Tuke sidled up to me and whispered faintly, "Oh, Mr. Walton, do advise Uncle Mordaunt how to land him. His distress is quite heartrending."

"Mr. Tripshore," said I to the mate, who stood looking at us from the other side of the skylight, "have you made Portland High Light yet?"

"No, sir, and I don't reckon we shall make it. We've too much offing."

"How far distant is that light visible?"

"Why, in clear weather, about twenty mile, sir."

"Now you see how the case stands," said I, addressing the young man, who had been eagerly listening. "I should say that Weymouth is a good full thirty miles distant from this point, and so we can't possibly land you by a boat. But yonder," said I, pointing to the smack that lay becalmed about a mile and a half abreast of us, "is a vessel that will set you ashore near to Weymouth, I dare say. That's all that *can* be done, I think, Sir Mordaunt?"

"Ay, to be sure," answered the baronet, briskly, as though relieved of a perplexing consideration; "and if they won't land you for charity, they'll do it for money, I have no doubt."

"Oh, I'll pay them with pleasure, sir," replied the young fellow, plunging his hands into his pockets, just as a man would who is not quite sure of finding what he seeks.

Sir Mordaunt waved his hand with a benevolent gesture, and then crossed over to Tripshore and gave him some directions in a low voice.

The mate went to the side where the yacht's boat lay, and called to the two men who remained in her, "One of you cast that boat's painter adrift, and chuck the end up to me." Here he ducked as the rope came aboard, caught it, and took a turn with it. Then thrusting his head over the bulwark, he mumbled out some instructions. The little boat shoved off, and I saw her shoot out of the shadow our vessel threw upon the water and head for the smack, the tholepins creaking as the oars were brandished, and a tiny wake behind her, like a string of glow-worms.

"Don't allow your mind to be uneasy," said Sir Mordaunt, coming back to the young fellow. "I'll see that you are put in the way of getting home, and meanwhile keep your heart up by reflecting that you'll soon be with your wife."

"You are very good—very good indeed, sir," answered the other, in a trembling voice. "This has been an awful day for me!"

And, indeed, there was no occasion for him to say as much, for he had the most broken-down look I ever saw in a man. His voice quivered, he kept on clasping and unclasping his hands, and

stealing wild looks around the sea ; and now and again he would smear his hand over his forehead, as though he struggled to collect his mind or to help himself to discover that he was not in a dream.

"Were you asleep when I found you ?" said I.

"I couldn't tell you, sir. When it grew dark my loneliness became horrible. The wind dropped, and the boat made no noise, and the silence was shocking. Several times," said he, sinking his voice and looking at Ada Tuke as if constrained by her sweet, face—marble-like in the moonlight, and beautiful with sympathy—to address her, "I imagined I saw my brother's body in the water near me. A dreadful fit of horror came upon me at last, and I threw myself into the bottom of the boat ; but whether I fainted or fell asleep from exhaustion I can't tell you, for I remember nothing more until I looked up and saw you bending over me, sir," turning to me.

"Take some more brandy," said Norie, observing, as indeed we all did, how the poor fellow was shivering. "A whole gallon wouldn't affect you in your present condition." And he whispered to me, "What an imagination ! It will play the devil with his nerves when he gets home. I should be sorry to swear that he won't sicken and die of this day."

Miss Tuke now began to talk to him. How very gentle and sympathetic and cordial she was with the poor fellow ! She did him more good than the brandy. He told her how long he had been married, and where he lived in London, and that the baby was considered more like him than its mamma, though it had her eyes and resembled her when it smiled, and so on, and so on. Sir Mordaunt listened approvingly, Norie with a grin, and I with wonder. What was her receipt for making this poor, dejected, shipwrecked Cockney cheer himself up ?

"She'd be worth her weight in gold at an election," Norie mumbled in my ear. "She'd get all the votes for her man."

"Do you see anything of the boat, Mr. Tripshore ?" said I, presently, crossing to the mate, who hung over the starboard bulwarks.

"I think I hear her, sir," he answered ; and, straining my ears, I caught the measured creaking of oars.

In a few minutes the boat grew distinct in the moonlight, and there looked to be a load of people in her. As she drew near, however, I saw that there were only four persons, our own men and two strangers ; but these last, sitting right aft, bowed the boat's stern down to within an inch of the water, while her bows were cocked up so as to expose over a yard of her keel.

"Whom have you there ?" hailed Tripshore.

"Two of the men out of yon smack," was the answer. "They're willing to land the gent for a sovereign, so we brought a couple of 'em along, to row him aboard in his own boat."

The boat sheered alongside, and Sir Mordaunt told the fishermen to step up. They came rolling in over the gangway with the laborious, clumsy sprawling peculiar to smacksmen. They were both of them as warmly clad as old Purchase ; their legs, above their knees, were encased in enormous boots drawn over thick stockings ; each man wore a stout blue knitted jersey covering I know not how many thicknesses of flannel, and yellow sou'-westers with hinder flaps, which stuck out astern of their heads like the tail of a bird. I never beheld more powerfully-built men, nor finer specimens of the complete English smacksmen, as they stood with their long muscular arms hanging down their sides, though curved at the elbows, and terminating in huge half-closed fists like rounds of beef ; while their eyes glittered in the moonlight as they rolled them upon us under their heavily thatched brows, and their short strong beards forked out over the swathings round their necks like the back of a perch, and curiously corresponded with the projection of the flaps of the sou'-westers at the back of their heads.

Sir Mordaunt explained how we had found the young man, and said that he wished him to be put ashore at Weymouth, if possible, and as soon as any wind came.

"Weymouth ?" said one of them, tilting his sou'-wester over his nose, that he might scratch the back of his head. "We ben't going to Weymouth. We

belongs to Brixham, and 'ur goin' thur. Won't Brixham do?"

"Where is Brixham?" asked the young fellow faintly, and inclining his body toward the smacksmen with an air of painful eagerness.

"Where's Brixham?" echoed the fisherman. "Why, it's close to Dartmouth, and about six mile as th' croo flies from Tarquee. Eh, Tummas?"

"That's about it," answered Tummas.

"How can I get from Brixham to Weymouth?" inquired the young man, in his tremulous way.

"By rail, I reckon. There's a railway, ben't there, Tummas?" said the first smacksmen.

And the other answered, "Zure there be, William, though I ne'er wur on it."

"Look here, men," said Sir Mordaunt, cutting all this short. "This poor young gentleman has been floating about in an open boat all day—since seven o'clock this morning. His wife is at Weymouth, and he wants to get back to her as soon as ever he can. You have offered to carry him to Brixham for a sovereign, eh?"

"We've offered to set him ashore for a zovereign, zur," answered the smacksmen who had replied to the other questions.

"Well, I'll give you a couple of zovereigns to land him at Weymouth.

"Zay three, and we'll do it," exclaimed the fellow quickly.

The greedy rascal made me lose my temper.

"Why, what are you? Zulus! that you want to be paid before you act like English seamen!" I cried. "Don't you know that there are hundreds of fellows along your coast who will risk their lives at any moment of the day or night to save a fellow-creature from drowning without thought of or chance of reward; while here are you bargaining and squeezing like a pair of old clothesmen before you'll give a hand to restore this poor gentleman to his friends? What *are* you, I say—Zulus?"

"Zooloos be d—d!" said the fisherman. "We belongs to Brixham, I tow'd ye. We've got to get a living like other foalks, and if we puts into Weymouth, we'll be losing near a day o' time."

"Take the offer, William," grumbled his mate. "Take the offer. What's the use o' making a disturbance?"

William hung in the wind and breathed short; and then said, "Very well; two zovereigns, then."

Sir Mordaunt gave him the money, upon which the young man went up to the baronet and said something, but what I did not hear. Sir Mordaunt laughed and motioned with his hand, and said, "Pray, now, jump into the boat, and let the men row you to the smack."

"May God bless you, sir!" said the young fellow; then shook hands with us all round, giving Miss Tuke a respectful bow as he left her, and went over the side into the boat. The moonlight was full on him, and when he entered the boat, he raised his leg in the act of crossing a thwart to get into the stern-sheets, but the sight of his brother's clothes seemed to petrify him. He cried out, "Oh, dear!" as though he had been shot, and shrunk away, and though the fishermen told him to go and sit aft, he shoved past them into the bow of the boat, where he threw himself down upon his knees and hid his face under the gunwale. The smacksmen looked at him, and then up at us, and their perplexity proved that our fellows had said nothing to them about the drowning of the young man's brother.

"Shove off!" I called, thinking it best to let the man explain as they went along.

The burly smacksmen each seized an oar, lifting it with one hand as a lady would a paper-cutter, and away they went, Tummas standing up and rowing with his face looking forward, fisherman fashion, and William stretching his back close to where the young man was squatting. We watched the boat until she was swallowed up in the mist of moonlight that overhung the dark water like a white fog, and then Sir Mordaunt, pulling out his watch, exclaimed, "Why, Ada, my dear, it's ten o'clock. Pray go and see if your aunt is awake, and if so, and she should want to know the cause of the commotion, tell her the story, but leave out the drowning part."

As he said this, four strokes were tolled upon the bell that hung just before the foremast. Miss Tuke at

once bade us good-night, and went away.

Norie gaped loudly. "Sir Mordaunt, with your permission I'll go to bed. The sea air has got into my eyes;" and he followed Miss Tuke.

I, however, was in no hurry to exchange the freshness and sweetness of the night air for the close cabin, and Sir Mordaunt being of my mind, we lighted fresh cigars and quietly paced the deck.

"Would any man think," said I, "that we are literally at sea; for, considering how well into the Channel we are, we may fairly call these waters the ocean? Not a stir, not a tremor!"

As I spoke, a beautifully bright shooting star flashed over our masthead, leaving a long trail of silver upon the sky, and expiring in a puff of glittering smoke.

"Hush!" exclaimed Sir Mordaunt, softly. "By listening, you should hear the report."

The silence was so profound, and the run of the meteor so rocket-like, that for an instant I was bitten by my friend's fancy, and actually caught myself straining my ear. I broke away with a laugh.

"Do you think those stars *do* make a noise when they explode, Walton?"

"Impossible to say; but I like the idea. The notion of a burst of thunder following their extinction, and floating away in organ tones through those silent spaces, is Miltonic."

"I wonder what becomes of the fountain of spangles which they throw up when they burst?"

But this was drifting into album-stuff, so to get clear of it I talked of the young man we had saved.

"What a change from the bustle of the City of London to the loneliness of an open boat *here*! The moment he said he was in a London bank, I thought of the clattering of gold and silver coin in the copper shovels those fellows use and the swarms of people round the counters, and the tumult of voices and scratching of pens and flapping of ledgers, and the rattle of cabs outside. And then I turned my eyes upon that silent surface. Do you know, Sir Mordaunt, the fellow must have either an extraordinarily strong or an extraordinarily weak mind, not to have

been driven daft? He was not alone: his companion was his drowned brother, who was continually shaping himself upon the water."

"Shocking!" exclaimed Sir Mordaunt, shuddering. "Walton," said he, speaking in a subdued voice. "I hope to God there is no evil augury in this business. I don't like it; I wish we had not encountered that boat."

"Why, but for our meeting it, it is fifty to one that the poor wretch would have perished," said I.

"Ay, I am glad of it for his sake; but still, to tumble as it were upon a corpse on the very threshold of our journey!"

"Call it a sign of luck," said I. "That's my interpretation of everything, and the only effectual way of getting rid of uncomfortable omens."

"What are considered as omens among sailors?" he asked, with quite enough interest and other symptoms of an uneasy mind to make me suspect that, in his present mood, it would not take much to throw him off his voyage.

"Marine omens," said I, "are very numerous. Jack doesn't like Friday. He doesn't like dead bodies. He doesn't like drowned cats. Composants worry him—"

"What are composants?"

"Sort of graveyard blue-lights which come out of a gale of wind, and bring up at the yard-arms, or on the stays, or at the end of the flying jib-boom."

"Ah! and what are the other omens?"

"A good deal depends upon the amount of rum served out," I replied. "In teetotal ships omens are not numerous."

He laughed and said, "Hang the boat! I wish that smack had found her first. Well, Walton, we can't do more than pray that all will go well with us."

"Yonder's a slant of air coming along," broke in the prosaic tones of Tripshore, who crossed over to our side of the deck and pointed.

Brilliantly clear overhead, not a shred of cloud among the stars, and yet there was the breeze coming "out of nothing" right in the wake of the moonlight, which meant dead ahead for us, and making a picture worth watching; for the wind, as it breezed over the magnifi-

cent space of silvered water, broke up the brilliant reflection as it advanced, dimming, or rather frosting, the white radiance where it was in contact with it, but leaving it ahead as burnished and placid as a sheet of polished metal. It came slowly, and we could see the starlight shivered like bits of looking-glass in the water within a cable's length of us before it was fanning our cheeks.

"Trim sail, the watch!" rattled out Tripshore. "Get a drag upon those head-sheets. Lay aft here, some of you men. Wheel, there—steady as she goes. How's her head?"

"South-west by west half west, sir."

"The smack feels the draught, Sir Mordaunt," said I. "Round she heads for Weymouth—nor'-nor'-east, as Tripshore would tell us."

The breeze briskened up merrily. It was doubly delightful after the spell of calm, and appeared to blow Sir Mordaunt's doubting fancies clean out of his mind. Under gaff topsails and three jibs, and the main boom very nearly amidships, and the weather leeches quivering in the moonshine, the schooner looked right up into the warm westerly wind with erect spars, and with the foam gleaming past her in a manner that made one see she knew the trick of going to windward. In this way we were swarming along when half-past ten was struck, on which we threw the ends of our cigars overboard and went below and to bed.

CHAPTER V.

A COMFORTABLE bed is a small thing to talk about, but a fine thing to enjoy. Considering how large a part of life is spent in bed, allowing only eight hours out of the twenty-four there, if you choose, a man is wise to lie soft and warm. For my part, I have no opinion of those Wellingtonian notions of hard paillasses and pillowless bolsters. If I can't be manly without racking my bones all night, I would rather remain without any sex to speak of. The science of upholstery hit upon the most perfect bed for comfort, rest, and refreshment, when it designed the spring-mattress and the hair-mattress on top of it. That was my bed aboard the "Lady Maud"; and as I bundled into the snow-white sheets, and dipped my intellectual brow

into a pillow of down—soft as the feel of water when a man floats on his back—I felt that the cynics would have to exert themselves into an uncommon effort of eloquence to persuade me that life isn't worth having.

I was sleeping soundly when the steward knocked at my door and sung out that it was eight o'clock. As my consciousness brightened I took notice, first, that the bracket-lamp, screwed against a timber near my head, was oscillating like a pendulum; next, that the sunshine flashed into and faded out of the little cabin in a very windy manner; and, lastly, that there was a great sound of creaking and groaning, and splashing and foaming going on all around me.

"So! an honest breeze of wind at last!" thought I, as I sprang out of my bunk, and began to topple about after my clothes; and the springing, swooshing, hopping motion of the craft putting an uncommon buoyancy into my mind, I tuned up my pipes—

Another pull, my lads! belay!

Here I hauled on my small clothes.

Up with those yards and let her go!

Here I fought my way out of my night-gear.

Ours is the ship to run away,
When stormy winds abeam do blow!

Now, thought I, for a dip; for I had noticed a capital bath, with a shower-box rigged up over it, in a bit of a room just before the skipper's cabin; and I opened the door to peep out, as I did not want to plump against Miss Ada or her ladyship with my hair unparted.

No sooner was the door open than an extraordinary noise greeted my ear. What *can* that be? thought I. But a moment's hearkening solved the mystery. It was, indeed, nothing more nor less than poor Norie *roaring* with nausea in the cabin facing mine. First he would moan like a dog at the moon, gradually increasing the intensity of the sound, and hoisting it up a whole octave until it ended in an explosion—a complete blow-up; after which he would fall to the moaning again, regularly followed as I have described. But, however heartily I may have sympathized with him, I could do him no good; so,

the coast being clear, I bolted forward, clawing along the side of the table in the cabin like a parrot along a perch, for the motion of the little vessel was lively enough to dance me off my legs; and, reaching the bath-room, soused myself, and went aft again, inconceivably refreshed. Silence now reigned in Norie's cabin. As I arrived abreast of it the steward came out.

"Is Sir Mordaunt up yet?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, this hour gone. He's on deck, sir."

"Mr. Norie seems very bad."

"Terrible sick, to be sure. Almost alarming at times, sir," he answered.

"How long has this breeze been blowing, steward?"

"Why, it's been fresh since four o'clock, so Mr. Purchase told me, sir."

"How is her ladyship?"

"I've not heard that she's much inconvenienced by the motion. But her maid's down, sir, quite helpless, poor thing," and he pointed to the cabin next Lady Brookes'.

"And Miss Tuke?" I asked, determined to get all the news at once.

"Miss Tuke's on deck with Sir Mordaunt, sir."

Hearing this, I made haste to dress myself; but before I went on deck I opened Norie's door and looked at him. His cabin was the counterpart of mine in respect of fittings and furniture, excepting that the bunk was right under the scuttle or port-hole. Our friend was to leeward, and as the schooner was lying well over, the port-hole was submerged, and all that could be seen through it was the bright green water sluicing past the thick plate glass like a millrace, and gurgling and thundering as it went. Some light, however, came down through the bull's-eye in the deck overhead.

Norie lay in his bunk, with a counterpane over his legs, though his toes were visible at one end of it. He was the completest picture of a sea-sick man that the most experienced imagination could body forth—head on one side, mouth open, eyes filled with water and rolling vacantly, hair over his forehead, the whole tinted with the hurrying, quivering green of the sea through the port-hole.

"Sorry to find you in this plight, Mr.

Norie," said I. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Don't talk to me, Mr. Walton; I can't speak," he groaned. "Curse the sea! I thought I could stand it."

"You'll be able to stand it presently—have no fear. Once well rid of your 'long-shore swash, you'll take a delight in the rolling deep."

He motioned with his hand, and looked so abject, that I had no heart to offer him further consolation.

"Tell the steward to keep near me," he gurgled, as I went away.

On putting my head through the companion, I found Sir Mordaunt and his niece standing close beside it. I wished them good-morning, but at the top of my voice, for what with the washing of the seas, and the booming of the breeze aloft, there was the devil's own noise about. Sprawling aft to look at the compass, I found the schooner lying her course, with the wind a couple of points free. Of all foamy, sparkling, windy mornings, this was one of the grandest I can remember. The wind a summer gale, sweeping and singing over seething heights of running surges; the water among the foam as green as emerald and as radiant and clear; above our masts—heads a sky of violet—a most delicately tender blue—with masses of cloud resembling vast enlarging puffs of powder smoke from the mouths of some gigantic cannons, sailing with the majesty of squadrons of line-of-battle ships across it; and a windward horizon studded with the snow-white shoulders of similar masses of vapor soaring from behind the sea. The life of the magnificent scene of rolling waters was made wild and almost tempestuous by the whirling shadows of these noble clouds, for where they touched the deep the water was an olive hue and the foam a dead white; while in the sun, against the very outlines of these shadows, the sea was a sparkling light green, with white smoke scattering along it, like bursts of steam, from the heads of the surges as they broke in flashes of blinding light. Over this tossing surface the schooner was splashing and jumping, under a double-reefed mainsail and two jibs. Every minute, as she bobbed her cutter-shaped nose into the hollows, the spray flew over her forecabin in a glittering cloud, and

her forward cloths were dark with the saturation of it to half the height of the stays. The watch were in oilskins, and shone like oil, but all the wet was forward. From a fathom abaft the foremast to the taffrail the sand-white decks were as dry as an old bone; though at times, when the creaming seas heeled the powerful little vessel over to leeward, the keel of the quarter-boat looked almost within a foot of the water, and the foam alongside spat and bubbled and hissed some inches above the covering-board.

"This repays us for last night's delay, Walton!" exclaimed Sir Mordaunt, with his face all aglow, and his hair blowing about his ears, and his beard under his arm.

"I am glad to hear from the steward that Lady Brookes isn't troubled by this dance," said I.

"Not in the least. My niece says it is owing to the bed. It is a fine bed, I admit; but though it prevents my wife from feeling the pitching and rolling, it doesn't qualify the effect of going up and down; this sort of movement, I mean," said he, as the schooner was thrown up by a sea, and then sank into the hollow left by it as it ran away roaring and hissing to leeward. "Depend upon it she is going to prove a real sailor, and I'm thankful to Heaven for the mercy."

"And how is it you are not prostrated, Miss Tuke?" I asked, looking at her with great admiration, for the strong wind had kindled a bright flush in each cheek, that made her eyes as brilliant as the water where the sun touched it; and her white teeth and red lips and happy enthusiastic expression might have served as hints for a picture of the Goddess of Health. She shook her head and laughed merrily, balancing herself with the ease of an old sailor to the motion of the vessel, and beating me hollow in that respect, for she kept her hands by her side, while I took care to keep a grip of the top of the companion.

"Poor Norie is very bad, Sir Mordaunt," said I. "It wouldn't do now for one of us to fall ill. Our friend couldn't prescribe."

"I'm very sorry for him," replied Sir Mordaunt; "but I wish he didn't think it necessary to make such a noise. He told me he was a good sailor. The

doctor I wanted, who was a naval surgeon for some years, wouldn't come—his practice was too good to jeopardize by leaving it for a summer. However, I have known Mr. Norie for some time, and Lady Brookes is quite safe in his hands. I suppose he'll get over his seasickness in a day or two—but he needn't hurry—none of us will want him professionally, I hope."

Presently old Purchase stumped along the lee side of the deck, and touched his hat to me as he passed.

"Good morning, captain," said I. "The schooner knows the scent now she has the wind; eh, captain?"

"You're right, sir," he answered, with a grin that crumpled up his face like a block of mahogany that has been shrivelled by heat. "I never see any wessel hold her own better. Look over the stern, sir, and ye'll notice she don't make a hair's thickness o' leeway."

Dress as he would, we was always a terribly nautical man to look at. He had a black sou'-wester on, the inner rim of which came as low as his eyebrows, and oilskin leggings, and a rusty pilot-cloth coat pretty nearly as long as a parson's.

"Whereabouts are we now?" I asked.

"I give us till ten o'clock to-night to be abreast o' the Start, unless the wind comes free, in which case we ought to be well on to the Scillies," he answered.

"At that rate, Sir Mordaunt," said I, "we should be clear of the Channel in twelve hours."

"Yes; and no very great run either, Walton. This head sea bothers the boat. Mark now as she jumps at that wave!" The light green surge struck her full on the bow, and burst in a storm of snow over the forecastle. "Do you notice how it stops her? Purchase, don't spare your canvas. Let her have all that she will carry."

"She's got as much as she wants, sir," answered the skipper. "I'm a man as never drives a willing wessel, sir. My arguement is, no craft is built to sail on her side, and the more you bury her the more you give her to drag along. This here double-reefed mainsail keeps the yacht wholesome. And isn't it pressure enough, gentlemen? Look at the weather stan'ing rigging!"

I was glad to agree with him, but gladder still to hear the steward in the cabin ringing us down to breakfast.

"Only three of us this time," said I, as we seated ourselves. "When shall we have the pleasure of Lady Brookes' company?"

"Before Norie's, I dare say," answered Sir Mordaunt, with a laugh. "But let us leave well alone, Walton. My wife swings without suffering in that excellent hanging bed of hers, and I want her to graduate for the sea in it. Ada, my love, you will have to look after your aunt while Carey is on her back. Lucky you stand this tumblefication so handsomely."

A tumblefication it was, and the harder to get used to because we had woke up into it, if I may so say, after having gone to bed in smooth water. On deck the racing and jumping and foaming of the yacht were a delight and the strong wind a noble cordial; but in the cabin the motion was exceedingly uncomfortable. It was not like the stately heaving up and sweeping down of a large ship, a steady oscillation that enables a man to count twenty betwixt the plunge of the bow and the rise of the stern, and that gives him time to nicely regulate the conduct of his legs; but a wobbling, squelching, jerking movement, that tossed you back while you were endeavoring to prevent yourself from being pitched on to your nose, and that set every visible object sloping in half a dozen different directions in a breath. Used to the motion of big vessels, I own it bothered me greatly at first.

The breakfast, by reason of this same dance, was by no means a comfortable meal. Most of our time was engrossed in preventing the contents of our plates from sliding on to our laps, and in watching a chance to snatch our cups from the swinging trays that tossed over our heads. The steward's was the worst look-out. To watch him coming along from the direction of the kitchen, with a plate of muffins in one hand and a dish of ham in the other, stopping abruptly every now and again, and taking a hurried squint first at one plate and then at the other—like a nervous young gentleman playing a tune upon the piano, and first cocking his eye at the bass keys, and then twisting it on to the treble—

ought to have moved my pity. I managed to keep my face, in spite of the laughing devil in Miss Tuke's eyes; but when at last he fell down with a rack full of toast, and I saw him sprawling after the pieces, that scattered like a pack of cards, and presently get up and rub his nose and look at his fingers, as though his nose was burnt and he expected to see the skin come away, I fairly exploded, but with a result that was utterly unexpected; for lying back in my chair to have my guffaw out at the moment the vessel lurched somewhat heavily to leeward, over I went on my back, and, bringing up against the cushioned locker, lay, like to suffocate with laughter. I regained the table, with my face, as I could feel, as red as a powder-flag. Sir Mordaunt, grinning broadly, hoped I was not hurt, and Miss Ada, looking at me with the flush of suppressed laughter in her cheeks, said, "A very proper rebuke, Mr. Walton, for ridiculing your fellow-creatures in misfortune."

We scraped through the meal, and then dispersed on merciful errands—Sir Mordaunt to see his wife, Miss Tuke to comfort the prostrate Carey, and I to condole with Norie. I found him no better. He turned his bloodshot eyes on me with a haggard look of remonstrance, as though he suspected I came to quiz him.

"Is there anything you would like?" said I. "Try a glass of cold brandy; it may settle your stomach."

"I've got no stomach to settle," he answered. "It's all gone away overboard."

He meant this as a figure of speech, but any one would have taken it literally, on seeing his face. He could scarcely articulate, and could not do better than lie motionless; so I came away, and, filling a pipe, crawled on deck, and stowed myself under the lee of the skylight.

A head sea in the English Channel, until the water broadens into an ocean abreast of the Lizard, is the most unpleasant in the world. There is no room for the waves to get big, in the sense that ocean waves are big, and the passage of a small vessel over them is all chop, chop, and sputter and stagger. Once clear of this spiteful tumble, the deck takes an agreeable buoyancy from the

long regular heavings of the deep-sea surges. I was much struck by the appearance of a brig on our lee beam, and could appreciate, by watching her, the action of the sharp, short, slopping sea through which our schooner was biting and squeezing and jumping. She was ratching, like ourselves, under lower topsails and foresail, and she toppled about like a buoy. So short were the waves, that before she could settle her stern into a hollow, a succeeding sea had buried her bow, when, breaking into dazzling foam to a level with her figure-head, it would shoot up in a cloud of mist, like the smoke of a waterfall, as high as her foretop, and blow away on her quarter as though a cloud of vapor had burst out of her fore-hatch. As she veered astern, for we passed her rapidly, the character of her rolling could be better perceived; and the jerky, dislocating tumble, the sprawl of the masts as if they must lay their lengths along the sea, the sharp recovery, the submersion of the stern down to the taffrail, and the great yawing heave of the bows, showing the yellow metal down to her forefoot, and the water pouring out of the hawse-holes and head-boards like the foam from a driven horse's mouth, made her for all the world resemble a man hammered by a crowd of ruffians, and kept from falling by the blows rained upon him from all sides.

This strong wind held all day, and the yacht was really miserable, with her frothing scuppers and streaming fore-castle. The men liked the head sea as little as any of us, and the only creatures who appeared to enjoy it were the dogs, who were incessantly springing about the decks, and barking at an extra heavy lurch, and shaking their coats free of the constant showers of spray which they were for ever plunging into the bows to receive.

But at four o'clock the wind hauled away into the south, and though it blew with undiminished strength, yet the shift seemed to have deprived it of half its force. A reef was shaken out of the mainsail, and the reefed foresail set, and under this increased canvas the yacht drove like a thing possessed. The foam flew away from under her counter, and the tail of the wake looked to be dancing among the seas of the horizon.

There was no longer the old severe pitching; even the rolling was moderated by the steady beam pressure; and no more water flew forward, unless it were now and again a bucketful of spray that flashed over the weather bulwark with the sparkle of a mass of brand-new silver coins, scattering as they went.

This was the right kind of sailing; a warm strong summer gale abeam, the sea a leaping surface of green and white, a fine sky overhead, with the swollen vaporous masses of the morning replaced by a surface of feather-shaped clouds, very high and scarcely moving, and the yacht buzzing along like a steamer with a belt of foam to windward, which the wind that swept out under the foot of the mainsail blew up in flakes, as though the inside of a feather bed had gone adrift.

That night at a quarter before nine I was chatting with Sir Mordaunt in the cabin, when Tripshore put his head into the skylight and told us that the Lizard lights were in sight. We bundled on deck, and looking away on the starboard bow, there, like a fire-fly hovering over the deep, was the last of the English shore-beacons we should see. The sunset had gone out of the sky, and the moon was on the other side of the vessel, and where the Lizard light was, the sea was a great throbbing shadow.

"Those lights, if I remember rightly," said I to Sir Mordaunt, "are visible about twenty miles distant, so we know how far we are from the old home."

"They are, I think, the first lights a sailor sights when homeward bound from the south," he answered, "unless he happens to be blown near the Scillies. How many eyes must have watched for those sparks! What hopes and fears they must have kindled! Well, good-by, old country!

"Much as we have loved you, We'll dry the tears that we have shed before! Why should we weep to sail in search of—' Health, eh, Walton? But many days must pass before we see those cliffs again, or behold that little spark yonder! And, meanwhile, may God have us all in His keeping!"

We stood looking at the light—for the two beacons appeared one at that distance—and at the foaming sea around

us, upon whose southern horizon the moon was shedding its soft white fires, and hearkening to the piping of the wind up aloft, and the strong permanent hissing of the water at the bows of the yacht, while the far-off light got gradually smaller and smaller as we edged away toward the limit of the sphere within which it is visible, until it was no more than a needle's point of brightness, and only apparent when the eye was directed a short distance from it. At last it vanished, and there was no light at all that way except the stars twinkling blandly upon the water-line.

"Gone! Sir Mordaunt. This is really bidding our native land good night." And I piped up:

"Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight:
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native land, good night!"

"Two more lines, Walton," cried Sir Mordaunt.

"Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
I fear nor wave nor wind!"

And there we stop. Yonder's our home," he exclaimed, pointing over the bows of the schooner into the west. "A solemn mystery to head for! What mighty mariners have vanished in its immensity! Look at the gloomy desolate wild now, and think of Columbus breasting it in a vessel that might serve one of our ships for a long boat, steering by no other illumination than the light that never was on sea or land. But come—let us go down and toast the 'Lady Maud' in a glass of soda and brandy. The old girl has whipped us bravely down the English Channel, and she deserves all the encouragement we can give her by our good wishes."

Had we been bound to the West Indies with a freight that required despatch, we should have been put into fine spirits by the noble wind that blew us out of the English Channel, for it lasted all that Friday night and the following Saturday, and by way of favoring us to the utmost, veered to the eastward, so as to enable us to make the necessary southing; and for all these hours the yacht pelted under exactly the same canvas she had on her when we sighted the Lizard light, and we grew as used to the sweeping roar of the pass-

ing foam, and the humming of taut shrouds and snow-white cloths tearing at the bolt-ropes, as passengers in steamships to the throbbing of the engines.

We were rather surprised, when sitting down to dinner on Saturday, to observe the door that shut off the sleeping berths open, and Norie emerge. He was yellow and haggard, and stood for some moments holding on to the door-stanchions, evidently too nervous to let go; but presently, making a dash, he struck out for the table, reached it without mishap, and swung himself into a chair.

"An unexpected pleasure," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt, looking at him with surprise. "We all thought you were in bed."

"So I was," he answered; "but I felt hungry, Sir Mordaunt; and as I considered the symptom a good one, I was determined to encourage it."

And hungry he unquestionably was. I never saw any man make a larger dinner. But from that moment he complained no more of sea-sickness.

Lady Brookes, however, still kept her cabin, nor had I set eyes on her since Thursday. But next morning, after breakfast, while Sir Mordaunt and I were smoking our pipes on the grating abaft the wheel, her ladyship suddenly uprose through the companion, assisted in the rear by her maid Carey, who in turn was helped along by Miss Tuke. We both ran up to her.

"Why, Agnes, this is brave! this is encouraging!" cried Sir Mordaunt, to whom it was very evident his wife had not unfolded her intention. "Walton, kindly shove that chair along. Carey, go and fetch a cushion for her ladyship's back. Ada, my love, throw the shawl over your aunt's knees;" and for some moments all was bustle; it was like the arrival of a member of royalty at a ball.

The invalid had chosen the right kind of morning for her first appearance. The strong wind had failed in the morning watch, so old Purchase had told us; there had been a calm for an hour; then a breeze had sprung up in the north-west, and that was the wind now blowing; every stitch of canvas had been piled upon the schooner, and she was

softly and quietly sweeping over the deep blue fathomless sea, like an albatross blown along by its outstretched tremorless wings, gliding up and running down the long ocean swell, the long intervals between whose bright and foamless acclivities were too wide to make the regular motion inconvenient or even noticeable. The men were in their Sunday rig, lounging about the deck forward, some of them smoking, some reading, some looking over the side at the luminous curve of water which the passage of the yacht arched over from either bow, and their smart, clean dress prettily heightened the effect of the exquisitely white decks and the beautiful heights of gleaming sail which soared into a light blue sky, frosted in the east with minute spray-like clouds, while in the west it was an untarnished summer azure. It was surely a delightful picture to come upon after a three days' imprisonment in the cabin, and Lady Brookes' face brightened as she looked around her. Moreover, she was gratified by the pleasure her presence on deck gave her husband; and this, and the commotion her arrival among us created, put her into excellent spirits. Even the mastiffs seemed to suspect that there was to be no more sea-sickness aboard the "Lady Maud," and breathed hard, and exposed their tongues, and shoved about among us, as though in search of some means to unburden their minds of those feelings for the expression of which they could find no other vehicles than their tails.

While we stood talking, some men came aft to spread the awning; and while this was doing, Purchase threw a red ensign over the quarter-deck capstan.

"For Divine service, my dear," said Sir Mordaunt, answering the question in his wife's face.

This was as it should be; and presently the whole ship's company came aft, and gathered around the capstan. It was pretty sight. First, the men in a crowd upon the white deck, all very clean and smart in their tidy dress, standing bareheaded and for the most part in reverential postures; then the bright color of the ensign, with Sir Mordaunt's fine, tall, long-bearded figure inclined over a great Church Service;

and to the right of him Ada Tuke's pretty face and amber hair, crowned by a little hat and a long dark feather, thrown up by and finely contrasting the knot of rough sailors' countenances behind her; and, in another place, Carey, the maid, between the elbows of two seamen; and just behind her the cook, with his one eye turning about in his sour face, and Purchase varying his devotional aspect by an occasional professional squint up aloft.

All the incidents of a man's progress to a great misfortune take a strange, pathetic significance after the trouble has happened, and he looks back and thinks of what went before. He then finds how full of meaning some things were which, at the time, went past as the veriest commonplaces. This was our first Sunday at sea; and our gathering together to worship God knits all those people to me, so to speak, in a manner that makes that picture moving to recur to, though at the time I never could have believed the memory of it would affect me as it does. I have but to put down my pen and close my eyes, and I see all those men, and Sir Mordaunt in the midst of them, and his wife (the only one among us seated), with her gaze fixed upon the Prayer-book in her lap; and more than that, I see the great ocean stretching into the sky all around us, and have before me the very aspect of the heavens in the south, and the leagues of flashing sunlight in the water. In thinking of it I feel like a child looking at a picture in a soap-bubble. The whole scene moves, and is full of exquisite color. It is close to me; I am wondering at the brilliance and the life of it!

And now it is gone! And so shadow-like becomes the yacht and her little company of men and women, nay, and those very waves

That o'er th' interminable ocean wreathes
Their crispèd smiles,

so unreal as a part of the vanished experience, that I seem to be as one who has acted with phantoms and taken part in a performance whose fabric was a dream.

CHAPTER VI.

FRIDAY, June 30 and so; eight days out; long, about 15° W., lat. about 39°

N., which is near enough, as I have no other log-book than my memory to go by.

I awoke early, and finding the cabin close and the sky shining like blue silver through the port-hole, I bundled on my clothes and went on deck. It was a little after six; the sea was smooth and flecked with foam; what wind there was was abeam, and the yacht was heading southwest under a crowd of canvas. The watch on deck were washing down, and the sunshine flashed in the glass-clear water which they sent gushing from the buckets, while they swabbed and scrubbed, with their trousers turned above their stout white calves, and made the schooner as busy as a hive with their movements.

Purchase was in charge, and seeing him standing near the binnacle, "taking in" the yacht with his hands behind him and his legs apart, I went up to him and said good-morning.

"Another fine day, captain. The weather has favored us wonderfully so far."

"It has that, Mr. Walton, sir," he answered, giving me a rather wandering look, and with an expression of suppressed mirth that might well be described as a smile rolled up in his face, though no words could convey the hilarity among the wrinkles and the mixed suggestions of his brown and purple countenance. "Oncommonly fine weather we've had, and no mistake; and I don't know that I'm a man as can ever get too much of it," he added, with an effort to recover his gravity, and lifting his eyes—which resembled faintly illuminated cairngorms twinkling in the deep caverns under his brows—to the heavens.

I stood to leeward of him, and a puff of wind breezing my way made my first suspicion certainty. The aroma of rum, or some equally strong spirit, was a most decided flavor in the air. "Hang me if I believe that complexion of his is weather," thought I, twisting a glance at his red nose and fiery cheek-bones; "and Lady Brookes may have keener eyes than her husband." However, I had never smelt drink upon him before, and so I was not at all disposed to take notice of his present condition, that was in no sense pronounced, and that might

be very well due to a dram taken on an empty stomach.

"Yes," he continued, bringing his eyes from the sky, and with the humorous expression breaking out among the mahogany wrinkles again, "fine weather is always sootable to my feelings. If I had my way, breezes after this here pattern should be the prevailing winds, and the sea would never be rougher than what you see it now. But mind!" said he, with the insistence of a man who is resolved that you shall know he understands his own meaning, "I'm not going to say that all sailors are like me in this here fancy for smooth water and six-knot breezes. Some likes pickles strong, and some likes 'em mild. I likes 'em mild, and the same here with cheese. Some sailor men don't object to gales o' wind, providing they blow the right way; and some prefer the draughts of air such as they tell me ye get down in the latitood of Captain Cook's islands, where ye a'most forget the names of the running gear for the want of using it. Now, Thomas!" he suddenly bawled, "mind where you chuck that water! Shut the skylight, one of you. Steady as she goes, William," turning to the man at the wheel. "How's her head, William?"

The fellow gave the course; but I noticed that he bit his under lip and looked astern, holding the little wheel with one hand. The truth is, the joke lay not so much in the dash of drink that made the old fellow's face laughable to look at and his deep salt voice diverting to hear, but in the collier-like mannerism it forced out of him. His dress only travestied him. What he wanted was a musty old beaver, and a long coat, and a red shawl round his throat, and a framework of grimy decks and a surface of patched cloths stretched upon yards made for other vessels. Yet I am bound to say he knew navigation,—enough, at least, to enable him to point his sextant and prick some kind of course. The first day he came on deck "to shoot the sun" I thought he only exhibited the instrument to bamboozle Sir Mordaunt, and that he had no other notion of finding his way to the West Indies than by dead-reckoning, which latter I suspected from the care he took to keep the log going. But

I was undeceived when he sung out, "Strike eight bells," though I had like to burst with laughter when I saw him bobbing after the sun, staggering about the deck, with the sextant to his eye, as though some one had given him a blow, and he was trying to reduce the swelling by a cold application.

"Isn't that a ship yonder?" I said, pointing over the bow, having suddenly caught sight of a speck of gleaming white against the sky where the vague horizon met it.

He hobbled and sheltered his eyes, and after cleansing them several times by means of wedging his knuckles into the hollows in which they lay buried, exclaimed, "Ay, it's a sail;" and, so saying, went for the glass. He was a long while bothering over the focus, and when at last he adjusted the tubes to his vision, he was unable to hit the object, repeatedly dropping the glass and looking for the sail, with one eye closed.

"Give me the glass, captain," I exclaimed, impatiently, for I was beginning to think the man more muddled than I had at first suspected, and noticed with annoyance the amused glances which the fellows who were cleaning the decks cast at him; for it did not at all please me that a man holding the responsible position that Purchase filled should jeopardize the discipline of the vessel by making himself ridiculous in the eyes of the crew. I took the glass, but was afraid to look the old fool in the face for fear of laughing; I therefore quitted that side of the deck. There was not much to see. The vessel ahead was on a line with our bowsprit end, and only her highest canvas was visible. The sunshine, however, poured full on the stranger, and made what was shown of her very clear and sharp against the sky, whereby I perceived that she was a square-rigged vessel, but whether barque or ship or brig I could not tell.

I went below for a cold bath; and when I came on deck again at eight o'clock, Purchase's watch was up, and he had gone to his cabin. Nobody belonging aft excepting myself had turned out, and as all the crew were getting their breakfast, the only persons on deck were Tripshore and the man who steered. The mate touched his hat to

me, and not knowing I had been on deck before, pointed out the vessel ahead, which, greatly to my surprise when I perceived that she was going our way, had risen considerably while I was below.

"Yonder should be either a very slow boat, Mr. Tripshore," said I, "or else the 'Lady Maud' is sneaking along much faster than she appears to be going."

"There's no weight in the wind, sir, pretty as it is," answered Tripshore; "and that chap ahead, I dare say now, is loaded down to his chain-plate bolts; while, if you look around you, you'll see there's nothing to stop the 'Lady Maud'—the sea like silk, the draught steady enough to keep everything pulling, and a squaresail on her light and big enough to blow her along in a calm."

This was true. I ogled the stranger again, and judged from the hoist of her topsails, which were just visible, that she was a large Indian or Australian ship. I put the glass down, and asked Tripshore if the skipper was below.

"Yes, sir; he went below when I relieved him at eight bells."

"He must have knocked about a great deal in the sun in his youth," said I, gravely, watching Tripshore's face. "It's not to be supposed that his nose caught the color it wears in the North Sea."

He laughed, but made no answer.

"Sir Mordaunt," I continued, "says his complexion is owing to weather. What do you think, Mr. Tripshore?"

"It's not my place to take notice of things which don't concern me, sir," he answered; but so significantly as to make me see he followed my drift.

"Why perhaps not if the things *don't* concern you. But if you happen to be a passenger aboard a vessel, her captain's character and skill and habits ought to interest you, I should say, Mr. Tripshore, seeing that your life is in his hands, and that it entirely depends upon him whether you shall be drowned or not."

"That's right enough, sir," said he. "The captain of a vessel ought to be a man of first-rate character, and I don't know but that the people who are along with him haven't a right to watch his

character, and notice when it's ship-shape and when it isn't."

This was all the justification I needed for having spoken to him about Purchase. For though I had made up my mind to say nothing about having noticed the old man the worse for liquor, I was bothered, if I had not been surprised, by the discovery, and hoped, by speaking to Tripshore, that he would hint to Purchase I had spoken as if I suspected an intemperate habit in him, for that might frighten him, and hold him away from the bottle. Perhaps as a man who knew something about the sea I found a significance in the incident that would have escaped a landsman. The perils of the deep are numerous and dreadful enough, but there are none worse than a drunken captain. It was enough to think of our sleeping below, and the schooner in charge of a man thick with rum, and blinking in the eyes of a squall, to make me anxious, and determined to watch him. But, as I before said, I would take no further notice of what I had observed, beyond talking to Tripshore, so that he might advise Purchase to be on his guard, that is, if they were friendly, which it was out of my power to inform myself upon, as they were rarely on deck together for any length of time, and what passed below was hidden from me.

Norie arrived from the cabin shortly before breakfast, but I did not meet the others before the meal was on the table. Who had given orders for the provisioning of the "Lady Maud" I never knew. I doubt if it were Sir Mordaunt, for the foresight could only have been shown by an old and experienced sea-caterer. Considering that our live stock consisted only of poultry, I have often wondered how the cook managed to stock the table so sumptuously, though at the time I took what came without speculation. Our breakfasts in particular were always remarkable for plenty and variety. On a fine day like this, when the sunshine lay upon the open skylight, and the drawn curtains softened the light, and fresh currents of air breezed down through the windsail with force enough at times to keep the leaves of the plants and flowers trembling, no prettier scene could be imagined than the "Lady Maud's" cabin. Nothing but the

motion of the vessel could have persuaded you that you were not in some low-ceiled, richly-furnished apartment ashore, that is, after finding a fictitious *raison d'être* for the solid mainmast that pierced the two decks, and attributing the radiant stand of arms against the bulkhead to some capricious decorative fancy.

"There is a small excitement ahead of us," said I, as we seated ourselves at table; "a large full-rigged ship that we are overhauling in fine style. If this light wind holds, we shall be well up to her by noon."

"I hope, Mordaunt, you will give orders to Purchase not to go near her," said Lady Brookes.

"No, no; we'll keep to windward of her, eh, Walton?" exclaimed Sir Mordaunt.

"Will that be a safe place, Mr. Walton?" her ladyship wanted to know.

"As safe as if she were out of sight," I answered. "But, Lady Brookes, you mustn't pretend to be nervous now. You have beaten the worst part of the sea, and after such an exploit you should have the nerve to face even a fire."

"Well said?" cried Sir Mordaunt. "And let me tell you that this same sea is behaving to you as a generous enemy should. Norie, do know of any drug that could work the change I see in my wife's face? Believe me, for brilliant eyes the ocean breeze is better than bel-ladonna; and for beautiful complexions, what is sarsaparilla compared with salt oxygen?"

"Salt oxygen!" echoed Norie.

It was evident that Lady Brookes did not the less relish her husband's references to herself because she looked as though she were deaf.

"What do you think of salt oxygen, Miss Tuke, for a new medical term?" exclaimed Norie, with the admiration in his face that was a standing part of it whenever he turned it upon Miss Tuke.

"If it's unintelligible, it should suit the doctors," she answered.

"Are you keeping an account of this voyage, Walton?" sung out Sir Mordaunt. "Logging it, as you nauticos say?"

"Why, no; nothing has happened to make a beginning with. No use putting down latitude and longitude, and state

of the weather *only*. Let a whale run into us, or let Purchase fall overboard and vanish in the hold of a shark, and I'll fire away."

"At that rate, I hope you'll find no occasion to write at all, I'm sure," quoth her ladyship.

"If ever I should attempt to tell the story of this cruise," said I, "the yarn will consist merely of loggings. There'd be no *story*. I'd tell the truth, and that's all; enlarge, but not imaginatively, upon the 'observations,' which you know make a part of every log-book."

"The best sea-books are of that pattern," said Sir Mordaunt. "What are 'Tom Cringle,' and 'The Midge,' and Dana's fine book, and Herman Melville's, but logs—amplified jottings? Your profession has never produced a finer writer than Michael Scott, Walton. There is more beautiful poetry in one page of Michael Scott's sea descriptions than in all the 'Islands' and 'Corsairs' and 'Shipwrecks' put together. But then you must know the sea to enjoy him, whereas you can relish Cooper and Marryat without ever having been further than Gravesend; and that, I suppose, is the reason why they are more popular than the other—though they have not a tithe of his genius."

"Why don't *you* keep a record of this voyage, Miss Tuke?" said Norie, rather languishingly. "Our friend Walton, I dare say, would furnish you with the sea-terms, and I should very much enjoy reading your descriptions of us all."

"Would you?" said she, with a cold smile in her eyes that made the apparently naïve question a mighty malicious thing to my ear, though Norie took it as Peter Bell took the primrose.

Lady Brookes laughed. Miss Ada was so much brighter and cleverer than the man who addressed her, that no woman could have watched the two faces without being pleased.

"Ah, I would, indeed," said Norie. "Sir Mordaunt, pray beg your niece to keep a journal of our travels, and I'll tell you what I'll do. If we have time for a run ashore when we get to Jamaica, I'll botanize and philosophize, and make out a learned chapter about the night-hawk, and the tern, and the pelican, and the hawk-billed turtle, and

the *lignum vitæ*, and the *brasiletto*, and the wild cinnamon—"

"Ay, and the green cabbage, and the pearly onion, and the land-crab, and the floury yam," said Sir Mordaunt, laughing. "If my niece is to write a book, she must get her interest out of the sea. If we touch anywhere, it will be to fill our tanks, not to philosophize, nor to yellow-feverize either, Norie. Besides, man, how long do you suppose we mean to be away? This is not a voyage round the world."

"And the time flies," said I. "Eight days out already! and it seems but yesterday that we were bowling down the English Channel. When and where I wonder, does your skipper mean to strike the north east trades?"

"Where do they begin?" asked Miss Tuke.

"About seven or eight hundred miles further south than where we now are," I answered.

"Do you think your skipper knows anything about those winds?" asked Norie jokingly.

But Sir Mordaunt resented this in his mild mannered way, not only because he had great confidence in his captain, but because he did not like any doubt to be cast upon the fellow's capacity in the presence of Lady Brookes. So at least I read it.

"You ought to know, Norie—but you *do* know, for I remember telling you—that Purchase has been to sea ever since he was a boy, and has sailed as man or as master in all sorts of vessels, in all sorts of seas, and in all sorts of weather. *You*, Walton, should be able to assure our friend that so old a sailor as Purchase must know the winds as well as he knows his two hands."

"Say what you please, Mordaunt, about him," exclaimed Lady Mordaunt, unexpectedly, "I am still of opinion that he drinks."

"Nonsense, Agnes! Why should you believe such a thing! Have you ever seen him drunk?"

"Well, if he doesn't drink now, the time is not long past when he *did* drink; of that I am sure," said she, emphatically. "Mr. Walton—nay, I'll ask *you*, Mr. Norie—did you ever see such little watery—"

"Groggy?" suggested Norie.

"I say such little watery *filmy* eyes, in the face of a man who has been sober all his life?"

"Never," answered Norie, anxious after his correction to make amends by agreeing warmly.

"You *must* clear your mind, Agnes, of this melancholy prejudice against an excellent old seaman," said Sir Mordaunt, after bestowing a look of reproach on Norie. "Walton will tell you that the weather produces effects upon the face which might easily pass for symptoms of drink."

"Ay," thought I, "but the weather doesn't make a man's breath smell of rum;" but I held my peace. The subject was dropped by Lady Brookes rising, and presently we were all on deck.

I looked in the direction of the ship, and observed that her courses were now visible, and, as I might tell by an attentive examination of her through the telescope, a fragment of her hull. She resembled a small moon poised upon the blue horizontal line, shining as blandly as if the canvas had been self-luminous. The light breeze still held, and the schooner was slipping through the water very nimbly. Indeed, shortly after we arrived on deck the log was hove, and the speed made out to be five knots, which I thought remarkable, considering the lightness of the air. The lofty rig, however, of the "Lady Maud" greatly helped her in light breezes. She carried no spinnaker, but instead a squaresail that was made of very fine canvas light as duck, and that was set from the deck; and I have seen it full and round, and the schooner breaking the brass-like waters into ripples, and churning up a wake under the pulling of it, when the other canvas has hung up and down without a stir. We had that sail set now, and every other cloth besides, including a fore-topmast studding-sail that overhung the water and shone in it like a shallow bottom of silver sand; and every sail being as white as milk, and the sunshine white too, the appearance of the stately gleaming heights, silently doing their work, was exceedingly beautiful.

We gathered together under the awning, for the sun was very fierce, but after a while Miss Tuke went below, and began to play and sing. She had no

"touch," as it is called, but her voice was pretty, and as she always chose words set to real tunes, I was fond of listening to her. And so the morning crept by until old Purchase came on deck just before noon to hunt after the sun, having apparently slept off the effects of the dram he had swallowed in the morning watch.

By this time he had overhauled the ship to within a couple of miles, and there she lay, steady as a cloud, about two points on our lee bow. I had not been giving her much attention for some time, owing to a very lively novel I had taken from a pile of volumes upon the skylight; but being disturbed by old Purchase's sprawling search for the sun, I looked up and noticed how near the ship was, and so, putting down the book, I took the glass and examined her. She was a long, frigate-built merchantman, with painted ports. Her square yards and short royal masts made her look very handsome aloft. She had a long poop and top-gallant forecastle, and big cabin windows which caught the sunshine and flashed streams of light in the still blue water under her. Her sails were beautifully cut, her large channels gave the standing rigging a wide spread; and, deep as she was, yet I could just catch the greenish gleam of her copper a trifle below the sparkling blue surface over which she was faintly moving. I noticed with some wonder that she had a number of flags hanging along her awning, in such a way as to hide all that part of the deck save the taffrail. This gave her an uncommonly gay appearance. The flags were of all colors, and the contrast of them with the white awning and the black and white sides of the ship was very striking.

On a sudden I caught sight of her name, painted in large characters on her stern.

"Sir Mordaunt!" I exclaimed, looking around, "I recognize an old friend yonder. Ten years ago, I was second mate of that ship. She's the 'Dido,' and bound, I have no doubt, to Sydney, New South Wales."

"Very curious, indeed!" he exclaimed, coming over to me and taking the glass. "It only proves what a little world this is—even at sea." He ogled

the ship. "But what is the meaning of those flags? It isn't the Queen's birthday, is it? Are they having a ball aboard of her?"

"There's a jollification of some kind going on," said I. "Can you make out any of her people?"

"I see some figures at the taff-rail."

"Let us signalize her," said I.

"To be sure!" he exclaimed.

"Here, Purchase," he called, "signal that vessel, will you?"

The old fellow had "made eight bells" some time before. He put down his sextant, rolled aft, and hoisted the ensign. Miss Tuke now joined us, and we stood watching. Presently a spot of red glimmered at the ship's stern, it soared, and the red ensign languidly fluttered at the peak.

"Hush!" cried Miss Tuke; "don't you hear the sound of music?"

I listened a moment.

"Plainly enough," said I. "What on earth are they about?"

The strains of a band of instruments were distinctly audible, though what wind there was blew athwart us and toward the ship.

"Can't you ask them by flags what they are doing?" said Miss Tuke.

"Quite easily; but we shall be within hail presently, and that will save us the bother of spelling over the signal-book," I answered. "How strange to light upon the old hooker all these leagues down here!"

And I fell a-musing, thinking of the months I had passed in her, the watches I had kept on her poop, the old crew whose faces and names I could distinctly recall, and the incidents of the voyage. I own my heart warmed up at the sight of that ship. I was proud to be able to point to her, and say that over and over again I had had charge of her in the long watches, for she looked, as I have said, a beautiful object upon the blue of the deep sea. Indeed, there was no handsomer vessel of her kind afloat. But it was not only her appearance that kindled me; the present seemed a mere dream when I looked at her, and nothing real but the life I had passed aboard of her. Any sailor will understand my feelings. Jack's love of a ship in which he has sailed and been well treated is a

genuine sentiment. I knew every plank, every rope, I might say every nail, in that fabric.

Looking round, I caught Miss Tuke's eyes full upon me.

"I dare say you would rather be in her than here," says she.

"My dear child," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt, "you should hear Walton talk of his blankets having been stolen—"

"Not in *her*," I interrupted. "No, I was very comfortable in that boat. But don't you believe, Miss Tuke, that I wouldn't rather be where I am. I think of her as a man might of an old sweetheart. The sight of her makes him pensive; but does that mean that he is sorry they didn't stick to each other?"

"One always returns to one's first love," said she, laughing.

"So this meeting proves," said I. "Sir Mordaunt, you must lay me alongside—not to board her, but to talk. Perhaps I know her skipper; and, besides, we can hear the music, and if Lady Brookes won't object, we might turn to and shake a foot to it, to keep the people yonder company. But I should like to know the meaning of that jollification. Cheerfulness is rather uncommon in a ship a few days out from home."

But we were drawing closer and closer all the time we were chatting about her, and before the tiffin bell called us below we were near enough to discern with the naked eye the people who came and went at her taffrail. The wind, however, was almost entirely gone—the fierce sun seemed to have dried it up—and the sea was beginning to look like molten glass, through which the ocean swell ran languidly into the west. As we sat at lunch we could hear the music aboard the ship quite distinctly through the open scuttles and skylights. Listening to it made it hard for us to realize that we were hundreds of miles away from the nearest point of land, and nothing in sight but that ship and the waters of the Atlantic. The music made it seem as though we were in harbor, and that by going on deck we should see piers and cliffs and people walking about.

"Perhaps they have a great man on

board," surmised the baronet; "and this may be his birthday."

"Maybe a governor. A governor becomes a great man the moment he quits London," said I.

"I wish this yacht were a steamer," said Lady Brookes pettishly—having been looking for some moments through the skylights at the sails, which were faintly stirred by the swell—with an expression of lassitude in her face.

"Why, Agnes, I would have hired a steamer, my love, had not the whole summer been before us," answered Sir Mordaunt. "But you would not have been so comfortable. The smell of the engine-room is always about. On such a day as this it would be exceedingly unpleasant; and the throbbing and champing of the engines is very harassing in a small vessel."

"That is so, indeed," said I, backing my friend as usual in these encounters. "Steam is all very well for despatch, but when you are not in a hurry you must choose a sailing vessel. You enjoy expectations in a sailing ship which steam defrauds you of. How will the wind blow? Will this calm last? When a breeze springs up will it be foul or fair? In a steamer you don't think of these things. You plod on like a pack-man. The fine old tra-

ditions, the seamanship, the beating to windward, the reefing down, the lying-to, the running or scudding, are all blown away by steam. Jack has chucked his tarpaulin overboard, blacked his face, and gone with a shovel into the bunkers. He is no longer sailor, but stoker, and all our maritime notions have been melted down into the propeller."

"I don't think you would like the 'Lady Maud,' aunt, if she were a steamer," said Miss Ada. "There would be no snow-white sails," lifting up her beautiful eyes, "and we should be constantly peeping into the looking-glass, to see if there were smuts on our noses."

"Better smuts than stagnation," murmured her ladyship. "We may be stuck without motion upon this sea for the next month."

Evidently the heat made her peevish, and besides, as an invalid, certain obligations of temper were imposed upon her which she was bound to fulfil. I changed the subject by talking of the ship, and when lunch was over we all returned on deck, Lady Brookes excepted, who complained of languor and went to her cabin, though I was inclined to attribute her withdrawal to spleen.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

A NEW THEORY OF THE SUN.—THE CONSERVATION OF SOLAR ENERGY.

BY C. WILLIAM SIEMENS.

A PAPER was recently read by me before the Royal Society, under the above title, which may be termed a first attempt to open for the sun a creditor and debtor account, inasmuch as he has hitherto been regarded only as the great almoner, pouring forth incessantly his boundless wealth of heat, without receiving any of it back. Such a proposal touches the root of solar physics, and cannot therefore be expected to pass without challenge—to meet which I gladly embrace the opportunity, now offered to me through the courtesy of the Editor of this Review, of enlarging somewhat upon the first concise statement of my views regarding this question.

Man has from the very earliest ages

looked up with a feeling of awe and wonderment to our great luminary, to whom we owe not only the light of day, but the genial warmth by which we live, by which our hills are clad with verdure, our rivers flow, and without which our life-sustaining food, both vegetable and animal, could not be produced.

When for our comfort and our use we resort to a fire either of wood or coal, we know now by the light of modern science that we are utilizing only solar rays that have been stored up by the aid of the process of vegetation in our forests or in the forests of former geological ages, when our coal-fields were the scenes of rank tropical growth. The potency of the solar ray in this respect was recognized—even before science had

discovered its true significance — by clear-sighted men such as the late George Stephenson, who, when asked what in his opinion was the ultimate cause of the motion of his locomotive engine, said that he thought it went by "the bottled-up rays of the sun."

With the exception of our coal-fields and a few elementary combustible substances such as sulphur and what are called the precious metals, which we find sparsely scattered about, our earth consists essentially of combined matter. Thus our rivers, lakes and oceans are filled with oxidized hydrogen, the result of a most powerful combustion; and the crust of our earth is found to consist either of quartz (a combination of the metal silicon with oxygen) or limestone (oxidized calcium combined with oxidized carbon), or of other metals, such as magnesium, aluminium, or iron, oxidized and combined in a similar manner. Excepting, therefore, the few substances before enumerated, we may look upon our earth, near its surface at any rate, as a huge ball of cinder, which, if left to itself, would soon become intensely cold, and devoid of life or animation of any kind.

It is true that a goodly store of heat still exists in the interior of our earth, which according to some geologists is in a state of fusion, and must certainly be in a highly heated condition; but this internal heat would be of no avail, owing to the slow rate of conduction, by which alone, excepting volcanic action, it could be brought to us living upon its surface.

An estimate of the amount of heat poured down annually upon the surface of our earth may be formed from the fact that it exceeds a million times the heat producible by all the coal raised, which may be taken at 280,000,000 tons a year.

If then we depend upon solar radiation for our very existence from day to day, it cannot be said that we are only remotely interested in solar physics, and the question whether and how solar energy, comprising the rays of heat, of light, and the actinic rays, is likely to be maintained, is one in which we have at least as great a reversionary interest as we have in landed estate or other property.

If the amount of heat, or, more correctly speaking, of energy, supplied annually to our earth is great as compared with terrestrial quantities, that scattered abroad in all directions by the sun strikes us as something almost beyond conception.

The amount of heat radiated from the sun has been approximately computed by the aid of the pyrheliometer of Pouillet, and by the actinometers of Herschel, at 18,000,000 heat units from every square foot of its surface per hour; or, expressed popularly, if coal were consumed on the surface of the sun in the most perfect manner, our total annual production of 280,000,000 tons, being the estimated produce of all the coal-mines of the earth, would suffice to keep up solar radiation for only one forty-millionth part of a second; or, if the earth was a mass of coal, and could be supplied by contract to the solar furnacemen, this supply would last them just thirty-six hours.

If the sun were surrounded by a solid sphere of a radius equal to the mean distance of the sun from the earth (95,000,000 of miles), the whole of this prodigious amount of heat would be intercepted; but considering that the earth's apparent diameter as seen from the sun is only seventeen seconds, the earth can intercept only the 2250-millionth part. Assuming that the other planetary bodies swell the amount of intercepted heat to ten times this amount, there remains the important fact that $\frac{1}{2250000000}$ of the solar energy is radiated into space, and apparently lost to the solar system, and only $\frac{1}{225000000}$ utilized or intercepted.

Notwithstanding this enormous loss of heat, solar temperature has not diminished sensibly for centuries, if we neglect the periodic changes, apparently connected with the appearance of sun-spots, that have been observed by Lockyer and others, and the question forces itself upon us how this great loss can be sustained without producing an observable diminution of solar temperature even within a human lifetime.

Among the ingenious hypotheses intended to account for a continuance of solar heat is that of shrinkage or gradual reduction of the sun's volume suggested by Helmholtz. It may, however, be

argued against this theory that the heat so produced would be liberated throughout its mass, and would have to be brought to the surface by conduction, aided perhaps by convection; but we know of no material of sufficient conductivity to transmit anything approaching the amount of heat lost by radiation.

Chemical action between the constituent parts of the sun has also been suggested; but here again we are met by the difficulty that the products of such combination would ere this have accumulated on the surface, and would have formed a barrier against further action.

These difficulties led Sir William Thomson to the suggestion that the cause of maintenance of solar temperature might be found in the circumstance of meteorites, not falling upon the sun from great distances in space, as had been suggested by Mayer and Waterton, but circulating with an acquired velocity within the planetary distances of the sun, and he shows that each pound of matter so imported would represent a large number of heat units without disturbing the planetary equilibrium. But in considering more fully the enormous amount of planetary matter that would be required for the maintenance of the solar temperature, Sir William Thomson soon abandoned this hypothesis for that of simple transfer of heat from the interior of a fluid sun to the surface by means of convection currents, which latter hypothesis is at the present time supported by Professor Stokes and other leading physicists.

This theory has certainly the advantage of accounting for the greatest possible store of heat within the solar mass, because it supposes the latter to consist in the main of a fluid heated to such a temperature that if it were relieved at any point of the confining pressure, it would flash into gas of a vastly inferior, but still of an elevated, temperature. It is supposed that such fluid material, or material in the "critical" condition, as Professor Thomas Andrews of Belfast has named it, is continually transferred to the surface by means of convection currents, that is to say, by currents forming naturally when a fluid substance is cooled at its upper surface, and sinks down after cooling to make room for ascending material at the com-

paratively higher temperature. It is owing to such convection currents that the temperature of a room is, generally speaking, higher toward the ceiling than toward the floor, and that upon plunging a thermometer into a tank of heated water the surface temperature is found slightly superior to that near the bottom.

These convection currents owe their existence to a preponderance of the cooled descending over the ascending current; but this difference being slight, and the ascending and descending currents intermixing freely, they are, generally speaking, of a sluggish character; hence in all heating apparatus it is found essential to resort either to artificial propulsion, or to separating walls between the ascending and the descending currents, in order to give effect to the convective transfer of heat.

In the case of a fluid sun another difficulty presents itself through the circumstance that the vast liquid interior is enveloped in a gaseous atmosphere, which, although perhaps some thousands of miles in depth, represents a relatively very small store of heat. Convection currents may be supposed active in both the gaseous atmosphere and in the fluid ocean below, but the surface of this fluid must necessarily constitute a barrier between the two convective systems, nor could the convective action of the gaseous atmosphere, that is to say, the simple up and down currents caused by surface refrigeration, be such as to disturb the liquid surface below to any great extent, because each descending current would have had plenty of time to get intermixed with its neighboring ascending current, and would, therefore, have reached its least intensity on arriving on the liquid surface.

As regards the liquid, its most favorable condition for heating purposes would be at the critical point, or that at which the slightest diminution of superincumbent pressure would make it flash off into gas; but considering that, by means of conduction and convection, the liquid matter must have assumed in the course of ages a practically uniform temperature to a very considerable depth, it follows that the liquid below the surface, with fluid pressure in addition to that of the superimposed gaseous atmosphere, must be ordinary fluid, the critical con-

dition being essentially confined only to the surface.

Conditions analogous to those here contemplated are met with in a high-pressure steam boiler, with its heated water and dense vapor atmosphere. Suppose the fire below such a boiler be withdrawn, and its roof be exposed to active radiation into space, what should we observe through a strong pane of glass inserted in the side of the boiler near the liquid surface, lit up by an incandescent electric lamp within? The loss of heat by radiation from the boiler would give rise to convection currents, and partial condensation of the vapor atmosphere; then, if the motion of the water was made visible by means of coloring matter, we should observe convection currents in the fluid mass separate and distinct from those in the gaseous mass; but these convection currents would cause no visible disturbance of the liquid surface, which would present itself to the eye with the smoothness of a mirror. It is only in the event of the steam pressure being suddenly relieved at any point on the surface that a portion of the water would flash into steam, causing a violent upheaval of the liquid.

The dark spots on the sun appear to indicate commotion of this description, but these are evidently not the result of mere convection currents; if they were, they would occur indiscriminately over the entire surface of the sun, whereas telescopic observation has revealed the fact that they do occur almost exclusively in two belts, between the equator and the polar surfaces on either side. Their occurrence could be satisfactorily explained if we could suppose the existence of strong lateral currents flowing from the polar surfaces toward the equator, which lateral currents in the solar atmosphere would cause cyclones or vortex action with a lower and denser atmosphere consisting probably of metallic vapors; this vortex action extending downward would relieve the fluid ocean locally from pressure, and give rise to explosive outbursts of enormous magnitude, projecting the lower atmosphere high above the photosphere, with a velocity measured, according to Lockyer, by a thousand miles a second. It will be seen from what follows how, according to my views, such vortex action in those

intermediate regions of the sun would necessarily be produced.

But supposing that, notwithstanding the difficulties just pointed out, convection currents sufficed to effect a transfer of internal heat to the surface with sufficient rapidity to account for the enormous surface-loss by radiation, we should only have the poor satisfaction of knowing that the available store would last longer than might have been expected, whereas a complete solution of the problem would be furnished by a theory, according to which the radiant energy which is now supposed to be dissipated into space and irrecoverably lost to our solar system, could be arrested and brought back in another form to the sun himself, there to continue the work of solar radiation.

Some six years ago the thought occurred to me that such a solution of the solar problem might not lie beyond the bounds of possibility, and although I cannot claim intimate acquaintance with the intricacies of solar physics, I have watched its progress, and have engaged also in some physical experiments bearing upon the question, all of which have served to strengthen my confidence and to ripen in me the determination to submit my views, not without some misgiving, to the touchstone of scientific criticism.

For the purposes of my theory, stellar space is supposed to be filled with highly rarefied gaseous bodies, including hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, carbon, and their compounds, besides solid materials in the form of dust. Each planetary body would in that case attract to itself an atmosphere depending for density upon its relative attractive importance, and it would not seem unreasonable to suppose that the heavier and less diffusible gases would form the staple of these local atmospheres; that, in fact, they would consist mostly of nitrogen, oxygen, and carbonic acid, while hydrogen and its compounds would predominate in space.

In support of this view it may be urged, that in following out the molecular theory of gases as laid down by Clausius, Clerk Maxwell, and Thomson, it would be difficult to assign a limit to a gaseous atmosphere in space; and, further, that some writers—among

whom I will here mention only Grove, Humboldt, Zoellner and Mattieu Williams—have boldly asserted the existence of a space filled with matter. But Newton himself, as Dr. Sterry Hunt tells us in an interesting paper which has only just reached me, has expressed views in favor of such an assumption.

The history of Newton's paper is remarkable and very suggestive. It was read before the Royal Society on the 9th and 16th of December, 1675, and remained unpublished until 1757, when it was printed by Birch, the then secretary, in the third volume of his "History of the Royal Society," but received no attention; in 1846 it was published in the *Philosophical Magazine* at the suggestion of Harcourt, but was again disregarded; and now, once more, only a few months since, a philosopher on the other side of the Atlantic brings back to the birthplace of Newton his forgotten and almost despised work of 200 years ago.

Quoting from Dr. Sterry Hunt's paper:

Newton in his Hypothesis imagines "an ethereal medium much of the same constitution with air, but far rarer, subtler, and more elastic." "But it is not to be supposed that this medium is one uniform matter, but composed partly of the main phlegmatic body of ether, partly of other various ethereal spirits, much after the manner that air is compounded of the phlegmatic body of air intermixed with various vapors and exhalations." Newton further suggests in his Hypothesis that this complex spirit or ether, which, by its elasticity, is extended throughout all space, is in continual movement and interchange. "For Nature is a perpetual circulatory worker, generating fluids out of solids, and solids out of fluids; fixed things out of volatile, and volatile out of fixed; subtile out of gross, and gross out of subtile; some things to ascend and make the upper terrestrial juices, rivers, and the atmosphere, and by consequence others to descend for a requital to the former. And as the earth, so perhaps may the sun imbibe this spirit copiously, to conserve his shining, and keep the planets from receding farther from him; and they that will may also suppose that this spirit affords or carries with it thither the solary fuel and material principle of life, and that the vast ethereal spaces between us and the stars are for a sufficient repository for this food of the sun and planets." "Thus, perhaps, may all things be originated from ether."

If at the time of Newton chemistry had been understood as it now is, and

if moreover he had been armed with that most wonderful of all modern scientific instruments, the spectroscope, the direct outcome of his own prismatic analysis, there appears to be no doubt that the author of the laws of gravitation would have so developed his thoughts upon solar fuel, that they would have taken the form rather of a scientific discovery than of a mere speculation.

Our proof that interstellar space is filled with attenuated matter does not rest however solely upon the uncertain ground of speculation. We receive occasionally upon our earth celestial visitors termed meteorites; these are known to travel in loose masses round the sun in orbits intersecting at certain points that of our earth. When in their transit they pass through the denser portion of our atmosphere they become incandescent, and are popularly known as falling stars. In some cases they are really deserving of that name, because they strike down upon our earth, from the surface of which they have been picked up and subjected to searching examination while still warm after their exertion. Dr. Flight has only very recently communicated to the Royal Society an analysis of the occluded gases of one of these meteorites as follows:

CO ₂ (Carbonic acid)	. . .	0.12
CO (Carbonic oxide)	. . .	31.88
H (Hydrogen)	. . .	45.79
CH ₄ (Marsh gas)	. . .	4.55
N (Nitrogen)	. . .	17.66
		<hr/>
		100.00

It appears surprising that there was no aqueous vapor, considering there was much hydrogen and oxygen in combination with carbon; but perhaps the vapor escaped observation, or was expelled to a greater extent than the other gases by external heat when the meteorite passed through our atmosphere. Opinions concur that the gases found occluded in meteorites cannot be supposed to have entered into their composition during the very short period of traversing our denser atmosphere; but if any doubt should exist on this head, it ought to be set at rest by the fact that the gas principally occluded is hydrogen, which is not contained in our atmosphere in any appreciable quantity.

Further proof of the fact that stellar space is filled with gaseous matter is furnished by spectrum analysis, and it appears from recent investigation, by Dr. Huggins and others, that the nucleus of a comet contains very much the same gases found occluded in meteorites, including "carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and probably oxygen," whilst, according to the views set forth by Dewar and Liveing, it also contains nitrogenous compounds such as cyanogen.

Adversely to the assumption that interplanetary space is filled with gases, it is urged that the presence of ordinary matter would cause sensible retardation of planetary motion, such as must have made itself felt before this; but, assuming that the matter filling space is an almost perfect fluid not limited by border surfaces, it can be shown on purely mechanical grounds that the retardation by friction through such an attenuated medium would be very slight indeed, even at planetary velocities.

But it may be contended that, if the views here advocated regarding the distribution of gases were true, the sun should draw to himself the bulk of the least diffusible and therefore the heaviest gases, such as carbonic acid, carbonic oxide, oxygen and nitrogen, whereas spectrum analysis has proved, on the contrary, a great prevalence of hydrogen.

In explanation of this seeming anomaly, it can be shown, in the first place, that the temperature of the sun is so high that such compound gases as carbonic acid and carbonic oxide could not exist within him, their point of dissociation being very much below the solar temperature. It has been contended, indeed, by Mr. Lockyer, that none of the metalloids have any existence at these temperatures, although as regards oxygen Dr. Draper asserts its existence in the solar photosphere. There must be regions, however, outside that thermal limit, where their existence would not be jeopardized by heat; and here great accumulation of the comparatively heavy gases that constitute our atmosphere would probably take place, were it not for a certain counterbalancing action.

I here approach a point of primary importance in my argument, upon the

proof of which my further conclusions must depend.

The sun completes one revolution on its axis in twenty-five days, and its diameter being taken at 882,000 miles, it follows that the tangential velocity amounts to 1.25 miles per second, or to what the tangential velocity of our earth would be if it occupied five hours instead of twenty-four in accomplishing one revolution. This high rotative velocity of the sun must cause an equatorial rise of the solar atmosphere, to which Mairan, in 1731, attributed the appearance of zodiacal light. La Place rejected this explanation on the ground that zodiacal light extended to a distance from the sun exceeding our own, whereas the equatorial rise of the solar atmosphere due to its rotation could not exceed nine-twentieths of the distance of Mercury. But it must be remembered that La Place based his calculation upon the generally accepted hypothesis of an empty stellar space (occupied only by an imaginary æther), and it can be shown that the result of solar rotation would be widely different, if supposed to take place within a medium of unbounded extension. In this case pressures would be balanced all round, and the sun would act mechanically upon the floating matter surrounding him in the manner of a fan, drawing it toward himself upon the polar surfaces, and projecting it outward in a continuous disk-like stream from the equatorial surfaces.

By this fan action, hydrogen, hydrocarbons, and oxygen are supposed to be drawn in enormous quantities toward the polar surfaces of the sun; during their gradual approach they pass from their condition of extreme attenuation and intense cold to that of compression, accompanied with increase of temperature, until, on approaching the photosphere, they burst into flame, giving rise to a great development of heat, and a temperature commensurate with their point of dissociation at the solar density. The result of their combustion will be aqueous vapor and carbonic acid, and these products of combustion, in yielding to the influence of centrifugal force, will flow toward the solar equator, and be thence projected into space.

In view of the importance of this centrifugal action for the purpose of my

theory, the following simple mathematical statement of the problem may not be thought out of place. Let us consider the condition of two equal gaseous masses, at equal distances from the solar centre, the one in the direction of the equator, the other in that of either of the poles. These two masses would be equally attracted toward the sun, and balance one another as regards the force of gravitation, but the former would be subject to another force, that of centrifugal action, which, however small in amount as compared with the enormous attraction of the sun, would destroy the balance, and determine a motion toward the sun as regards the mass opposite the polar surface, and into space as regards the equatorial mass. The same action would take effect upon the masses filling their places, and the result must be a continuous current depending for its velocity upon the rate of solar rotation. The equatorial current so produced, owing to its mighty proportions, would flow outward into space, to a practically unlimited distance.

The next question for consideration is: What would become of these products of combustion when thus returned into space? Apparently they would gradually change the condition of stellar material, rendering it more and more neutral; but I venture to suggest the possibility, nay, the probability, that solar radiation will, under these conditions, step in to bring back the combined materials to a state of separation by dissociation carried into effect at the expense of that solar energy which is now supposed to be irrevocably lost or dissipated into space as the phrase goes.

According to the law of dissociation as developed by Bunsen and Sainte-Claire Deville, the point of decomposition of different compounds depends upon the temperature on the one hand, and upon the pressure on the other. According to Sainte-Claire Deville, the dissociation tension of aqueous vapor at atmospheric pressure and at 2800° C. is 0.5, that is to say one half of the vapor would exist as such, the remaining half being found as a mechanical mixture of hydrogen and oxygen; but with the pressure, the temperature of dissociation rises and falls, as the temperature of saturated steam rises and falls with its

pressure. It is therefore conceivable that the solar photosphere may be raised by combustion to a temperature exceeding 2800° C., whereas dissociation may be effected in space at a lower temperature. This temperature of 2800° would be quite sufficient to account for the character and amount of solar radiation, if it is only borne in mind that the luminous atmosphere may be a thousand miles in depth, and that the flame of hydrogen and hydrocarbons, in the uppermost layers of this zone, is transparent to the radiant energy produced in the layers below, thus making the total radiation rather the sum of matter in combustion than the effect of a very intensely heated surface.

Sainte-Claire Deville's investigations had reference only to heats measured by means of pyrometers, but do not extend to the effects of radiant heat. Dr. Tyndall has shown by his important researches that vapor of water and other gaseous compounds intercept radiant heat in a most remarkable degree, and there is other evidence to show that radiant energy from a source of high intensity possesses a dissociating power far surpassing the measurable temperature to which the compound substance under its influence is raised. Thus carbonic acid and water are dissociated in the leaf-cells of plants under the influence of the direct solar ray at ordinary summer temperature, and experiments in which I have been engaged for nearly three years* go to prove that this dissociating action is obtained also under the radiant influence of the electric arc, although it is scarcely perceptible if the energy is such as can be produced by an inferior source of heat.

The point of dissociation of aqueous vapor and carbonic acid admits, however, of being determined by direct experiment. It engaged my attention some years ago, but I have hesitated to publish the qualitative results I then obtained, in the hope of attaining to quantitative proofs.

These experiments consisted in the employment of glass tubes furnished

* See *Proceedings, Royal Society*, vol. xxx., March 1, 1880; also a paper read before Section A of the British Association, September 1, 1881, and ordered to be printed in the Report.

with platinum electrodes, and filled with aqueous vapor or with carbonic acid in the usual manner, the latter being furnished with caustic soda to regulate the vapor pressure by heating. Upon immersing one end of the tube charged with aqueous vapor in a refrigerating mixture of ice and chloride of calcium, its temperature at that end was reduced to -32° C., corresponding to a vapor pressure, according to Regnault, of $\frac{1}{1000}$ th of an atmosphere. When so cooled no slow electric discharge took place on connecting the two electrodes with a small induction coil. I then exposed the end of the tube projecting out of the freezing mixture, backed by white paper, to solar radiation (on a clear summer's day) for several hours, when upon again connecting up to the inductorium, a discharge, apparently that of a hydrogen vacuum, was obtained. This experiment being repeated furnished unmistakable evidence, I thought, that aqueous vapor had been dissociated by exposure to solar radiation. The carbonic acid tubes gave, however, less unmistakable effects. Not satisfied with these qualitative results, I made arrangements to collect the permanent gases so produced by means of a Sprengel pump, but was prevented by lack of time from pursuing the inquiry, which I propose, however, to resume shortly, being of opinion that, independently of my present speculation, the experiments may prove useful in extending our knowledge regarding the laws of dissociation.

It should be here observed that, according to Professor Stokes, the ultra violet rays are in large measure absorbed in passing through clear glass, and it follows from this discovery that only a small portion of the chemical rays found their way through the tubes to accomplish the work of dissociation. This circumstance being adverse to the experiment only serves to increase the value of the effect observed, while it appears to furnish additional proof of the fact, first enunciated by Professor Draper, and corroborated by my own experiments on plants, that the dissociating power of light is not confined to the ultra violet rays, but depends in the process of vegetation chiefly upon the yellow and red rays.

Assuming, for my present purpose,

that dissociation of aqueous vapor was really effected in the experiment just described, and assuming, further, that stellar space is filled with aqueous and other vapor of a density not exceeding the $\frac{1}{1000}$ th part of our atmosphere, it seems reasonable to suppose that its dissociation would be effected by solar radiation, and that solar energy would thus be utilized. The conjoint presence of aqueous vapor, carbonic acid and nitrogen would only serve to facilitate their decomposition, in consequence of the simultaneous formation of hydrocarbons and nitrogenous compounds by combination of the nascent hydrogen and the nitrogen with carbon in a manner analogous to what occurs in vegetation. It is not necessary to suppose that all the energy radiated from the sun into space should be intercepted, inasmuch as even a partial return of heat in the manner described would serve to supplement solar radiation, the balance being made up by absolute loss. To this loss of energy would have to be added that consumed in sustaining the circulating current, which however need not relatively be more than what is known to be lost on our earth through the tidal action, and may be supposed to be compensated as regards the time of solar rotation by gradual shrinkage.

By means of the fan-like action resulting from the rotation of the sun, the vapors dissociated in space to-day would be drawn toward the polar surfaces of the sun to-morrow, be heated by increase in density, and would burst into flame at a point where both their density and temperature had reached the necessary elevation to induce combustion, each complete cycle taking, however, years to be accomplished. The resulting aqueous vapor, carbonic acid, and carbonic oxide would be drawn toward the equatorial regions, and be then again projected into space by centrifugal force.

Space would, according to these views, be filled with gaseous compounds in process of decomposition by solar radiant energy, and the existence of these gases would furnish an explanation of the solar absorption spectrum, in which the lines of some of the substances may be entirely neutralized and lost to observation. As regards the heavy metallic vapors revealed in the sun by the spectroscope, it

is assumed that these form a lower and denser solar atmosphere, not participating in the fan-like action which is supposed to affect the light outer atmosphere only, in which hydrogen is the principal factor.

Such a dense metallic atmosphere could not participate in the fan action affecting the lighter photosphere, because this is only feasible on the supposition that the density of the inflowing current is, at equal distances from the gravitating centre, equal or nearly equal to the outflowing current. It is true that the products of combustion of hydrogen and hydrocarbons are denser than their constituents, but this difference may be balanced by their superior temperature on leaving the sun, whereas the metallic vapors would be unbalanced, and would therefore obey the laws of gravitation, recalling them to the sun. On the surface of contact between the two solar atmospheres, intermixture induced by friction must take place, however, giving rise to those vortices and explosive effects within the zones of the sun, between the equator and the polar surfaces, to which reference has already been made in this article; these may appropriately be called the "stormy regions" of the sun, which were first observed and commented upon by Sir John Herschel. Some of the denser vapors would probably get intermixed, be carried away mechanically by the lighter gases, and give rise to that cosmic dust observed to fall upon our earth in not inappreciable quantities, and generally assumed hitherto to be the debris of broken meteorolites. Excessive intermixture between the heat-producing atmosphere and the metallic vapors below appears to be prevented by the existence of an intermediate neutral atmosphere, and called the penumbra.

As the whole solar system moves through space at a pace estimated at 150,000,000 of miles annually (being about one fourth of the velocity of the earth in its orbit), it appears possible that the condition of the gaseous fuel supplying the sun may vary according to its state of previous decomposition, in which other heavenly bodies may have taken part, and whereby an interesting reflex action between our sun and other heavenly bodies would be brought about.

May it not be owing to such differences in the quality of the fuel supplied that the observed variations of the solar heat may arise? and may it not be in consequence of such changes in the thermal condition of the photosphere that the extraordinary convulsions revealed to us as sun-spots occur?

The views here advocated could not be thought acceptable unless they furnished at any rate a consistent explanation of the still somewhat mysterious phenomena of the zodiacal light and of comets. Regarding the former, we should be able to revert to Mairan's views, the objection by La Place being met by a continuous outward flow from the solar equator. Luminosity would be attributable to particles of dust emitting light reflected from the sun, or to phosphorescence. But there is another cause for luminosity of these particles, which may deserve serious consideration. Each particle would be electrified by gaseous friction in its acceleration, and its electric tension would be vastly increased in its forcible removal, in the same way as the fine dust of the desert has been observed by Dr. Werner Siemens to be in a state of high electrification on the apex of the Cheops pyramid. Could not the zodiacal light also be attributed to slow electric discharge backward from the dust toward the sun? and would not the same cause account for a great difference of potential between the sun and earth, which latter may be supposed to be washed by the solar radial current? May not the presence of the radial solar current also furnish us with an explanation of the fact that hydrogen, while abounding apparently in space, is practically absent in our atmosphere, where aqueous vapor and carbonic acid, which would come to us directly from the sun, take its place? An action analogous to this, though on a much smaller scale, may be set up also by terrestrial rotation, giving rise to an electrical discharge from the outgoing equatorial stream to the polar regions, where the atmosphere to be pierced by the return flood is of least resistance. Thus the phenomenon of the aurora borealis or northern lights would find an easy explanation.

The effect of this continuous outpour of solar materials could not be without

very important influences as regards the geological conditions of our earth. Geologists have long acknowledged the difficulty of accounting for the amount of carbonic acid that must have been in our atmosphere, at one time or another, in order to form with lime those enormous beds of dolomite and limestone, of which the crust of our earth is in great measure composed. It has been calculated that if this carbonic acid had been at one and the same time in our atmosphere it would have caused an elastic pressure fifty times that of our present atmosphere; and if we had the carbonic acid that must have been absorbed in vegetation in order to form our coal-beds, we should probably have to double that pressure. Animal life, of which we find abundant traces in these "measures," could not have existed under such conditions, and we are almost forced to the conclusion that the carbonic acid must have been derived from an external source.

It appears to me that the theory here advocated furnishes a feasible solution of this geological difficulty. Our earth being situated in the outflowing current of the solar products of combustion, or, as it were, in the solar chimney, would be fed from day to day with its quota of carbonic acid, of which our local atmosphere would assimilate as much as would be necessary to maintain in it a carbonic acid vapor density balancing that of the solar current; we should thus receive our daily supply of this important constituent (with the regularity of fresh rolls for breakfast), which, according to an investigation by M. Reiset, communicated to the French Academy of Sciences by M. Dumas on the 6th of March last, amounts to the constant factor of one ten-thousandth part of our atmosphere. The aqueous vapor in the air would be similarly maintained as to its density, and its influx to, or reflux from, our atmosphere would be determined by the surface temperature of our earth.

It is also important to show how the phenomena of comets could be harmonized with the views here advocated, and I venture to hope that these occasional visitors will serve to furnish us with positive evidence in my favor. Astronomical physicists tell us that the nucleus of a comet consists of an aggre-

gation of stones similar to meteorites. Adopting this view, and assuming that the stones have absorbed in stellar space gases to the amount of six times their volume, taken at atmospheric pressure, what, it may be asked, will be the effect of such a divided mass advancing toward the sun at a velocity reaching in perihelion the prodigious rate of 366 miles per second (as observed in the comet of 1845), being twenty-three times our orbital rate of motion? It appears evident that the entry of such a mass into a comparatively dense atmosphere must be accompanied by a rise of temperature by frictional resistance, aided by attractive condensation. At a certain point the increase of temperature must cause ignition, and the heat thus produced must drive out the occluded gases, which in an atmosphere 3000 times less dense than that of our earth would produce $6 \times 3000 = 18,000$ times the volume of the stones themselves. These gases would issue forth in all directions, but would remain unobserved except in that of motion, in which they would meet the interplanetary atmosphere with the compound velocity, and form a zone of intense combustion, such as Dr. Huggins has lately observed to surround the one side of the nucleus, evidently the side of forward motion. The nucleus would thus emit original light, whereas the tail may be supposed to consist of stellar dust rendered luminous by reflex action produced by the light of the sun and comet combined, as foreshadowed already by Tyndall, Tait, and others, starting each from different assumptions.

Although I cannot pretend to an intimate acquaintance with the more intricate phenomena of solar physics, I have long had a conviction, derived principally from familiarity with some of the terrestrial effects of heat, that the prodigious dissipation of solar heat is unnecessary to satisfy accepted principles regarding the conservation of energy, but that solar heat may be arrested and returned over and over again to the sun, in a manner somewhat analogous to the action of the heat recuperator in the regenerative engine and gas furnace. The fundamental conditions are:

1. That aqueous vapor and carbon compounds are present in stellar or interplanetary space.

2. That these gaseous compounds are capable of being dissociated by radiant solar energy while in a state of extreme attenuation.

3. That the vapors so dissociated are drawn toward the sun in consequence of solar rotation, are flashed into flame in the photosphere, and rendered back into space in the condition of products of combustion.

Three weeks have now elapsed since I ventured to submit these propositions to the Royal Society for scientific criticism, and it will probably interest my readers to know what has been the nature of that criticism and the weight of additional evidence for or against my theory.

Criticism has been pronounced by mathematicians and physicists, but affecting singularly enough the chemical and not the mathematical portion of my argument; whereas chemists have expressed doubts regarding my mathematics while accepting the chemistry involved in my reasoning.

Doubts have been expressed as to the sufficiency of the proof that dissociation of attenuated aqueous vapor and carbonic acid is really effected by radiant solar energy, and, if so effected, whether the amount of heat so supplied to the sun could be at all adequate in amount to keep up the known rate of radiation. It was admitted in my paper that my own experiments on the dissociation of vapors within vacuous tubes amounted to inferential rather than absolute proof; but the amount of inferential evidence in favor of my views has been very much strengthened since by chemical evidence received from various sources; and I will here only refer to one of these.

Professor Piazzi Smyth, the Astronomer Royal for Scotland, has, in connection with Professor Herschel of Newcastle, recently presented an elaborate paper or series of papers to the Royal Society of Edinburgh "On the Gaseous Spectra in Vacuum Tubes," of which he has kindly forwarded me a copy. It appears from these memoirs that when vacuum tubes, which contain attenuated vapors, have been laid aside for a length of time, they turn practically into hydrogen tubes. In another very recent paper presented to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Professor Piazzi Smyth fur-

nishes important additional proof of the presence of oxygen in the outer solar atmosphere, and gives an explanation why this important element has escaped observation by the spectroscope. Additional proof of the existence of oxygen in the outer solar atmosphere has been given by Professor Stoney, the Astronomer Royal for Ireland, and Mr. R. Meldola in an interesting paper communicated by him to the *Philosophical Magazine* in June, 1878.

As regards the sufficiency of an inflowing stream of dissociated vapors to maintain solar energy, the following simple calculation may be of service. Let it be assumed that the stream flowing in upon the polar surfaces of the sun flashes into flame when it has attained the density of our atmosphere, that its velocity at that time is 100 feet per second (the velocity of a strong terrestrial wind) and that in its composition only one-twentieth part is hydrogen and marsh gas in equal proportions, the other nineteen-twentieths being made up of oxygen, nitrogen, and neutral compounds. It is well known that each pound of hydrogen develops in burning about 60,000 heat units, and each pound of marsh gas about 24,000; the average of the two gases mixed in equal proportion would yield, roughly speaking, 42,000 units; but, considering that only one-twentieth part of the inflowing current is assumed to consist of such combustible matter, the amount of heat developed per pound of inflowing current would be only 2100 heat units. One hundred cubic feet, weighing eight pounds, would enter into combustion every second upon each square foot of the polar surface, and would yield $8 \times 60 \times 60 \times 2100 = 60,480,000$ heat units per hour. Assuming that one-third of the entire solar surface may be regarded as polar heat-receiving surface, this would give 20,000,000 heat units per square foot of solar surface; whereas according to Herschel's and Pouillet's measurements only 18,000,000 heat units per square foot of solar surface are radiated away. There would thus be no difficulty in accounting for the maintenance of solar energy from the supposed source of supply. On the other hand I wish to guard myself against the assumption that appears to have been made by some critics,

that what I have advocated would amount to the counterpart of "perpetual motion," and therefore to an absurdity. The sun cannot of course get back any heat radiated by himself which has been turned to a purpose; thus the solar heat spent upon our earth in effecting vegetation must be absolutely lost to him.

My paper presented to the Royal Society was accompanied by a diagram of an ideal corona, representing an accumulation of igneous matter upon the solar surfaces, surrounded by disturbed regions pierced by occasional vortices and outbursts of metallic vapors, and culminating in two outward streams projecting from the equatorial surfaces into space through many thousands of miles. The only supporting evidence in favor of this diagram were certain indications that may be found in the instructive volume on the Sun by Mr. R. A. Proctor. It was therefore a matter of great satisfaction to me to be informed, as I

have been by an excellent authority and eye-witness, that my imaginary diagram bore a very close resemblance to the corona observed in America on the occasion of the total eclipse of the sun on the 11th of January, 1880.

Enough has been said, I think, to prove that the theory I have ventured to put forward is the result, at any rate, of considerable reflection; and I may add that, since its first announcement, I have not seen reason to reject any of the links of my chain of argument: these I have here endeavored to strengthen only by additional facts and explanations.

If these arguments can be proved to the entire satisfaction of those best able to form a judgment, they would serve to justify the poet Addison when he says:

The unwearied sun from day to day
Does the Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

—*The Nineteenth Century.*

A STATESMAN'S LOVE LETTERS.

FROM the days when Hercules laid aside his club, spun wool with the fair Queen of Lydia, and let the widow of Tmolus array herself in his lion's skin, the subjection of strong men to seductive women has been one of the favorite themes of the moralist and the cynic. History and literature teem with instances of this ignoble servitude, but we doubt if another so abject an instance of it could be adduced as the one we propose to lay before our readers.

A few weeks after the beautiful and fascinating Madame Récamier fell a victim to cholera, on May 13th, 1849, the *Presse* newspaper announced that its next *feuilleton* would consist of the letters she had received from Benjamin Constant. Curiosity was naturally much excited by the announcement, for a celebrated man does not make a fool of himself in connection with a celebrated woman without the world getting some inkling of his infatuation; and it was pretty extensively known that Constant had for years entertained for Madame Récamier a consuming passion. For the moment, however, the sentiment of curiosity was overridden by

a conviction of the impropriety of the project; and on the application of the nearest friends of both the writer and the recipient of the letters, an injunction was issued against their publication. Since then a generation has passed away, and Colmann Lévy has just given to the world the "Lettres de Benjamin Constant à Madame Récamier, 1807-1830."

Before proceeding to describe and illustrate their tenor, we ought, perhaps, to give a brief account of the antecedents of their author. Benjamin Constant was born at Lausanne on October 25th, 1767. His family was of French extraction and had taken refuge in Switzerland at the beginning of the seventeenth century only to avoid religious persecution, and it was this fact which established the validity of his claim, when he settled in France, to be considered a Frenchman. He was sent by his father for a time to the University, and afterward, in company with Mackintosh and Erskine, he studied at Edinburgh. Not unnaturally, people have attributed to this circumstance his ardent attachment to political liberty. But it did not require a man to visit

England in those days in order to become imbued with a passion for public freedom.

In 1787, at the impressionable age of twenty, he visited Paris for the first time, where the curtain was just about to rise upon the Revolution. His father, however, soon insisted upon his returning home and accepting a post at the Grand Ducal Court of Brunswick. The position was hateful to him; so he alleviated it by falling in love and marrying a young lady attached to the person of the Duchess. This he did at the mature age of twenty-two. A couple of years later, the young pair were divorced; and Benjamin Constant, no longer able to resist the attractions of Paris, then the centre of political interest, snapped his Court chains and in 1795 hastened to the French capital. It is possible that his having met Madame de Staël for the first time in the preceding autumn had something to do with this decision. "Rarely have I seen," he wrote at the time, "so striking a union of astonishing and brilliant qualities, so much simplicity, so much charm, so much *abandon*. She is a creature apart, such as is met with only once in a century." He quickly succumbed to her influence, both personal and political, and was for a time as importunate in begging her to marry him, as he afterward was in imploring Madame Récamier to love him. He was as unsuccessful in the one case as in the other. Burning for distinction—M. de Loménie says, mainly in order that he might be loved by some superior woman or other—he plunged into the thick of the political fray, and published a number of *brochures*, of which "Les Réactions Politiques," and "Les Effets de la Terreur" were the most successful. But the advent of Bonaparte to supreme power closed the door on his ambition; and in distinguished company he was exiled from France. It was then that he besieged Madame de Staël with his matrimonial proposals. At last convinced of the uselessness of persevering in his suit, he married a sister of the Count von Hardenburg, a lady of distinguished birth but somewhat dubious antecedents. He remained, however, on terms of close intimacy with Madame de Staël, and was one of her most fre-

quent guests at Coppet. It was at her house, in 1807, that he first met Madame Récamier; and the earliest of the letters now published were addressed to her between that date and 1814. But they are few in number and unremarkable in tone. After the overthrow of Napoleon in 1814, he returned in company with Madame de Staël to Paris, whither *émigrés*, and exiles were flocking in shoals. It is at this period that the interest of his letters commences.

Napoleon was at Elba; and the fate of the various thrones established by him was being debated by the Congress of Vienna. One of these was the throne of Naples, occupied by Murat, the husband of Napoleon's sister Caroline. Though in exile by order of the Emperor, Madame Récamier had been received by Murat and his wife in 1813 with marked distinction, and she had retained the liveliest recollection of the kindness they had shown her. Nor had they forgotten their attractive guest; and the Queen wrote to Madame Récamier, begging her to name some well-known political writer who would undertake to draw up a memorial in defence of the rights of the House of Murat. She at once thought her of Benjamin Constant, and wrote a letter begging him to call upon her at the earliest opportunity. Like himself, she had recently returned to Paris.

Constant hurried to his doom. It was the extreme end of August when she had sent for him, and on September 1st, we find him writing thus:

"Here is the memorial. . . . Do you know that I have never seen anything in the world, in this long and troubled life, comparable to what you were yesterday? I have thought of you wherever I have gone. I am sad and almost beside myself with wonder. I am not joking, for indeed I am suffering. I feel I stand on a terrible incline. To you, I dare say, it is immaterial whether I suffer or not, for the angels have their cruel side."

On the third of the month, he is utterly miserable, he writes, because he will not see her till the following evening. He thinks she will hardly believe him, and it is not easy to understand the existence of such a tremendous conflagration in so short a time. But there is a "mysterious point" about him, he explains; and until this is touched, his soul remains immovable. What the

mysterious point was does not appear. But there is very little mystery about what follows : " Politics, society, all goes for nothing. I know I am mad, but have I not reason to be ? " Then like a love-sick boy of nineteen, this mature politician of seven-and-forty adds, " To love is to suffer, but it is likewise to live, and it is so long since I lived ! " He writes to her every day, sometimes several times a day, and wants to know if his letters bore her. Apparently she has given him little or no encouragement, or, if she has, she has quickly withdrawn it ; for he declares he can scarcely undergo the *régime* to which she subjects him, and when she speaks to anybody else, he cannot help asking, " Why not to me ? "

By the second of October he is in a truly deplorable condition. He cannot live without her. She has overthrown his reason, and played havoc with his life. May he not visit her ? Yet she is not to allow him to do so unless she can console him when he does. No one ever loved, no one ever suffered, as he is suffering. He goes to see her, and finds some one else there, who, he thinks, might possibly speak ill of him. " I was on the point," he writes to her a few hours later, " of flinging myself on my knees before quitting you, and begging him not to do me an injury ! But all that appears theatrical is repugnant to me, even when it is in reality sincere. "

Surely the insanity of passion could go no further than this !

Then he alters his tactics. Finding that he pleads for love in vain, he will be satisfied if she will allow him to be her " first friend. " This he waters down by degrees into " a little friendly preference, " and when this comparatively modest request appears to be as little successful as its more extravagant predecessor, he has recourse to that self praise which the copybooks tell us is no recommendation. He describes himself as " a man, *spirituel*, devoted, brave, disinterested, full of sentiment, whose qualities have hitherto been useless, because he has lacked the reason to guide them aright. " Will not she become that reason, hitherto wanting, his "*raison supérieure* ? " If she will only direct him, he will yet do something " beau et bon. " He will yet show himself a

champion of the Beautiful and the True. What is the use of quarrelling about words ? He will be content if she will be his guardian angel, his good genius, the divinity that will organize chaos in his head and heart.

It has generally been supposed that men who are moving on to the august age of fifty have by that time either taken a sober farewell of the tender passion, or that they import into its unnatural prolongation a considerable amount of calculation. But nothing can exceed the naïveté of the letters of Benjamin Constant. The gnat of hopeless passion is probably limited, and therefore somewhat monotonous ; and the love-sick statesman strikes the usual notes in the usual manner. It must be allowed, however, that he omits none ; and he appeals to the obdurate heart of Madame Récamier by all the conventional considerations with which we are familiar. In urging these, he has the immense advantage of setting an exceedingly high value upon himself, and of not feeling under any obligation to conceal this opinion from the lady. One might suppose, to listen to his language, that the fate of Europe, nay the permanent welfare of mankind, depended upon his softening her heart. Circumstances, he says, have been against him. He was born far from Paris, but for all that he has come to occupy in that great city an important place. He cannot conceal from himself, he adds, that all eyes are turned upon him whenever a voice is needed to give expression to generous ideas. The inference, of course—at least to an earnest lover—is obvious. " *Emparez-vous de mes facultés, profitez de mon dévouement pour votre pays et pour ma gloire.* " She is to save her country, and to establish his fame, by the simple process of adoring him.

We have not got the lady's answer to this modest request ; and it is probable that she was too discreet ever to commit it to writing. She religiously kept his letters ; but she took good care not to answer them save by word of mouth. But did she, with her seductive lips, ever remind him that if he really was such a tremendous fellow as he evidently thought himself to be, there was no necessity for her interference ? Why should he not save the world and fill it

with his glory without her assistance? She might have added, moreover—and perhaps she did—that, if he would only banish her from his thoughts, he would have all the more time to devote to the establishment of his renown and to the salvation of the human species. Possibly she was of opinion that a man who could lose his equilibrium over a woman, even herself, at a moment when France was going to wreck and ruin, was hardly the person to render it much solid service.

It is evident that no such considerations occurred to himself; for, in letter after letter, he goes on piling up the agony of self-glorification and self-humiliation. He grovels at her feet, while he talks of himself as though his head had already struck the stars. He begs her not to break the instrument which "Heaven itself" has confided to her charge. Either she must help him to promote the "beau" and the "bon," or she will have him—we translate literally—dying in convulsions in the street, nay, at her very door. He does not quite like to plead the promptness and the ability with which he had executed the mission she had confided to him on behalf of Murat and his wife; but he reminds her indirectly of the obligation by saying, "You gave me two hours for the King of Naples. Can't you give me one for myself?"

One of the most singular circumstances connected with these extraordinary letters is that the man who wrote them had the reputation of being what is called "a devil of a fellow." By all accounts, he had been making love all his life—Sainte-Beuve gives him the sobriquet of Cherubino; and as he was now, as we have said, seven-and-forty, he ought to have known something about women, and how their hearts are to be melted, by this time. Without pretending to know much about it, we cannot think that the way to win any woman is to tell her that you have been "crying all night" because she does not care for you. M. Sardou, at the end of an admirable scene in "Numa Roumestan," exclaims, "Flamme et vent du Midi, vous êtes irrésistibles." Perhaps they are; but, we fancy, only on condition that the flame is not always burning, nor the wind always blowing. Benjamin

Constant apparently understood nothing of all this; for he sighs and burns all day long. "Career, ambition, study, intellect, diversion, all have disappeared. I am no longer anything more than a poor creature who loves you." Yes, a very poor creature indeed; and probably Madame Récamier thought so.

We constantly feel that we would give anything to know what "*l'être le plus séduisant, le plus spirituel, le plus fin, le plus gracieux, le plus angélique de bonté*"—for this is how he describes her, to herself—did or said to try to cure this poor maniac of his infatuation, and equally what she can have done or said to inspire him with it. In that delightful book which was published the other day, the "*Memoirs of Madame Jaubert*," Berryer is described as replying to the question, so often put, what was the secret of the charm of Madame Récamier, "She knew how to listen." But to listen to what? To the assurance, "*Je ne peux pas vous voir ôter un de vos gants sans que tous mes sens soient bouleversés?*" This is one of the things he says to her; yet apparently he did not receive her congé, for the letters still go on, though with unabated expressions of despair.

Ever and anon he threatens to go away, to leave France, to leave Europe, to go to America, "where men fight and get killed under the pretence that they died for liberty," and then she will be delivered from his importunity. He does not go, however. He stays and calls in a doctor, of the necessity for which he takes care to inform her. Why does she, he exclaims, reduce to such a condition a man who has done her no injury, and who a little while ago was a man of distinction? "For God's sake, do not kill me outright. So little suffices to keep me alive." At any rate, he will live till to-morrow, for to-morrow he is to see her.

No man could long remain in this frantic condition without adding to his griefs the anguish of jealousy. Accordingly we find him writing: "You refuse to be alone with me, yet I have found you alone with that man whom I will not name." He goes on to implore her, for pity's sake, not to treat him like so much dust beneath her feet, in comparison with a person against whom he can

hardly contain himself for rage. He will do his best to refrain from killing this hated rival, though his blood is boiling in his veins against the scourge of his life, who, he can perceive, is laughing at him, but who nevertheless has not the courage to shed a drop of blood for her. But he cannot say what he will do. She has promised him one hour that morning alone, and another hour in the evening also alone—"Comme vous l'étiez avec lui."

"Reflect," he adds, "that if you repel me, if your door is closed to me, I know his, that one or other of us will never recross it alive. After the happiness of calling you mine, there is nothing in the world would give me such delight as to wound the man who has ruined my life, and then die." On the top of this tremendous threat follows the dispatch to her of a letter he has received from another lady, "in order to show you that others find me agreeable."

One would have thought that letters of such a tenor would have caused Madame Récamier to resort to absolute silence. Apparently however, they did not produce that effect; for we find him saying that she has bidden him write to her every morning what he intends to do during the day, and even that she will answer him. Perhaps he had become a trifle more reasonable. If this were so, he did not long remain in that condition. Again he tells her that "Crime, virtue, heroism, cowardice, delirium, despair, activity, annihilation," all, as far as he is concerned, are in her hands. "Dieu m'a remis entre vos mains. Prenez-moi tout entier, prenez-moi sans vous donner," which perhaps she was quite willing to do. But this one-sided arrangement did not last long. "Enfin vous le voyez, vous m'avez à peu de frais;" she is to pay so small a price for possessing him entirely. We suspect however, that, as the Irish say, he "raised the price on her" as soon as she began to think he was to be retained on such easy terms; for he shortly reproached her with "entering into solemn engagements which it needs tears and convulsions to compel you to fulfil." Nevertheless he will not complain; he is suffering the agony of the dying, and the dying always forgive.

We might fill pages upon pages with extracts from his letters; but they would be merely a repetition of what has gone before. No gleam of poetry, no novelty of sentiment, no sparkle of wit, ever relieves the steadfast monotony of despairing passion. Again and again he tells her that other men may love her, but they can never really rival him, who is her "absolute property." Again and again he reminds her what a lofty place he occupies in public estimation, and that "if" she will only show him a little friendship—even only such a friendship as she shows to M. de Ballanches—he will answer for it, he will soon be in the front rank of the political world. But she will not listen to him, and it is a miracle, he declares, that he has not gone "pousser des cris de douleur dans votre rue, ne pas mourir à votre porte"—to bellow with anguish in the street, and expire at her door.

An opportunity of proving the stuff of which he was made, not as a lover, but as a public man, shortly arose. The news reached Paris that Napoleon had left Elba. Benjamin Constant took up his pen, and wrote in terms of the utmost violence against the Emperor. At the same time he did not relax an instant in his amatory campaign. In his eyes the fate of France and of his suit were one.

"In the name of heaven," he wrote to her, "force yourself to conceal your aversion for a few days. I stand in need of my head. I am exposing it for a cause you love. I am braving Bonaparte, who is about to return, and whom I have attacked in every way possible. Everybody tells me not to await his coming. I stay in order to show you that I have some little courage and virtue. Why then crush me beneath your feet, and make me drink of humiliation? I declare solemnly to you, I can be of use to this country. My consideration in it augments, all parties appeal to me. You have no idea of my value, because in your presence love makes me an idiot. Be good to me for a few days, and then I shall have contributed to save France, or I shall be in a dungeon, or I shall depart for ever."

The sequel is matter of history. On March 19th, 1815, he had written an article in the *Débats* against Napoleon, which made a considerable stir, and which ended with these words: "I will not, like a miserable turncoat, crawl from one political side to the other, cover infamy with sophisms, and utter

vile words in order to secure a shameful existence."

But this is precisely what he did. He had declared to Madame Récamier that, after defying Bonaparte, he would remain in Paris and take the consequences. The article from which the above sentence is taken, appeared, as we have said, on the 19th of March. On the 23d, Constant fled from Paris. He returned to it on the 27th, but not, as he had grandiloquently said, to enter a dungeon. He had a conference with Napoleon, and on the 17th of April accepted from the Emperor the title of Privy Councillor.

Why did he commit this flagrant act of political tergiversation? The motive was not political, or, as Sainte-Beuve has remarked, it might be defended by political considerations, and forgiven on political grounds. Unfortunately it is only too clear that he could not keep away from the woman who made his life still more miserable when he was near her. It is not suggested that she counselled him to return. But she assuredly did not beseech him to stop away, or he would have done so, till the political atmosphere had again altered. M. de Loménie says that Madame Récamier cannot be held responsible for this "*coup de tête politique*;" but we feel that she had enough influence over him to save him from it had she chosen to exercise it. As for Constant himself, naturally he never got over this false step. Some observations by Sainte-Beuve on the subject in the *Nouveau Lundi* of January 27th, 1862, are so much to the point that we will reproduce them.

"What strikes me in regard to Benjamin Constant, when I look at him close and under his mask, what is characteristic and ought to be noted, is the influence women exercised over his political conduct. The star of Madame de Staël absolutely determined the part he played at the time of the Consulate and during the years that followed. . . . This influence coming to an end, another influence, that of Madame Récamier, decided his conduct in March, 1815; and it is to please this beauty, and in order not to allow a rival, the warlike Comte de Forbin with his sabre, to obtain a more gracious smile that himself with his pen, that he hastened to write the famous article in the *Débats*."

He goes on to say that he wrote it "to please a coquette;" and that

though a political personage cannot be expected to be altogether exempt from ordinary passions, yet if one of these passions, such as weakness in dealing with women, exercises an essential influence over his conduct, he is like a general who modifies his plan of campaign out of consideration for a mistress.

"He loves something better than his profession; he is not respectable; he is not great. Generals or political leaders, it matters not which, who conduct themselves like Antonies, who alter their manœuvres in the middle of an action to follow the galley of Cleopatra, cause themselves to be despised."

That this verdict is not too severe, Benjamin Constant's own words abundantly testify. At a moment when responsibilities of state of the gravest kind were placed upon him, he wrote to her that she was the only thing that really occupied him. "I occupy myself with ambition to fill up my time, and if I cannot see you this evening, well then I will go to the Elysée. Do not add to our public disasters the private disaster of closing your doors on me at three o'clock. The man who could write such a sentence was, to our thinking, utterly despicable; and we think much worse of Madame Récamier for not closing her door on him for ever after such an ignominious exhibition. It is in vain that Bryon wrote in the "*Corsair*:"

"What lost a world, and bade a hero fly?

The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye.

Yet be the soft triumvir's fault forgiven;

By this, how many lose, not earth, but heaven!"

But Antony was not a hero, and we do not forgive him. To lose Heaven, "to spare some wanton's woe," is a man's own affair, which he can decide for himself. But to ruin his country for such a cause, that indeed is not permissible, is the depth of baseness. When Greece awoke, Byron himself no longer loitered with the Contessa Guiccioli, but went and died like a man.

It is impossible, as we had said, not to feel some curiosity as to the treatment Benjamin Constant—who would seem, in these letters, to deserve the sobriquet of Constant Benjamin—really received from the woman who, according to his own account, flung him into "tears and convulsions." The natural supposition is that she must, at some time or another, have given him considerable en-

couragement. We have found but few passages in the letters that throw any light on the subject. As a rule, he protests that she treats him with unrelenting cruelty. But at page 203 he writes :

"I acknowledge that I have no right to exhibit my grief; but it has been in my heart for a year, since the fatal day when it pleased you to see what impression you could produce on me. You fancied that impression would be transitory. It has disposed of my entire life."

On another occasion he writes a trifle more plainly :

"The only wrong you have done me, is to have wished to make me love you, by I know not what fancy that lasted only five days. . . . But you have inflicted on me a deep and irremediable evil."

Growing more general in his observations, he asks her if she thinks that the masses she is in the habit of hearing, and the alms she is in the habit of distributing, repair the misery she scatters about her.

Every one, he says, has some method or other of hurting others, from the man who stabs with a poignard to the woman who wishes to assure herself of her power of charming, at the risk of the agony to which she abandons the poor wretch who has allowed himself to be caught in her toils.

This is pretty strong, and it is evident that she was offended by it. But he soon became penitent, and she as quick-

ly forgave. It is impossible to entertain much regard for either of the parties to such a reciprocally humiliating relationship; and we do not feel any more respect for Constant when he becomes pseudo-religious under the influence of the celebrated Madame Krudener and writes to Madame Récamier that he seeks for comfort against her cruelty, "at the foot of the Cross."

He seems to have got over his passion at last. There is a break in the letters between 1816 and 1822, and when they are resumed they are written in a more sober vein.

She is no longer "*chère Juliette*," "*ange adorée*," and the rest of it, but Madame, to whom he sends *respectueux hommages*, which sometimes become "*tendres hommages*." Finally, he solicits her assistance in becoming elected to the "*Académie*," and begs her to procure for him the countenance of M. de Chateaubriand, whom Madame Récamier did love, if she ever loved anybody, as Benjamin Constant well knew. Chateaubriand did lend his assistance, and, it is said, voted for Constant. But he was not elected, and his mortification was great. This was in October, 1830. On the 8th of December he died. Deficient in self-respect, in spite of his popularity, he was not respected.—*Temple Bar*.

PERRY'S GREEK AND ROMAN SCULPTURE.*

BY SIR G. W. COX.

THE fact that of the literature and art of the ancient world time has spared us very little is one on which we seldom care to dwell. Whatever of it is lost, is lost beyond recall; and the relics which have come down to us are so many and so splendid that all who choose may find in studying them an occupation for their lives. Still they are relics; and few perhaps remember that much of that which has disappeared or been destroyed was as beautiful and as precious as any of the fragments which we prize most

dearly. A few plays of Æschylus, Sophokles, and Euripides, and a few of Aristophanes, are all that remain to us from the wonderful treasure-house of the Greek tragic and comic drama; and scarcely a tithe of the works even of these poets has been preserved to us. Nor can we comfort ourselves with the thought that, though the ravage may have been great, yet the portion rescued is better than the mass which has been lost. We have no ground for thinking that lost plays of Æschylus or Sophocles were not finer than those which have come down to us, and we know that some which seem to us incapable of being surpassed were not successful in

*"Greek and Roman Sculpture." A Popular Introduction to the History of Greek and Roman Sculpture. By Walter Copland Perry. London: Longmans, 1882.

the yearly competition of the Dionysian festival. It is scarcely possible therefore to reflect without a feeling of sadness on the strange fate which has deprived us of so much eloquence which may have been more splendid than that of the trilogy which depicts the woes of the house of Agamemnon, of choice songs not less graceful, lovely, and touching than those which we rightly prize as among the most faultless works of human genius.

This wonder which marks the history of ancient literature has its strict parallel in the world of ancient art. Of the vast multitude of works which the contemporaries of Perikles regarded as beyond all price, scarcely any have escaped the wear and tear of ages. Thousands were destroyed in bloody and merciless wars ; thousands were stolen by men who knew nothing of their beauty, and who had little power of keeping them permanently from harm. Wretches like Caligula and Nero subjected Greek cities to wholesale plunder ; and from Delphi alone their agents, it is said, brought away five hundred statues in bronze. But after all this robbery, a Roman in the time of Vespasian counted three thousand statues in the island of Rhodes alone, and thought that Delphi, Athens, and Olympia still contained as many more. Here, too, we know that among the works which have perished there were some at least of which no efforts can enable us to realize the grandeur. By the confession of those who were familiar with them throughout their lives, the genius of the sculptor has never achieved triumphs so transcendent as those of Pheidias in the forms of the Olympian Zeus and the Virgin goddess whose spear-head flashed above her holy house on the Athenian Acropolis. The impression left by these marvellous works on the minds of the beholders can never be felt by us ; and even their forms and details are for us little more than matters of controversy. But great though the destruction has been, it must beyond doubt have been immeasurably greater if Romans had not been smitten by the passion of buying or plundering the treasures of conquered lands. The evil was by no means unmixed. Possession, or the desire to possess, could not fail to excite some curiosity as to

the merits and the beauty of these treasures ; and if with some this curiosity had for its only result the affectation of knowledge, with many it was the means of forming a genuine taste, which led actually to a revival of art, and which was even more beneficial by creating a demand not to be met by the sale of original works. Every wealthy Roman insisted on adorning his halls with the masterpieces of Skopas, Lysippos, or Praxiteles ; but their genuine works could come into the hands only of a few. The rest must be content with copies, which were multiplied not with careless haste or rude unskilfulness, but with a genuine feeling for what is beautiful in nature and in art, and with an honest adherence to the spirit of the ancient sculptors. Nor were these copies made by men turning their hand to tasks alien to their acquired habits or their inherited powers. They were in almost all cases the work of Greek artists who found in Rome a market for their productions such as they could not have in the old homes of Greek art ; and in the hands of these men the art of the great historical schools lived on, and for a time exhibited fresh vigor and fertility. The demand was for copies of masterpieces with which the names of the mightiest sculptors were associated ; and the copies produced not only showed a general fidelity to the original, but exhibited at the same time the genius and thought of the living artist. Of thorough originality there could, of necessity, be but little. Their Roman patrons did not want it, and would scarcely have appreciated it ; but the wonderful inheritance of beauty and wisdom left by the old workers had furnished them with typical forms for almost every artistic conception of the human mind. Gods and heroes, giants, satyrs, nymphs, sirens, and a host of other beings, had all been presented to the world in the most fitting, perhaps the only fitting, guise ; and the Greek artists in Rome carried on the old tradition from the point at which the artists of the later schools had left it. No attempt was made to work upon the severer principles which guided the fellow-workers of Pheidias. It was the richer, the more earthly, and more sensuous beauty of the later Attic

schools which led the Romans captive ; and, carrying out the canons of this school, these later artists produced some works which in the perfection of their loveliness must be placed among the highest achievements of artistic skill.

Almost at the head of such works must be placed the Medicean Venus, for which the sculptor drew his inspiration, beyond all doubt, from the Cnidian Aphrodite ; but it betrays more than most others the downward course which art was taking. The luscious softness of form which characterizes even the great work of Praxiteles exhibited a marked departure from the ideals followed by the sculptors of the Parthenon. The goddess was to be exhibited no longer in Olympian majesty, but simply as a beautiful woman, or rather as the embodiment of faultless female loveliness ; but the sculptor felt that some reason must be given for the displaying of her unclothed form, and this apology is offered by the garment which the goddess is just laying aside before she enters the bath. The later artist neither seeks nor cares for any justification, and the dolphin at her feet alone remains to tell the beholder that he is looking on a member of the august Olympian hierarchy. There was, indeed the myth that she appeared before Paris to contest the prize for beauty with Hêrê and Athênê ; but the old tale does not say that she appeared unclad before the Trojan shepherd. Still the idea thus read into it may have guided the artist in this extremely beautiful, though not very exalted work. The Venus of Melos stands on a higher level, to which, perhaps, even the Belvedere Apollo can scarcely be legitimately raised. That the latter is not strictly an original work is proved by the discovery of the Steinhäuser head found in Rome, and now at Basle, a head which, as being far more Greek in tone, may, Mr. Perry thinks, be regarded as standing nearer to the common original of both. Unfortunately the Steinhäuser head is only a head, and is of no use toward settling the problem which has to deal with the position of the god. But, strange to say, we have another version of the Belvedere statue in the Stroganoff Apollo, which seems to scatter to the winds the theory that

the Apollo Belvedere has just discharged an arrow from his bow, perhaps against the wretches who have dishonored him in the person of his priest Chryses. The left arm of the Stroganoff statuette holds an elastic substance, which can scarcely be anything but the ægis ; and hence a very strong support is given to the explanation which connects the Belvedere deity with the myth relating the discomfiture of Xerxes or again of Brennus at Delphi. According to this theory the sun-god here becomes one of a group of three, the other two being the "white maidens," Athênê and Artemis, who take part in the awful work of vengeance. The singular likeness between the Belvedere Apollo and the Artemis of Versailles, commonly known as the "Diane à la Biche," had long been noted ; but the perplexity caused by it is removed, if, in fact, it was the statue, or rather a copy of the statue, of the sister deity, dedicated as a votive offering in the Delphian sanctuary. A copy of the third statue is supposed by some to have been preserved in the Athênê of the Capitol at Rome, Mr. Perry thinks (and we cannot doubt rightly), with less reason, although the eager haste displayed by the two goddesses who advance from either side to the help of Apollo would exhibit a harmonious contrast with the calm majesty of the central figure.

It is thus to the school created or fostered by Roman taste or affectation that we are indebted not only for the production of works which are half entitled to be regarded as original, but for the copies of ancient masterpieces without which our present imperfect knowledge of the history of Greek art would have been poor and scanty indeed. Of the complete statues of Pheidias and his contemporaries not one has been preserved, and the friezes and metopes of temples have alone been spared to tell us something of the full splendor of the earlier Attic school. The school which followed it can scarcely be said to have fared much better at the hands of time, although by a rare piece of good fortune the detailed description of the Heraion at Olympia given by Pausanias led to the discovery of a genuine work of Praxiteles, the only one indeed belonging to this master of which any detailed

description is given in ancient literature. This statue of Hermes bearing the infant Dionysos is but a fragment ; but the head and trunk are unhurt, and Mr. Perry's judgment of it is summed up in the following emphatic words :

The beauty of the design is equalled by the perfection of the execution, which the entirely uninjured surface of the marble enables us to follow in its minutest details. The more closely we examine it, the more deeply are we moved to admiration by the combination of truth and beauty in the moulding of the forms, the myriad risings and depressions of the surface of the tender and elastic skin, which require the hand as well as the eye to appreciate, show a knowledge of nature and a skill in reproducing her effects beyond the reach of any but the greatest sculptors of the highest period of plastic art.

With this almost solitary exception our knowledge of the statues of the great workers comes to us at second hand ; but far more wonderful than the mode by which the loss of the originals has been to a certain extent made up is the shortness of the period comprising virtually the whole history of Greek sculpture. From the time when Greek art burst the bonds of a stereotyped traditionalism to the Augustan age of Rome not very much more than five centuries had passed away, and long before the first half of this period was ended, the marvellous upward growth had given way before an indescribably lovely, but still a very real decline. This story, supremely important to the philosopher, not less than to the lover of truth and beauty in art, has been told by Mr. Perry with a clearness which shows a thorough mastery of the subject, and with an enthusiasm which nowhere interferes with his impartiality. The reader will search his pages in vain for the rhapsodical outbursts of a Winckelmann ; but when he is confronted by any work of real power, he will find in Mr. Perry a guide who will temper his praise with censure wherever censure may be needful. For practical purposes the history of Greek art (if the term be taken as denoting that art which will furnish a feast of beauty and instruction for all time) begins with the great struggle between the East and the West, the issue of which was finally determined under the heights of Kithairon and Mykalê. Of this fact Mr. Perry is fully

aware, and therefore he has judiciously avoided plunging into the quicksands of Homeric controversy. To Homeric art, whatever this may be, he has devoted only a few pages. The interest and value of his narrative would probably not have been less had the space so occupied been reduced by one-half. It is not easy to see what is gained by speculations on the shield of Achilles or the bedstead of Odysseus, when, as he admits himself, all the most glowing descriptions which we meet with in the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" belong to the domain of cloudland. Whether these poems did or did not constitute the "Homer" of the Periclean age, whether they are the work of one poet, or of two, or of a hundred, is, in reference to a history of Greek art, a matter of perfect indifference. The most wonderful pictures of regal or heroic magnificence, Mr. Perry allows (as all impartial thinkers must allow), are sheer impossibilities ; and others which fall well within the limits of human power presuppose an amount of technical knowledge altogether unattainable in the age of the Peisistratids. It is possible that the poet of the "Iliad," in speaking of the sitting statue of Athênê, may be referring to some figure which he had seen ; but it is by no means certain. The compartments of the Achillean shield exhibited, according to his description, scenes which lie altogether beyond the reach of the sculptor in any age ; and the poet could with the same ease talk of the sitting Athênê though he may have seen nothing more than a shapeless trunk or post. But that many of the passages giving minute anatomical details belong to an age later even than that of Pindar and of Æschylus is scarcely open to doubt ; nor is it in the department of surgery alone that we have evidence of insertions comparatively modern in the body of an ancient epic which was perpetually undergoing changes of form on a smaller or a larger scale. But when Mr. Perry tells us that such art as the Homeric poet or poets had before them was "in no respect what we call classical art, even national Hellenic art," that it was "much more likely of the Assyrian type, and in most cases the work of foreigners, and imported from Asia or

Egypt," we may safely say that he is most certainly right.

These questions belong quite as much to the history of the human mind as to that of art; and it is on these that Mr. Perry's work furnishes the most valuable guidance for those who from scant historical knowledge might easily be led astray, and who especially need to see the vast gulf which separated the Greek from the Asiatic, even while he seemed to be fast bound by the fetters of hieratic conventionalism. In these early works Egyptian influence is plainly manifest, as in the Apollo of Tenea; but although the figure is stiff, it is not less plain that slavish adherence to a fixed type is gone. Alike for truthfulness and for beauty the statue is a failure; but Mr. Perry points to the immense difference between the failures of the Greek dimly groping his way to the light and the failures of the Egyptian or Assyrian sculptor.

There is no future in the Egyptian statue; the artisan who produced it is not working by his own lights and striving to do his very best in his own way, but the skilful bondman working in fetters for a task-master, and producing eternal repetitions of an unchanging type—the lifeless monsters of hieratic prescription (page 57).

Nor is there less need of Mr. Perry's warning against the mistake which describes the streams of Greek art as flowing from a single source.

The plastic art was exercised in all the more important centres of Greek life, both in the mother-country and in the colonies, and especially the islands of the Ægean. Local influences, no doubt, made themselves felt in every place, but the most sharply defined schools are those of Ægina, Argos, Sikyon, and Athens, the last of which entered late into the race, but soon outstripped all rivals. (Page 81.)

In the course of a few generations the Greek artists had removed themselves to a vast distance from the workmen who produced the images of Memphis or of Nineveh. They had worked their way steadily to a fair acquaintance with the anatomy of the human frame and the relation of the outward form to the nerves, muscles, and bones which lay beneath it. They had learnt more and more to love its beauty, and to despise the Oriental prudery which shrank from looking on the nude body, while it indulged without compunction in the

foulest mutilations and torture of its members. They had striven to find the best possible means for representing the human form in its ideal glory and strength; they had made trial of all materials—bronze, marble, ivory, and gold; and with the growing passion for art they had acquired great technical skill in execution. We can thus see that only an impulse was needed to induce a mighty outburst of artistic activity; and this impulse was given by the great conflict of the Persian wars, not only through the calls which it made on their patriotism and self-devotion, but from the necessity of replacing all that the barbarian, while he sojourned in the land, had either wilfully or heedlessly destroyed. Mr. Perry is fully justified in saying that from Persia Greece received "the same unspeakable blessings which accrued to us and to mankind from the enmity of the Spanish despot in the age of Elizabeth and her successors."

Desperate as were the odds against which they had to contend, the hearts of the Athenians at least were not cowed by the magnitude of the danger, but only made to beat with a stronger, quicker pulsation, which sent the full tide of a more glorious life through every swelling vein and thrilling nerve. Such periods are not only fruitful of great warriors and statesmen, but of immortal poets and artists: and Æschylus and Pheidias are as natural offspring of the Persian wars as Miltiades and Pericles.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Perry should have weakened the force of a judgment neither exaggerated nor too glowing by citing with approval the astonishing statement of Herodotus, that the Athenians were the first Greeks who looked without terror even on the dress of the Persians, or dared to withstand them in the field. The statement is so glaringly and ridiculously untrue that it is almost impossible to believe that Herodotus himself could have penned the words. The historian had just related the history of the Ionic revolt; and that revolt had involved a series of conflicts in which the Persians were not always successful, and in one of which three Persian generals had been slain, with almost the whole of the army under their command. Nothing is gained by giving to the Athenians or to the Western Greeks generally a credit which

they do not deserve ; but if we cast aside the falsehood which either Herodotus wrote down himself, or some one else has foisted into his pages, the true glory of the Athenians and their confederates is in no way impaired. We may safely say, indeed, as Mr. Perry says, that "when we speak of Greece—her mighty efforts and her glorious triumphs—we generally mean Athens alone." "It was natural," he adds, "that the State which had shown the greatest vigor and made the greatest sacrifices should reap the highest reward both in national vitality and strength and in external power." But there were further reasons for insuring a development of art commensurate with the whole powers of the city which lay under the guardianship of the Virgin goddess. Fire and sword had desolated the land, and the temples were shapeless ruins ; but if the havoc had been less, in that proportion would the likelihood or the possibility of achieving new triumphs of art have been lessened also. "It would have been impossible," Mr. Perry rightly insists, "to make room even for the Parthenon of Ictinus and Pheidias by destroying the noble temple of Athênê, which had already crowned the Acropolis from the time of the Pisistratidæ." It was therefore a happy catastrophe which left the city "a *tabula rasa* at the very moment when an Ictinus and a Pheidias were there to write their names upon it in immortal characters."

With our utmost efforts it is hard to realize the fact that the end of the great struggle with the barbarian preceded by barely half a century the beginning of the immeasurably more deadly struggle between Greek and Greek, which has more or less affected the whole subsequent history of the world. Of the glories of this brilliant era Mr. Perry has given us a picture as exact as it is lifelike ; and happily the Elgin marbles remain as evidence of its surpassing splendor. No one will read without profound interest his chapters on the sculptures of the Parthenon ; but my purpose now is not to give a summary which would only do injustice to his criticisms, but simply to note the care and skill with which he has pointed out the relation of the political with the artistic history of Athens. With the

downfall of her power in the death-struggle with Sparta a new age began for the art and the thought of her people. Strange to say, it was not one of outward depression or gloom, it was scarcely one of diminished power and genius. What was lost was the peculiar grandeur and severity which marked the school of Pheidias and Alkamenes ; but except for those who shared their deep religious earnestness the loss was more than made up. What was lost in dignity and sanctity was, in Mr. Perry's words, "gained in tenderness and grace. A new and alluring field was opened to the artist,—the field of beauty, mirth, and love." It was a region full of peril ; but the old tradition so far retained its power as to prevent the artist "from transgressing the limits beyond which sculpture loses all its highest and most essential qualities. The sensual is still subordinate to the spiritual, and the general style of the new Attic school, though gentler, softer, more lively and compassionate than that of the preceding period, is still ideal, natural, chaste, and simple." The sequel of the story exhibits the slow and subtle process by which the higher character of Greek art was tarnished, and its purity displaced by a sensuousness which is of the earth earthy.

Mr. Perry has, in short, produced a delightful volume on a subject of profound interest. The history of Greek art is only one aspect of the history of the Greek people, who were all trained to be judges of the works of the greatest masters, even though they might not be great masters themselves. They were taught to seek for and to prize beauty everywhere ; and we have not the least reason for thinking that to this love of beauty, resting as it did strictly on the love of truth, is to be ascribed whatever there was of mischievous and corrupting influence in the old society. The canker of slavery, with its inevitable accompaniment of moral impurity and corruption, was slowly but surely eating out its life ; but without their love of what is great, beautiful, and true in the world of art or in the world of nature these baneful evils would have been immeasurably more destructive. They were, on the whole, raised by their art, and benefited by it ; and few

probably will be found to deny that a like purifying and uplifting influence is sorely needed for Englishmen of the present day. None certainly can feel this more deeply than Mr. Perry; nor need we doubt that among the motives which have led him to undertake and to accomplish the arduous labor of love achieved in this volume was the hope that it might further a design of which he has for some years been an earnest advocate. This design is the formation of a gallery of casts, which may serve as a complete apparatus for the education of the people in art. England, as he has pointed out, stands with reference to the study of art on a vantage ground over all other countries. The youth of Great Britain, more than any other, "possess the means, the opportunities, the leisure, and the previous classical training," which will enable them to study it to good purpose; and yet here we lack the apparatus which may be found elsewhere. Such a gallery as we need has long been possessed by Berlin in almost absolute perfection, while another has been nearly completed under great difficulties and discouragements at Munich. That such a gallery is urgently needed he regards as scarcely a question for debate; and all competent judges will here agree with him. No one, it is clear, can profitably study, far less master, the plastic art, without frequent opportunities of seeing, and even touching, all the more important works which come down to us; but no single gallery, not even the Vatican, can supply the student with an adequate number of original works. He must therefore study them in casts, and hence he can learn more in the gallery of casts at Berlin or Munich than in any one of the richest storehouses of originals. Still more important is the argument that "to form the eye to a quick and accurate appreciation of the beauties and subtleties of plastic art, to a nice perception of the characteristics of different periods and schools, it is necessary not only to use all the monuments that time has

spared, but to see them all *together* in the same gallery, and, if possible, in the same room, for the subtler shades of difference fade almost instantaneously from the eye."

The task of forming such a museum is, he thinks, the duty of the Government. In every other country, where they are to be found at all, these galleries have been established by the Government. It is a plain fact that the Government of Great Britain recognizes and acknowledges the duty of educating the people; and to the objection that the object of art is only pleasure, Mr. Perry has an unanswerable reply. Pleasure, he insists, is as necessary to man as bread, and men continually prefer it to bread as more necessary; and if they cannot have it in any other shape, they will too often seek it in debasing and impure excitements. But it may fairly be urged further that, if pleasure be the object of art, it is not its only object. Its final cause is the fostering and strengthening the sense of truth and beauty and grandeur, as these are displayed in the great universe of God.

To the retort that such an undertaking may be more fitly left to private speculation, there is the decisive rejoinder that private speculation must of necessity follow the public taste and be continually tempted to pander to it; whereas the whole purpose of forming the gallery is to raise and guide the public taste. The question of cost is one which a British Ministry should refuse to entertain. If the proposed plan be likely to promote public education in the highest sense of the term, the cost, whatever it be, should be incurred cheerfully. All that need be said further is that the outlay would be extremely small. It is from every point of view desirable that the scheme drawn out in full detail by Mr. Perry five years ago and sanctioned by a large number of thoroughly competent judges should be promptly carried out. — *Fraser's Magazine*.

THE CHURCH BY THE SEA. .

BY EDMUND W. GOSSE.

I.

THAT spirit of wit, whose quenchless ray
To wakening England Holland lent,
In whose frail wasted body lay
The orient and the occident,

II.

Still wandering in the night of time,
Nor yet conceiving dawn should be,
A pilgrim with a gift of rhyme,
Sought out Our Lady by the Sea.

III.

Along the desolate downs he rode,
And pondered on God's mystic name,
Till with his beads and votive ode,
To Walsingham Erasmus came.

IV.

He found the famous chapel there,
Unswapt, unwindowed, undivine,
And the bleak gusts of autumn air
Blew sand across the holy shrine.

V.

Two tapers in a spicy mist
Scarce lit the jewelled heaps of gold,
As pilgrim after pilgrim kissed
The relics that were bought and sold.

VI.

A greedy Canon still beguiled
The wealthy at his wicket-gate,
And o'er his shining tonsure smiled
A Virgin doubly desecrate.

VII.

The pattered prayers, the incense swung,
The embroidered throne, the golden stall,
The precious gifts at random flung,—
And North Sea sand across it all !

VIII.

He mocked, that spirit of matchless wit ;
He mourned the rite that warps and seres :
And seeing no hope of health in it,
He laughed lest he should break in tears.

IX.

And we, if still our reverend fanes
 Lie open to the salt-sea deep,
 If flying sand our choir profanes,
 Shall we not laugh, shall we not weep?

X.

We toll the bell, we throng the aisle
 We pay a wealth in tithe and fee,
 We wreathe the shrine, and all the while
 Our Church lies open to the sea.

XI.

The brackish wind that stirs the flame,
 And fans the painted saints asleep,
 From heaven above it never came,
 But from the starless Eastern deep.

XII.

The storm is rising o'er the sea,
 The long bleak windward line is gray,
 And when it rises, how shall we
 And our weak tapers fare that day?

XIII.

Perchance amid the roar and crack
 Of starting beams we yet shall stand;
 Perchance our idols shall not lack
 Deep burial in the shifting sand.

Cornhill Magazine

ÉMILE ZOLA.

BY ANDREW LANG.

In the autumn of 1879 Paris was covered with yellow posters, bearing, in huge black letters, the word *NANA*. Everywhere *Nana* met one—on the walls, in the newspapers, on the boards which cover the backs and breasts of the unfortunate race of "sandwich men." Even in the shops of dealers in cigars the ends of the flexible pipes of india rubber which supply smokers with the sacred gift of fire were covered with inscriptions to this effect—*Lisez Nana! Nana!! Nana!!!* M. Zola has said about the friends of M. Victor Hugo, that they are well skilled in the art of the puff preliminary. It was evident that the publishers of M. Zola himself were not unlearned in this art. Stimulated by the orgies of advertisements

which heralded "*Nana*," I cherished the ambition to write a critical essay on the author of "*L'Assommoir*" and his works. No such study, I believe, existed then in English. Our country is left behind in what M. Zola calls the march of the great literary movement. The Russians have composed volumes on M. Zola. The Italians have produced, so M. Paul Alexis informs us in his recent biography of M. Zola, no less than fifteen works consecrated to his genius. He is relished in Denmark and Norway. M. de Sanctis has lectured on his novels at Naples. In Holland, Dutch professors have written volumes on M. Zola; and learned Germany has contributed freely to the new science of Zolaology. Spain is not altogether in-

ert ; America has purchased 100,000 volumes of a crude translation of "Nana." England alone holds aloof from this vast movement. The cause of our isolation is only too obvious. Our unfortunate Puritanism, alas ! prevents us from understanding M. Zola and the joys of *naturalisme*. I feared that it would be so as soon as I began the serious study of M. Zola's productions.

One had not read many of M. Zola's novels before it became quite manifest that the English public would never take with pleasure to their author. "Moi, je suis malade ! Ce Zola me rend positivement malade !" —M. Sarcey is reported to have exclaimed at the first night of M. Zola's play, *Thérèse Raquin*. The English reader was certain to share the sensations of M. Sarcey, whose "sturdy good sense" has been praised by M. Zola himself. A minute critical study of *Nana* and *La Curée* is impossible in English. But it is not impossible to indicate and criticise M. Zola's literary ideas, which now make so much stir ; to describe his method ; to trace the history of his success ; and even to point out certain qualities of real value, certain passages of distinction and of beauty in his romances. M. Paul Alexis has made this task comparatively easy by publishing his "Émile Zola : Notes d'un Ami." M. Alexis is one of several comparatively young writers who surround and worship M. Zola in his country house at Médan. M. Zola himself once said very hard things about *les illustres inconnus* who, according to him, surround M. Victor Hugo. The poet lives, it seems, in "a little court" of adorers. M. Zola has now his own "little court" of men who imitate and admire him, and M. Paul Alexis is the spokesman of these worshippers. His biography of M. Zola is not, perhaps, a diverting book, but it has an interest of its own. Most people who write (that is, almost every one nowadays) have a certain curiosity about the method of authors of distinction. This curiosity M. Alexis satisfies. He does more, he enables us to estimate the precise value of what M. Zola calls his *naturalisme*, and to appreciate the real worth of all his boasted *documents*.

Émile Zola was born on April 2d, 1840, at Paris, in the Rue St. Joseph,

which is close to the Halles, the great central market of the town. His father, François Zola, was the son of a Venetian father by a Greek mother. After a wandering life François Zola settled in Southern France as an engineer. His later years were entirely devoted to the task of supplying Aix with water. He just lived to see the beginning of the practical fulfilment of his great design and then died, leaving his widow and his son Émile—now a child of seven—without adequate provision. During the next ten years young Zola remained in Aix, and was educated at the college in that town. He was a clever, but not a very industrious boy, with a special horror of Latin and Greek. His chief pleasure was to wander in the country round Aix ; to bathe in the Arc ; to go shooting, after the manner of Tartarin de Tarascon, in a country where there is no game ; and to read Alfred de Musset's poetry in the shade of trees or of caves, or in the parlors of rustic inns. The traces of this careless and happy life remain in the most agreeable passages of M. Zola's novels. His fancy wanders on the hills again, and bathes in the clear pools, in that singular idyll which makes part of "La Fortune des Rougon." The manners and customs of the good people of Aix reappear in the studies of Plassans, the cradle of the horrible family of Rougon-Macquart. The arid lands described in "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret" are the lands of Provence, and the "Paradou," or Paradise, in which the Abbé reverts to the innocence of our first parents, is copied from a neglected park between Aix and Roquefavour.

In 1858 poverty drove the family of Zola out of Aix ; they went to Paris, and Émile obtained a *bourse*, or "bursary" as the Scotch say, at the Lycée Saint-Louis. Here he lived unhappy and unfriended. Like Pendennis of Boniface, M. Zola was "plucked" in his final examination—plucked in literature—nor was he more successful in a second attempt to pass. The truth seems to be that M. Zola has never had any very wide acquaintance with literature. In one of his critical essays he expresses astonishment at finding Dante included among poets of love, and it really seems as if he had never heard of

the "Vita Nuova." His remarks about the style and versification of Homer and Virgil, too, will not permit us to forget his early and special horror of Latin and Greek.

A young man cast adrift in Paris, without money and without a degree, is in a pitiable case. It was M. Zola's case from the end of 1860 to the beginning of 1862. M. Alexis describes "a young man shivering in bed—all his wardrobe piled up over his legs, his nose and his fingers red with cold—writing something in pencil." Probably the "something" was his vast epic and cosmogonic poem, "La Genèse." An end of the worst of those days of poverty drew near, and M. Zola obtained the place of a clerk in the establishment of M. Hachette, the publisher. Here he came in contact with books and with men of letters; and here, between 1862 and 1864, he wrote his first volume of short fanciful stories, "Contes à Ninon." In these there is scarcely a sign of the Zola that was to be, though in "Celle qui m'aime" one may detect his enforced knowledge of strange things in the life of the poor; and in the preface there are memories of Provence, of the rocks of a dry and thirsty land, the aromatic fragrance of myrtle and thyme, the deep green watercourses that seam the arid soil. Even in "Contes à Ninon" the author seems, however, to foresee his future, by no means that of an idyllic poet. "I felt a bitter need of what is real: I was weary of dreams, and weary of the spring." But "Contes à Ninon" had no success, and the next twelve years were years of difficulty, and even of that wholesome tonic, debt, lauded by George Warrington. In 1865 M. Zola began to contribute to the press, and wrote in a Lyons paper the somewhat strident and ungracious criticisms which he afterwards published as "Mes Haines." M. Zola is a warrior from his youth up, and in all his criticisms he attacks the theory that Art has a right to select pleasant subjects, to reject what is antipathetic, and to produce what is agreeable. As early as 1865 he was crying out for *documents*, for science, for analysis, for minute observation in literature. We shall presently see, and the spectacle will be amusing enough, what M. Zola under-

stands by analysis and by scientific observation. In the meantime it must suffice to note that, even in 1865, M. Zola was lifting up his testimony, and was dealing faithfully with all right-hand backsliders and left-hand fallers-off from the truth as it is in experimental, analytic, naturalistic, and scientific literature. In 1865, too, M. Zola showed that he had the courage of his convictions. He published a work which we have not succeeded in obtaining, "La Confession de Claude." So scientific, experimental, and naturalistic was this volume, that M. Zola was "wanted" by the police. He therefore left M. Hachette's establishment, and, as he had now made a little reputation for himself, he chose literature as a profession. He wrote for M. Villemessant in *L'Événement*, and made a great noise by some criticisms of the Salon. This may be described as scandal No. 2, the first of M. Zola's profitable scandals having been caused by "La Confession de Claude." His enemies accuse him of aiming deliberately at this sort of notoriety, but M. Zola himself regards the hostile tumult which his books excite merely as part of the martyrdom of genius. Balzac, he says, was "stoned and crucified *comme le messie de la grande école du naturalisme*." M. Zola does not shrink from sharing the martyrdom of Balzac, saint and confessor.

We need not linger over M. Zola's fortunes as a journalist, nor attempt to exhume novels like "Les Mystères de Marseille." We now arrive at the date of M. Zola's first serious and laborious work, "Thérèse Raquin," finished in 1867. The story was suggested by a review which M. Zola wrote of "La Vénus de Gordes." In that edifying work a wife and her lover kill the husband, and are tried for their crime. In his review M. Zola suggested that it would have been a happier thought to make the crime escape the justice of men, and find its punishment in the remorse of the guilty pair, for ever united, and never to be "delivered from the body of this death." The idea has been cleverly used by Gaboriau in "Le Crime d'Orcival," but M. Zola naturally treats it in his own very different manner. He has deliberately chosen the meanest characters, the most re-

pulsive environment which his memory or his imagination could suggest. The early pages of "Thérèse Raquin" describe a dark and dirty house in the dingy Passage du Pont Neuf. M. Zola has almost exhausted the dictionary in the effort to find words unpleasant enough for the unpleasant place he has to describe. The worn, yellow, loose flags of the pavement sweat; the plastered walls are black, and scarred, and leprous. The shop of Thérèse Raquin is humid, and dark, and noisome. Thérèse, the daughter of a French soldier and a woman of Algiers, is ugly, with a long thin nose, and a pale face, and a fuzz of dirty, unkempt black hair. Her husband is a wretched hypochondriac who lives on physic; her aunt is a stuffy and snuffy old French *bourgeoise*. Her lover does not love her, and is merely a brutal and sordid blackguard. There is in this amiable family a cat-conscious of human crimes, and apparently borrowed from the much more effective "Black Cat" of Edgar Poe. The loves of the blackguard and the harlot are described with minute and precious studiousness; the husband, as he is being murdered, bites his assassin in the neck; the old woman becomes paralytic, but attempts once to write, "Thérèse and Laurent have killed Camille." But she gets no further than "Thérèse and Laurent have——" A neighbor fills up this fragmentary inscription with the conjectural reading, "taken very good care of me." Finally, their remorse, or rather, as M. Zola says, their nervous excitement, becomes intolerable to the criminals. Laurent steals some poison to destroy Thérèse; Thérèse buys a knife to stab Laurent. They each detect the other's purpose, and die in each other's arms, much to the relief of the reader and of old paralytic Madame Raquin. There was a good deal of scandal (scandal No. 3) about "Thérèse Raquin." "Advertised by this controversy, the book sold pretty well," says M. Alexis, with his usual eye to business. M. Zola wrote twice or thrice to M. Sainte Beuve to ask what he thought of "Thérèse Raquin." M. Sainte Beuve's answer will be found in his "Correspondance" (vol. ii. p. 314). He said that the novel was remarkable and conscientious, but that the descrip-

tion of the horrors of the Passage du Pont Neuf was overdone and fantastic. He objected to the remorse of Thérèse and Laurent as improbable. And he asked whether it was necessary always to describe what is hideous and vulgar. This is a question to which the naturalists have really found no answer. In his new volume, "Une Campagne," M. Zola replies to M. Renan, that he and his school are like surgeons, and prefer unhealthy subjects. They have no interest in what is normal and natural. This admission shows the true value of *naturalisme*. In some of his later works, however, M. Zola has introduced passages in which there is a certain relief; he has revived his old love of the country, and has almost outdone "Paul and Virginia" in one episode. But, as a rule, he and "those about Zola" prefer to describe passions so base, characters so detestable, scenes so unnatural in their wickedness that they make "Thérèse Raquin" seem almost idyllic. And, indeed, it has never vied in popularity with M. Zola's more mature stories of the same edifying sort.

Before approaching the long series of "Les Rougon-Macquart," in which M. Zola is working out in practice his æsthetic theories, it may be well to gain a clear notion of what these theories really are. They are explained in four or five volumes of collected criticisms, and in the preface to "Thérèse Raquin."

M. Zola defending himself against the charge of being an immoral writer, says that, in "Thérèse Raquin," his object was entirely scientific. This word "science" is always in his mouth, and it does not seem to occur to him that art and literature are one thing, and science quite another. Ben Allen and Bob Sawyer had a purely scientific aim in the medical conversation which alarmed Mr. Pickwick. But, as that gentleman reminded them, the details of the dissecting-room, innocent in themselves, need not be discussed in the drawing-room. M. Zola is the impenitent Bob Sawyer of fiction, with none of Mr. Sawyer's amusing qualities. His aim, he says, was scientific. He goes on to observe that it would be fair to describe him as "a writer who has forgotten himself in human corruptions, as a surgeon might

do in a dissecting-room." That is just what we complain of : M. Zola is always losing himself in the scientific contemplation of human corruption, and he publishes the result of his meditations in novels. His theory of what the modern scientific novel should be is set forth at great and tedious length in an essay called "Le Roman Expérimental." Literature, at least the literature of our age, should be science, M. Zola thinks, and he illustrates what science should be by quoting long passages from Claude Bernard. First, the man of science (and therefore the novelist) must be an observer. There is nothing new in that ; all novelists, in their degree, have observed the world which they describe. But M. Zola's ideal novelist must make "personal discoveries," and must keep huge note-books full of the record of his investigations. This was Flaubert's method. M. Zola himself gradually fits great bundles of notes into his novels, according to M. Alexis. M. Zola points with pity to George Sand's practice of writing her novels without any notes at all. As a matter of fact, we imagine that most writers of fiction keep some records of their reading and their observations. In a novel by no means naturalistic, Mr. Payn's "By Proxy," it is plain that the very minute and humorous description of Chinese life must have been distilled by the author from wide reading. Mr. Pinero, too, has recently informed the world that dramatists keep collections of notes ; and M. Daudet, a *naturaliste* by the way, is a great note-taker. Yet one may doubt whether Miss Austen, an innocent *naturaliste* if ever there was one, a close and minute observer, kept any written "documents." But the virtue of a French *naturaliste* is to amass notes as copious as those which Mr. Casaubon collected for "The Key of all Mythologies." It must be admitted that M. Zola is not always true to his own doctrine of "personal discoveries." He has written one novel, "La Curée," on the rich financiers of the empire ; one, "Son Excellence Eugène Rougon," on the politicians of the empire ; and one, "Nana," on the loose society of the empire. Into none of these three worlds—finance, politics, and the world of "Nana"—had M. Zola ever en-

tered. For his political book, M. Alexis says he crammed "un livre très documenté, '*Souvenirs d'un valet de chambre*.'" What a characteristic trait of the *naturaliste* this is ! He cannot listen at certain key-holes himself, but he relies on the babbling of a lacquy out of place. Before he wrote "Nana" he "appealed to the *souvenirs*," the chaste recollections of his friends. He was "coached" by "a very experienced man of the world," who told him the dirty stories now gravely recorded in "Nana" for the edification of a hundred thousand citizens of the United States, all reading "Nana" in a crib. One is informed that the theatrical details in "Nana" are absurd. M. Zola's perfect novelist must not only make "observations" like these, but experiments. When this statement is examined, it appears that the novelist, having determined on a character and an environment, must introduce, in his fancy, some new circumstances, and ask, "In these circumstances how would this character act ?" Surely every novelist who ever stained paper has necessarily made "experiments" of this sort. So far, we see nothing novel in M. Zola's *æsthetic*, except his demand for copious note-books. He goes on to define art as the reproduction of nature, and of life as conditioned by the temperament of the artist. Again, there is nothing new in this definition ; only we must deplore the temperament of a writer who is almost always compelled to choose his subjects in "human corruption." The world is rich in beautiful lives, noble characters,

"Fair passions and bountiful pities,
And loves without stain."

We must presume that M. Zola and most other French *naturalistes* are unable, through an unhappy temperament, to see much of things and people "lovely and of good report," and are compelled "to lose themselves in human corruption." Or, we must take it that M. Zola and his peers like to write on scandalous topics, because scandal brings notoriety and money. It is a disagreeable dilemma. But, even if we grant to M. Zola that the object of the art of fiction is "the scientific knowledge of man," we fail to see why that

knowledge should dwell so much on man's corruption, and so little on the nobler aspects of humanity. M. Zola confesses, in so many words, that the novel, as conceived of by him, is a work of "practical sociology." It is a pity that, like some other sociologists who do not write novels, M. Zola takes so much of his knowledge of society at second hand, and puts himself in danger of being "crammed" by humorous persons whom he interrogates. But humor is a quality of which M. Zola does not even suspect the existence. To be brief, the "experimental" or "naturalistic" romance "continues and completes physiology, and substitutes for the study of man in the abstract, the study of natural man as conditioned by his environment, and by physico-chemical laws."

Strong in this æsthetic theory, such as it is, this theory that art is science, and that anecdotes are "documents," M. Zola began to construct the series of novels called, in general, "Les Rougon-Macquart." The scientific *datum* was the transmission of hereditary characteristics, and their modification. There are few subjects more obscure. M. Zola, in 1868-69, "crammed" the topic of "heredity," reading especially Lucas's "Traité de l'Hérédité Naturelle." Different motives, according to M. Alexis, impelled M. Zola to begin his great series of novels, "The History of a Family under the Second Empire." He wished, very naturally, to have a secure source of income. This was to be provided by an arrangement with a publisher. The bookseller was to pay the author £240 a year for two yearly novels. The arrangement was complex in its details, and proved impossible in practice. When three or four of the stories had appeared, M. Charpentier became the publisher of the series. His dealings with M. Zola are a bright chapter in the sombre records of publishing. But M. Zola's ambition, even more than his interest, urged him to attempt the history of the Rougon-Macquart. He wished to leave a great work behind him, and to this task he bent himself with rare energy and singleness of purpose. The least sympathetic critic must admit that, granting the *genre*, the History of the Rougon-Macquart is a great, though gloomy, work.

M. Zola has labored, as a rule, with a ruthless conscientiousness. After making himself master, as he believed, of the lore of hereditary transmission of character, he thought out his vast scheme, and drew up that family tree of the Rougon-Macquart which was published eight years later in "Un Page d'Amour." The family of Rougon-Macquart is like a seedy modern House of Atreus. In place of the awful Atê, the Fate which dwelt in Tiryns and Mycenæ, it is the curse of inherited character that broods over and dominates the line of Rougon-Macquart. The tree springs from a rotten root, and bears apples of Sodom and fruits of corruption.

Certain Arab tribes, as Professor Robertson Smith assures us, trace their pedigree from a female Dog. So does the house of Rougon-Macquart. M. Zola starts with Adélaïde Fouque, born at Plassans (Aix in Provence) in 1768. Adélaïde's father died mad. She inherited some property, and married one Rougon, a brutal peasant, to whom she bore a child, Pierre Rougon. The father died, and Adélaïde took to herself a lover, a poaching, smuggling, drunken scoundrel, named Macquart. By him she had two children, Antoine and Ursule. The series of novels follow the fortunes of these people and their descendants, born to an inheritance of ignorance, madness, and debauch. Here one is naturally tempted to ask why a family of this sort should have been selected by a *naturaliste*? Surely there are houses in which honor, truth, temperance, courtesy, and love of knowledge are inherited qualities? But there would have been no market, perhaps, for the annals of such families. M. Zola, if he had devoted himself to the study of an honorable house, would have become a French follower of Miss Yonge, who has anticipated his scheme of drawing up the family tree of her characters. Again, one cannot but suppose (granting the theory of heredity), that the characteristics of long-forgotten and perhaps reputable ancestors, might have reappeared in the Rougon-Macquart. Evolutionists will admit that their pedigree went back for hundreds of thousands of years, through thousands of ancestors, and any Rougon-Macquart

might "throw back" to decent progenitors lost in the mists of antiquity. To this M. Zola may reply that Pascal Rougon is quite unlike his near ancestors, and that several of his other characters have very good instincts, but that the predominating influence of the original female Dog, Adélaïde Fouque, thwarts those nobler elements of character. Besides, he has still, perhaps, a dozen novels to write, and has plenty of room for the development of "beautiful souls." To this we can only answer within ourselves, that the more abominable the characters, the better the novel sells. "Nana" counts her hundreds of readers for fifteen who study "La Fortune des Rougon," or "La Conquête de Plassans."

We have to analyze briefly the history of M. Zola's chosen household. The first volume of the series, "La Fortune des Rougon-Macquart," was begun in May, 1869, and the earliest chapters appeared in "Le Siècle" of June, 1870. Here, M. Zola had a piece of bad luck. If the Empire had lasted for two or three years longer, "La Fortune des Rougon" must have made a notable political scandal. It is the history of the *coup d'état*, as far as the *coup d'état* affected Provence. The ignoble family of Rougon—poor, indebted, despised, greedy, and lustful—are the Bonapartes of Plassans; that is, of Aix. The elder son of the house, Eugène, is one of the agents of the Prince President's conspiracy in Paris. The agony of the men of his family, as a sham insurrection is got up by their *agents provocateurs*, and is then stamped out in blood, is a copy in miniature of the hopes and fears of Louis Bonaparte in the Élysée. To my mind, "La Fortune des Rougon" is M. Zola's masterpiece. The story is a story, and not a study merely. Events move, and, in some passages, their movement is described with amazing force. The implied satire is cruelly keen. The description of the competitive basenesses of a provincial town is not unworthy of Balzac. Through the story there runs an idyll which is spoiled, indeed, by being too idyllic, but which has a certain charm in its earlier chapters. The French are very fond of the knowing innocence of the old Greek novel, "Daphnis and Chloe." M. Zola's young

lovers, in "La Fortune des Rougon"—Miette and Silvère—are the Daphnis and Chloe of Provence. The account of their first meeting is worthy of George Sand, or of an ancient *märchen*. There was a wall between the gardens of the houses where the boy and girl lived, and this wall stretched across the well which was used by both families.

"The still waters reflected the two openings of the well, two half moons which the shadow of the wall above divided with a dark line. If you leaned over you seemed to see, in the vague light, two wonderfully clear and brilliant mirrors. On sunny mornings, when the ropes did not drip and trouble the surface, these two mirrors shone distinct in the green water, and reflected with wonderful minuteness the ivy leaves that hung above the well. Very early one morning, when Silvère was drawing water for the house, he chanced to stoop over at the moment when he was pulling the rope. A thrill ran through him: he remained motionless, bending over the water. At the bottom of the well he had thought he saw a girl's smiling face looking up at him; but he had shaken the rope, and the troubled water was now a dim mirror that reflected nothing clearly. He waited till the well grew still again; he did not dare to move, his heart was beating hard. As the wrinkles on the water widened and died away, he saw the figure begin to grow again. Long it wavered in the dancing pool which gave a vague, shadowy beauty to the apparition. At last it grew steady and clear. There was Miette's smiling face, her bright kerchief, her white bodice, with its blue bands. Then Silvère saw his own shadow in the other mirror. The two shadows nodded at each other; at first they never thought of speaking."

This is the beginning of M. Zola's idyll. It is a pretty scene, like that passage in the fairy tale which tells how the enchanted princess hid herself in the tree above the well, and the country girls, coming to draw water, beheld her beautiful face, and each believed it to be her own, and went away proudly, refusing to be drawers of water any more. There are other idyllic scenes, but M. Zola spoils them, unluckily, by his extraordinary lack of taste and humor. The thing becomes absurd, and M. Zola escapes from his idyll by having poor Miette shot as she carries the flag of the Republic, for Silvère has joined the insurrection in the South. Like Queen Guinevere in the romance, Miette "was a true lover, and therefore she had a good end." Meanwhile the infamous Pierre Rougon, grandson of Adélaïde, and his son Eugène, became the heads

of the Imperialist conspiracy in Provence, and crept enriched and respectable out of the massacre of Plassans. Though passages of extreme bad taste deface even the story of the death of Miette, "La Fortune des Rougon" may be recommended to readers who wish to see M. Zola at his best. The story, too, introduces most of the characters that recur later in the series. The Franco-German war, the fall of the Empire, and the siege of Paris, interrupted the publication of "La Fortune des Rougon." During the siege M. Zola went to Marseilles, and thence to Bordeaux, where he, with all the rest of the staff of a certain newspaper, received appointments. M. Zola was made sous-préfet of Castel-Sarrazin, but he never really occupied that post of honor and emolument. Then came the armistice, and Zola threw up his office, and returned to Paris. His next novel, "La Curée," is the history of Aristide Rougon, brother of Eugène the politician. Aristide, an inconceivably shabby rascal, became one of the great shoddy financiers of the Empire. M. Zola knew nothing about financiers, but he took the *outside* of a wealthy house from the exterior aspect of a rich man's dwelling. The conservatory, described at such length, was copied from the *serre chaude* in the *Jardin des Plantes*. It is as if one were anxious to introduce a rabbit warren in a novel, and copied it from the tiger house in the Zoological Gardens. Such is *naturalisme*. We may hope that the abominable amours and incredible morals described in "La Curée" are as remote from truth as the whole picture of society must necessarily be. M. Zola regards the heroine of this tale as a modern Phædra. Any one who has the curiosity to compare the "Phædra" of Euripides with M. Zola's story will feel but limited belief in human progress. This story at first appeared in *La Cloche*. The *abonnés* uttered indignant cries, the Procureur of the Republic interfered, and yet, in spite of the scandal, "La Curée" was not a success. People were occupied with politics. Under the Empire the book would have been prosecuted, and, as M. Alexis regretfully says, would have sold splendidly. After "La Curée" came "Le Ventre de Paris," a dull and rather unreadable bundle of descriptive

papers. M. Zola has piled up details about the Halles : about cabbages, and pork, and sausages, and market carts. One famous and odorous passage is spoken of as "a symphony in cheeses." A kind of conspiracy against the Empire, and the rivalries of a fish-fag and a sausage-seller, are the lofty themes of "La Ventre de Paris." The blood of the Macquart runs in the veins of Lisa, the sausage-seller, whom the story leaves largely prosperous, but not without a blot on her escutcheon. Gross feeding slowly bloats out of shape her moral nature ! The book smells of pork and onions. M. Zola is extremely fond of describing smells, generally disagreeable smells, which make, as it were, the atmosphere of his books. A patient and statistical reader might count as many separate odors in his novels as Coleridge did in *Cologne*. In the "Ventre de Paris," as in the hot-house scene in "La Curée," and in various other passages of M. Zola's works, one detects a curious fantastic element. A sort of life and character are given to inanimate things, as is common enough in the writings of Dickens. This fantasy seems rather out of place in the work of a *naturaliste*.

The next novel in the series is "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret," written in 1874. This is perhaps the most powerful and poetic of all M. Zola's tales ; it is that in which fantasy bears the greatest part, and in which *naturalisme* for awhile disappears. The opening chapters describe a profligate and almost pagan village in Provence, and here *naturalisme* is at home, and in its proper place. In a "land of ruin and sand," or on arid, bare, and burning soil, there is planted a little community of people relapsing into something worse than savagery. The peasants are all close kin, so close that, among real savages, love and intermarriages would have been forbidden under pain of death. But the peasants see things differently—

"Year by year

They serve their senses with less shame."

England has many such villages. The priest among these miserable hinds is Serge Mouret, great-grandson of the original Adélaïde Fouque. He and his sister Desirée are the children of a marriage of cousins : François Mouret mar-

ried Marthe Rougon, who inherited somewhat of the shaken intellect of Adélaïde Fouque. In Serge Mouret the half-insane temperament of the family has turned to intense asceticism and devotion. His sister Desiree is an "innocent," as people say in the north, a grown-up woman with the character of a child of eight, and with a half-mad love of all sorts of animals. There are few things in literature more excellently wrought than the description of this strange pair, of the gentle devotee, at once pure and tolerant among his bestial people; of his foil, the coarse and brutal ascetic priest, Archangias; of the old *gouvernante* who waits on Serge and Desiree. To my mind the most impressive passage in M. Zola's novels is the Mass celebrated by the Abbé Mouret in the empty ruinous church, which to him is the very House of God. The old housekeeper brings the sacred vessels—with no more respect than if they were her household pots and pans—and hobbles about the church, snuffing the candles. A mischievous chorister boy repeats the responses, and is lost in the unintelligible Latin which he tries to spell. *Orate, Fratres*, cries the priest aloud, turning with uplifted hands to the empty benches. Then he prays at the altar while the yellow morning sun floods the church, leaving the great daub of the Christ crucified alone in shadow. The rickety old furniture of the confessional cracks, the sounds of the wakening world come in; a great tree has thrust its boughs through a broken window; the long weedy grass of the untrodden court peeps through the chinks of the door, and threatens to encroach on the nave. From the boughs of the curious tree and through the open window the sparrows begin to peer; they flit in and fly away again, and at last grow bold, and march up the floor to the altar, as when St. Francis preached to the birds. It was Desiree, the idiot girl, who strewed crumbs about the church, that the birds might fly in and have their part, as it were, in the sacrifice rejected by the people. Last, Desiree herself enters, breaking in upon the celebration with her apron full of chickens. The brown hen has just hatched her brood.

Under the sun of the south, where all
NEW SERIES.—VOL. XXXV., No. 6

life is going on reproducing herself, and men and women have no more shame than the beasts, the purity of the Abbé Mouret is overcome by a strange artifice of his enemy, Nature. A beautiful girl lives in the *Paradou*, the deserted and overgrown park of a Legitimist family. Here the Abbé suffers an injury, which deprives him, for a time, of all but the natural man in him, and in the Paradise he lives with the beautiful girl, as our first parents lived in the Garden between the four rivers. "Ils cédèrent aux exigences du jardin;" and M. Zola, too, soon yields to the temptation to spoil his fantastic idyll. We need not follow the story back into full *naturalisme*, nor watch the scene of the punishment of the bad priest, Archangias. For this book M. Zola compiled "a mountain of notes," and during many months his table was covered with books of devotion. He also attended flower-shows, and "got up" his description of Paradise at these harmless entertainments.

The next novel of the series is "Son Excellence Eugène Rougon," and deals with the fortunes of that Rougon who became a statesman of the Empire. As M. Zola went, for his facts and documents, to the "Souvenirs d'un Valet de Chambre" and the recollections of Flaubert, and as he knew less than nothing of the world he was describing, we need not waste time over Eugène Rougon, a caricature, in part, of M. Rouher. The history of the Empire can be read in more trustworthy books. Eugène Rougon himself appears to have little of the characteristic inherited quality of the Rougon-Macquart. The book had no success; none of the series had really been successful on a grand scale. Another man might have been discouraged: M. Zola took counsel with himself, and produced "L'Assommoir." The story made his fortune. It was talked of everywhere. Even before it appeared as a complete volume, it provoked a protest, in the name of art and of decency, from Mr. Swinburne. To me, I confess, the "L'Assommoir" appears a dreadful, but not an immoral book. It is the most powerful Temperance tract that ever was written. As M. Zola saw much of the life of the poor in his early years, as he once lived, when a boy, in one of the huge lodging-houses he de-

scribes, one may fear that "L'Assommoir" is a not untruthful picture of the lives of many men and women in Paris. The chief character is Gervaise Macquart, a girl lame from her birth, the daughter of Adélaïde Fouque's drunken and abandoned son, Antoine. In her home at Plassans this poor girl saw nothing but brutal debauchery, and her education was neglect tempered by cruelty. When a mere child she was seduced by one Lantier, and in the course of eight years bore him two children. They came to Paris, and Lantier deserted Gervaise. She was industrious, good-humored, temperate, only anxious to live quietly "and not to be beaten." She married Coupeau, a good-natured rascal of a plumber. M. Zola traces all their life of struggle, till Lantier and Gervaise "fell to their old love again," till Coupeau became the slave of absinthe, and Gervaise followed his example, and Nana, their child, grew up in vice, and the parents ended by horrible and shameful deaths. In this narrative M. Zola spares us nothing. He writes in the slang of the people. He gloats over the amours of hatters, and the jests of undertakers. He tosses out the contents of the washerwoman's buck-basket; he makes his laundresses fight a hideous and indecent battle, till one is beaten, as Villon anticipates him by saying:

"As linen is that lies
In washer's tubs for butts to smite."*

He takes you into the festering garrets of unclean workpeople, and describes the details of trades which he had obviously "read up" for the purpose. Even when his wedding party of workpeople in their strange holiday best lose themselves in the Louvre, there is not a redeeming stroke of humor in M. Zola's story. In place of a character or two, such as Dickens would have drawn or invented, in place of Mr. Swiveller or Sam Weller, M. Zola copies and repeats the blasphemies of the slums. He steadily and gradually degrades his characters to unspeakable and undreamed-of depths of corruption. This is history, perhaps, or science; M. Zola thinks, not only that it is literature, but that all modern literature should be more or less like this. It is difficult to

see why people read "L'Assommoir" if they can avoid it: if they have not some professional reason for studying it, as they might study criminal statistics, or books of medical jurisprudence. But the book has had an enormous success, a success only excelled by "Nana," a story of which little need be said. M. Zola has maintained that books like his exercise a moral function. "Etre maître du bien et du mal, régler la vie . . . n'est-ce pas là être les ouvriers les plus utiles et les plus moraux du travail humain?" In "Nana" this moralist simply repeats at second hand, and strings together in a narrative incredibly dull, a number of abominable anecdotes. The book appeals to the basest curiosities. It cannot be called an alluring description of vice, but it does gloat on, and sows broadcast, the knowledge of secret and nameless iniquities. Literature and science alike refuse to acknowledge this last unclean fruit of the tree of Rougon-Macquart.

I have omitted two works of M. Zola's which are well worth notice, though they seem at present to have little relation to the general series. "La Conquête de Plassans" is a study of priestly cunning, of the ruin of a quiet family, and of the madness of its chief. The latter feature is worked out with painful minuteness. The book—conscientious, powerful, and not scandalous—has never been a favorite. "Un Page d'Amour" is the life of a good and pure woman, Hélène Mouret. But the fate of her family comes upon her, and she loves a kind of Dr. Brand Firmin, like the father of Philip in Thackeray's story. Her degradation is carried further, but is hardly more unhappy to read about than that of Maggie in "The Mill on the Floss," when she loves Stephen Guest. This tale has five remarkable descriptions of a distant view of Paris, somewhat in the manner of Dickens. A short story by M. Zola, in "Les Soirées de Médan," should be read (those of his young friends should not); and "Les Quatre Journées de Jean Goujon," in "Nouveaux Contes à Ninon," is also worth notice as a late example of his idyllic manner.

In M. Zola we find, to conclude, a writer with a method and an aim, a workman conscientious according to his

* Mr. Payne's translation.

lights ; not without poetry, not without a sense of beauty, but more and more disinclined to make use of these qualities. In all his work you see the "joins," and know where the "notes" come in. It is part of his method to abstain from comment ; never to show the author's personality, never to turn to the reader for sympathy. He is as cold as a vivisectionist at a lecture. His conception of modern literature, as science in disguise, did much to spoil the later work of George Eliot. His own

knowledge of the literature of the world appears to be scanty ; his judgments—as when he calls Scott "a clever arranger, whose work is dead"—do not deserve to be discussed. His lack of humor is absolute, a darkness that can be felt. Finally, temperament, or system, or desire of success, or all combined, make several of his stories little better than a Special Reporter's description of things and people that should not be described.—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE WORLD'S END.

"Great talk among people how some of the Fanatiques do say that the end of the world is at hand, and that next Tuesday" (Dec. 2, 1662), "is to be the day."—*Pepys' Diary*.

IN the year 1000 A.D. it was almost the universal opinion that the world approached its end. Early Mother Shiptons had indicated that as the fateful year. Satan had been chained for a thousand years, and was to be loosened when the thousand years were complete. The end of the world was to be brought about by him indirectly, for his temporary triumph was to lead to the second coming of Christ, the Day of Judgment, and the end of all things terrestrial. The anticipation of these events caused natural phenomena, such as are occurring all the time, to assume a more than usually portentous aspect. Just as last year, when, according to the Shipton prophecy, our world was to come to an end, every one who believed in the prophecy found in the weather reports from different parts of the earth proof positive, or at least confirmation strong, of the threatened end—men's hearts failing them for fear because of earthquakes, storms, and so forth, which ordinarily pass without attracting special attention ; so in the year 1000, every meteorological and celestial phenomenon was anxiously watched as the possible precursor of the coming catastrophe. A comet appeared and was visible for nine days, and every one began to ask (like Fanny Squeers), "Is this the end?" A wonderful meteor was seen, and men's frightened fancies enabled them to see what men of science seldom have the opportunity of observ-

ing now during meteoric displays. "The heavens opened," we are told, "and a kind of flaming torch fell upon the earth, leaving behind a long track of light like the path of a flash of lightning. Its brightness was so great that it frightened not only those who were in the fields, but even those who were in the houses. As this opening in the sky slowly closed, men saw with horror the figure of a dragon, whose feet were blue, and whose head seemed to grow larger and larger." A terrible picture accompanies this description. There is the meteor track, with various coruscations and widenings, so arranged as to correspond with the figure of a dragon assigned to the portentous object ; but as the resemblance might not seem absolutely convincing to unimaginative persons, a dragon to match is set beside the celestial apparition, and this creature is labelled for the benefit of the inexperienced, "*Serpens cum ceruleis pedibus*."

It is exceedingly probable that if general literature had reached as widely then as it does now, the fears entertained in the year 1000 would have surpassed in intensity those which have been engendered since that time by successive predictions of the world's approaching end. But the great bulk of the population here and elsewhere probably heard very little of these terrible forewarnings. They had many other things to attend to in those "good old times," and some of their surroundings might very likely have suggested that they could not be much worse off if the world should actually perish at that

time. As for their betters, they also were pretty busily engaged plundering each other and fighting with such zeal that manifestly for a considerable number the end was likely to come at least as soon as the general destruction threatened by the prophets. At any rate, though we have clear evidence that many believed in the predicted end of the world (indeed it was thought very wicked to be in doubt about it), matters went on much as usual; the year 1001 began and still the world endured, with every sign of continuing.

The belief that the world would come to an end in the year 1000 was associated with, if not absolutely derived from, a much older belief entertained by the earliest astronomers of whom any records remain to us. They considered that certain cyclic periods of the planetary motions begin and end with terrestrial calamities, these calamities being of different characters according to the zodiacal relations of the planetary conjunctions. Thus the ancient Chaldeans taught (according to Diodorus Siculus) that when all the planets are conjoined in Capricornus the earth is destroyed by flood; when they are all conjoined in Cancer the earth is destroyed by fire. But after each such end comes the beginning of a new cycle, at which time all things are created afresh. A favorite doctrine respecting these cyclic destructions was that the period intervening between each was the *Annus Magnus*, or great year, required for the return of the then known planets to the position (of conjunction) which they were understood to have had at the beginning of the great year. According to some this period lasted 360,000 years; others assigned to it 300,000 years, while according to Orpheus it lasted only 120,000 years. But it was in every case a multiple of a thousand years, and the subordinate catastrophes were supposed to divide the great year into sets of so many thousand years.

In Plato's "*Timæus*" we have some account of the Egyptian ideas concerning these successive world-endings, though minor catastrophes only are referred to; but when Solon described to the Egyptian priests Deucalion's flood, and counted for them the generations which had elapsed since it occurred, an

aged priest said to him: "Like the rest of mankind the Greek nation has suffered from natural convulsions, which occur from time to time according to the position of the heavenly bodies, when parts of the earth are destroyed by the two great agents, fire and water. At certain periods portions of the human race perish in the waters, and rude survivors too often fail to transmit historical evidence of the event. You Greeks remember one record only. There have been many. You do not even know at present anything of that fairest and noblest race of which you are a seed or remnant." The aged priest then read from Egyptian annals the records of events which had happened in Greece 9,000 years before; he described the founding of the city of Sais 8,000 years before; and this account, registered in their ancient and sacred records, Solon read at leisure. The most remarkable of the earth's cataclysms were there described, including the destruction by flood of the great island of Atlantis. This was described as a continent opposite the Pillars of Hercules (the Straits of Gibraltar), larger in extent than Lybia and Asia together (!), and was on the road to other islands, and to a great continent of which the whole of the Mediterranean Sea was then but the harbor. Within the Pillars the empire of Atlantis reached to Egypt and Tyrrhenia. In remote times this mighty power was arrayed against Egypt and Hellas, and all those countries which bordered on the Mediterranean. Greece bravely repelled the invaders and freed all nations within the Pillars. Some time after, there was a great earthquake, and the warrior races of Hellas were drowned—the great island of Atlantis also disappeared, being submerged beneath the sea.

The conflagrations and deluges by which portions of the earth, and at times the whole earth, were destroyed, were believed to be intended for the regeneration of the world. After each catastrophe, men were created afresh, free from vice and misery; but gradually they fell away from this happy state to a condition of immorality, which rendered a new decree of destruction necessary.

Lyell notes that the sect of Stoics adopted most fully the system of catas-

trophes thus designed for the alternate destruction and regeneration of the world. They taught that they were of two kinds—"the cataclysm, or destruction by water, which sweeps away the whole human race, and annihilates all the animal and vegetable productions of nature; and the epyrosis, or destruction by fire, which dissolves the globe itself. From the Egyptians also they derived the doctrine of the gradual debasement of man from a state of innocence. Toward the termination of each era the gods could no longer bear the wickedness of men, and a shock of the elements, or a deluge, overwhelmed them; after which calamity Astræa again descended on the earth, to renew the golden age."

That the partial destructions of the earth, whether by flood or fire, were associated with the movements of the heavenly bodies is evident from the fact that, wherever we meet with these ideas, whether in Egyptian, Assyrian, Indian, or Chinese records, direct reference is always made to the conjunction of the planets, the position of the sun and moon, and occasionally to the apparition of comets and the fall of meteoric bodies. The following account of the Chinese Flood, attributed to the reign of Yu, is traced in the order of Hangshan, a mountain on which for many ages annual sacrifices were made by the ancient emperors of China. "The great and little islets and inhabited places," says the venerable emperor of the house of Hia, "even to their summits, the abodes of the beasts and birds and all beings, are widely inundated. I repose on the top of the mountain Yohlu. By prudence and labors I have communicated with spirits. I know not the hours, but repose myself only amid incessant labors. By the dark influence of sun and moon the mountains Hwa, Yoh, Tai, and Hang alone remain above the waters. Upon them has been the beginning and end of my enterprise. When my labors were completed I offered a thanksgiving sacrifice at the solstice. My affliction has ceased; the confusion in nature has disappeared; the deep currents coming from the south flow into the sea. The flood began at equinox. The skies rained meteoric showers of iron of ex-

traordinary duration." Some portions of the country remained under water several years until B.C. 2233, when canals ordered to be cut by the Emperor Ta Yu conveyed to the sea the immense bodies of water which had been precipitated upon and overflowed so large a part of China. By this means river beds were finally cut, shedding water in new directions, and continued to be worn deeper by the receding flow, until the whole country was tolerably free from inundation.

Sir Charles Lyell remarks of this flood that it rather interrupted the work of agriculture than involved any widespread destruction of the human race. Mr. Davis, who accompanied two British embassies to China, points out that "even now a great derangement of the waters of the Yellow River might cause the flood of Yaou to be repeated, and lay the most fertile and populous plains of China under water." It is noteworthy, however, that in the ancient records the action of the sun and moon, presumably in raising tides, is mentioned, while meteoric showers are distinctly associated with the occurrence of the flood—though whether they came at the beginning of the disturbance, or simply occurred while the waters were out over the plains of China, does not clearly appear.

After the threatened but not accomplished destruction of the world in the year A.D. 1000, comets were for a while looked on with suspicion, an idea appearing to prevail that the torch which was to light the final conflagration would be a cometic one. For several centuries, however, no comet came near enough to the earth or sun to excite any serious terrors founded on observed astronomical relations. But the comet of 1680 really presented characteristics which suggested dangers even to men of science. It was a comet of remarkable appearance; its course seemed at first directed full upon the sun; and though in those days it was the erroneous idea that the comet might supply an undue amount of fuel to the central fire of the solar system, which chiefly occupied men's thoughts (even Newton sharing the idea), the danger from which the solar system then escaped was considered to be real and serious.

In the year 1773 a report got abroad—how engendered is not known—that Lalande, one of the ablest mathematicians of the day, had predicted the end of the world, as the result of a collision to take place between a comet and the earth. We say it is not known how the report got abroad. The circumstance which gave rise to the report, is, however, well known, though avowedly there was nothing in it to have suggested special anxiety. The difficulty is to connect the circumstance with the exaggerated terrors presently excited. It had been announced that Lalande would read before the Academy of Sciences a paper entitled "Reflections on those comets which can approach the earth." It would be difficult to inquire how the report of this came gradually to be changed into the definite news that in the year 1773—nay, the very day was named, on May 20th, 1773—a comet would encounter and destroy the earth, did not recent experience show how a statement of one kind may be changed—through carelessness, not through wilful misrepresentation—into a statement of an entirely different kind, when (in its later form) it seems to indicate the approach of some great danger to the earth. Plantamour, lecturing in 1872, about comets and meteors, says that the comet of 1862 passed near the earth's orbit; that along its track are travelling millions and millions of meteoric bodies; and that when the earth crosses its track meteoric displays may be expected; adding that the next display of the kind may be expected on or about August 11th or 12th. Presently the news is travelling about that on August 12th, 1872, a comet will fall upon the earth and we shall all be destroyed. Who gave to Plantamour's true and innocent statement this false and mischievous form? No one can say; no one can point out where or how the true became merged into the misleading, the misleading into the incorrect, the incorrect into the utterly false. But the terrors excited were none the less real that no one could tell whence they came or how they were generated.

Once such fears have been excited, it seems useless to attempt to quiet them, at least among the hopelessly ignorant, who unfortunately are so numerous and

so readily made the victims of idle terrors. Lalande published in the *Gazette de France* of May 7th, 1773, the following advertisement, to quiet, as he hoped, the public mind: "M. Lalande had not time to read his memoir upon comets which may approach the earth and cause changes in her motions; but he would observe that it is impossible to assign the epochs of such events. The next comet whose return is expected is the one which should return in eighteen years; but it is not one of those which can hurt the earth." But this tolerably explicit statement had no effect. M. Lalande's study was crowded day after day with anxious enquirers. A number of pious people, of whom a contemporary journal made the very rude remark that "they were as ignorant as they were imbecile," begged the Archbishop of Paris to appoint a forty days' prayer to avert the threatened danger, which for some reason they agreed was to take the form of a mighty deluge. And he would have complied with their request only he was told by members of the Academy that he would bring ridicule upon himself and upon science if he did so.

It was at this time that Voltaire wrote his well known "Letter on the pretended Comet." It ran thus:

GRENOBLE, May 17, 1773.

Certain Parisians who are not philosophers, and who, if we are to believe them, will not have time to become such, have informed me that the end of the world approaches, and will occur without fail on the 20th of this present month of May. They expect that day a comet, which is to take our little globe from behind and reduce it to impalpable powder, according to a certain prediction of the Academy of Sciences which has not yet been made. Nothing is more likely than this event, for James Bernouilli, in his treatise upon the comet of 1680, predicted expressly that that famous comet would return with a terrible uproar on May 19th, 1779; he assured us that its perique indeed would signify nothing mischievous, but that its tail would be an infallible sign of the wrath of heaven. If James Bernouilli mistook, it is after all, but a matter of fifty-four years and three days. Now, so small an error as this being regarded by all geometers as of little moment in the immensity of ages, it is manifest that nothing can be more reasonable than to hope for the end of the world on the 20th of this present month of May, 1773, or in some other year. If the thing should not come to pass, "omittance is no quitance" (*ce qui est différé, n'est pas perdu*). There is certainly no reason for

laughing at M. Trissotin, triple idiot though he is (*tout Trissotin qu'il est*), when he says to Madame Philaminte (Molière's *Femmes Savantes*, act iv. sc. 3):

Nous l'avons en dormant, madame, échappé belle ;
Un monde près de nous a passé tout du long,
Est chu tout au travers de notre tourbillon ;
Et s'il eût en chemin rencontré notre terre,
Elle eût été brisée en morceaux comme verre.

"A comet coursing along its parabolic may come full tilt against our earth." But then, what will happen? Either that comet will have a force equal to that of our earth, or greater, or less. If equal, we shall do the comet as much harm as it will do us, action and reaction being equal; if greater, the comet will bear us away with it; if less, we shall bear away the comet. This great event may occur in a thousand ways, and no one can affirm that our earth and the other planets have not experienced more than one revolution through the mischance of encountering a comet on their path. The Parisians will not desert their city on the 20th inst.; they will sing songs, and the play of "The Comet and the World's End" will be performed at the Opéra Comique.

Singularly enough, something even more preposterous than what the great wit had thus suggested did actually occur on this occasion. The fears inspired by the predicted approach of the comet were so great that speculators took advantage of the terrors of the ignorant, and absolutely persuaded many that the priesthood had by special intercession obtained the privilege of dispensing a number of tickets for seats in Paradise; and these pretended tickets were sold at a very high rate. It would be interesting to inquire what idea was entertained by those who purchased these tickets as to the way in which they were to be used, to whom presented, at what time, and where.

The story to which I have just referred was quoted by a Parisian professor in 1832, when a similar scare prevailed in France. It had been announced that the comet of 1826 (Biela's) would return in 1832; and it had also been stated that the path of the comet intersected, or very nearly intersected, the path of the earth. This was immediately interpreted to signify an approaching collision between the earth and the comet, though nothing of the kind was implied. These fears, said the worthy professor, may produce effects as mischievous as those produced by the cometic panic in 1773, unless the authority of the Academy apply a prompt remedy; and this salutary intervention

is at this moment implored by many benevolent persons.

At the present time, the end of the world is threatened in more ways than one. The methods of destruction are incongruous; but that is a detail hardly worth considering. If Scylla does not destroy us, Charybdis is bound to do the work, and *vice versa*. There is no escape for us.

A few months ago the prophecy of Mother Shipton was chiefly feared. But as the world certainly did not come to an end in 1881 (though Gerald Massey says Mother Shipton's prophecy—which she never made by the way—was really fulfilled) we must now look for the world's destruction in other ways.

And first we see it clearly indicated in the Great Pyramid. By slightly altering the dates accepted by historians, adding a few years in one place and taking off a few years in another, it can be proved to demonstration that the number of inches in the descending or entrance passages, as far as the place where the ascending begins, is equal to the number of years from the descent of man to the Exodus; and that the ascending passage contains as many inches as there are years from the Exodus to the beginning of the Christian era. (The rest of the descending passage, as far as the bottomless pit, or the pit with ruin-hidden bottom—it is the same thing—clearly represents the progress of the rest of the human race downward.) This being so, of course it follows that the grand gallery represents the Christian era. This gallery has a length of 1882 inches, or, according to recent statements (not new measurements), 1881.59. Hence, in the year 1882, or more exactly at the time 1881.59, which corresponds to 1881 years + 7 months + $2\frac{1}{2}$ days, or to midnight between August 3d* and 4th, the Christian era is to end. The reader is not to be alarmed, however, by this seemingly precise statement. As the time has drawn nearer, the pyramidalists have seen fit to add fifty years (more or less, according to circumstances) during which the end is to be finally brought about; August 3d will only mark the "beginning of the

* Astronomically the second day in August ends at noon August 3.

end." Still, it may fairly be presumed that something significant will happen about that time. Possibly some remarkable person, or person who is hereafter to be remarkable, will be born at midnight August 3d ; in which case it seems possible that the world might remain in ignorance of the fact for a year or two.

But next the planets take their turn. The terrible words "perihelion conjunctions" are heard with appalling effect. It is true they are entirely without meaning ; science knows nothing about perihelion conjunctions ; but that is nothing—any name is good enough to conjure by. Let us see what perihelion mischief is in store for us.

Jupiter was in perihelion on September 25th, 1880 ! "The perihelia of other planets in 1881 occurred" (this is not a scientific mode of presenting the matter ; but that is not the fault of the prophets—they speak as correctly as they can) "as follows : Mercury, February 21st ; Venus, March 6th ; Mercury, May 20th ; Mars, May 26th ; Mercury, August 16th ; Venus, October 16th ; Mercury, November 12th." This was very dreadful ; though somehow the earth escaped that time. Imagine Mercury being four times in perihelion in one year ! We may perhaps find an explanation in the circumstance that he completes the circuit of his orbit more than four times a year, and must pass his perihelion each time ; but science tries to explain everything, and we must not be too precise in such matters. The year 1882, in which we are more interested, is even worse. Mercury has already been in perihelion, viz., on February 8th ; then we have March 25th (April 9th), Uranus ; May 7th, Mercury ; August 3d, Mercury ; October 29th, Mercury again ; and absolutely on December 6th Venus transits the sun's disc ! Something will surely come of this, if we only live to see it.

But worse remains behind. "In August, 1885, Saturn will be in perihelion !" "Neptune is in apparent perihelion" (whatever that may mean) "from 1876 to 1886, the height (?) being about 1881½ !" "Those skilled in astronomy inform us it is fully 6000 years since the occurrence of a similarly powerful situation, although conjunctions and perihelia have occurred at more frequent

intervals of time. To form an approximate opinion of what the earth is liable to experience at such periods, we must review the records of effects attending similar situations, remembering that with the ripening of our planet the effects upon the earth and its inhabitants will be more generally distributed."

This being so, these perihelia occurring in so unusual a way, being also rendered very terrible by being called perihelion conjunctions, and the dependence of terrestrial disturbances on planetary motions being too obvious to be worth proving, we have only to consider what has happened during past floods, earthquakes, and so forth, to see exactly what is in store for us pretty soon. Science, which is always too particular in such matters, may perhaps show that whatever influences the outer and larger planets may produce on the earth (it is very doubtful whether they produce any except very slight deviations from her mean track) cannot be effectively greater when the planets are in perihelion than when they are in aphelion ; that terrestrial disturbances have nothing whatever to do with these relations ; and that as perihelion passages and planetary conjunctions are occurring every year, earthquakes and floods could not possibly occur in years when there were no such phenomena ; but the prophets have nothing to say to all that ; they calmly go on to describe the various terrestrial disturbances which have occurred, regarding any attempt to show that there is the slightest real connection between the planetary movements and the earth's throes as quite unnecessary.

Here, however, is the summing up of the planetary prophecies by one of the most earnest, and therefore wildest, of the prophets. "In cases of planetary attraction, the earth's crust becomes attracted as a solid whole. Its fluid and ærial envelope responds when irregularly attracted, by oscillating in high and low tides, alternating with unequal pressure. We are approaching both stellar and planetary conditions which fortunately will require a certain number of years—say 1880 to 1885—for their complete unfoldment : hence their action may not be wholly manifest in a special month of any year ; but this whole cycle of years is liable to be

affected by a generally disturbed condition of the earth and its inhabitants."

But utter rubbish as all this is—the offspring of sheer ignorance and hysteric vapors—it is not much more absurd than the prediction recently based on the observed fact that the comet of 1880 travelled along the same path as that of 1843, this path lying very close indeed to the sun. Assuming, as is really not improbable, that the comet of 1843 passed so near to the sun as to have been retarded by the resistance of the corona, and so came back after a shorter circuit than it had before traversed, it is likely enough that the comet will next return after a yet shorter interval. Possibly Marth's period—"say seventeen years" he puts it—may be near the truth, in which case the comet would come back in 1897. The next return after that might be in seven or eight years, say in 1904. The next perhaps is three or four, and very likely by about the year 1920 or 1925 that comet may reach the end of its career, being finally absorbed by the sun. It is also very likely that if, instead of being thus gradually checked off, so to speak, this comet in its original full-sized condition, with many millions of millions of meteoric attendants, had rushed full tilt upon the sun, it might have done a deal of mischief. A very able astronomer, Professor Kirkwood, of Bloomington, Indiana, believes (and very likely he is right) that two of the larger meteoric attendants on this comet falling into the sun in September, 1859, produced that remarkable solar disturbance which was accompanied by very remarkable magnetic disturbances and auroral displays all over the earth; so that doubtless the whole comet with its attendants pouring all at once upon the sun would have stirred him in a way which we should have found very noteworthy, even if we did not find it abso-

lutely destructive to the earth and its inhabitants. But as a mere matter of fact (and so counting for something, what end-of-the-world prophets may imagine) the comet of 1843 and 1880 does not travel full tilt upon the sun, and can never do so; its meteoric attendants are not all gathered in a single cluster, but form an immensely long train (if Kirkwood was right in the above-quoted surmise, those which fell into the sun in 1859 were at least sixteen years behind the main body); and it is clear that a very effective interruption of the comet's career in 1843, repeated in 1880, can take place without in any appreciable degree affecting our comfort, still less our existence. If the comet of 1880 was the same object as the object of 1843, it showed very evident signs of having suffered grievously during its former perihelion passage. If it is proportionately reduced at its next return, we might even see it fall straight upon the sun (were that possible) without much fearing any evil consequences. Nothing which is known about comets in general, or about this comet in particular, suggests the slightest danger to the solar system, though everything suggests that the comet's career as an independent body will before very long come to an end. If the comet ever was a dangerous one, owing to the concentration of its meteoric components, it is not so now. If it really has been effectively checked in its career, it is evident such interruption can take place without harming us, and therefore the final throes of the comet need not trouble us in the least. If it has not been effectively interrupted, then the end is not nearer—in any appreciable degree—now than it was in 1843 or in 1686. In any case, the end of this comet's career, whether far off or near at hand, will in all probability take place in such a way that terrestrial astronomers will never know of the event.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

ADVENTURES ON THE ROVUMA.

LETTERS IN COURSE OF AN EXPLORATION.

BY JOSEPH THOMSON, AUTHOR OF "TO THE CENTRAL AFRICAN LAKES AND BACK."

NO. I.

ITULÈ, ON THE RIVER LUJENDÈ, }
EAST AFRICA. }

DEAR ——. The heading of this letter will, I fear, give you a very hazy notion as to my whereabouts at this present moment. You may certainly take for granted that it is beyond the ken of the P. O. authorities. If, however, you are anxious to "spot" me on the map, you may glance down the East Coast of Africa till you find a large river known as the Rovuma. Tracing it inland for about one hundred and twenty miles, you will come to a point where it divides into two branches. One of these comes from the west; the other from an unknown direction—so far as the map is concerned. In reality, however, this second branch flows from the south. Continue your search twenty-five miles along its banks and you will reach, with the mind's eye, Itulè, on the Lujendè.

We are delightfully situated on a small island in the middle of the river. Here we have formed our camp to secure ourselves from molestation. The island is well supplied with large shady trees, though it is very narrow—so narrow that my tent stretches nearly right across, and three steps from the door bring me to deep water in which I have my daily bath. The men have scattered themselves over the rest of the available space and are making the woods re-echo with their loud laughter as the story goes round; while every now and then the song resounds sharp and clear in the night air. They are all in a very jolly mood round the ruddy camp fires, for antelope is abundant and some days' rest in prospect.

As for myself, I have lit my lamp, discussed my cup of coffee, and made every preparation for commencing my correspondence. Yet I feel tempted by my surroundings to linger and dream. A certain delicious feeling of comfort and safety invites me to sit by the rushing river and, with feet elevated in American fashion, to gaze at the stars, become

sentimental, and on the swift wings of fancy hurry far away from Africa and Afric's joys. My reverie, however, is soon rudely broken. Through the otherwise dreamy elements of the night comes a sound which only too pointedly reminds me where I am. A lion has caught the scent of our antelope's meat and stands amid the shades of the opposite bank vainly longing to join the feast. Just as I am getting most sentimental a savage roar resounds through the forest, making me start and shiver as if cold water were being poured down my back, and producing a creeping sensation at the roots of my hair. The interruption is a rather abrupt reminder that I must be practical. Therefore let us to business! Taking up the rôle of Valentine to your Proteus, I shall endeavor to give you, as a "home-keeping youth," some notion of the "rare noteworthy objects in my travel" hither.

After my arrival at Zanzibar, I set about trying to get despatched at once to the mainland in prosecution of the mission I had undertaken. The somewhat eccentric machinery of an Oriental government, however, was hard to be moved. During the first fortnight nothing could be done. First "I must rest after my voyage;" then "I must wait till the mail was gone;" finally "everything would be arranged when something else was settled. After about a hundred communications had been sent without visible effect, I was beginning seriously to consider how a sinecure might be made tolerable in Zanzibar, when suddenly my calculations were interrupted by a message from the Sultan. My orders were to get ready in three days to proceed up the Rovuma and examine the reported rich coal-fields in that region.

This was coming to the point with a vengeance. To get ready a caravan for the interior in three days was a task by no means easy. But, thanks to my previously acquired knowledge and experience, I was equal to the emergency. In

two days I had completed my arrangements, made all necessary purchases, and got together sixty of my former followers under the world-famous Chuma and the energetic Makatubu.

At the last moment, however, my plans narrowly escaped wreck and failure. The men had somehow got the impression that they were not to go on board till the morning of the fourth day; so, on the third, they indulged in a grand carouse. They all got drunk, to a man; and when the time for starting arrived, the whole military and police force of Zanzibar had to be employed in the ludicrous task of hunting them out and carrying them to the ship. The chase was one of the most exciting imaginable, and lasted till midnight. Incidents, curious and absurd, abounded. Two of the men, for instance, had just got married on that day, and at the "witching hour of night" they had to be "spirited away" from their disconsolate mates, leaving these either to mourn till their return, or get new husbands. Such is the reckless character of the Waswahili porters.

At sunrise on the following morning we sailed out of the harbor bound for Mikindany Bay, near the mouth of the Rovuma. In the voyage south I went in, as usual, for "the intense," in the shape of sea-sickness, and hung over the ship's rails in various limp and æsthetic attitudes. Mikindany was reached on the morning of the third day. Having landed, we forthwith commenced our final preparations. The Arabs tried to throw the customary obstacles in our way; but, finding me unexpectedly acquainted with their little ways, and backed up by the authority of the Sultan, they soon desisted.

The 17th of July found us *en route* once more for the Interior. My feelings were very much akin to those of Livingstone, when he set out from this same place on his last journey. I had a delightful sense of exhilaration. Every nerve seemed to thrill with pleasure as I strode along with buoyant footsteps. For the first eight days we journeyed nearly W.S.W. through the country of Makondè. The name means "bushes, or creepers," and a more appropriate title could not be given to the district. The whole landscape is appar-

ently one dead level of tangled vegetation, over which it is no exaggeration to say that one could struggle for miles without once touching the ground beneath. Through this dense bush our road, if such it could be called, literally burrowed. The interlacing creepers overhead made it almost impossible for us to get even a glimpse of the sky. With bent back and torn clothes, inward groans and copious perspiration, we struggled along in this vegetable tunnel. Now we ran our head against a creeper overhanging our path; anon we tripped over another treacherously prepared for our feet. Occasionally a "wait-a-bit" thorn captured us, and held us prisoner in spite of our impatient ejaculations of annoyance; and worse still, the porters frequently stepped upon caltrops, in the shape of sharp bush stumps, left in the middle of the path, which cut their feet to the very bone. The enormous labor involved in carrying a weight of sixty pounds, in a constrained attitude, for several hours per day, cannot easily be realized. Though I am now conversant with most forms of travelling in East Africa, I certainly have nowhere experienced anything more trying both to our temper and our staying power.

The days succeeded each other with unvarying monotony of painful toil. There was ever the same dense bush, the same apparent dead level—no streams, no rocks, no valleys or hills. Except in the cultivated patches around villages, which were so many breathing holes where we were permitted to look upon the face of heaven and feel the cooling freshness of the breeze, our view was circumscribed to a few feet. A landscape so uninviting affords little scope for description, and I gladly leave it to speak of a subject much more interesting—namely, the people of Makondè.

Yet, if I describe these people as I found them, I fear you will suspect me of practical joking, or of indulging in absurd "traveller's tales." When I remember how the first description of the Australian Ornithorhynchus was received, I fancy I see your smile of incredulity when I introduce the duck-billed and tapir-lipped natives of Makondè.

The Makondè people are, without

doubt, as ugly a set as are to be found in East Africa. Certainly they occupy a very low grade in the ladder of humanity. Nor need the fact be wondered at when we consider their environments and the nature of their country. Moreover, their natural cowardice causes them to isolate themselves in small clearings in the bush, and until very recently they have held hardly any intercourse with the people outside their immediate district. They have low squat figures of the deepest ebony dye, faces of the most forbidding aspect, low foreheads, bridgeless noses, thick lips and wrinkled skin. They leave their hair in its native fuzziness as a rule; but sometimes they work large red beads into it until the whole assumes the appearance of a huge mulberry mass. This, however, involves an operation so long and trying that it is quite fashionable to wear wigs got up in a similar style. These head-dresses weigh from six to eight pounds each. So much value do they attach to them that I was baffled in every attempt to secure a specimen, though I offered an enormous price.

As their strong point is their ugliness, they make a business of enhancing it by every possible means. They cover themselves with coarsely executed figures in bas-relief. This is accomplished by cutting out the desired patterns with a knife three consecutive times, rubbing in charcoal and allowing the wound to close between each operation. The figures eventually appear raised about one-sixteenth of an inch above the general surface of the skin, and are of a darker shade. Fashion leads people indeed to undergo many painful ordeals; but few, however enthusiastic, would care to submit to a beautifying process so excruciating as that of the Makondè.

Yet here, as everywhere else, the object of the hideous adornment is to attract and captivate by adding to their charms. "She *cuts* to conquer," may be said of the painfully embellished Makondè damsel. While a European would praise the beauty of his mistress' figure, the irresistible charm of her eye, the softness of her skin, or the delicate richness of her complexion, a Makondè beau would fall into raptures over the variety and abundance of her tattooing, the size and brilliancy of her pelelè (of which

more anon), her energetic movements in the dance, and the ear-piercing sharpness of her scream—not to speak of the splendid development of her muscles, which generally show great working power. In the moonlit nights, when his soul with beer and the dance is wrought to gladness within him, his affection expresses itself most fondly in stroking her sculptured skin.

The pelelè is, however, the most extraordinary addition to the charms of the Makondè women. This is a circular piece of wood variously carved and adorned, and generally about two inches in diameter. It is worn in the upper lip, which, of course, becomes enormously extended to receive it, and which appears simply like an india-rubber band round the ornament. Of course, the insertion of so large a piece of unyielding material is a prolonged operation. The process commences in childhood by the insertion of a wooden pin. As the girl grows this is removed and a larger one put in, until, at the age of eighteen, the pelelè has attained its full size. In early womanhood the upper lip with its strange embellishment sticks straight out from the face, and when seen a little way off appears not unlike a duck's bill. In more advanced years, however, the lip hangs down, quite covering the mouth—indeed, actually reaching below the chin. At this stage it irresistibly reminds one of the snout of the tapir; and the resemblance is made still more striking by the flatness of the nose and the thickness of the lips.

These extraordinary ornaments are highly prized by the Makondè, and I found it quite impossible to obtain more than a single specimen, and that had not even been worn. It was believed that if a pelelè fell into my possession I would certainly work some black magic on the seller, and produce dire mischief generally. Doubtless they are all the more prized by the wives because they are invariably the affectionate handiwork of their husbands. A Makondè lady would no more think of disposing of her pelelè than a European lady of her marriage ring. When a woman dies this much-prized ornament is always most religiously preserved by her husband or near relatives; and when they go to water the grave—with beer, not tears—the

pelelè is likewise taken to show that her memory is still faithfully cherished.

In the matter of dress both men and women wear the simple loin-cloth ; not from any poverty or lack of material, but merely in order that the beauty marks may be shown to full advantage. Their houses are of the common beehive shape. They are seldom large, but on the whole tolerably clean. Otherwise their social condition presents no features calling for particular notice.

Their domestic customs, however, are interesting and curious ; quite as much so as their system of personal ornamentation. In the case of a marriage the bride is not, as in many East African tribes, sold to the bridegroom. Her will is left free, and she is even allowed to have the chief voice in the arrangements. The behavior of the women, both before and after marriage, is said to be scrupulously correct. The slightest straying from the narrow path is invariably visited with condign punishment. From the time of a child's birth until it is able to speak the mother holds not the slightest communication with her husband. It is firmly believed that some dire mischief would befall the little innocent were its father even to enter the hut during that period. As soon as it is able to utter words the child is carried to some point where two cross-roads meet. There it is washed and rubbed with oil, and finally handed over to the father, who may thenceforth resume his domestic and marital rights. The point of junction of two roads is always in East Africa considered to have some special virtue or significance. There good or bad spirits take up their abode. When a man dies the sweepings of the hut he occupied are carefully carried out and deposited there is some old broken pot.

The want of intelligence is very noticeable among the Makondè. They do not betray the slightest sign of desiring to rise above their present position. They have abundance of cloth, but will not use it except on the occasion of some grand fête ; then they huddle it on in voluminous folds. They are rich enough to get many desirable articles from the coast ; but they are quite satisfied to do, as their fathers have done, without them. They have abundance

of food, but they won't sell it. They prefer to dispose of their surplus grain in making pombè (native beer). At certain times the whole population goes in for a debauch which lasts not unfrequently a week or more. When a Makondè dies he is "waked" right royally ; all his grain stores are converted into pombè, and every one for miles round gets gloriously drunk.

It used to afford me intense amusement to watch them gathering round me when I was about to take observations of the sun or stars. As the artificial horizon was being put in order, and the sextant, with its complicated-looking appearance, produced from its box, an expectant hush of awe would fall upon the crowd. With eyes and mouth opened to their widest they would gaze in helpless wonderment at my mysterious preparations. When, finally, the instrument was taken in hand and directed to the heavenly body, the climax of excitement was reached. The women usually decamped in hot haste, and the children raised a howl of terror, while the men showed their consternation by promptly standing clear of the apparent line of vision, and talking wildly. They could scarcely have been more nervous if I had actually accomplished the sensational feat of bringing down a star.

Let us now take leave of the Makondè and hasten on our way.

I have spoken of the country as a seeming dead level. In reality, however, it rises steadily in altitude as we proceed westward. At eighty miles inland we reach a height of no less than two thousand feet. Beyond this point we abruptly descend again to a great plain only three hundred feet above sea-level. This plain is distinguished by being quite free from bushes and creepers, though it is covered with a thin open forest of small trees. Its most remarkable feature, however, is the number of extraordinary isolated hills which rise precipitously on all hands, and assume the most fantastic shapes. An imaginative describer of scenery might almost exhaust his fancy in comparing them with a variety of objects. There are Cleopatra's needles, saddle-back towers, domes, cones, columns, etc. An inexperienced observer would probably be apt to revel in vol-

canic eruptions, and other grand convulsions, in his endeavors to account for these curious phenomena; but in reality they result simply from the denudation of the surrounding country—the solid compact cores defying the wearing influences at work, and hence standing out in the manner referred to.

This great plain has, in former times, been well populated; but at present it lies utterly waste, owing to the devastating slave wars which were so lamentably rife about fifteen years ago. It was on this very plain that Livingstone, then on his last journey, got such a horrifying glimpse of these fearful raids—an experience by the description of which he succeeded in rousing the interest of civilized Europe, and in starting a movement that culminated in the Treaty for the Abolition of the Slave Traffic in East Africa.

In common with most people I had formed the notion that the Treaty had really been carried into effect, and that the infamous trade had been practically extinguished in the coast regions. You may imagine my surprise, then, in discovering that I was laboring under a complete delusion. In crossing this tract of country I found slavery carried on in the most open and unblushing manner. The appearance of a slave caravan was one of the most common occurrences. During my brief stay on the Rovuma I personally saw four of considerable dimensions and heard of several others which, through suspicion of our intentions, cautiously avoided us. They were all in charge of natives. I am happy to say, however, that I witnessed none of the sickening horrors described by many travellers, and still more frequently by imaginative sentimentalists who revel in the sensational. One of the caravans had, when I met it, been on the march for more than a month. Yet, strange to relate, there were no signs of starvation or disease. None could be said to be overloaded, neither was there anything to indicate ill-treatment. Naturally, after so long a journey, there were a few with sore feet, though not so lame as to imply positive cruelty.

Most of the men and some of the women were in slave-sticks. The slave-stick is a pole two inches thick, forked

at one end so as to receive the slave's neck, round which it is securely fastened. There are various ways in which the unhappy prisoner travels with this awkward appendage. If he is single and has a load, the free end of the stick is tied behind to the load (which is always cylindrical in shape), and thus if he falls he runs an imminent risk of strangulation or of dislocation of the neck. Sometimes a small boy carries the free end; but the most common practice is to tie two slaves together by their sticks. At night these are taken off, but to prevent their escape, each has the one arm tied down on the leg and the other fastened to the neck. In this condition they cannot even rise from the ground.

The most unpleasant sight to me was the appearance of several women, well dressed, and with a profusion of ornaments, in various parts of the caravan. These poor creatures were slaves like the others, but had been deluded by their owners into the belief that they would not be sold, but retained as wives. Under this vain expectation they were placed as spies and keepers over their unfortunate companions. Feeling thus a certain sense of ownership, they fulfil the duties of their office with great apparent relish. The sad day of retribution, however, comes only too soon. Whenever the coast is reached they find to their dismay that their anticipations were simply "such stuff as dreams are made of." They are at once stripped of their short-lived finery, and sold with the rest.

If slaves are treated more considerately now than in former times, let it not be supposed that it is owing to greater natural humanity on the part of the masters. There is another very obvious explanation of the fact. The difficulty of getting the victims shipped to Zanzibar or Pemba has naturally raised their value. Thus slaves being more precious animals than they once were, it is manifestly the interest of the owners to get them down to the coast in good condition.

I suppose I have written enough on this sad subject, and you will be glad to pass with me to something less depressing. I have remarked that the plain which we are now traversing is a vast uninhabited waste. For eight days we saw no sign of humanity, with the

solitary exception of one small village situated on an island in the river Rovuma. If the country, however, was destitute of human beings, it speedily became evident to us that it was perfectly swarming with game. Forthwith I was entirely under the fascinating influence of the chase, and gave promise of developing into a veritable Nimrod. Now I was after crocodiles or hippopotami in a rickety canoe on the Rovuma. Anon, in the early morning or afternoon, I was eagerly tracking out the antelope or wild boar, while the night was given up to an exciting watch for lions and hyenas. The adventures I have had, the number of big game I have shot, and the thousands of other matters of interest connected with my sport on the Upper Rovuma it is quite impossible to detail at length. Just think of the variety ! Giraffe, buffalo, quagga, zebra, eland, gnu, harrissbuck, harte-beest, etc. Let me, however, mention two incidents which are worth describing.

According to my usual habit, I had started off with two of my men at the first streak of dawn, so as to get well in advance of the porters, who are usually noisy enough to frighten any game within a mile of them. Shortly after leaving camp, and while stealthily moving along the beautifully wooded banks of the river Lujendè, we sighted a fine boar. I fired immediately and was certain I had hit it ; but, much to my surprise, it bolted off with incredible speed. I started after it, however, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing it suddenly drop dead. It had actually been shot through the heart, but had sufficient vital force left for its swift race of a hundred yards or more. Having secured its fine tusks, we proceeded once more on our way. For the next half-hour anything we saw was too far off to be easily got at. This was rather slow work ; so I detached my two men to the right and left to make a reconnoissance, while I proceeded forward with my good double-barrelled rifle. Passing through a fine clump of trees I suddenly emerged on a charmingly retired grassy glade, in the centre of which grazed a small herd of waterbuck—a male and three females. Instinctively withdrawing behind a tree I forgot the landscape at the sight of the game. Making a swift mental calcula-

tion of the distance, and almost involuntarily adjusting the sights, I hurriedly aimed and fired. The roar of the gun echoing through the solitude sounded the death-knell of one of the females. The other three jumped forward simultaneously as if they themselves had received a shock. Then, like inanimate statues they stood transfixed, gazing to ascertain the cause of the unwonted sound which had burst upon their ears. Taking advantage of this I ruthlessly fired once more and a second dropped. The remaining two again bounded forward ; but a plaintive pathetic cry from the last one shot brought the male back instantly to her side. In his ignorance of the terrible nature of the danger, his first instinct apparently was to protect his mate. With a look of obvious distress he began smelling her all round, while I, having no more cartridges, stepped forth from my hiding-place. In a moment the beautiful creature saw me, and again it stood as if petrified, in one of the most magnificent attitudes conceivable. Its side was toward me ; its head, erect, was turned so as to face me, while its large lustrous eyes seemed almost bursting from their sockets. It was the very personification of grace and dignity. I was at the moment so struck with the sight that I could only stand and admire the splendid *pose* and feel repentant at my morning's work. After we had thus gazed for a moment at each other I began to marvel that the animal made no attempt to flee. I moved forward, and still it remained stationary. My uneasy conscience began to suggest the possibility of its attacking me ; but the thought was instantly dismissed, as it was only too evident that the poor brute was simply paralyzed with terror. Still I approached, and still it stood motionless. I was within fifteen yards of it before it gathered its wits together and made for the forest. Just as it reached the edge of the glade, however, a cry was uttered by its dying mate, and so much stronger was its natural affection than its fear, that it instantly checked its flight and turned once more. I felt so remorseful and impressed by the touching scene that I hurried away from the spot to avoid witnessing the butchers' glee of my men, who just then appeared, and I shot no more that day.

My second adventure was of a differ-

ent description, and of a much more exciting character. We were still pushing along the banks of the Lujendè, and, as on the occasion just referred to, I was far ahead of my caravan, accompanied by my attendant and a guide. It was an hour since we had left our last camp, and we had seen little game. Suddenly we heard a sound which made us instinctively pause and exclaim, "Simba!" (lion) Another minute, and the roar was repeated nearer and clearer than before, sending a cold shiver through our very bones, though we felt quite safe. Following the direction of the noise, we got near enough to make out that there were two lions, probably playing with each other. My companions were evidently becoming nervous, and were anxious to make a *détour* for the sake of avoiding the vicinity of the dreaded animals. But meantime my imagination was busy and my blood was fired. I pictured myself as a lion-hunter indulging in various deeds of daring, and encountering all sorts of thrilling experiences. To the men's consternation I pulled myself up (I suppose in a striking attitude) and heroically declared my intention of hunting up the monarch of the wilds to his very lair! If they were frightened they might leave me to go alone! The good fellows, finding that I was bent upon adventure, and feeling a measure of confidence behind my heavy express rifle, protested that they would on no account desert me. To tell the truth, I felt in my secret heart considerably relieved by this loyal declaration, and on we pressed—I in front.

The first part of the way led through the open forest. Here we felt quite secure, as we could easily see some distance ahead, and could not be taken by surprise. This space we stealthily though swiftly traversed, when, to my disappointment, we suddenly came upon an expanse of dense jungle grass, in which the lions were evidently located. This was more than I had bargained for. I had counted upon getting at least an open field where the game could be sighted without being disagreeably near. But, manifestly, in this jungle no such chance was possible, and my valor began to ooze away. I was rapidly realizing how sapient and acceptable was the phi-

losophy of the epigramatist who argued that

"Those who fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain."

when, observing the satisfaction of the men at my apparent hesitation, I threw prudence to the winds, and plunged obstinately in among the grass, determined not to be baffled.

Now began the dangerous part of the programme. We could not see a yard ahead. Our only guide to the position of the dangerous creatures was their occasional growling as they continued their savage play. If that stopped our predicament would be by no means an enviable one. Our every step had to be studied. The slightest sound would have put the lions on the alert, and all our labor would have been lost. Thus, then, with an uncomfortable sense of growing excitement and palpitation of heart, we slowly advanced some distance. The perspiration trickled down my face and body till my clothes were quite drenched. At intervals, as the deep-mouthed growl or terrific roar filled the air, we would feel the cold shiver of intense awe and stand staring till it was over. We had laboriously glided to within twenty yards of the lions, when we were startled by a sudden cessation of the sounds which had hitherto guided us. The silence brought with it a feeling of dismay, for it plainly told us we either had been scented or heard. We uttered not a whisper, but anxiously *looked* the question, "What is now to be done?"

If I had been alone I should certainly have given up the adventure at once; but in presence of the men my false pride stifled the inward impulse. With eager, beseeching looks, they gesticulated to me to go back; but, remembering how heroically I had said "Forward!" I once more braced up my nerves to see the enterprise to the bitter end—though in my heart I secretly regretted my first rashness. Once more, then, we moved onward. Our precautions had to be redoubled. We progressed inch by inch. Every sense was on the alert, and each rifle was held ready for instant action. My feelings were wrought to a pitch of extreme pain. It seemed as if the violent beating of my heart would be heard. The moments were like minutes. At

any instant we might be upon the lions, or more probably, they upon us. The suspense became unbearable, and once more my resolution wavered under the overpowering excitement. Suddenly there was a crash behind me, which almost froze my blood. Mechanically my rifle leaped to my shoulder, and I turned in the full expectation of seeing one of my men in the clutches of the lion. You may imagine my relief when I perceived how much less tragic was the occasion of the noise. My followers had, in their uncontrollable terror, taken to headlong flight. I had just time by a glance to take in the situation, when a still louder crash in front recalled my attention to that quarter. One lion and then the other bounded from their playground so swiftly that I got the merest glimpse of them. Ere I could raise my rifle they were out of sight in the long grass. They were not more than ten yards distant when they fled, and, if it had not been for the panic-stricken retreat of the men, one minute more would have brought the noble animals in

sight, and given me a chance of two good shots. The *dénouement* brought a curious conflict of feeling. I was extremely relieved and intensely disappointed. Returning to my men, I vented my excitement in the form of indignation, under which the poor fellows were, of course, becomingly humble. Thus, with a comical sense of having done my duty, I returned to the footpath and rejoined my caravan.

Two days after this adventure we arrived at Itulè, whence I now address you. To-morrow I go out to begin the inspection of the much-talked-of coal-fields, with which rumor has enriched this district. I venture, however, to give you a quiet hint, for which I hope you will be sufficiently grateful. Don't by any means buy up shares in any present or prospective Rovuma Coal Company, or you will have your fingers burned—not by the coal, but by the absence of it. Such, at least, is my suspicion. A few days will test the truth of it.

Yours, etc., JOSEPH THOMSON.

—Good Words.

OUT OF THE BEATEN TRACK IN MADAGASCAR: A VISIT TO THE ANTANKARANA SAKALAVA.

FINDING myself at Nosibè, after a delightful trip round the Comoro Islands, I determined to take advantage of my proximity to the mainland of Madagascar to visit that interesting country. My wish was to visit some part of the island unknown, or at least little known, to European travellers. Acting on the advice of the French Commandant, I determined to pay a visit to an independent tribe inhabiting the north-west peninsula of the island, called Antankaràna, or "people of the rocks." Wishing to travel as quickly as possible, I engaged a fine *lakan* or canoe, which could carry a good deal of sail, and engaged a crew of four at two francs a day and their rice. Through the courtesy of the French Commandant, I secured the services of an excellent guide—Prosper by name, a native of Nosibè, and a Roman Catholic. He spoke very fair French, besides Malayaski and Swahili, and was invaluable. Having purchased some American cloth and bright-colored

handkerchiefs to trade for food with, my preparations were complete, and on the morning of the 1st of August I set sail with my little party. Although the mainland of Madagascar is well in sight from Nosibè, yet when we were packed into the canoe, luggage and all, it looked anything but safe to put out to sea in her. We did not get very far from land before a good breeze sprang up, and we sailed along grandly, and reached the island of Nosifaly soon after noon. The breeze now dying away, and it being terribly hot in the *lakan*, I determined to camp for the night in this small, well-wooded island, which is separated from the mainland by a very narrow channel. There is a small village inhabited by Sakalavas, whose chief received me very civilly, and gave me a nice clean hut to sleep in. The people mostly talked Swahili, which they have picked up from the Arabs, who have a small trading station on the mainland close by. The next morning, starting before five, we

sailed along the coast steering north for Ifasy. Evening brought us to this important native trading-place, and here I intended to leave my canoe and walk up to the capital of the Antankaràna. The capital is called Ankaràna, and the king's name is Ratsimiàro. Accordingly, I placed my canoe in charge of an Arab merchant, and prepared for a march on the morrow. I started the next day soon after four o'clock, and almost before it was light, Prosper carrying my gun and cartridges.

I had considerable difficulty with Prosper, who was one of those people who are born idle, but I managed to make him keep up without resorting to blows. We marched for four hours and a half over very rough country, doing I think about twelve miles, and then halted for breakfast—coffee, rice, and bananas—started again at ten, and walked till twelve, when we halted till four. Again making a start, we reached a good-sized village, called Manembàto, a little before seven. We had walked I calculate about thirty miles—a very good day's work. We had a capital dinner here of fowls and rice—fowls are very plentiful in this part of Madagascar, and can be bought for about twopence apiece. The natives here told me that Ankaràna was not more than three hours' journey from Manembàto, so I resolved on an early start so as to reach the capital before breakfast. Accordingly starting at sunrise, I arrived in sight of the capital a little before nine. I halted outside the town and sent Prosper to inform King Ratsimiàro of my arrival. He soon returned to say that the king would receive me at once at the conference tree in the middle of the town, and I could hear the tum-tums beating announcing that he was on his way there. Accordingly, taking with me a large sheath knife I had brought as a present for his majesty, and accompanied by Prosper as interpreter, I at once proceeded to the interview. The king was seated under the tree (a magnificent tamarind), surrounded by his chiefs. A chair for me was placed on his right, and when I advanced, helmet in hand, he rose, shook hands very cordially, and motioned me to be seated. He first inquired if I had come to trade there, and when I told him no, he said he was very sorry, as he

wanted some white traders to come there very much. He then asked me if I was a praying man, and he seemed much relieved when I told him no. I explained I was merely a traveller, and being anxious to see the country, I had walked up from Ifasy. He could not make out why I had walked. Why had I not come in a *filanjàna* (palanquin), and when I told him I preferred walking, he gave me to understand that he did not quite believe me. He wanted to know why the English preferred the Hovas to the Sakalavas—whether I had ever seen Queen Ranavàlona—whether Queen Victoria loved her very much; and then he expressed his opinion that Queen Victoria would love him if she knew him better. I did not like to offend his majesty by telling him that probably Queen Victoria was quite ignorant of his existence, so I acquiesced. I then presented him with the knife I had brought with me, and asked permission to remain a few days in the capital. He told me a house was ready for me, and that in the evening there would be plenty of *todka* (rum). We then shook hands again, and I went off with Prosper in search of my house. I found my boys already in possession of one to which they had been directed by one of the chiefs. I started them off at once to buy some fowls for breakfast, as it was now nearly noon and I had eaten nothing since leaving Manembàto. They soon came back shouting "omby, omby" (an ox, an ox), and sure enough behind them came a fine bullock the king had sent me as a present. Soon afterward some girls arrived with a couple of geese, a couple of fowls, and a basket full of cocoa-nuts and bananas. Here was a princely supply for six men, and I had soon made an excellent breakfast. Having smoked a pipe and ordered the boys to kill the bullock and get dinner ready by sundown, I started off to walk round the town. There was nothing of interest to be seen in it, and I think the most striking feature was the enormous number of drinking shanties. I have seen a town in northern Queensland where every fourth house was a public, but in Ankaràna I believe you could buy rum in every hut. The houses were as a rule well built, some of bamboo, but mostly of the *rufia* palm, and they were

scrupulously clean. There were no stores of any sort, as they buy all their goods at Ifasy from the Arabs. I had a long conversation with one of the leading Antankaràna chiefs, who gave me a good deal of interesting information about the tribe. It seems they own about 800 square miles of country, and number about 20,000 souls. The country, as its name implies, is very rocky and full of caves, many of which are used as dwelling-places. In religion the people are a sort of Deists, believing in one supreme spirit; they are also great believers in ghosts, which they call *Idlo*. They have a priestly caste called On-jàtsy, whom they hold in great respect, and who have the power of driving away the *Idlos* if they make themselves too objectionable. They own lots of cattle, which flourish well on the sweet grass that grows on the rocky slopes, and they cultivate cocoa-nuts, sugarcane (to make into rum), bananas, ground nuts, and the rufia palm, with which they build their houses and also make mats and a coarse kind of *lamba* or cloth, with which they clothe themselves. They seem a very happy, idle people with no ambition to be more than they are at present. The country is beautifully wooded and well watered, and I have no doubt money could be made by any energetic Englishman if he settled at Ifasy and exported the ebony and sandal-wood which abound in the forests.

Just after sunset, and while I was still discussing my dinner, the tum-tums began to beat, and soon the clear space in the middle of the town presented an animated appearance. A sort of illumination was attempted by means of cocoa-nuts filled with bullock's fat, but they did not give much light, and they smelled very disagreeably. Mats had been placed under the old tamarind tree for the king and myself, and on repairing thither I found his majesty already arrived. The people soon formed up for a dance. It was a very curious sight, and I never before saw any native dance quite like it. They all formed in a circle, and sang apparently a verse of a song. Then they went in turns into the centre of the ring and danced wildly round, flourishing their spears and singing, and then they all joined in a sort of

chorus. I fancy the solo-singing was extempore. The women did not take part in this dance, but all sat together and beat time with their hands, and then at the finish they came forward with calabashes full of rum and presented them to the men. They danced the same dance three or four times, never omitting the rum at the end. His majesty kept pressing me also to drink, and I had to take far more of it than I wanted. The women now came forward and danced, the dance consisting of swinging the body backward and forward, all the time singing a plaintive sort of melody. I could not help thinking how well the words from "Les Cloches de Corneville"—"Just look at that," etc.—would have suited the action. They looked very picturesque with their bright-colored *lambas* and wild-looking heads. They have long, woolly hair, which they make stick out from the head in little nobs. After the women had been dancing thus for some time (the men sitting down and beating time), a man most grotesquely painted jumped in between them and danced a few times up and down the middle; then the women screamed, and ran away, and the men, jumping up and brandishing their spears in the most threatening manner, rushed forward as if to attack the new-comer. He at once bolted down the street. I afterward found out that he represented a *Idlo* (ghost), come to carry off one of the women. After he had disappeared, there was a general dance of rejoicing, in which both men and women joined, and after that more rum. It was now long past ten, so I asked permission of the king to retire to my hut. He replied, rather huskily, that it was very early, but gave me leave to go. He also promised me some guides to take me out in the morning. The next morning I determined to go out shooting, so after an early breakfast I left the town at seven o'clock. I took with me Prosper and four of Ratsimi-àro's men, and left my own boys at home to rest themselves and get over the effects of the previous evening's debauch, which were very apparent. About four miles to the north of Ankaràna there is a fine forest-clothed mountain called Ambohitra, and thither I turned my steps. There is no four-footed game

to speak of found in any known part of Madagascar, and the forests round Mount Ambohitra proved no exception. I shot a couple of lemurs, a sort of monkey with a beautiful fur, and peculiar to Madagascar. I could have shot a good many more, but they were all the same species, and it seemed rather butchery to kill them. I also shot a very handsome bird about the size of a heron, called by the natives "Voronôsy"—white with black point on the head, tail, and wings. It is, I fancy, a species of Ibis. I also saw great quantities of the little green paroquets so common in northern Queensland, and some bright-plumaged little honey-suckers I have seen often in South Africa. The forest itself was very interesting from the great variety of the timber, much of which was unknown to me. I recognized, however, ebony, sandal-wood, several kinds of acacia, the tamarind, mango, guava, and a great variety of palm, especially the beautiful "traveler's palm" (*Urania speciosa*), with its splendid fan-like head. The first time I ever saw this tree was in the cinnamon-gardens in Ceylon; but here seems its natural home, and thousands clothe the beautiful slopes of Mount Ambohitra. They supplied me with many a good drink this day, and if it grows all over Madagascar as luxuriantly as it does in the country of the Antankaràna, it would make travelling comparatively easy. I killed two snakes during my walk, one a good-sized fellow about four feet and a half long. My guides told me it was not poisonous. They call all snakes "kakalava" (long enemy), but from what I could learn, the only one they fear is one they call "pily," which I fancy is the boa of Africa. The Swahili name for the boa is "p'ili." I walked till eleven, and then rested till two, when I went down to the lower land and followed the course of the river back toward the town. I saw a good many duck, both teal and the brown wood-duck of Australia: the natives call them all alike "tsiriry." I got three couple, and also a couple of big birds they call "vorombi," a kind of goose, but I should think rather fishy to eat. They told me there were plenty of guinea-fowl about, and also a little bird they call "kitanotàno," which I fancy

from their description must be the snipe; but I saw none of either. I reached the town at sunset very tired, and spent an exactly similar evening to the previous one. The king told me he would give me a guide who would take me to the coast a nearer way than by passing through Manembato, so I determined not to start next day till after breakfast. I presented his majesty with my day's bag, at which he seemed pleased. He also hinted very plainly that he would like my gun, but that I did not feel inclined to part with; I presented him, however, with twenty-five cartridges, though what he will do with them I do not know—probably wear them as a necklace. Next day I had breakfast at six, and having rewarded my guides of the previous day with some American cloth, I prepared to start on my return journey to the coast. The old king was waiting under the tamarind tree to say good-by, and the whole population seemed to have congregated to witness my departure. As I approached, the people set up a mournful kind of chant, which Prosper afterward translated for me thus:

"Oh departing is our friend—oh! oh!
Oh scatter'd are the calves,
Oh weeping are the women,
Oh sad is our chief—oh! oh!"

They stopped singing when I reached the place where the king was seated. I then thanked him for his hospitality, and wished him a long and prosperous life. "Go in peace," was the old man's answer; and then, just as I was moving away, he asked again my name. Prosper translated it into something which sounded very unintelligible. The king repeated it several times, and then saying "May I never forget it," he waved his hand as a final adieu. I took one of his men with me as a guide; and, as our little party passed out of the town, I could hear them again singing their plaintive melody, "Oh departing is our friend—oh! oh!" A more interesting, simple-minded people it would be hard to find, and I felt grieved to think that civilization in the shape of rum must in no long period deteriorate if not entirely destroy them. King Ratsimiàro, although he has only been brought in contact with the Arab traders at Ifasy, has

the manners of a European gentleman, and his people were all most courteous in their behavior. I believe an attempt was made some thirty years ago by the Jesuits at Nosibè to start a mission at Antankarana, but they received so little encouragement that they gave it up. Though I do not think Ratsimiàro would at present receive missionaries at his capital, I believe a mission stationed at "Ifasy" might do much good work among these simple-minded people. We had a terribly long tramp this day, my new guide insisting that if we pushed on we should reach Ifasy by sundown. It soon, however, became apparent that we should not, so at four o'clock I determined to halt, and start again with the moon at eight. This we did, and soon after eleven we sighted the sea. It was so late when we reached "Ifasy" that I did not care to arouse Alluè Mohammed,

with whom I had left my canoe, so I camped that night outside the town. Next day I got rid of what remained of my cloth at a slight profit, bought sufficient provisions for our two days' voyage, and started at noon on my return to Nosibè. I camped that night on the north side of the island of Nosifaly, and the next evening arrived safely at Nosibè. I wish I could have spared time to remain longer among the Antankarana, but I was anxious not to miss a man-of-war which was shortly expected in Nosibè, and in which I hope to visit the south-west coast of Madagascar. I will only say by way of finishing my account of this trip—that, should any of my readers find themselves, in the course of their travels, in the neighborhood of Madagascar, they cannot do better than pay a visit to King Ratsimiàro and his interesting subjects.—*Temple Bar*.

THE FUTURE OF ENGLISH HUMOR.

THE publication of Mr. Ainger's little book on Charles Lamb, one of the truest and most unique of all the great English humorists, has set people talking, as people always will talk, of the superiority of the past over the present, and the gradual decay of the forms of life which make the past so fascinating. "Will there ever be such another humorist as Charles Lamb?" said one literary man, during the present week, to another. "Is there not a tendency at work in our modern life to the *pettification* of everything, till the highest form of humor which the public will enjoy is the form given in Mr. Gilbert's operettas and Mr. Burnand's 'Happy Thoughts'?" The interlocutor interrogated wisely reserved judgment, thinking reserve wise, as the Judges do on great occasions, and suspecting that pessimism is always apt to be out in its reckoning, moreover that it is rather a hasty thing to assume that because our cleverest operettas and contributions to *Punch* may leave something in the way of largeness to be desired, largeness of humor is dying out in the world. And, indeed, if we only consider what stores of fun Hood, who was one of Lamb's youngest friends, produced; then that be-

fore Lamb's death, the greatest English humorist of any age—Shakespeare himself not excepted—was beginning to try his wings; further, that one of the greatest of Dickens's contemporaries, Thackeray, though much more of a satirist than a humorist, was still a humorist of a very high order; moreover, that while both of them were in the maturity of their powers, a totally new school of humor of the most original kind sprang into existence on the other side of the Atlantic, of which the present American Minister to this country is the acknowledged master, the "Bigelow Papers" having scarcely been surpassed in either kind or scale of humor since the world began; and finally, that to prove that very true humor of slighter calibre is plentiful enough, we have the extraordinary popularity and originality of such books as "Alice in Wonderland" on this side of the Atlantic, and of trifles like Artemus Ward's various lectures, Hans Breitmann's ballads, and Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee," on the other side of the Atlantic, to bring up in evidence—we suspect that it would be much more plausible, looking at the matter from the point of view of mere experience, to argue that English humor is only in

its infancy and that we are likely to have an immense multiplication of its surprises, rather than that it is already in the sere and yellow leaf. The truth is, no doubt, that as human competition increases, there is a tendency to refine and subdivide and think more exclusively about a succession of trifles, which is not favorable to the larger humor; but then this very tendency drives men into opposition to it, makes them eager to steep themselves, as Charles Lamb steeped himself, in the dramatic life of a more spontaneous age, and the contrast brings to light ever-new forms of that grotesque and conscious inconsistency and incompatibility between human desire and human condition, on which the sense of humor feeds. When Charles Lamb called Coleridge "an archangel—a little damaged," he painted this contrast between human ideals and human experience in its most perfect form. But every new generation is probably richer in suggestions of that kind than all the preceding generations put together, for this, if for no other reason—that whether we still believe in the ideals of the past or not, as future realities, we never cease to yearn after them, and to yearn after them all the more that they excite less active hope, while the accumulating experience of centuries brings us face to face with the oddest and most grotesque forms of disappointment and disillusion. No contrast could have been more striking, for instance, than that between Coleridge's eloquent expositions of divine philosophy and faith, and his own helpless life, sponging on the hospitality of Good Samaritans, and leaving his family to the generosity of friends. And no condition of the world can be reasonably expected in which contrasts of that pathetic kind will not be multiplied rather than diminished in number, or in which it may not reasonably be expected that the eye to discern and the power to make us feel these contrasts will be multiplied at the same time.

In some respects, though in some only, Charles Lamb's humor anticipates the type of humor which we now call, in the main, American. When, for instance, he gravely narrated the origin of the Chinese invention of roast pig, in the burning down of a house—when he

told a friend that he had moved just forty-two inches nearer to his beloved London—and again, when he wrote to Manning in China that the new Persian Ambassador was called "Shaw Ali Mirza," but that the common people called him "Shaw Nonsense," we might think we were listening to Artemus Ward's or Mark Twain's minute and serious nonsense. But for the most part, Charles Lamb's humor is more frolicsome, more whimsical, and less subdued in its extravagance; more like the gambolling of a mind which did not care to conceal its enjoyment of paradox, and less like the inward invisible laughter in which the Yankees most delight. Lamb dearly loved a frisk. And when, for instance, he blandly proposed to some friend who offered to wrap up for him a bit of old cheese which he had seemed to like at dinner, to let him have a bit of string with which he could probably "lead it home," there was certainly nothing in him of the grim impassiveness of Yankee extravagance.

It might be asserted, perhaps, that even if the prospect of a great future for English humor is good, there is still reason to fear that it must dwindle in largeness of conception, so that such massive forms of humor as we find, for instance, in "Gulliver's Travels" or the "Tale of a Tub," are not likely to return. But even this we greatly doubt. As we noticed just now, Dickens—who, as a humorist, was probably not inferior in conception, and certainly more abundant in creation, than any humorist in the world—is wholly modern, and he certainly has by no means exhausted the field even of that sort of humor in which he himself was most potent. The field of what we may call idealized vulgarities, which includes sketches of the abstract monthly nurse whose every thought and action breathe the fawning brutalities of the Mrs. Gamp species—of beadle who incarnate all beardedness—of London pickpockets who have assimilated all that is entertaining in the world of professional slang and nothing that is disgusting—of boarding-house keepers whose whole mind is transformed into an instrument for providing enough food and gravy and amusement for their commercial gentlemen—of water-rate collectors glorified by one ideal passion for the

ballet—of rascally schoolmasters whose every action betrays the coward and the bully—or of hypocrites who secrete airs of pretentious benevolence as an oil-gland secretes oil—is by no means exhausted, hardly more than attacked. And yet it promises a sort of humor particularly well adapted to this period of at once almost sordid realism and ingenious abstraction. Nor can it be denied that “Alice in Wonderland,” especially such plaintive ballads as that of the walrus and the carpenter, provide us with a type of grotesque fancy almost cut free from the realities of life, and yet quaintly reproducing all the old human tendencies under absurdly new conditions; nor that this promises well for the infinite flexibility of the laughing faculty in man.

We quite admit that we never expect to see the greater types of Transatlantic humor reproduced on this side of the Atlantic. These, for the most part, imply a rare faculty for turning the mind aside from the direct way of saying a thing to one that is so indirect as to lead you travelling on a totally opposite track, as, for example, when Bret Harte declares that one of his rowdies—

Took a *point of order* when
A chunk of old red sandstone hit him in the
abdomen,
And he smiled a kind o' sickly smile, and
curled up on the floor,
And the subsecent proceedings interested him
no more ;”

or when the American blasphemer retorted that if his censor had but “jumped out of bed on to the *business end* of a tin-tack, even he would have cursed some.” This wonderful power of suggesting misleading analogies taken from the very province which would seem to be least suggested either by analogy or contrast, seems to be, in some sense, indigenous in the United States, and no one is so great a master of it as Mr. Lowell himself, who has made the sayings of John P. Robinson and of Bird-o'-freedom Sawin famous

all over the world, for their illustration of this very power of interlacing thoughts which are neither mental neighbors nor mental contrasts, but simply utterly unlikely to suggest each other. To give one instance of this, we will recall Bird-o'-freedom Sawin's comment on the powerfully persuasive influence of being tarred and feathered, and taken round the village astride of a rail, for your opinions, where he remarks that,

“Riding on a rail
Makes a man feel unanxious as Jonah in
the whale.”

Why the United States should seem to have a very special affinity for this species of humor it may seem difficult to divine. Perhaps it is that among our kinsmen there the principle of utility has gained what we may call a really imaginative ascendancy over all minds, to a degree to which it has never yet touched the imagination of Europe, and that this has resulted not only in the marvellous inventiveness which Americans have always shown in the small devices of practical life, but in the discovery of an almost new class of mental associations—such as that which distinguishes the head of the nail from the point as sleeping and working partners in the same operation, or such as that which suggested to a reader of the story of Jonah, that if the prophet had had to pass resolutions as to the desirability of getting out of the whale's belly, he would certainly have passed them with something very much like the unanimity of an assembly in which the completeness of the concord is caused by stress of circumstances. The humor of the United States, if closely examined, will be found to depend in great measure on the ascendancy which the principle of utility has gained over the imaginations of a rather imaginative people. And utility is a principle which has certainly not yet completed its career, even in the way of suggesting what seems to us the strangest and quaintest of all strange and quaint analogies.—*The Spectator*.

EIDOLA.

(From the Japanese.)

BY F. B. HARRIS.

WHITE winged birds in the sunset heavens,
 White-sailed ships on the sunset sea ;
 But neither the birds that fly above us,
 Nor ships, wherever their haven may be,
 Are meant for me.

The bamboo laughs at the zephyr's wooing,
 Tossing the sheen of her sea-green hair ;
 While a low-voiced lover leans to the lotus,
 Till her blushing cheek is yet more fair :
 But eastward going, or westward blowing,
 The winds that speak to blossom and tree
 Are dumb to me.

I turn my face to the "matchless mountain," *
 Queenliest queen in the world below ;
 Crowned as with crown of pure white lilies,
 Flowers of the winter frost and snow.
 The stars and the clouds are in her secret,
 And her beauty shines on the wondering sea,
 But not on me.

Out from the hush of the brooding twilight,
 Sweet as the breath of the rose in sleep,
 Soft as the flush of the summer sunset
 Fading away on the purple deep,
 Dawns in a dream the shore of the silent
 Washed by the waves of an infinite sea :—
This is for me !

Shadowy sails that are set to seek me,
 Shadowy pinions that beat the air,
 Shapes of beauty that rise to greet me,
 Are ye but phantoms, and yet so fair ?
 Breaking the bands of the dusk asunder,
 Tremulous stars in their mystery
 Now shine for me !—

Stars that illumine my soul serenely ;
 Wonderful stars, unknown in the skies,
 Wistful and tender, veiling your splendor,
 Are ye but visions, O radiant eyes ?
 Beautiful shades on the shore of the silent,
 Washed by the waves of an infinite sea,
 Ye are the real :—The living are phantoms
 Fading from me.

Belgravia Magazine.

* Fuziyama.

LITERARY NOTICES.

HOPES AND FEARS FOR ART. By William Morris. Boston: *Roberts Brothers*.

In a social atmosphere that is surcharged with the cant of a sham æstheticism it is refreshing to be brought into converse with one who clearly understands what is meant by the "cultivation of a love for the beautiful," and who has the ability to put his ideas of artistic reform into a form of expression that can be easily comprehended even by an indifferent and, maybe, stupid public. Mr. Morris is well-known as the author of the "Earthly Paradise" and other poems, and is perhaps not less prominent as one of the leaders of that little band of poets and artists who have been chiefly instrumental in originating the so-called English Renaissance. The ideals and purposes of these reformers, their "hopes and fears," are all in behalf of a nobler and purer taste among the people in matters of refinement and culture, and a better appreciation of the simple beauties of nature, which the blind fury of a materializing civilization seems destined to efface. They would add a little sweetness and joy to life, in place of some of its prevailing barrenness, pretence, and vulgarity. As an embodiment of their views of art in its relations to common life, this little volume of five essays is unquestionably the best contribution to the subject that has yet appeared. Readers who are at all affected with the decorative "craze" will find wholesome instruction here, and will doubtless be somewhat surprised at its simplicity and good sense. Indeed, so little of the dado-dandelion sort is to be found in these essays that one may be inclined to believe that there is nothing "æsthetic" about them. Mr. Morris deals throughout with principles which are mural and fundamental, and his criticism of art is a criticism of life in all its seriousness. First of all, there must be more honesty and simplicity of life—virtues that are none too common, as the world now goes. The progress of modern civilization—which means practically the increased facility with which one class of society preys upon another—is directly opposed to art, and is calculated to destroy the beauty of life altogether. It is an old delusion that art is the product of a kind of hierarchy of intellect; that it is nourished by luxury, and flourishes best in a country where the contrast between rich and poor is greatest. "If art is to live," says Mr. Morris, "it must in the future be of the people, for the people, and by the people; it must understand all and be understood by all, equality must be the answer to tyranny; if that be not attained, art will die."

Another important canon of his artistic creed is that "nothing can be a work of art which is not useful; that is to say, which does not minister to the body when well under command of the mind; or which does not amuse, sooth, or elevate the mind in a healthy state." He frankly confesses that few things in our well-to-do houses, outside the kitchen, would stand the test of this maxim, the truth being that nine tenths of the so-called decoration that has got there is there for the sake of show—not because anybody likes it—and is kept there simply because of the convention, stupidity, and essential vulgarity of a few who possess much wealth and little cultivation. Here is his golden rule, which is worthy of being carved upon the lintel of every door that opens upon an intelligent household: "Have nothing in your houses that you do not know to be useful, or believe to be beautiful."

Mr. Morris writes as one who is thoroughly in earnest, and denounces with the plainest unreserve the petty wretchedness and innumerable shams that are so generally countenanced under the name of culture. He shows that much of this falseness is due to that insatiable greed of gain which is so surely poisoning the sources of true manliness among us, and making of life a mere competitive struggle for existence. The mission of art he believes to be "the ennobling of daily and common work, which will one day put hope and pleasure in the place of fear and pain, as the forces which move men to labor and keep the world a-going." He looks forward to a shadowy future, beyond this present "century of commerce," in which this hope for men will be realized, in which art again will be free in its expression among all classes, as it was once in the past, and again become the bloom and fragrant of life. This is but a dream, it may be, of the "idle singer of an empty day;" but as not all dreams are fictions of the night, it is one well worth cherishing.

SCIENCE AND CULTURE AND OTHER ESSAYS.

By Thomas Henry Huxley, LL.D., F.R.S.
New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

There is an intellectual breeziness in all the writings of Professor Huxley which is delightfully stimulating, however the reader may sympathize with him in his purposes or assent to his convictions; and if the wind of his powerful reasoning happen to set in the direction of educational reform, the institutions of mediævalism and conservative prejudice are in danger of being badly shaken, if not wholly tumbled to the ground. In other words, he has been more effective than any

other reformer in advocating and producing those changes of ideas and methods which are necessary to bring the work of education up to the actual needs of the present age. Concerning the importance of scientific training as opposed to the practical absurdity of the old classical system he has, to use his own phrase, long worried the public; and that he feels himself to have been fairly successful in the chase is evinced by the hopeful and congratulatory tone of some of these essays. Of the thirteen essays and addresses collected in this volume the first four deal directly with questions of educational interest, the second, entitled "Universities, Actual and Ideal," being the address delivered upon the occasion of his inauguration as Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen. These essays do not contain as full a statement of the author's broad and liberal scheme of education as may be found in some of his previous volumes, but throughout will be found the same clear and vigorous thinking, and the same insistence upon the necessity of teaching those things which shall contribute directly to the welfare of humanity. Moreover the spirit of moderation and fairness characterizing this volume is worth pointing out to those who are inclined to regard Professor Huxley's views as radical, revolutionary, and dangerous.

Recognizing that the native capacities of mankind vary as greatly as the opportunities, and that the road to culture which is open to one man may be closed to another, he would proportionate the studies of every curriculum to the varying conditions of life, demanding simply that the modern humanists abandon their pretensions to the possession of the monopoly of culture. "I am the last person," he says, "to question the importance of genuine literary education, or to suppose that intellectual culture can be complete without it. An exclusively scientific training will bring about a mental twist as surely as an exclusively literary training." His ideal university would be one in which "a man should be able to obtain instruction in all forms of knowledge—all the great classes of things knowable." At the same time he would urge the superior importance of physical science, simply because human welfare depends upon this kind of knowledge, as it does not upon literary or classic lore. And still further, as a means of intellectual culture, he would urge its superiority. "A thorough study of human physiology is, in itself, an education broader and more comprehensive than much that passes under that name. There is no side of the intellect which it does not call into play, no region of human knowledge into which either its roots or its branches do not extend; like the Atlantic between the Old and the

New Worlds, its waves wash the shores of the two worlds of matter and of mind," and "through its waters, as yet unfurrowed by the keel of any Columbus, lies the road, if such there be, from the one to the other." The remaining essays of the volume are mainly the results of biographical studies, intended to illustrate the progress of scientific ideas. The essay entitled "The Coming of Age of the 'Origin of Species'" is especially interesting for its rapid summary of the results achieved by scholars in all parts of the world during the last twenty years, which tend to confirm and establish the theory of evolution as originally set forth by Mr. Darwin.

CLASSICAL WRITERS. Edited by J. R. Green. *Demosthenes*. By S. H. Butcher. (Macmillan.)

THIS is an admirable little book. Mr. Butcher has brought his finished scholarship to bear on a difficult but most interesting chapter of Greek literary history, and only those who have some previous acquaintance with the ground can appreciate the amount of labor and of original criticism which he has condensed into 172 pages. The result is as fresh and attractive in form as it is ripe in learning and thorough in method. Greek literature, above all others, exacts a true feeling for language as the first condition of its successful treatment. The Greek masterpieces, alike in verse and in prose, are works of art which at no moment lose their contact with nature; and no one can be in full sympathy with them whose trained instinct cannot follow the free play of the living speech. It is here that the scholarship sometimes described as "verbal" asserts its indispensable value for the higher criticism. Such an intimacy with classical Greek as is implied in the power of writing classical Greek prose is an invaluable source of insight into the style and tone of a master like Demosthenes. Mr. Butcher's primer forcibly illustrates the sense in which the best Greek scholar is the best critic of Greek literature.

The first chapter, on the "Age of Demosthenes," is a pregnant sketch of Greek politics and manners in the fourth century B.C.; the last, on "Demosthenes as a Statesman and an Orator," will probably be its rival in general interest. But the intermediate chapters, dealing with the particulars of biography and work, will certainly not be less attractive to students of Demosthenes; and there are not many students, it may safely be said, who will not learn something new from them. The analysis of the speeches are remarkably well done—being readable in themselves, and at the same time directly helpful for the study of the Greek text. I am not satisfied that the

slightness of the reference to Philip in the speech for the *Rhodians* is an adequate reason for shifting its date from 351 to 353 or 352 B.C. (pp. 43, 44). There are some good observations at p. 139 on the danger of pressing purely stylistic evidence where it is doubtful whether a speech was written by Demosthenes or by a contemporary of competent rhetorical training. In some such cases, as in those where critics differ regarding the precise lines of suture in the Homeric poems, demonstrative proof is beyond the reach of modern criticism. In the Homeric problem we have to allow for a traditional epic style. So here we must allow, not merely for common rhetorical formulas and topics, but also for a special disturbance of the "personal equation"—viz., the well-known freedom with which even the best writers of Greek rhetorical prose directly borrowed or adapted passages from each other. I am glad to notice that Mr. Butcher recognizes the *ἀλογος ἀσθησις* of Dionysius as a test of *idiom* presumably finer than moderns can be sure of possessing.

Mr. Butcher's view of the Harpalus affair is that Demosthenes was, perhaps, really guilty, but may have taken the money with the purpose of forming a nucleus for a national defence fund. It is quite true that the political morality of ancient Greece distinguished between the traitor who took a bribe against his country and the patriot who took a bribe in its interests. The evidence for this obscure affair does not appear sufficient to decide the fact. So far as it goes, however, I still incline to believe, as I have said elsewhere (*Encycl. Brit.* vii. 71), that there is the strongest probability in favor of Demosthenes having been innocent. The concurrence of two powerful influences would have sufficed to procure his condemnation by an Areopagus, which, in those days, cannot have been inaccessible to either. One was that of the Macedonian party; the other, that of the "young Athens" party, who resented his successful opposition to the desperate and interested advice of Harpalus that Athens should at once rise against Alexander.

The use of modern illustration for classical history and literature demands much tact. It may be desirable to indicate an analogy where it would be quite misleading to institute a parallel. Mr. Butcher is within the proper limit when he suggests a resemblance between ancient Macedon—the northern and half-barbaric power, ambitious of touching the Mediterranean—and modern Russia; between Philip's emphasis in disclaiming designs which he was eagerly prosecuting, and the same characteristic in Napoleon. The more detailed comparison of Demosthenes to Burke is duly guarded, and is justified by several traits, par-

ticularly by the way in which both orators develop principles from facts. The points of personal likeness, we might add, bring into stronger relief the contrast between the conditions of political and social life with which the two men had to deal. I have no doubt that this excellent sketch will greatly serve the intelligent study of Demosthenes in England. Primers like this deserve the praise, *βαῖν μὲν ἀλλὰ πόδα*.—*The Academy*.

THE FRERES. By Mrs. Alexander. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

In "The Freres" Mrs. Alexander has earned the success which painstaking elaboration of a story deserves. She gives full measure, three closely printed volumes of some hundreds of pages each, but one cannot wish them shorter. Grace Frere, the daughter of the union of an English cavalryman with an Irish beauty, and bred in the rustic freedom of an ancient Irish house, is driven by hard fortune on her grandfather's death to be the economist and disciplinarian of a struggling party in a London lodging-house, consisting of her querulous, slender-witted, delicate mother, a shiftless, half-educated brother, and a young termagant of a wild sister of some eight years old. The straits and misery of such a family in such strange surroundings are described with painful probability; while Grace's fortitude and tenderness are pitted against the neglect of certain rich English relations, the commercial branch of the Freres, from one of whom poor Grace had a right to expect a kindlier welcome. Max Frere's conventional selfishness, which leads him by easy and courteous stages to desert his fair cousin in her trouble, is well contrasted with the loyalty of one Jimmy Byrne, a homely, honest fellow, who has retained, during a long period of prosaic routine in a London office, some of the loyalty he imbibed in a peasant's cottage in the west of Ireland. Mrs. Alexander is more fortunate in her male characters than most ladies who write, and besides Jimmy Byrne, who is a kind of Irish Caleb Balderstone, there is an old Count Costello, of the Austrian service, as well as several capital Germans, who contribute to the interest which surrounds the heroine in the new circumstances she is placed in by a removal to Zittau in Saxony. The German country life is picturesque and true to nature. The moral of the story is good, though there is a strong under-current of cynicism. The principal figure is altogether charming. Grace contrasts very delightfully in her unselfishness with the intensely shallow natures which surround her; though in them, too, there is much humanity. One is fond even of poor Mrs. Frere, who,

when her best friend dies, is so solicitous about mourning :

"Then, dear, you must arrange one of your old black dresses for yourself, and something for Mab. You see, dear Maurice, the widow and the fatherless are obliged to exercise some ingenuity to present the appearance due to their position."—*The Athenæum*.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTICES.

AN interesting account of the prison life of Fedor Dostoevsky, the author of the Russian work recently translated into English under the title of "Buried Alive," has been published in the newspaper *Kavkas* by one of his companions in exile, of the name of Rojnovsky. It appears that Dostoevsky objected to complying with some of the regulations which the convicts are accustomed to respect among themselves, and accordingly they resolved to lynch him, looking upon him as an outsider who gave himself airs. But one day he had the courage to make a complaint to the commandant about some offal which had been placed in a fellow prisoner's food. The result was that he was flogged so severely that he could not leave the hospital for a fortnight. On his return he was at once hailed by his fellow convicts as a comrade, and one who had suffered for the common good. The same commandant caused him to be flogged again, and so savagely that this time he lay ill in the hospital a whole month. The fact of his having thus suffered lends an additional interest to those chapters of "Buried Alive" which deal with the horrible subject of the lash.

MR. RALSTON has written an introduction to the volume of Portuguese folk-tales collected from the mouths of the people by Prof. Z. Consiglieri Pedroso, of Lisbon. The originals of these tales have never been printed, and they have been specially translated by Miss Monteiro for the Folk-lore Society.

THE *Revue Critique* publishes the following statistics concerning the four universities of Switzerland from 1876 to 1881: The total number of students who entered the various universities was 1058—113 being students in theology, 188 in law, 288 in philosophy, and 288 in medicine. To Zürich must be credited 332 students, to Berne 320, to Bâle 204, and to Geneva 201.

MR. W. A. CLOUSTON, the editor of "Arabian Poetry for English Readers," is going to reprint, by subscription, Sir William Ouseley's translation of "The Bakhtyār-Nāma; or, Story of Prince Bakhtyār and the Ten

Viziers." Mr. Clouston will add an introduction and notes. Copies of Ouseley's book are now scarce.

MR. SWINBURNE is engaged in writing the article "Mary Stuart" for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

SIGNOR SEVERINO FERRARI is publishing, in monthly parts, a collection of early Italian literature, dealing specially with the earliest examples of the written language, under the title of "Biblioteca di Letteratura Italiana" (Firenze: Tipografia del Vocabulario). The first part, which has just appeared, contains a selection of fifteenth-century Carnival masques.

IT was announced some time since that MM. Erckmann-Chatrian were about to write a new romance under the title *Le Blocus de Huningen*. They visited Huningen, and collected much material in Basel and the Swiss borders of Elsass. Their secretary now informs the *Basler Nachrichten* that they have given up the plan. A complete German translation of their romances, under the editorship of Ludwig Pfau, is advertised by Rieger, of Stuttgart.

AN *édition de luxe* of the works of the Russian poet Lermontoff is in preparation. It is to be illustrated by French artists, who have undertaken a journey to the Caucasus in order to study the scenery described by the poet.

WE learn that a society for the study of Spanish folk-lore has been founded by the exertions of Señor Machado y Alvarez. The programme of the society includes not merely folk-lore in the sense generally assigned to that term, but philology, archæology, and all science that can throw light on the history of Spanish civilization.

READERS of Mr. Green's remarkable volume on "The Making of England" will be glad to hear that he is now working at a continuation of it, much of which is already in type. This second volume, which it is hoped may appear during the present year, will be called "England and the Northmen," and will carry the story down to the period of the Norman Conquest.

WE believe that "Twelfth Night" will be the next play edited by Mr. Aldis Wright for the Clarendon Press Series.

MISS SMITH, of Cheltenham, a member of the New Shakespeare Society, is preparing a parallel text of the first and second quartos of "Hamlet," with the first folio version and a revised text. We believe that she intends to present copies of her *Parallel-Text Hamlet*

to her fellow-members of the New Shakespeare Society. She will mark all differences from the second quarto by variations of type, so that the changes may be caught at once by the eye. Her revised text will probably be in the old spelling of the second quarto (1604), which Dr. Tanager argues is Shakespeare's own.

SIGNOR RUGGERO BONGHI has been commissioned by the representatives of Manzoni's heirs to prepare for the press the unpublished writings of the illustrious Italian poet, as well as a collection of his letters. Whoever, therefore, may possess original letters of Manzoni is earnestly requested to favor Signor Bonghi with the originals (or copies of them), directed to him at Via Vicenza, Rome.

THE Byron Society at Athens, thanks to whose exertions a statue of Byron was lately unveiled at Missolonghi, now proposes to erect a monument to Canning.

MRS. FAWCETT'S "Political Economy for Beginners" is being translated into two of the native languages of India, Canarese and Marathi. Her "Tales in Political Economy" is also being translated into the latter language and into Swedish.

THE Berlin Academy has resolved upon publishing the entire series of Greek Commentaries upon Aristotle as a supplement to its edition in five volumes of the philosopher's works. The collection will comprise about twenty-five volumes, of which two volumes are in the press and will be ready very shortly.

ULRICO HOEPLI, of Milan, will commence forthwith the publication of a Universal History of Literature, which it is hoped to complete in the course of two years. The book will be edited by Signor Angelo de Gubernatis.

SCIENCE AND ART.

BORACIC ACID AS AN ANTISEPTIC IN SKIN AFFECTIONS.—Dr. George Thin, of London, emphasizes strongly the advantage of using some preparation of boracic acid to overcome the offensive odor of the feet, and gives instances in which this treatment has been thoroughly successful. In some cases he recommends the wearing of stockings and cork soles saturated with the acid. In others he prescribes an ointment, or rather a kind of glycerine cream, made as follows: A solution of boric acid is incorporated with a fatty basis of white wax and almond oil, which produces a soft, homogeneous mixture, free from the irritating crystalline plates of the crystal, that are apt to separate from vaseline. He finds that this is also a very useful reme-

dial agent for inflamed feet, as after long walking tours, and in such eczemas as are produced by the irritation of dyed underclothing.

THE DANGERS OF THE COLD BATH.—Alluding to a recent case of death of an old gentleman, caused by a morning cold bath, the *Medical Press and Circular* says: "The great mistake that is usually committed in regard to it is the error of never raising the temperature of the water from that of the surrounding air. In very cold weather the bath, even when exposed overnight in the bedroom, will often be lower than forty-five degrees; and where water is brought straight from the main or well, it may be even ten or fifteen degrees lower. Only the strongest constitutions can derive benefit from shock produced by application of a liquid sixty to seventy degrees colder than the body to its surface, and it is very questionable if it ever is attended with permanently good results. Reaction may be afterward complete, but there is always the risk of sudden danger from the condition of the body being temporarily such as to prevent immediate reaction. In such cases very serious accidents are possible, and this last instance of death may perhaps be regarded as an example in point. A temperature of from forty to fifty degrees is quite cold enough for any person to submit himself to; this allows for a difference of between forty and fifty degrees in the heat of the body and that of the bath—amply sufficient to produce all the benefits desirable from it—and it would be well for all if these extremes were never exceeded."

PENETRATION OF AIR IN POROUS BODIES.—Some interesting results concerning the penetrability of porous bodies by air have been recently obtained by Herr Christiani, using what he calls a *poroscope*, which consists of a brass cylinder, closed by two capsules, and having, at about the middle, an annular partition, in which cylinders of the bodies to be tried are inserted air-tight. The first substance he used was red beech-wood, and with this the motion of one capsule induced a corresponding motion of the other. A building-stone of the densest kind (clinker) behaved similarly, only a difference of phase was noticed in the motions. Old, dry oak, ivory, cork, and (what is specially noteworthy) a disc of a new earthenware cylinder of a galvanic element, proved quite impermeable by atmospheric air. In a later series of experiments different kinds of wood were compared in the fresh and in the old dry state. Fresh oak-wood was here found permeable; and this is botanically instructive, because moistening the end surface of a permeable box-wood cylinder rendered it impermeable. Herr Christiani has devised

another apparatus for measurement of the phenomena, consisting of two mercury manometers, communicating by means of caoutchouc tubes through the poroscope, and he will ere long publish observations made with this.

DOUBLE REFRACTION IN DIAMONDS.—An interesting collection of photographs illustrative of microscopic petrology and mineralogy is being issued, in instalments, by Prof. Cohen, of Strassburg. In the last part of the series, which has lately been published, are some notable examples of double refraction displayed by crystals belonging to the regular system. It appears that in the diamonds of South Africa double refraction is so common that a perfectly isotropic crystal is almost exceptional. This anomalous behaviour may frequently be referred to the presence of enclosures. The so-called "glassy stones with stony corners" exhibit unusually strong double refraction, and give such brilliant colors in polarized light as to resemble an aggregate of quartz granules. Such diamonds have a marked tendency to split spontaneously when extracted from the earth, and it is consequently suggested that they are subject to a state of tension comparable with that which obtains in Prince Rupert's drops.

BLASTING ROCKS UNDER WATER.—Major Lauer, of the Austrian Engineers, has made some experiments at Krems, on the Danube, on blasting rocks under water, which have attracted considerable attention. Into a cylinder he puts a quantity of dynamite, which is connected with an electrical apparatus. The cylinder is placed on the surface of the rock only, and fixed in that position. No matter how deep the water may be over the rock, it is shattered, when the dynamite explodes, into fragments so small that they are washed away by the stream. This process is said to save forty per cent on the cost of removing submerged rocks. Ten thousand florins were subscribed to enable Major Lauer to make further trials on a gigantic scale.

A NEW DOMESTIC ANIMAL.—An animal is found in great abundance in South America of the average size of a pig; this is the cabiai. Dr. Saec proposed to domesticate the cabiai, and shows the advantages which could be drawn from it. This animal can be tamed very easily; it quickly recognizes its master, whom it follows everywhere, and when caressed it seems pleased; it especially likes to be scratched, and, to attract attention, extends itself full length on one side. It is very clean in its habits; in shape the cabiai realizes the normal type of the meat-producing animal, as its body is an almost perfect cylinder were

it not for its neck, with its limbs short and slender; tail and ears very short; the head alone is large. Its apathetic character makes all nourishment available which it consumes, so that it is not necessary to fatten it, and it can be kept in a limited space. It is kept in a dry stable, where it is fed on all kinds of vegetables, herbs, and roots; it likes clean water and a soft litter. It eats remarkably little for its size. "It will be," remarks Dr. Saec, "an excellent acquisition for farms and country houses, where, without requiring more care than a rabbit, it will supply as much meat as a sheep. I believe that the cabiai will take a place between the sheep and the pig in Europe, and that in many ways it can be substituted for this last-named domestic animal."

CHINESE ASTRONOMY.—It has long been known that the ingenious Chinese were enjoying the use of many conveniences of life before they came to be invented by Western nations. Of these we may mention the magnetic needle, the printing press, and gunpowder. It would seem, from a paper read by Mr. J. Dreyer, in the December number of the *Royal Irish Academy*, that the Chinese were also far advanced in the science of astronomy, and actually anticipated some of the ideas of Tycho Brahe three hundred years before that great astronomer was born. In the seventeenth century the Jesuit missionaries made their way to Peking, and soon showed the Emperor and his wise men that in spite of their wisdom they did not know quite all that had been discovered by Western scientists. The Emperor was so impressed with what he heard that he commissioned the Jesuits to furnish him with new instruments for his observatory; and the old ones which were thus superseded were put away and forgotten. It is to these old instruments that Mr. Dreyer in his paper calls attention. Photographs have lately been obtained of them. They show that these old contrivances, constructed by a Chinese astronomer, Ko Show-King, bear a striking resemblance to the instruments with which the great Danish astronomer observed the comet of 1585.

MICA MASKS.—Herr Raphael, of Breslau, is manufacturing mica masks for the use of workmen who are engaged in occupations where injury to eyesight or the face, generally, is likely to occur. Noxious vapors, heat, dust, flying fragments, can thus be guarded against; while from the transparent nature of the mask, the workman can easily see what he is about. If desired, the head, neck, and shoulders of the operator can have the additional protection of a sheet of cloth

impregnated with fireproof material, attached to the mask. And in certain cases where dangerous chemicals are in use, the addition of a breathing tube is desirable, which finds its exit over one of the shoulders.

MISCELLANY.

A WHITE ELEPHANT.—The King of Siam lately received a dispatch by which the governor of a province announced to him that a brand new god had been discovered in a distant district in the shape of a snow-white elephant, which was already on its way toward the capital. The message was received at the royal Siamese Court with great rejoicing, and the monarch decided immediately to go and meet the divine pachyderm. He placed himself at the head of a procession, which consisted of the ministers, court dignitaries, and the superior priests. After the procession had travelled for a few miles they met the elephant, which they approached with deep bows and the greatest sign of respect. Kneeling down, he placed the proboscis on his own head and shoulders, and prayed to the animal for protection. At the end of this ceremony the king drew his sword and placed himself at the right side of the quadruped, while a high priest, with a golden staff, placed himself on the left side, and the procession returned to the capital in this manner. On entering the town the new god was received with military salutes from the guns and cannon; the troops lined the roads leading to the royal palace, and the people loudly applauded. The king led the elephant to an apartment situated quite close to his own splendidly furnished rooms, and gave him the title of reigning monarch, and decorated him with the grand cordon of the Siamese Order of the White Elephant. The household of the divinity was organized with the utmost splendor, and all the utensils used for his food were of either massive gold or costly china. During the first two days after his arrival the pious people brought to his altar gifts worth more than 100,000 rupees.—*Deutsches Familienblatt*.

REMOVAL OF FOREIGN BODIES FROM THE WINDPIPE.—Foreign bodies in any part of the windpipe are always serious, and may be immediately fatal. The accident commonly happens from a child having some plaything, such as a bean, small marble, bead, or nut-shell, in its mouth, and being desired to take it out, when, either in the hurry to obey, or possibly from its disinclination to do so being quickened by a cuff, the foreign body slips into the windpipe, and produces serious mischief. In the well-known case of the late Mr. Brunel, the eminent engineer, whose life was endangered by an accident of this kind,

it arose from his performing a conjuring trick with a half-sovereign in his mouth, and the coin slipping into his windpipe. When the foreign body becomes fixed in the upper part of the windpipe, or larynx, so as to obstruct the breathing, the patient becomes black in the face, and falls back apparently dead. This sometimes happens during a meal, from a child or grown-up person happening to cough while eating, and thus drawing a piece of food into the air-passages. Whatever the cause, a bystander should, without hesitation, thrust his forefinger to the back of the throat, and endeavor to hook up with it the offending body, and this can often be done, when the patient will at once breathe again. If this method is not successful, the patient, if a child, should be held up by the legs, and be smartly thumped between the shoulders, when not improbably the foreign body will drop on to the floor, and the child will then begin to respire and cry; but if respiration is still suspended, cold water dashed on the chest will probably rouse it; or, if not, recourse must be had to artificial respiration. Of course medical aid will be summoned at once in any case of serious choking, if possible, but the majority of these cases do very well without it. If, however, the foreign body is not dislodged by the efforts of bystanders, an operation will be necessary to save life, and every moment will be of importance. Even if the urgent symptoms have passed off, and the child appears to be restored to health, yet, if the foreign body has not been found, the advice of a surgeon should, nevertheless, be sought at once, as it may still be lodged in the deeper air-passages, where it may cause fatal mischief if not dislodged at an early period.—*Family Physician*.

THE MAGNIFICENCE OF A NERO.—It was to Nero that Tacitus applied the expression, *incredibilem cupitor*. What he not only desired but achieved in the way of cruelty and vice would be declared incredible if Roman history had not already shown what revolting atrocities may be conceived by a diseased imagination, and executed by irresponsible power. After the burning of the city he gratified his taste, in entire disregard of the proprietors, in rebuilding it. He at once appropriated a number of the sites, and a large portion of the public grounds, for his new palace. The porticoes, with their ranks of columns, were a mile long. The vestibule was large enough to contain that colossal statue of him, in silver and gold, 120 feet high, from which the Colosseum got its name. The interior was gilded throughout, and adorned with ivory and mother-of-pearl. The ceilings of the dining-rooms were formed of movable tablets of ivory, which shed flowers and per-

fumes on the company; the principal *salon* had a dome which, turning day and night, imitated the movements of the terrestrial bodies. When this palace was finished he exclaimed: "At last I am lodged like a man." His diadem was valued at half a million. His dresses, which he never wore twice, were stiff with embroidery and gold. He fished with purple lines, and hooks of gold. He never travelled with less than a thousand carriages. The mules were shod with silver, the muleteers clothed with the finest wool, and the attendants wore bracelets and necklaces of gold. Five hundred she-asses followed his wife Poppæa in her progresses, to supply milk for her bath. He was fond of figuring in the circus as a charioteer, and in the theatre as a singer and actor. He prided himself on being an artist, and when his possible deposition was hinted to him, he said that artists could never be in want. There was not a vice to which he was not given, nor a crime which he did not commit. Yet the world, exclaims Suetonius, endured this monster for fourteen years, and he was popular with the multitude, who were dazzled by his magnificence, and mistook his senseless profusion for liberality. On the anniversary of his death, during many years, they crowded to cover his tomb with flowers.—*Quarterly Review*.

"FOOD IN ITS SEASON."—Under natural conditions the fruits of the earth are produced in their due season—that is, the season at which the surrounding conditions are favorable to, or in other words require, their production. The fact that a particular class of food is naturally placed at the disposal of mankind in a locality at a special season is, therefore, good presumptive evidence that it is both seasonable and suitable. Our modern conditions of life have, however, so subverted the operation of natural laws that it is no longer possible to draw this deduction. With the facilities we now possess for the conveyance of men and goods, it is almost impossible that the population of any district should be, so to say, indigenous; and as regards food, a distribution of produce takes place which prevents any argument on the principle that "what is ought to be." It accordingly happens that many of the articles of diet we commonly employ, and some of those we regard as staple commodities, are not seasonable so far as we are concerned. On the contrary, they are most unsuitable to the conditions under which we consume them. When to this is added that our likes and dislikes, our appetites and loathings, are in the main artificial, it must be evident that it is almost idle to talk of "food in its season." Nevertheless

there are times and seasons when particular classes of flesh and fruit may be most properly eaten. It would be worth while to give this matter more practical consideration than it has hitherto received. It is impossible to visit any of the metropolitan markets or busy thoroughfares, more especially those crowded with shops from which the fairly wealthy classes are supplied, without being impressed with the conviction that the tendency of fashion is rather to act in defiance of Nature than at her suggestion in the matter of food. The most unseasonable fruits and vegetables are the most sought after, probably *because* they are difficult to procure, and proportionately costly. The same rule applies to the meats and descriptions of fish in the shops; the dearer sorts, because either too early or too late, or produced by special artifices, are those which the retail shopkeeper lays himself out to show, and which the public prefers to buy. This is a very serious and most unsatisfactory line of disobedience to the teachings of the great mistress. It should be the care of at least the weakly to select not the rarest but the most plentiful, and therefore presumably the most appropriate description of food. The appetite of the convalescent patient is not, in a healthy sense, promoted, but rather weakened by pampering, when the "choicest," by which is meant the least readily accessible, articles of diet are provided for him. If a special sort of food is plentiful—not because it has been thrown on the market by a foreign supply, but because it has been naturally produced in the locality—it may be safely regarded as wholesome. There are, of course, limits to the application of this rule, but intelligently interpreted it may be accepted as a principle, that to feed well and seasonably we should live on the produce of the country in which we reside, and by preference accept those commodities which nature most bountifully supplies. The recognition of this principle is of moment to every one, but it is especially important that it should be recognized by, or for, those who are not robust feeders.—*Lancet*.

HEINE.

Thou knew'st that island far away and lone
Whose shores are as a harp, where billows break
In spray of music and the breezes shake
O'er spicy seas a woof of color and of tone,
While that sweet music echoes like a moan
In the island's heart, and sighs around the lake
Where, watching fearfully a monstrous snake,
A damsel weeps upon her emerald throne.

Life's ocean, breaking round thy senses' shore,
Struck golden song as from the strand of day:—
For us the joy, for thee the fell foe lay—
Pain's blinking snake around the fair isle's core,
Turning to sighs the enchanted sounds that play
Around thy lovely island evermore.

THEODORE WATTS.

